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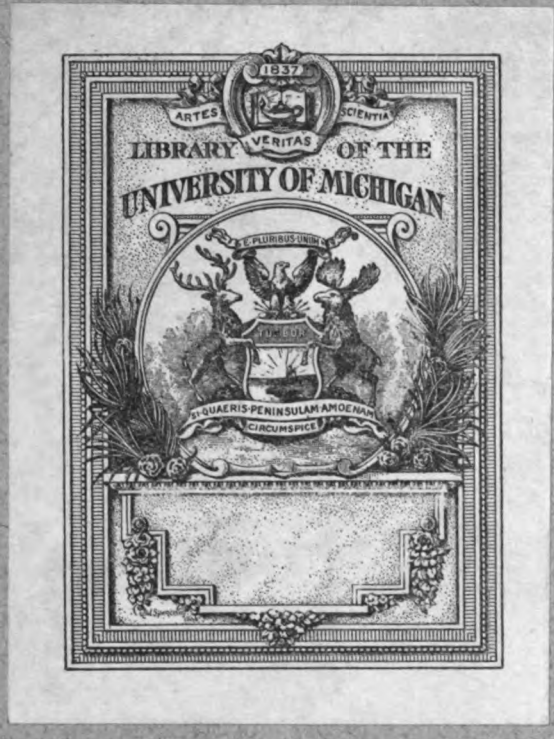
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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1901, TO JUNE, 1901

THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

EDITED BY

GEORGE NEWNES

Vol. XXI.

JANUARY TO JUNE

London:

GEORGE NEWNES, LTD., 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, & 12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, AND EXETER STREET, STRAND

1901

From the Picture by H. Woods, R.A. A GONDOLIER'S COURTSHIP. Copyright by Henry Woods, Esq., R.A.

(Schwabe Gallery, Hamburg. Mr. Woods was elected A.R.A. after painting this picture and "The Foot of the Rialto," page 12.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxi. JANUARY, 1901. No. 121.

Illustrated Interviews.

LXXIV.—MR. HENRY WOODS, R.A.

By Rudolph de Cordova.

IN spite of his long residence in Venice, there is nothing about Mr. Henry Woods which suggests the "Italian in England," to use the title of one of the most famous of the poems of Robert Browning, whom he knew. Indeed, to use the title of another of these poems, the famous artist remains an "Englishman in Italy," finding the inspiration of his art and the subjects of his pictures in the populace and the architecture of the Queen of the Adriatic.

"I was born," said Mr. Woods, in answer to my first question, when I had caught him during one of his periodical sojourns in London, "in 1846, and am a native of Warrington, Lancashire. My earliest recollections are of a few lovers of art there. Some of them are still living and have added to their number, as evidence of which they have built an art gallery in the town. Fortunately for me, at the grammar school at which I was educated the head master was an amateur, a clergyman, who used to paint in water-colours. There was also a school of art there: it was founded when I was a child, and my ambition was to attend it. The master was Mr. J. Christmas Thompson, a portrait-painter, and he had studied under Sir William Allen, R.A., who is still living there. My ambition was achieved in this direction, for I went there when I was between eight and nine, and I used to work there even on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons, my

From a] MR. WOODS IN HIS STUDIO IN VENICE. *[Photograph.*

only play-time. A great impetus was given to art in the North by the Art Treasure Exhibition in Manchester in 1857. I remember Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy' and Maclise's work being exhibited there, and I remember waiting for an hour and being pushed through the crowd by reason of my size to see Wallis's 'Death of Chatterton,' which was lately at the Guildhall. It was about this time that I obtained a bronze medal, which I still have, and of which, at the time, I was very proud, because it represents two which were awarded to me in 1857. The works for which these medals—two in one—were obtained were done chiefly during my play-time. One of the drawings was some plants from Nature and another was from a cast. They were excellent studies for what was to follow. I recollect that floggings were rather frequent at the grammar school to which I went, but in consequence of my success in art the master declared that he would not flog me any more, though he immediately proceeded to add that he put it to my honour not to deserve the punishment, and that, to my childish mind, took away all the kudos I had gained."

"Did you live up to what was required of you?" I asked, with something like awe at the idea of any youth of eleven being suddenly transformed into a saint.

"No," replied Mr. Woods, with a little laugh of recollection; "I often deserved floggings, but the master kept his word and I never got them, though I was often made the figure-head of a good deal of mischief which the boys went in for, in consequence of my being in their company. It was about that time that I made up my mind to be an artist, though my father wanted to make me an architect, as he had made the acquaintance of one who was restoring the Parish Church at Warrington. It was at the Warrington School of Art, when about fourteen, that I first met my friend—and later my brother-in-law—Mr. Luke Fildes, who came from Chester to study under Mr. Thompson. We soon became friends, and generally worked together. My enthusiasm for art went up by bounds at the great International Exhibition in 1862, to which I went frequently during a fortnight's visit to London. The result of this was that I had a very strong inclination to go to London for good. Up to the age of eighteen, however, I remained at Warrington, working there. Then some art scholarships were offered, all over England, by the Science and Art Department. I did the necessary work, and was appointed a national scholar at South Kensington. The education at that time was purely experimental, but was good, as, indeed, it is now, but still experimental. The idea of the national scholarship was not to make artists, but to be of use to designers in the various manufactures of England. I chose stained glass designing, because I knew I should in that way be able to study the figure from the antique and the life. I worked at that for a year, and was re-appointed for another year, when I began to make myself useful, and did some preliminary work in assisting in decorative work in the Museum. In my third year they were willing to appoint me again, but I saw that stained glass was of no use to me; I did not care about it. Then I began to do wood drawing, gradually getting work on various periodicals, and among other things, later on, I illustrated Trollope's 'Vicar of Bulhampton.' The *Graphic* was then started, and my old friend, the late Mr. W. L. Thomas, placed me on the staff as one of the first members, and with the early Christmas numbers I had a great deal to do jointly with Fildes. On the *Graphic* I often did work that interested me, and got me into a quick way of fixing an interesting motive, while occasionally I left London for subjects.

"I witnessed many stirring events and often had motives suggested for pictures, which, had I stayed in England, I should undoubtedly have painted.

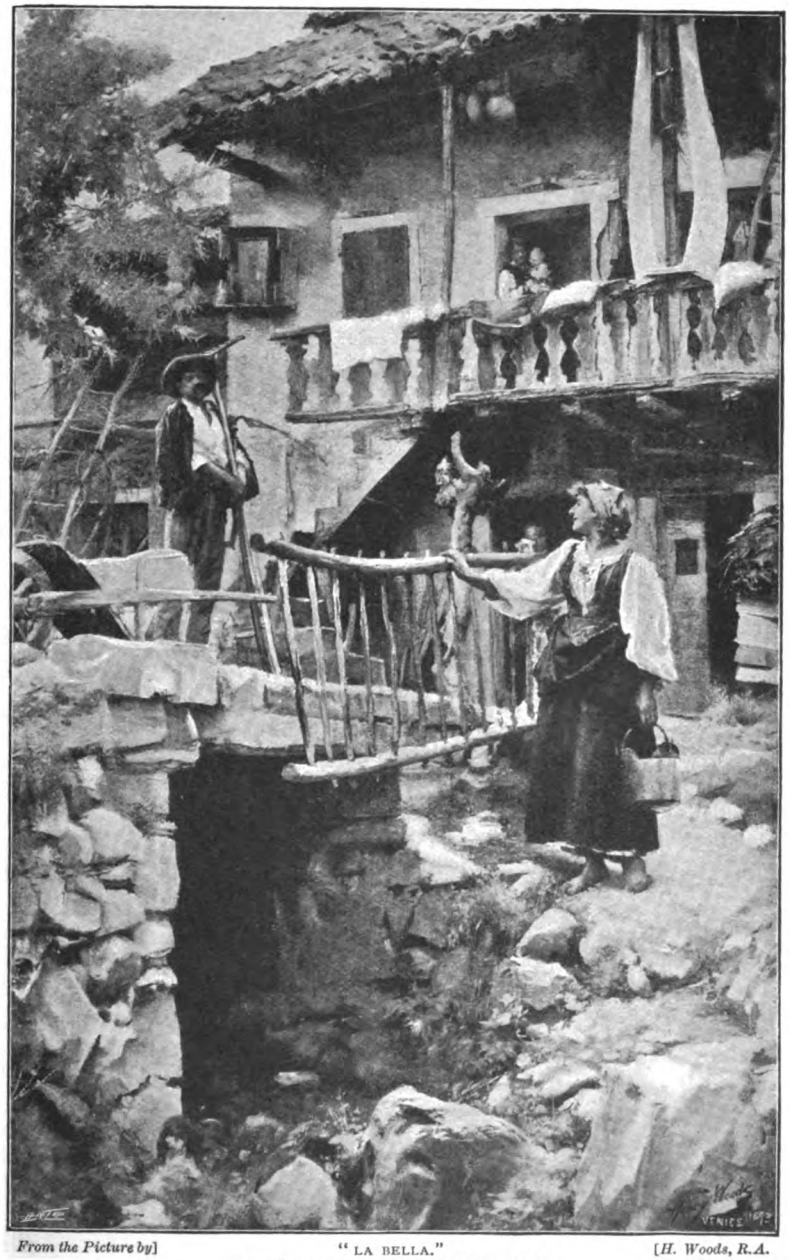
"In the summer, however, I used to drop wood drawing and go painting. My first picture was a little Welsh landscape, which was hung at the first exhibition of the Royal Academy ever held at Burlington House, and the following year I had a little black and white drawing exhibited there, since which time, until the season of 1899, I never missed an exhibition."

"When did you first go to Venice?"

"In 1876 I accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Fildes, and started a few little pictures, but after two or three months I came back and resumed my wood drawing for the *Graphic*. How I came to go was simply that Mr. Fildes had been there with Mr. Marcus Stone. They told me a great deal about the city, and said it would suit me, as I had been painting before that, chiefly at Streatley-on-the-Thames, pictures in which the background and figures were of equal interest. The Thames, at that time, was very different from what it is now, and on ordinary week-days you never saw anyone on it except in the month of August. I began at first at Cookham, where Frederick Walker was painting,

but I didn't know him until some years later. In the following year I went to Hurley, where I painted with Tissot and Heilbuth, Fildes and Macbeth. Tissot was painting studies, and so were the rest of us, of a model who was put in a boat in a meadow, actually for a picture by Fildes. The lot of us had the place to ourselves, so we worked with no interruptions. The modern house-boat was almost unknown in those days, and only one or two steam launches ever came up so high. Henley Regatta was on a much quieter scale than it is now, and was not so well known. The people who went up the Thames were the ones who knew the river and loved it, and cared to picnic and camp out in the meadows. There were some men from the Temple I recollect amongst the early campers out, who always respected the property they were on.

"Amongst working friends at Streatley were Vicat Cole, Keeley Halswelle, and S. P. Jackson. Jackson had a steam launch and Halswelle had a house-boat, one of the first of the kind to be seen there, and we used to have a good time, often spending our evenings on the house-boat, which we took up the river on Sundays when we went picnicking. I was rather a good canoeist in those days, and I remember once the Thames being in a high flood, and I went up from Cookham to Streatley in a day, often across the meadows instead of going through the locks. Halswelle was a most rapid worker, and did a large number of small pictures to be exhibited at a "one-man show." I think



From the Picture by] "LA BELLA." [*H. Woods, R.A.*

Copyright by Henry Woods, Esq., R.A.

he was one of the most rapid painters who ever existed, and he rarely worked more than two hours in the morning and two hours in the afternoon.

"Fildes was then making a study for his picture of 'The Widower' at Aldworth, an old village three miles over Streatley Hill, where there are some Crusaders' monuments and a record in the church that Queen Elizabeth visited it to see them. At Streatley I painted several pictures, all of which were exhibited at the Royal Academy. Only one found a place over the line, but I had an offer for it from a purchaser, which I refused. When it came back into my hands, thinking I could improve pieces of it, I painted out the figures, but somehow I never did anything more with it, and it has remained in that state until to-day. Heilbuth was a good friend of mine, and in 1878 a fine picture of Van Hannan's, 'Pearl Stringers,' was exhibited in the Paris Exhibition. Heilbuth asked me to congratulate Van Hannan for him on my return to Venice, but I did not then know Van Hannan. On my way back to Venice, however, I saw the picture in Paris he had spoken about, and arriving in Venice I met some Austrian friends who called themselves the 'Sand Club,' as they used to bathe off the Lido. There I was introduced to Van Hannan while we were both in bathing costume, and I was able to give him Heilbuth's message. We have since been close friends.

From the Picture by] "OUTSIDE CHURCH." *[H. Woods, R.A.*

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"My returning to Venice for a long stay had in it something of a dramatic element. One day I went to Streatley and found the rooms I had always occupied engaged, so without unpacking my things I returned to London that night and

started off for Venice, where I arrived in three days. In August I returned to England, and among a pile of letters at my studio awaiting my coming I found one from the Art Union of London requesting me to call for a cheque in payment for a picture then at the Royal Academy. On further search I discovered their request for the order for the picture, and telling me that it had been selected by one of their prize-winners. Back to Venice I went—that was in 1878—and took a studio in the picturesque part of San Trovaso. There I painted the 'Ducal Courtyard,' 'Street Trading in Venice,' the 'Gondolier's Courtship,' and another picture, all of which are now in the Schwabe Gallery in Hamburg. Before that, however, I had painted two pictures which were purchased by Messrs. Agnew, the first of a long series of transactions with them.

"In my 'Bargaining for an Old Master' I had for a background a shop covered with copper vessels of all sorts. It took three hours to fit it up every day. The proprietor had an imbecile assistant who used to work for nothing. The only business transaction I ever noticed there, and I worked there for five or six hours a day during a period of two months, was the sale of a coffee-pot, which was sold for fivepence. The transaction was not a particularly happy one, for the woman bargained so closely for it that the proprietor cursed her for not wanting to pay enough for people to live on. His ideas of the sum necessary for living on were evidently limited.

"A year or two after I was passing the house and noticed that the shop had gone, but the man was still about. 'You have given up the bronze business?' I said to him.

"'Yes, I do something on commission,' he replied; 'I was getting too thin on it.'

From the Picture by] "CLOISTERS—FRARI CHURCH." [*H. Woods, R.A.*

Copyright by Henry Woods, Esq., R.A.

"I didn't believe that was possible, as he always struck me as being preternaturally thin at the time he was carrying on the business.

"In front of the picture an old man is represented seated in a very decayed gilt chair, which had once been in the salon of a palace. I wanted to find a chair of this description, and I heard there was one in the Ghetto, so I went there. There I saw the very chair I wanted in the shop of a good-natured old man, to whom I said that I didn't want to buy the chair, but I would like to hire it.

"'I will lend it to you,' he said; 'you can have it for as long as you like and return it to me when you have finished with it.'

"I noticed that several loafers were hanging about at the time, and about two months after a porter came to me with a seedy-looking person in a frock-coat, and announced that the gentleman had bought the business of the old Jew in the Ghetto, and wanted the chair, which, it happened, I had not yet used.

"'The old man lent it to me,' I said, 'but I will give you ten francs for the loan of it.'

"'Sir,' replied the seedy individual in the frock-coat, 'I sell, I do not lend; the price is sixty francs.'

"The chair was not worth sixty francs, or anything like it, and as they saw I was getting suspicious and vexed, they began to back out. Then I got hold of a piece of firewood—threats are cheap anywhere—and pointed menacingly to the door. As they backed out I threw it after them and followed it by another lump down the well of the staircase, taking care not to hit them, they declaring I should 'hear from them to my disadvantage.'

From the Picture by "FIRST COMMUNION DAY." [*H. Woods, R.A.*

Copyright by Henry Woods, Esq., R.A.

"I at once started off to the Ghetto to investigate the matter, and found the shop exactly as it was two months ago, with the old man seated smoking in his chair.

"'So you are here,' I said; 'what about that chair? You have sold your business, I hear.'

"'Sold my business,' he replied, 'certainly not; I hope to die in it. Why do you say that?'

"I told him the whole story, and he looked puzzled and said, 'Yesterday a porter came and asked me what I wanted for the chair the painter had borrowed, and I told him thirty francs.'

"In this way I found out that it was an attempt on the part of the man to make thirty francs out of me, but it was abortive, for I never saw them again nor did I ever 'hear from them to my disadvantage.' Cases of this sort, however, are few and far between, but there is always something so amusing in being 'done' in Venice that one bears them no ill-will for the attempt.

"This was my first picture exhibited as an Associate of the Royal Academy.

[H. Woods, R.A.

"PREPARATION FOR FIRST COMMUNION."
Copyright by Henry Woods, Esq., R.A.

From the Picture by]

"About 1881 I found that I wanted a larger studio, and looked about everywhere, but could not find one. At last I went to an old bric-à-brac shop and announced I would give a bonus of twenty francs for information as to where there was a likely place I could turn into a studio. The following day I heard through this novel advertising source of a sort of temple at the bottom of the garden at the Palazzo Vendramin, opposite the Church of Santa Maria della Carmine. I went down there and found it was occupied by a working

pastrycook. I saw at once that with a few changes I could build just the sort of studio I wanted. Fortunately there was in Venice a Royal Academy gold medallist, an English architect who spoke the language well, and he arranged all the business preliminaries for me. The cake man was in debt for six months' rent, and I told him if he could get out in five days I would pay his arrears of rent and give him sixty francs in addition. He cleared out in three days, but, having spent his money, he returned to the neighbourhood, and threatened both Mr. Scott, the architect, and me with all sorts of dreadful things. I at once took a leaf out of his book and threatened him horribly, and my threats had such an effect that I never saw him again.

"Having made the necessary alterations and got a good studio, I commenced with my picture, 'Preparation for First Communion.' Most of the subjects of my pictures I have always seen in and about Venice, and the motive for this picture was suggested while strolling down a small *calle*. Some women were seated at a door, making what I thought were lace window curtains. I asked about their work, and they told me they were not window curtains, but veils for the First Communion. I asked them how the veils were put on, and they fitted one on a little girl, and the woman gave me the subject by saying, 'It is not everyone who can fix a veil, I can tell you, sir; sometimes they have to get the priest to come and do it.'

"I at once started designing the subject, with a priest superintending the rehearsal. The man who stood for the priest was perfectly dressed for a rector, clean shaven, with white collar and snuff-box complete. In the spring I was finishing my picture, and in the garden behind my studio some gardeners from the country were working and chattering a great deal. This put me out fearfully, so I asked the model to go outside and speak to them. He was really a rough fellow of the facchino porter type, though he had the face of a priest. He got a ladder, put it against the wall, climbed up, and drew liberally from the vocabulary of his class when in wrath—blasphemy mostly—telling them that they had broken the professor's soul. At once I saw the fun of the thing and ran upstairs to look at the scene through the shutter of a window, so that I might not be seen. The workmen, mistaking him for a priest in reality, were most devout and had saluted him with, 'Your servant, Rector!' He, on the other hand, thought they were chaffing, while the poor gardeners, aghast at the terrible language of the holy man, were crossing themselves and standing perfectly speechless at the idea of such a scandal."

"Do you often have such humorous episodes with your sitters?"

"Not infrequently. When talking together there is much in the manner of the Venetians which is almost Shakespearean. I remember a scene particularly so. Once I was painting a scene on a bridge at the Giudecca. On the shady side of it about a dozen facchini or porters used to sleep. They do not work much, but they are not lazy like the Neapolitans, for they can only get employment when a ship comes through. I had promised these men a bottle of wine if they would clear out of their favourite haunt until the picture was finished. One day some six or seven of them were awake, and one said to the other, pointing to my picture, 'One must have patience for this craft.' The second replied, 'It's not alone that, because, if it were that alone, I, too, could do the painting; I have patience. For thirty years I have waited for a "Terno" (the highest prize) in the lottery from the saints, and I have patience; and yet I am not good at this craft.' Then in turn he pointed to my picture, and declared emphatically, 'No; wanting a passion for the fine arts, patience is useless.'

"The third came to the rescue with the philosophic reminder that I had promised to pay a bottle when the picture was finished, and they left off speculating on art and patience to contemplate the bottle in imagination. They got their bottle, but they had to wait a whole year for it.

"Soon after that I commenced a series of pictures about the Scuola San Rocco. There is a stone seat there where loafers lie about. One day there was a little crowd about me talking of my work, and as they were making a good deal of noise I turned to the ringleader and said, 'When the picture is finished, framed, and in the public gallery, and thou hast paid thy half-franc to see it, then criticise it—not before.'

"'Sir, I am no critic,' replied the man. 'I work, and I have a family depending on me.'

"'Thou didst criticise,' said another man, while an old man, rather wishing to excuse them, broke in with, 'There is no one here, sir, who has the capacity or would presume to criticise.'

"Then another spoke; he would have done for one of the clowns in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and said, 'If my master was

here he could criticise,' upon which the old man asked, 'Who is thy master?' I expected the answer to be 'Bottom,' but he gave the name of a well-known man in Venice, and the old man, with a contemptuous expression, said, 'There are tailors here in Venice who know more of the fine arts than thy master."

"At San Rocco there was a man who used to worry me by his conversation. He had apparently small means of his own, for he passed his time dozing, generally. After pestering me a good deal he one day asked me if I knew Professor ——.

"I replied, rather curtly, 'No.'

"Next day he opened out with, 'It is curious you don't know my friend the professor.'

"'What does he do?' I asked. 'This sort of thing?' and pointed to my picture.

"'Oh, no,' he replied; 'my friend is no painter on the streets.'

"A girl standing by broke in with, 'I suppose he is a house-painter.'

"'He has his studio,' he went on; then, seeing he had made rather a mess of it, he said, pointing to my picture, 'But anyone can see you are a signor with a caprice, because you have a gondola.'

"On another occasion I was working in the Campo Giovanni e Paolo, quite in the traffic of the foot-passengers, but I always received every possible consideration, for the people gave me a wide berth so as not to interfere with me in any way. Most funerals must pass this Campo on their way to the cemetery. Some have a band waiting there. They land, and the procession makes the round of the Campo. On one occasion one of these processions pulled up just where I was, and one of the mourners addressed me, and, pointing in the direction of the coffin, said, 'He also was a painter.' I bowed, and the man added, 'And of great hopes.'"

From the Picture by] "THE FIRST COMMUNION VEIL." *[H. Woods, R.A.*

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"Have you no favourite place for painting near Venice?"

"Yes, a very favourite place is at the foot of the mountains going to Cadore. For over fifteen years I painted there, my most important pictures being 'The Water-Wheels of Savassa,' 'First Communion Veil,' and 'A Village in Venito.' At that time a little carriage used to come every day to fetch me. One day, however, it did not turn up, and while I was waiting outside the mills a magnificent carriage belonging to the noble of the neighbourhood stopped, and the servants

came and inquired for the painter. I made myself known, and they said there was no carriage available at the inn, so their master had sent them for me. When I arrived at the inn in this carriage it took a turn in front of the house, and to my surprise I saw my friend, Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., waiting there.

"'Well,' he exclaimed, aghast, astonished at the splendour of the equipage, 'is this how the Associates do it?'

"During the course of the evening Mr. Hook told me of his having been in Venice in '48, and the active part he took in the stirring affairs there in that year. He was very tired and went to bed early, while I went

[*H. Woods, R.A.*

"THE FOOT OF THE RIALTO, VENICE."
Painted in 1881. Copyright by Henry Woods, Esq., R.A.

From the Picture by]

into the kitchen, where the *habitués* of the inn always sat. They inquired as to who the gentleman was, and I said that he was 'an English professor of painting who was also a Venetian veteran of '48.'

"'The English professor merits some attention at our hands,' said one of the men, and loving, as they do, any excuse for demonstration, they started to make the necessary preparations. Bengal lights and a band were at once arranged for for the next evening, and I went to bed. The following morning, however, I received a note from Mr. Hook saying that he had to leave for England the same night, and, just to get a few hours there, that he had gone off to Venice. This was a great disappointment to the people for they really love the English, and would have been delighted to have paid a compliment to an Englishman who had taken part in such stirring events as those of '48."

Then our talk turned on Mr. Woods' method of work, and he said, "I was elected a Royal Academician with MacWhirter and the late Henry Moore in 1893. I really paint quickly, but change a good deal during the progress of a picture. Whenever I am working at a picture in which there is any architecture, like steps or a balustrade, I have it copied and coloured like the original and pose my models on it, for a time at all events, rather than go always to the spot. By that time, however, I have already finished my background, and, if it is a quiet place, I have posed someone in the proper position wearing the particular colours I am working on, so that everything may be absolutely right. The light in Venice is a very flattering one, and is never like the white light one gets in London. The greater part of my pictures is done in a glass studio, quite like open air."

"Was your picture in the last Academy, 'A Venetian Autolycus,' painted in that way?"

"Precisely. He was an absolutely real man, and used to cry, like Shakespeare's *Autolycus*, 'Pretty ribbons for pretty necks.' I had intended painting one of these fellows for some years past. Whilst at work on the background the very man I wanted turned up, his tray piled with trinkets, powder-puffs, and pearl-powder, which form the largest part of their trade, with stockings, handkerchiefs, and similar articles—all rubbish, but of the most beautiful colour. He spoke to a woman who was working at artificial flowers, but she was deaf to his blandishments, and finding no business was to be done he put down his stand and said, 'Business is so bad I will sell the whole thing for thirty francs.' It was the very thing I wanted, so I called to my gondolier and said, 'Put it in the gondola just as it stands.'

"'Oh, make it forty francs,' said my Autolycus, 'it is surely worth that.'

"Not wanting the thing disturbed I made it forty francs, and in a minute the place was alive with gossip on 'the caprice of the painter.' A fat woman sitting by, who evidently had a shrewd knowledge of human nature, said: 'It's no caprice of the painter; he knows what he is doing; it would cost him three times as much if he paid the man every time he wanted him to sit to him.'"

From the people our talk verged to the city itself and the changes which have occurred there in late years.

"There are few really nasty changes," said Mr. Woods, "although the fine view of the Church of the Salute coming down the Grand Canal has been completely ruined by the erection of a new 'Palace,' and the beautiful island of St. Helena, where I painted two of my earliest pictures, has been destroyed by a railway truck manufactory at the very entrance of Venice, a state of things only comparable to what the building of a similar establishment would be in St. James's Park.

"As for the steamers about which there has been so much talk, they are of great use, and they pay, so that their presence is inevitable. Before their advent one could anchor one's gondola and swim out with the tide along the Grand Canal, and that used to be a favourite amusement of mine. Now one can do neither of these things, but the city has benefited greatly by the increased commerce. Of course, in the small canals the gondola is not intruded upon in any way, so that there is little interference with the picturesqueness there. To see the real life of Venice one should go in the hot weather. Then, towards the evening, you will hear the splashing of water and the laughter of children, and see the little ones supported on washing-boards, the fathers with the babies in their arms and the mothers taking care of the younger ones, all swimming about, enjoying themselves to their hearts' content."

"Is not the hot weather rather an unhealthy time in Venice?"

"Not at all. It is the Venetian bathing season; the visitors are Italian, chiefly from every part of northern and central Italy, although the air is mostly sirocco. It is cooler in July than anywhere on the

Lombardy or Venetian plains. August is trying, consequent on mosquitoes, which are lively and aggressive.

"Compared with some years ago there are very few English residents now in Venice. Mr. Robert Browning was generally there during the autumn and early winter months. I think everything Venetian delighted him, particularly the plays in the Venetian dialect. I remember him telling an interesting anecdote of Daniel Manin at Sir Henry Layard's dinner-table. Of course you know Manin was styled the 'Liberator,' and was the great man there in the stirring time of '48.

"'Years ago I was residing in Paris,' said Mr. Browning. 'Dickens was there also, and mentioned that Manin was living in Paris, a man who interested him much. He had found him out and done what he could to assist him. I am now at my wits' end to serve him, as he tells me that he cannot accept charity. He evidently looks upon my efforts on his behalf in that light; but we must think over something, as I know he is very badly off. I found out with some difficulty the Italian store where Manin bought his small necessities, and arranged with the proprietor that Manin should supply his wants at a very small cost. This plan succeeded for a few days only. Then the shopkeeper came to me in a most excited state, saying that the "arrangement for Signor Manin could not go on. Even now there's a crowd of the poorest Italians in Paris besieging my shop, demanding my rice and macaroni at the price I charge Signor Manin."

"'The good patriot had undoubtedly informed his fellow-countrymen where they could fare well and cheaply. All subsequent endeavours to help were useless.'"

From the Picture by] "A MODERN AUTOLYCUS." [*H. Woods, R.A.*

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Captain Barnacle.

By John Oxenham.

Author of "God's Prisoner," "Rising Fortunes," "A Princess of Vascovy," etc., etc.

THERE came the usual peremptory rat-tat on the front door, and Miss Charity, in her faded black silk and her most engaging smile, ran up the stairs to answer it. Her sisters, Miss Faith and Miss Hope, in the dark little parlour-kitchen followed the track of the adventure up above with straining ears and anxious hearts. For you must know it was the 4th of August, and not a single one of their rooms was let, and that was a serious matter.

"WITH STRAINING EARS AND ANXIOUS HEARTS."

There was the usual tentative colloquy on the front door-step. Then—

"They've come in," said Miss Faith, and clasped her hands thankfully. "I had a feeling we should let to-day."

"Well, if they're nice people we'll hope they'll stop in," said Miss Hope; "but we mustn't be disappointed if they don't, Faith, dear. They don't always, you know, and sometimes when Charity has told us about them afterwards we've been very glad they didn't."

"I know. But I can't ever remember not having a room let on the 4th of August, Hope. It's awful."

"We've always had somebody sooner or later, dear, and some of them have worried you two so that I've wished they'd never come."

"They've gone upstairs," said Miss Faith, listening intently, with a sparkle in her eyes. "I'm inclined to think it's all right. I wonder if they'll take all the rooms and if they'll want late dinners. I wish Parliament would pass a law making it compulsory to dine at one o'clock. It's ever so much better for them than stuffing themselves with all kinds of things when it's almost bedtime. They must have the most horrible dreams, some of them, I'm sure. They're coming down again. They're in the dining-room. They're going out. H'm! —call again, I suppose, when they've tried to beat down somebody else with our prices. Well, Charity, dear—taken?"

"Not yet," said their younger sister, as she came down into the kitchen. "Look back presently."

"Or otherwise, as the case may be," said Miss Faith.

"But I don't know that they'd have suited us very well, Faith. She was an extensive person, all over jet beads, and five children, and a nurse and a parrot."

"A parrot?" cried her sisters.

"Whatever does she take a parrot about with her for?" asked Miss Faith, who got her breath first.

"It belonged to her husband who is dead, and she says she looks upon it quite as one of the family, and it goes everywhere with them. It remembers him perfectly, and sometimes cries: 'George! George!' till she has to cover it up."

"I hope she won't come back," said Miss Hope. "It would be almost as bad as having a dead body in the house."

"It's the 4th of August," said Miss Faith, with a note of warning in her voice.

"A nurse is a good deal of a trial," said Miss Hope; "but a parrot *and* a nurse——"

"Perhaps somebody else will come before she gets back. There are lots of people prowling round," said Miss Charity.

"I wish some of the nice ones would prowl this way," said Miss Faith. "What I would like would be an elderly lady—a real lady—with three nice, quiet, grown-up daughters, and perhaps a grown-up son, if he's gentlemanly and doesn't smoke."

"If we could make our lodgers to order, what very nice lodgers we'd have," said merry Miss Charity. She was not very much over forty, and a distant aroma of youth still clung to her like whiffs of the natural lavender with stalks of which, with their crumbling heads neatly done up in little muslin nightcaps, she delighted to sprinkle her drawers and linen cupboard. She was the connecting link between her elder sisters and the outer world. For Miss Faith did all the cooking and rarely went out during the season, and Miss Hope had been a hopeless invalid for more than twenty years—hopeless, however, only from the point of view of possible cure; in all other respects she was as full of the apostolic virtues as either of her sisters. Visitors rarely saw Miss Faith, and Miss Hope never. But Miss Charity, mingling with the gay and giddy throng above stairs, carried all the news below, and Miss Hope awaited her descents as impatiently as parted lovers or incipient authors await the postman, and Miss Charity never disappointed her. Every time she came down she brought a budget of news, or dashed off descriptive sketches of the nomads above which would have enabled those usually self-sufficient personages to correct many flaws in their characters if they could have listened to them.

The parlour-kitchen was half underground, and from the front window possessed an aggravating view of passing skirts and trouser-legs. During the season it was the abode of a somewhat distressing complexity of odours, which no amount of through draught ever entirely removed. And here Miss Hope lay on her couch, week in and week out, and assisted the busy workers in various ways, but chiefly by means of her head and her tongue and her unfailing good humour. When, now and then, Cook Faith intrusted her with some simple side issue in the culinary department, such as the chopping of parsley or the beating of eggs—something that she could do with her hands without moving her body—she was supremely happy for the rest of the day, and inclined to be a trifle puffed-up with conceit and the belief in a possible improvement in her incurable malady. Otherwise her time was spent in the concoction of worked tidies and the colouring of outline texts for the embellishment of the rooms upstairs.

They were the daughters of a Nonconformist country minister, who, on a stipend of £80 a year, had maintained his wife and family in a state of precarious happiness, and had clothed and educated the girls befittingly. How?—Heaven and his wife only knew. What he did know was that after his wife died, when the youngest girl was about fifteen, he found it for some time harder to provide for four than it had been for five. But the girls were good girls, and soon learned how to manage the slender income. When that ended abruptly with their father's death they came into a windfall of close on £700 from his insurance money. How he had ever managed to pay the premiums passed their comprehension. But there was the money, and with it they took a small house at Sparburgh and started a school. For a time it succeeded fairly well, then dwindled in the face of growing competition, and at last they gave it up and decided to take in lodgers. They had their bad times and their not so bad times. Prosperity fought shy of the little grey house with the green Venetian shutters; but, thanks to the money they had in the bank, they kept their heads above water and managed to present, if not a bold, at all events an equable front to the world. They lived—and looked to do little more till the time should come for them to die.

And yet the little grey house and the little grey lives had not been entirely devoid of romance. Once upon a time a certain Colonel, late of the Indian Army, retired from active service to energetic criticism, with a little money and a considerable temper, had taken the drawing-room upstairs and the bedroom adjoining, and had lived there all through the winter. In spite of his hot temper — which showed itself chiefly in violent fulminations against certain powers in the East, against whom he cherished a perpetual grievance—they grew to like him, and he them, especially Miss Charity, who waited on him. He would probably have retained the drawing-room as a permanency if he had not caught a chill in the spring and died. He left each of the elder sisters £50,

and £100 to Miss Charity—"in token of the affectionate esteem which her devoted attention has awakened in the heart of a sick and troublesome man."

"If the Colonel had lived——" became an accepted formula in the quaint little household. It was the dash of red in the grey of their lives, for the elder sisters held the profound conviction that if the Colonel had lived he would have married Charity—and incidentally themselves, of course, for they never would be parted—and the greyness would have been overlaid for ever with a covering of rose pink and the Colonel's gold. It did them all good to think of that beautiful might-have-been, and helped them bravely through many a despondent hour. The Colonel's little legacy bolstered up their drooping fortunes for a time, but the thought of the high estate that had so barely escaped them was infinitely more precious to them than the money.

They just managed to keep the ship afloat, and they lived in the constant hope of another Colonel turning up and completing the hope which the late one had roused in them.

They were, of course, too rigidly honest to prosper in their chosen walk in life. There was no landlady's cat at the little grey house, and Miss Hope's tiny black kitten, which lay perpetually in her lap and played with her wools and paint-brushes, was too well cared for even to dream of attacking the lodgers' stores, and moreover it was always given away before it arrived at a stage of too great understanding, and was replaced by a replica of infantine innocence. Never until a scrap of cold rice-pudding had been sent upstairs at least three times, and been returned untouched, was it allowed to be converted, by means of a spoonful of milk and a dash of fresh nutmeg on top and five minutes on the stove, into a sumptuous supper for Miss Hope.

However, to return. The lady of the parrot did not come back.

"And I'm really very glad she didn't," said Miss Hope, holding her work at arms' length for a bird's-eye view. It was the final tidy in a set of four, and was a somewhat wild departure from the usual run of her art. The set depicted in red thread on white linen four startling scenes in the life of a steeplechaser. No. 1, The Mount.—Jockey getting up on wrong side. Horse apparently paralyzed at the innovation. No. 2, The Start.—Horse on its hind legs pawing frantically upwards, and begging Heaven to witness its irresponsibility for anything that might happen to a man who didn't know the right side of a horse. No. 3, The Race.—Horse *ventre-à-terre* in the most literal fashion. Jockey's head twisted completely round, regarding unseen competitors with a self-satisfied smirk. No. 4, The Moral Ending.—Horse and rider come to inextricable grief over two lines of red thread representing a paling.

"Finished, Hope, dear?" asked Miss Charity.

"'FINISHED AT LAST,' SAID MISS HOPE."

"Finished at last," said Miss Hope. "You don't think they'll be considered too frivolously depraved, do you, Faith?"

"I don't think so, dear. We get all kinds of people, you know, and to some they might be attractive. And anyway, you make it all right in that last one. If that doesn't turn anyone against horse-racing I don't know what will."

"Yes, that contains the lesson. The first three might attract, but I think the last one would discourage anyone. I almost cried over it. That poor horse!"

"It is terrible!" said Miss Faith, regarding it with a little shiver. It was.

"One gets tired of doing pigs and cows all the time. I simply had to have a change," said Miss Hope, by way of extenuation.

"I'll put them up in the drawing-room to-morrow," said Miss Charity. "Perhaps they'll bring us luck."

"Luck, Charity, dear! There is no such thing as luck," said Miss Hope.

"It's the 5th of August to-morrow," said Miss Faith, with a sigh.

"Well, I'll put them in the drawing-room, all the same."

And it really seemed as though, in spite of Miss Faith, the depraved tidies did bring them luck.

There were several applicants for rooms next day, and they all promised to call again, but none of them did so.

"They were none of them quite our kind," said Miss Charity, calmly.

"It's the 6th to-morrow," said Miss Faith. "I don't ever remember not having let a single room by the 6th before. It's terrible. We shall be in the workhouse if things go on this way."

It was quite late in the afternoon when Miss Charity wreathed her face in its pleasantest smile, for the sixth time that day, and tripped up the stairs to an unusually loud knock on the door.

Those below heard the rumble of a big voice and the tread of heavy steps.

"It's come in, whatever it is," said Miss Faith.

"It sounds to me like an elephant," said Miss Hope. "Perhaps this one carries round her late husband's elephant and treats it as one of the family."

"Oh, but, my dear, we couldn't do with an elephant about the house," said matter-of-fact Miss Faith. "One must draw the line somewhere."

The little house almost shook under the visitant. Presently the outer door closed, the heavy steps went past the window, and Miss Charity came down.

"Whatever was it, Charity?" asked Miss Faith. "It sounded as if it would bring the house down."

"Oh, he's not so bad as all that," said Miss Charity. "It's an old sea captain—Captain Barnacle. And if he likes it it may be a permanency."

"What has he taken?" asked Miss Faith.

"Drawing-room and the bedroom next to it."

"The Colonel's rooms," murmured Miss Faith.

"He's gone up to the station for his traps," said Miss Charity, "and we're to have tea ready in half an hour. He's rather loud and heavy——"

"We thought he was an elephant," said Miss Hope.

"But I think he'll be very nice, and if he's a permanency, as he hinted, it will be a relief. Do you know, Hope, I believe it was your racing tidies that decided him to stop."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Miss Hope, clasping her hands. "I was afraid they might turn people away. What did he say, Charity?"

"He looked at No. 4 for a long time first; then he looked all round till he found No. 1 and then Nos. 2 and 3. Then he looked at No. 4 again, and said, 'Shiver my timbers! Did you do them, miss?' and I said, 'No, it was my sister Hope did them.' 'And what's your name, my dear?' he said. And I said it was Charity. And he said, 'And where's Faith?' And I said she was down in the kitchen. And he said, 'Well, my dear, I've been taking soundings all round, and I've found no spot I like quite so well as this, so if we can come to terms I'll just drop anchor here for a while, and if so be as the berth suits me I'll, maybe, lie up here all winter.'"

"That would be splendid if he turns out nice. He'll want to smoke, I suppose?"

"He may smoke all day and all night if he doesn't burn the house down," said Miss Charity.

"Yes," said Miss Faith, with a nod, "the day after to-morrow's the 7th. Now, if we could only let the other rooms, we'd be all right after all."

Captain Barnacle's tea was ready for him when he returned with two big wooden sea-chests on a cab. He helped the man to carry them up, and the two sisters below sat trembling lest the house should come down upon their heads. He had brought in some

shrimps for his tea, and he sat a very long time over it. When Miss Charity went up, in answer to his ring, to remove the things, she hardly knew her own drawing room, and stopped on the threshold with a little gasp of amazement.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," trolled the Captain, in a big, hearty voice. "I like to have my little things about me, then I feel at home. They've come from nigh every end o' the world. Queer stories some of 'em have, too. Maybe I'll tell you about 'em some day. That spear might ha' gone through my heart if it hadn't been for——"

"Oh, how terrible!" cried Miss Charity.

"Wuss, if it had," said the Captain. "That's the revolver I always used to wear——"

"Not loaded?" said Miss Charity, faintly.

"Not loaded *now*," said the Captain, "'cause there ain't no occasion for it. You ain't likely to mutiny, my dear, and try and creep in on the old man while he's asleep——"

"Oh!" cried Miss Charity, with a sense of shocked modesty.

"That's the time when a revolver comes in handy, my dear. That cutlass belonged to the captain of a Portugee slaver down Cameroons way. He died sudden. That's a knobkerrie from Australia, and that curved thing's a boomerang. When you throw it, if you know the trick of it, it comes back at you as hard as you sent it."

"What a horrid thing," said Miss Charity. "You haven't—any—live things, Captain, have you?" and she looked about fearfully at the shadows below the table and the sofa, in case anything in the shape of a snake or a young crocodile might be lurking there.

"No live things, miss—not here," said the Captain. "I keep them—I mean I don't hold with keeping live things in the house. I did have a live cobra once, a young one. But he died, so I stuffed him and gave him to a museum. Those are uncommonly fine s'rimps, miss. You and your sisters will do me a favour if you'll finish them, if so be as you like them. Some folks doesn't; for me, I'm very fond of 'em when they're big and fat and fresh, and worth the trouble of pulling their heads and tails off."

"My dears," said Miss Charity, when she took the things into the kitchen, "those shrimps are for you, and you're to eat them all. You simply wouldn't know the drawing-room, Faith. He's got all kinds of things stuck about. Knoberangs and boomkerries from Australia, and spears that almost went through his heart, and revolvers that he shoots people with when they mutiny and try to steal on him when he's asleep——"

"Not loaded?" queried both sisters, with a gasp.

"No, he won't load them unless he sees signs of mutiny. And cutlasses and, oh! all kinds of awful things——"

"No live things——?" asked Miss Faith, with the same tremulous fear as Miss Charity had exhibited upstairs.

"'NOT LOADED NOW,' SAID THE CAPTAIN."

"No, his snake died, so he stuffed it and gave it to a museum——"

"What an awful kind of a man!" said Miss Hope, laying down her work to stare at them.

"No, he's very nice, and I think he'll be very good company. He's going to tell me all about his things some time."

When she went up to light the lamp Captain Barnacle was sitting at the open window with a long pipe in his mouth, but he was not smoking.

"Ah, there you are, my dear," he said. "I was just wishing you'd come, but I didn't want to disturb you. Now, I wonder what you'd say if I whispered 'Smoke'?" and his voice dropped on the word into a hoarse hurricane of a whisper like a rising gale in the chimney, which set Miss Charity laughing.

"I should say 'smoke' too, Captain," she said.

And before she had finished the match that had been wriggling in his fingers for nearly an hour flashed along his trouser-leg and was buried in the bowl of his pipe.

"Smoke it is," said the Captain, with puffs of great content. "When one's accustomed to it, you see, one misses it; but when there's ladies in the question, one likes to know their feelings."

The Captain was a voluminous smoker; in fact, there is good reason to believe that it was the sight of his cheerful red face and active funnel at the open window upstairs that frightened away a model old lady and two elderly daughters, who stood and looked at the house and then turned and went on their way. No one else saw them but the Captain. He drew in his head instantly, but the mischief was done and the rooms remained vacant.

Still, he was a good lodger, gave very little trouble, and praised Miss Faith's cooking till she blushed as if she had been grilling a steak. He even asked to be introduced to the ladies downstairs.

"Seems kind of unnatural," he said, as he filled the little kitchen with his burly presence, "to be living in a house and never to have seen the people in it. Like having a passenger aboard ship and never setting eyes on him. And that happens sometimes, and it's always an uncomfortable thing. If a man's nothing to be ashamed of, let him show his face, says I, and if it's only sea-sickness he'll get over it quicker outside his bunk than in it."

"It must be very delightful to travel all over the world," said Miss Hope, the sofa-bound. "How much you must have seen."

"Well, yes, miss. One can't help seeing a good deal if one goes about with one's eyes open," said the Captain, half-apologetically.

"Can't help seeing?" echoed Miss Hope. "I shouldn't think anyone would want to help. I can't imagine anything more delightful than being able to go wherever you want and see everything there is to see."

"I don't know," said the Captain, with a half-shake of the head. "Sometimes there's things one would just as soon forget. I remember once——" and he spun them a yarn which made their eyes grow round and large, and held their breath in suspense, and curdled their blood delightfully. He often spent an hour in the parlour-kitchen after that, and Miss Hope lived so adventurous a life in his company that she was quite tired out at times, and complained of pains in her limbs, which had had no exercise for twenty years.

The Captain cultivated a great acquaintance among the amphibious occupants of the row of little wooden huts along the top of the shingle ridge. They spent most of the time lounging on their arms over the great wooden capstans which were used to drag the boats up the shingle, talking to one another, or looking out over the sea with old binoculars or still more ancient telescopes, for passing ships, or over the strip of common behind for possible customers. To these honest, if not over-occupied, souls the Captain came as a godsend. He was never without a twist of strong tobacco, and he won the heart of Captain Billy Barlow, the coxswain of the Sparburgh lifeboat, with a present of an excellent cigar every day when they met. Within a week Captain Barnacle divided the honours of the beach with Captain Billy himself, and was as much an institution thereof as the oldest inhabitant of the original wooden hut whose roof consisted simply of an upturned boat.

That the Captain was in his element no one could possibly doubt who looked at his face, as he lounged or sat among the ancient mariners and distributed twist and spun yarns equally to their liking. He dressed always in blue from necktie to stockings, and the comprehensive geniality of his smile was emphasized by the knowing backward tip of of his wide grey billycock. He was the well-to-do retired seaman to the life.

"He's a good sort, is Cap'n Barnacle," said Captain Billy Barlow, with emphatic finality, "a perfec' gentleman, and he have seed some mighty cur'ous things," and so said everyone.

"THE CAPTAIN CULTIVATED A GREAT ACQUAINTANCE."

So very comfortable did the Captain find his quarters, both inside and outside, that he stayed on week after week, till the time ran into months, and it was evident that he had the makings of a "permanency" in him, and the sisters were well content.

Their other rooms, indeed, had not let at all well during the short season, but a permanent lodger all through the winter was a somewhat rare bird in Sparburgh, and so open-handed and genial a lodger as Captain Barnacle was absolutely unique.

Never in his life had the Captain been so much made of; never had he been so comfortable. It cannot be considered surprising that, having found so comfortable a haven after all his wanderings, the idea of safeguarding it from the storms of life, so far as lay in his power, took root in his heart and grew and flourished there.

Miss Charity was a lady, of course, and he claimed to be no more than a rough sailorman. But the cheerfulness and hopefulness —in a word, the Faith, Hope, and Charity— of the three sisters had curled round his heart, and he knew that he could never be so happy again anywhere else in the world.

Miss Charity faithfully reported all his sayings and doings downstairs, just as she used to do the Colonel's, and the dark little parlour grew luminous with unspoken hopes and ideas. The gentle lamentations for the Colonel grew fewer and farther between. Military reminiscences faded before more present maritime experiences. For by degrees they all grew very fond of Captain Barnacle, and, after all, one live captain counts for more in the matter of personal friendship than a regiment of dead colonels. The greatest fear of their lives was that he would grow tired of his quarters and leave them — perhaps go to sea again and get drowned. How he had ever come through so many hairbreadth escapes was almost beyond belief, if he hadn't sat there in very solid person telling them the stories.

"I do hope he won't die," said Miss Hope, plaintively.

"Die? Why should he die? He is as strong and well and hearty as he possibly could be," said Miss Charity.

"Well, the Colonel died just when——"

"He's not been eating as well as he used to," said Miss Faith. "I hope he's not getting tired of my things. I'll look up some new dishes for him."

By degrees and in course of time the Captain grew palpably mopy in his manner, as of one with dyspepsia or a conscience. Even the longshoremen noticed it and did their best to cheer him. With the best of intentions, and an eye to business, they urged him to go sailing, and did their best to wheedle him out fishing. But to all their disinterested blandishments he answered: "Nay, lads, if you'd spent forty years at sea you'd be ready to keep the feel of dry land under your feet when the chance came. It's a hard life at best," and his head would wag reminiscently.

They were greatly concerned for him, for they liked himself and his yarns and his twist, and they did not want to lose any of these most desirable alleviations of their lot. They discussed his condition among themselves, and ventured many opinions. The prevalent one was that he was not comfortable in his lodgings.

"They're good wimmen, the Miss Graynes, but maybe they're a bit strait-laced for th' old gen'leman. Passon's daughters I've heard say," said the spokesman at one of the capstan meetings. "He do smoke indoors. Yes, I've seed 'im. But maybe 'e don't feel free to grog and cuss a bit as comes nat'ral to a man what's bin at sea all his life. An' when a man's cut off too sudden from doin' the things what's nat'ral to 'im, why nat'rally he feels it," and just then the Captain came across the common and churned through the shingle, and the sympathetic mariner determined to tackle him at once.

"Better, Cap'n?" he asked.

"I'm all right, Jim. What's wrong with you?"

"How's yer diggin's, Cap'n?" and the rest listened open-mouthed.

"My diggin's, Jim? They're all right, best I ever had. What's started you on this tack, my lad?"

"Well, Cap'n, we thought maybe they wasn't quite big enough for you, and if so be's we could make you any comformabler, why, we'd like t' do it. You ain't look'n' as chirpy as y' used to, Cap'n, an' that's a fact, an' if th's anything we can do——"

"I'm all right, lads, right as a trivet. Never was more comfortable in my life, and I've no intention of leaving Sparburgh, none at all. In fact"—he said, slowly—"I shouldn't be a bit surprised if I was to settle down here for the rest of my life."

"That'll suit us down to the ground, Cap'n. There's not a man of us but'd be sorry if you was to go, whether it was up or down or any which way. Right here on Sparburgh beach is the place we wants you."

"Thank'ee, my lads," said the Captain. "That's a nice little house in the trees yonder back of the hedge. Who does it belong to?"

"Nicest little house in all Sparburgh," said Jim. "Reg'lar nest for a tired sea captain, with a bit of turf in front as smooth as a quarter-deck and a ship's mast in the middle just t' make 'im feel at 'ome. It b'longs to Chivings, the lawyer. He's dead, and his nevvy what got all the prop'ty he's a-makin' ducks and drakes of it up in Lunnon. Improvin' prop'ty too," said Jim, with a knowing nod. "You sneck it, Cap'n, 'fore someone else comes along an' raises the price."

"I'll go and have another look at it," said the Captain. "How's Captain Barlow to-day?"

"His rhumatiz is very bad, an' so's 'is temper. Can't move and won't lie still, and cussin' don't 'elp him one bit."

"I'll drop in and see him as I come back," and the Captain went along to hang over the green gate of Rose Cottage, as he had already hung there many times already, dreaming dreams and heaving sighs.

"That's it, lads, he's finding th' Miss Graynes a bit narrer, an' he's wantin' wider quarters. An' quite right, too. How'd you expect a passel o' passon's daughters t' understand right a man what's bin all 'is life at sea? 'Tain't to be expected."

Then there came one dark night of revelation in the winter, when the wind howled round the little grey house and bellowed in the chimneys, and the mighty waves thundered up the beach till *terra firma* was firm no longer, but shuddered beneath the fierce blows, and the back-rushing surge on the shingle was like the roar of a stone-slide in the Alps. Through the tumult of the storm came the quick, impatient clang of the lifeboat bell, agonized heart-beats ringing through a metal tongue, drawing men with an appeal that none might resist.

Captain Barnacle clapped on his big grey hat, slammed the front door, and ran with the rest.

"He's gone!" said Miss Faith, with clasped hands.

"Of course," said Miss Charity. "He's a man and a sailor."

"I hope he'll not get into any danger," said Miss Hope.

And after a time Miss Charity got up restlessly and said, "I—I—think I'll just run down and see what's happening, girls," and she threw a thick shawl round her head and slammed the front door and bent and ran.

The crew was formed before the Captain got there, but Jim Thoroway, second cox—for Captain Billy Barlow was still down with the rheumatism — spied him at once and called out, "Come and take charge of her, Cap'n?"

"Not me, lad. You're better up to it than I am."

"You'll come, Cap'n?" cried half-a-dozen voices.

"Aye, aye, lads, I'll come," and almost before he knew it he was inside a cork jacket and minus his hat, which blew away as he topped the side, and found himself sitting on a grating between Jim and another who stood holding the steering-ropes.

He saw a rocket cut a fiery curve in the sky to windward, and above his head the sails hummed like drums. The boat, big as it looked ashore, kicked and reared and shud-

dered, and pitched to and fro like a cork. The air was full of roaring confusion. Captain Barnacle felt more uncomfortable than ever he had felt before in all his adventurous life. He felt sick and dizzy.

"Get 'em off, lads! Get 'em! Every man of 'em. We must have 'em, every one. Hold on there! We're coming——"

Then the plunging lug of the lifeboat came down with a run as they ran in under

"HE FELT SICK AND DIZZY."

His skin was all a-bristle, his eyes strained wildly, and seemed like to fall out of his head; his hair was plastered down on his forehead with perspiration and salt sea-spray. A great fear possessed him that he was going to disgrace himself by being sea-sick.

Suddenly Thoroway stooped to his ear and bellowed, "Shall we work in under———or beat———wind'ard———drop down?"

"Get in quick," shouted the Captain, since getting in quick tended to getting back quick and the salvation of his sailorly honour.

Then of a sudden he caught sight of the ship they were making for, and after that he had no more thought for himself. She was lying on a hidden bank of sand, almost on her beam ends, and the seas on the other side were thrashing over her with the noise of thunder and the white-fanged venom of hungry wolves. She was breaking up rapidly. The crew had succeeded in lighting a blue flare under the break of the poop, and by its ghastly light their desperate situation was made plainly visible. Captain Barnacle saw and never forgot. The sight drove him frantic. He sprang up and danced wildly about. He tossed his arms and shouted incoherent exhortations to the men in the boat and the men on the wreck.

the lee of the wreck. And as the sail came down the mizzen-yard caught Captain Barnacle full on the crown of his head and ended his doings for that night.

When he came to he was in his own bed, though it took him some time to find that out. For it seemed to him that the storm was still roaring and the sails still drumming just above him, as he had heard them in the boat. But it was his own head, all nicely stitched and bandaged up, that was humming, and the big storm had travelled half across the globe before his wits were quite his own again.

"Have we got 'em?" were his first words; and when Miss Charity gently reassured him on that point he went to sleep again.

She had met the heavy footsteps at the door with foreboding at her heart.

"Is he dead?" she gasped, as the shining oilskins carried him in.

"No, miss, on'y got his 'ead broke. Doctor'll be here in a minute t' see t' 'im. He got excited about the wreck, and the mizzen-yard 'it 'im on the 'ead as it came down. We'd best carry 'im right up to's bed——"

"Oh, please, do," said Miss Charity and Miss Faith, fluttering round like a pair of troubled hens. And when the doctor came

in he said it was a nasty knock, and there was probably slight concussion of the brain. He did what was necessary, and assured the anxious ladies that all that was needed was quiet and careful nursing, and that the Captain was a fortunate man to be in such good hands.

It was some days before the Captain was out on the front again. Jim Thoroway came up at once and thanked him heartily for his advice in connection with the wreck. "Them men owes their lives to you, Cap'n Barnacle," said Jim. "I was in two minds which was best thing to do—to work in under 'em or beat up to wind'ard and drop down on the cable. Then you ups and says, 'Get in quick,' and you was right, Cap'n, for she broke up as we got th' last man off, and if we'd wasted time beating up to wind'ard we wouldn't ha' got one of 'em."

The Captain was mightily pleased at this, and when he insisted on doubling each man's pay for that night's work all along shore was mightily pleased as well.

The winter months were a dead and dreary time as a rule in Sparburgh, but this winter was an exception, in the little grey house at all events. For the Captain's cheerful presence and the endless fund of personal reminiscence enlivened it to such an extent that the three Miss Graynes hardly knew either the little grey house or their little grey selves. Compared with him the Colonel had been nothing but a troublesome humour clothed in frail human flesh and many grievances. Captain Barnacle had not apparently a grievance in the world. He found life very pleasant, and took the greatest delight in making other people happy, whether it was by distributing pennies to the longshore children on the front, or twist to the longshore men themselves, or an occasional packet of tea to the longshore women, who lived in the little cottages which the newer houses had elbowed out of sight.

It would have been very remarkable, of course, and might have given rise to rumours of discontent on his part which he was very far from feeling, if his benefactions had not extended to his landladies. But he loaded them with kindnesses to such an extent that the two elder sisters became quite convinced in their own minds that he had got his eye on "dear Charity," and that that giddy child was to be vouchsafed another chance of happiness. They discussed the matter when she was not there, and exchanged many a knowing look as she told them of the Captain's latest sayings and doings upstairs.

The present of a paper bag of crisp pink shrimps was looked upon by them as in the nature of a *billet-doux*. A brilliant lobster, hot from the pot, they considered as within measurable distance of a declaration of love. When spring arrived, and Charity came down now and again with radiant bunches of flowers, which brought something of the brightness and fragrance of life into the little kitchen-parlour and set six soft eyes sparkling mistily—not so much at the flowers themselves as at the friendliness which had sent them, for to the lonely the thoughtfulness of a friend is a foretaste of Heaven—then Miss Faith and Miss Hope only waited from day to day for an official announcement from above.

"Ur-r-rh! a-herr-r-r-rh!" said Captain

"IF YOU—WILL YOU——?"

Barnacle, clearing his throat one evening as Miss Charity was taking away his tea-things. "Er—do you know a little house on the front called 'Rose Cottage,' Miss Charity? It's got green shutters and a green gate and a flagstaff on the lawn."

"Yes, I know it, Captain. It's a pretty little house. It used to belong to Mr. Chivings, the lawyer."

"That's it. Pretty little house, isn't it?" —he was slowly ramming tobacco into his pipe, and his eyes were fixed upon her in a gaze compounded of resolute purpose and shrinking timidity. "I've just bought it, Miss Charity."

"Oh——!" and Miss Charity set down the tray with a startled look and a flicker of colour in her cheeks. "I—I'm sorry——. We shall miss you, Captain," she said, with a poor attempt at a cheerful smile.

"Not unless you say so, Miss Charity," said the Captain, boldly.

"Why—how——?" began Miss Charity.

"If—if you'll come and take charge of it, Miss Charity, you'll make me a very happy man. I've never been married, and I never met anyone I wanted for a wife so much as I want you"—so far bravely and well—"but—but——" and the bold mariner floundered badly, and went first red, then white, and finally settled into the motley of extreme distress. He touched bottom and gave a spasmodic kick upwards again like a drowning man.

"Before I can rightly ask you," he said, sturdily, "I've got to tell you something you ought to know. I'm not what you think I am."

"Oh, Captain Barnacle!" gasped Miss Charity.

"No, I'm not Captain Barnacle. That's only a nom-de-what-d'ye-call-it. I'm a fraud."

"Oh, Captain Barn——!" and poor Miss Charity's hands clasped nervously and her innocent thoughts flew to piracy, murder, and sudden death, and such-like things. "You're not——" but she could not say it.

"I'm nothing dreadful," he said. "I've lived honest all my life, Miss Charity, until I came to Sparburgh, and then—well, it was this way, you see. Won't you please sit down, for I've got to go through with it now. I'd always wanted to be a sailor, you see, since the time I was so high. My grandfather was a sailor and my uncle was a sailor. But my father wouldn't have it. He knew too much about it. He set up in business, and got on a bit, and he nailed me down to it too. I'm not saying but that it's been better for me from some points of view. A sailorman don't make any too much money these days. And I've made money. But all the same it was not the life I'd have lived if it had been left to myself, and I've always missed the other. The business was mixed up with the sailoring or, maybe, I'd have chucked it and gone. However, I stuck to it, because I had to at first, and then, when my father died, because I wanted to make money enough to be able to quit it. I sold it last year for £25,000 to a company, and then, for the first time in my life, I was free to be a sailor. I was too old, of course, to be a real one, so I became a—er—well—I became Captain Barnacle, and I'm bound to say I've enjoyed myself more these last eight months than ever I did before in all my life put together, and"—very slowly and emphatically—"the time I've spent in this house has been the best of all. If you can forgive me, Miss Charity, for—for it all, I'd make you a good husband. I'm only fifty-eight. My real name's Ezra Seam, ship-store dealer, Wapping, and Ezra Seam's stores have as good a name as any in the trade and better than most. No sailorman ever had his stomach turned with anything that passed through my hands, I warrant you. If you—will you——?" and he stretched out a brown hand to her.

And Miss Charity, looking into his honest blue eyes, understood him fully, and loved him none the less for his simple assumption of a more heroic *rôle* than life had allotted to him. Her eyes were soft and bright as she put her hand into his and said, "You will always be Captain Barnacle to me, and I wouldn't have you anything else, Captain."

They kept their secret from all the world, and went up to London to be married.

Rose Cottage is the jolliest little house in Sparburgh. Captain Barnacle is still an institution on the front, and the delight of the longshoremen, who still tell how it was his quick insight and decision that saved the lives of the ten men on the brig *Mary Brown*, when she was breaking up on the sands. If you doubt my story you can read that corroboration of it, at all events, painted up on the tablets in Sparburgh lifeboat-house.

The Way They Went to Paris.

"HE TRIMMED HEADS FOR HIS NIGHT'S LODGING."

THE Paris Exhibition has been a god-send to that curious class of the community which delights in eccentric wagers and eccentricity of action generally. To refer to the bets made in regard to the way of getting to the French capital—to describe these alone would occupy a goodly volume, especially if one attempted to record the adventures met with on the journey.

The world seems to be made up, broadly speaking, of two sorts of people—those who are content to go on continually the old jog-trot way, and those who are always striving after some novelty in the manner of doing things. Of the latter sort must have been the man who committed suicide because he got tired of getting up and dressing every day of his life. If that man had lived until the present year of grace he would have been delighted with the carnival of novelty inspired and encouraged by the Exhibition; and if he had not been one of those to set out for Paris in some unheard-of way he would at least have had his bet on some crank so proceeding.

Perhaps that, after all, is the best use of an exhibition, for it stimulates originality, which, of course, is the mother of invention. And there is no telling how much genius of this sort a certain eccentric Hungarian barber put, as it were, on its mettle. The barber in question wagered some nine months ago that he would walk from Buda-pest to Paris, visit the Exhibition, and see the sights, without expending a florin by the way. All he took with him were the implements of his trade, and he may be said to have literally cropped and shaved his way to the great show. He trimmed heads for his night's lodging, smoothed down chins for his drinks. One hopes he enjoyed his Exhibition, and got back again to the beautiful Hungarian capital in the best of health and spirits.

The wager of this "scissorial artist"—the description used to be over the door of a barber at Cannes—was duly heralded in the Continental papers, and was at once the signal for the making of a host of similar fantastic bets.

The first to follow his example was a Vienna coachman, who undertook, against a handsome wager, to walk from the Austrian capital to Paris, pushing a wheelbarrow before him. He succeeded in his effort, and netted a nice sum for his pains. Every

"THE VIENNA COACHMAN."

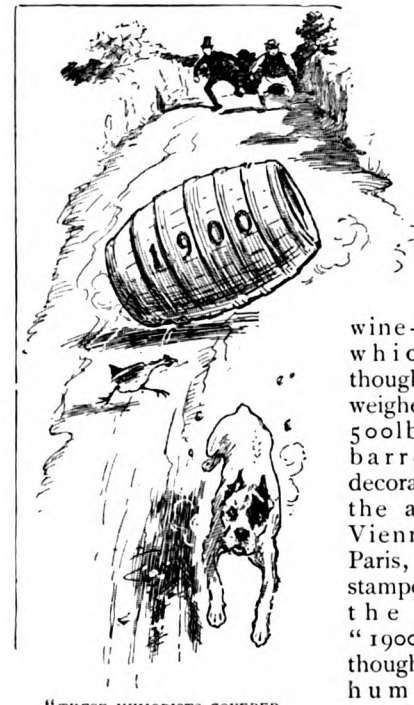
night he sent a wire to the hotel where his bet had been made, recording the progress of his journey and the distance covered.

Less fortunate was a fellow-citizen who started for the city on the Seine walking backwards. He, too, would probably have won his wager had not the police stepped in when he had done twenty-five miles and

"WALKING BACKWARDS."

arrested him as a person of unsound mind. This shows the superiority of our English police. They would have seen him safely over the dangerous crossings and let him proceed, with a blessing.

Vienna is noted for its "cranks." It is said to have twice as many as Chicago. Two of them came to the fore in the race of eccentricity for going to Paris. One was a merchant, the other a restaurant-keeper, and they made a wager for 5,000 crowns that they would reach the Exhibition on foot within two months, trundling before them all the way a huge



"THESE HUMORISTS COVERED EIGHTEEN MILES A DAY."

wine-barrel, which, although empty, weighed over 500lb. The barrel was decorated with the arms of Vienna and Paris, and was stamped with the date "1900." Although these humorists covered eighteen miles a day, they cut matters pretty fine, only entering the Vincennes gate of the fair city a few hours before the stipulated time.

Grätz, a Styrian town, also produced its pair of humorists, but in this case, like the pairs that went into the ark, they were male and female. The bet in this instance was to the effect that the twain would do the whole of the journey on one pair of legs, the idea being, of course, that one would carry the other. As a matter of fact, all the carrying was done by the husband, but whether they got all the way to Paris, or, indeed, how far they went, history — that is, the newspaper — sayeth not.

"THE CARRYING WAS DONE BY THE HUSBAND."

There is no doubt, however, in that respect as to

the achievement of a Dutchman named Van Der Bosch. The worthy in question wagered and won a considerable sum of money that he would walk from Amsterdam to the Paris Exhibition on a pair of high stilts without once taking them off *en route*. He accomplished his object easily, and with plenty of time to spare, the stilts allowing him to get forward with great expedition. Metaphorically he "did it on his head," and, according to his own statement, would do it again with pleasure for half the money—provided he could be sure of convenient sleeping quarters.

"A MOST IMPRESSIVE LITTLE TURN-OUT."

As it was, his stilts made him so tall that he could enter neither inn, tavern, nor farmhouse. He was obliged to sleep as best he might by the wayside, and after lying on the ground two or three times he found the difficulty of getting on to his feet again so trying that afterwards he preferred to recline on the roof of a house, if he could find one convenient, allowing his "legs" to rest on the ground. In lieu of a house—and in some respects preferable — he found a hay-stack almost all that could be desired. Almost—for unfortunately, on one occasion a woman, seeing his stilts against the side of a stack, and not seeing the man on the top of them, began to hack off the end of one for firewood. Van Der Bosch's most pathetic reminiscence, however, was of the attempt he was once compelled to make to sleep on or against a tree.

"HE PREFERRED TO RECLINE ON THE ROOF OF A HOUSE."

From a Belgian city—Liége says one paper—a most impressive little turn-out set forth Paris-wards. It consisted of the family go-cart, in which the wife was to trundle her worse half. There was a good round sum on the event; but the husband was so thoroughly—and deservedly—jeered on the way by everybody they met, that at the end of the second day he threw up the game.

Another crank—this time an Englishman — was compelled to lose his wager from another cause. He was a resident of Oporto, and after dining excellently at his club he offered to bet anyone present that he would visit the Paris Exhibition on his hands and knees, if it were made worth his while. As a matter of fact, he actually started off, and it being night-time, he managed to reach the city confines;

"ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES."

but there he was promptly taken into custody by two unsympathetic Portuguese policemen.

France itself has furnished quite a number of eccentrics who have visited Paris in a more or less original manner. An Amiens family, consisting of father, mother, two sons, and two daughters—the latter being grown-up girls — put on roller skates, and without once taking them off landed safely at the Exhibition. They were met there by a huge crowd of enthusiastic fellow-citizens, who had themselves preferred to accomplish the journey by the more prosaic train.

"ON ROLLER SKATES."

Another little family party must have given the Parisians the idea that the Ark had just opened its doors. For the members of the family in question — seven in number—made their journey to the Exhibition each on a different description of quadruped. The head and commander of the whole rode a horse, the mother sat comfortably on a pillioned ass, a son bestrode a lusty steer, and the rest of the family were mounted severally on a sheep, a goat, an ostrich, and a large dog. The whole thing may have been *pour rire*, as our French friends would say, or, as was suggested, as an advertisement, the eccentric family being in the show line.

"A LITTLE FAMILY PARTY."

Equally eccentric, surely, must have been the couple who elected to go to Paris with the one-wheeled coach, *i.e.*, a barrow, one being an inside passenger, the other acting as horse — or was it ass? — and driver at the same time. One could have understood it better if the twain had been "a lover and his lass," but the records have it down in black and white as husband and wife.

Thousands of cyclists, of course, and automobilists without number, have negotiated distances of four hundred miles and upwards in getting to the Exhibition; but it was left to a Viennese commissionaire, Johan Sonnenblume by name, to cover the distance on foot, but under really sporting conditions. This pedestrian is already fifty-nine years of age, but yet he covered the distance from one capital to the other in seventeen days, or at the rate of fifty miles a day.

The First Men in the Moon.

By H. G. Wells.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LANDING ON THE MOON.

I REMEMBER how one day Cavor suddenly opened six of our shutters and blinded me so that I cried aloud at him. The whole area was moon, a stupendous scimitar of white dawn with its edge hacked out by notches of darkness, the crescent shore of an ebbing tide of darkness, out of which peaks and pinnacles came climbing into the blaze of the sun. I take it the reader has seen pictures or photographs of the moon, so that I need not describe the broader features of that landscape, those spacious, ring-like ranges vaster than any terrestrial mountains, their summits shining in the day, their shadows harsh and deep; the grey, disordered plains, the ridges, hills, and craterlets all passing at last from a blazing illumination into a common mystery of black. Athwart this world we were flying scarcely a hundred miles above its crests and pinnacles. And now we could see what no eye on earth will ever see, that under the blaze of the day the harsh outlines of the rocks and ravines of the plains and crater floor grew grey and indistinct under a thickening haze, that the white of their lit surfaces broke into lumps and patches and broke again and shrank and vanished, and that here and there strange tints of brown and olive grew and spread.

But little time we had for watching then. For now we had come to the real danger of our journey. We had to drop ever closer to the moon as we spun about it, to slacken our pace and watch our chance until at last we could dare to drop upon its surface.

For Cavor that was a time of intense exertion; for me it was an anxious inactivity. I seemed perpetually to be getting out of his way. He leapt about the sphere from point to point with an agility that would have been impossible on earth. He was perpetually opening and closing the Cavorite windows, making calculations, consulting his chronometer by means of the glow-lamp during those last eventful hours. For a long time we had all our windows closed, and hung silently in darkness, hurtling through space.

Then he was feeling for the shutter studs, and suddenly four windows were open. I staggered and covered my eyes, drenched and scorched and blinded by the unaccustomed splendour of the sun beneath my feet. Then again the shutters snapped, leaving my brain spinning in a darkness that pressed against the eyes. And after that I floated in another vast black silence.

Then Cavor switched on the electric light, and told me he proposed to bind all our luggage together with the blankets about it, against the concussion of our descent. We did this with our windows closed, because in that way our goods arranged themselves naturally at the centre of the sphere. That, too, was a strange business: we two men floating loose in that spherical space and packing and pulling ropes. Imagine it if you can! No up or down, and every effort resulting in unexpected movements. Now I would be pressed against the glass with the full force of Cavor's thrust; now I would be kicking helplessly in a void. Now the star of the electric light would be overhead, now under foot. Now Cavor's feet would float up before my eyes, and now we would be crossways to each other. But at last our goods were safely bound together in a big soft bale, all except two blankets with head holes that we were to wrap about ourselves.

Then for a flash Cavor opened a window moonward, and we saw that we were dropping towards a huge central crater, with a number of minor craters grouped in a sort of cross about it. And then again Cavor flung our little sphere open to the scorching, blinding sun. I think he was using the sun's attraction as a brake. "Cover yourself with a blanket," he cried, thrusting himself from me, and for a moment I did not understand.

Then I hauled the blanket from beneath my feet and got it about me and over my head and eyes. Abruptly he closed the shutters again, snapped one open again, and closed it; then suddenly began snapping them all open, each safely into its steel roller. There came a jar, and then we were rolling over and over, bumping against the glass and against the big bale of our luggage, and clutching at each other; and outside some white substance splashed as if we were rolling down a slope of snow. . . . .

Over, clutch, bump, clutch, bump, over. . .

Came a thud, and I was half buried under the bale of our possessions, and for a space everything was still. Then I could hear Cavor puffing and grunting and the snapping of a shutter in its sash. I made an effort,

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"FLOATING LOOSE IN THAT SPHERICAL SPACE."

thrust back our blanket-wrapped luggage, and emerged from beneath it. Our open windows were just visible as a deeper black set with stars.

We were still alive, and we were lying in the darkness of the shadow of the wall of the great crater into which we had fallen.

We sat getting our breath again and feeling the bruises on our limbs. I don't think either of us had had a very clear expectation of such rough handling as we had received. I struggled painfully to my feet. "And now," said I, "to look at the landscape of the moon! But——! It's tremendously dark, Cavor!"

The glass was dewy, and as I spoke I wiped at it with my blanket. "We're half an hour or so beyond the day," he said. "We must wait."

It was impossible to distinguish anything. We might have been in a sphere of steel for all that we could see. My rubbing with the blanket simply smeared the glass, and as fast as I wiped it it became opaque again with freshly-condensed moisture mixed with an increasing quantity of blanket hairs. Of course I ought not to have used the blanket. In my efforts to clear the glass I slipped upon the damp surface and hurt my shin against one of the oxygen cylinders that protruded from our bale.

The thing was exasperating — it was absurd. Here we were just arrived upon the moon, amidst we knew not what wonders, and all we could see was the grey and streaming wall of the bubble in which we had come.

"Confound it," I said, "but at this rate we might have stopped at home!" and I squatted on the bale and shivered and drew my blanket closer about me.

Abruptly the moisture turned to spangles and fronds of frost. "Can you reach the electric heater?" said Cavor. "Yes—that black knob. Or we shall freeze."

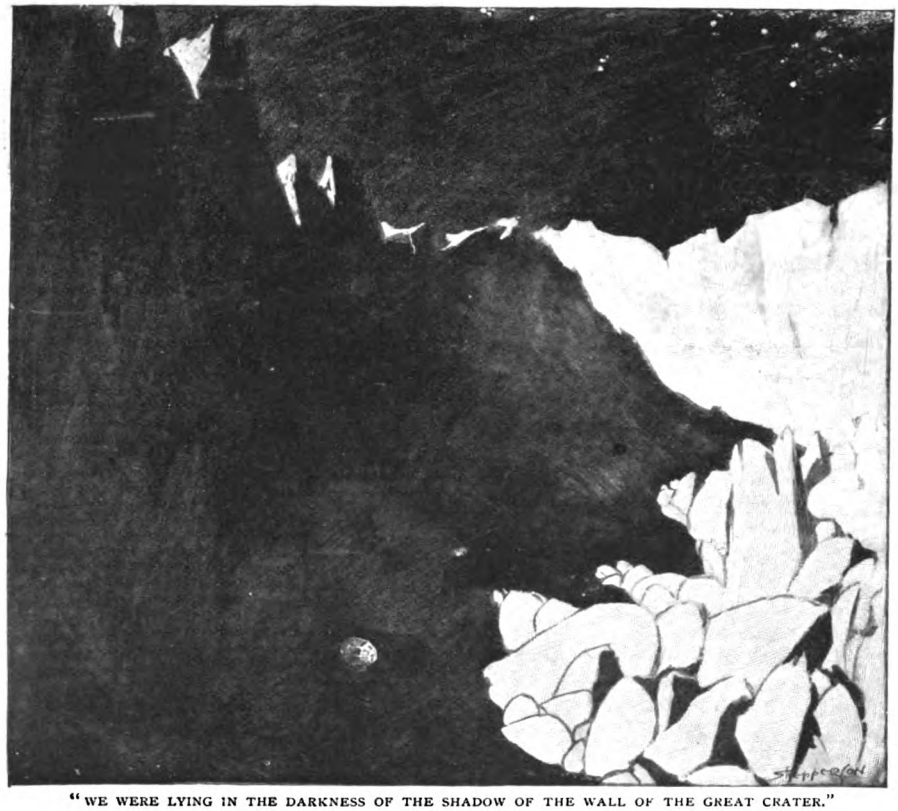
I did not wait to be told twice. "And now," said I, "what are we to do?"

"Wait," he said.

"Wait?"

"Of course. We shall have to wait until our air gets warm again, and then this glass will clear. We can't do anything till then. It's night here yet—we must wait for the day to overtake us. Meanwhile, don't you feel hungry?"

For a space I did not answer him, but sat fretting. I turned reluctantly from the



"WE WERE LYING IN THE DARKNESS OF THE SHADOW OF THE WALL OF THE GREAT CRATER."

smeared puzzle of the glass and stared at his face. "Yes," I said, "I am hungry. I feel somehow enormously disappointed. I had expected——. I don't know what I had expected, but not this."

I summoned my philosophy, and, rearranging my blanket about me, sat down on the bale again and began my first meal on the moon. I don't think I finished it—I forget. Presently, first in patches, then running rapidly together into wider spaces, came the clearing of the glass, came the drawing of the misty veil that hid the moon-world from our eyes.

We peered out upon the landscape of the moon.

CHAPTER VII.

SUNRISE ON THE MOON.

As we saw it first it was the wildest and most desolate of scenes. We were in an enormous amphitheatre, a vast circular plain, the floor of the giant crater. Its cliff-like walls closed us in on every side. From the westward the light of the unseen sun fell upon them, reaching to the very foot of the cliff, and showed a disordered escarpment of drab and greyish rock, lined here and there with banks and crevices of snow. This was, perhaps, a dozen miles away, but at first no intervening atmosphere diminished in the slightest the minutely-detailed brilliancy with which these things glared at us. They stood out clear and dazzling against a background of starry blackness that seemed to our earthly eyes rather a gloriously-spangled velvet curtain than the spaciousness of the sky.

The eastward cliff was at first merely a starless selvedge to the starry dome. No rosy flush, no creeping pallor, announced the commencing day. Only the Corona, the Zodiacal light, a huge, cone-shaped, luminous haze, pointing up towards the splendour of the morning star, warned us of the imminent nearness of the sun.

Whatever light was about us was reflected by the westward cliffs. It showed a huge, undulating plain, cold and grey—a grey that deepened eastward into the absolute raven darkness of the cliff shadow, innumerable rounded grey summits, ghostly hummocks, billows of snowy substance, stretching crest beyond crest into the remote obscurity, gave us our first inkling of the distance of the

crater wall. These hummocks looked like snow. At the time I thought they were snow. But they were not—they were mounds and masses of frozen air!

So it was at first, and then, sudden, swift, and amazing, came the lunar day.

The sunlight had crept down the cliff, it touched the drifted masses at its base, and incontinently came striding with seven-leagued boots towards us. The distant cliff seemed to shift and quiver, and at the touch of the dawn a reek of grey vapour poured upward from the crater floor, whirls and puffs and drifting wraiths of grey, thicker and broader and denser, until at last the whole westward plain was steaming like a wet handkerchief held before the fire, and the westward cliffs were no more than a refracted glare beyond.

"It is air," said Cavor. "It must be air—or it would not rise like this—at the mere touch of a sunbeam. And at this pace . . ."

He peered upwards. "Look!" he said.

"What?" I asked.

"In the sky. Already. On the blackness—a little touch of blue. See! The stars seem larger. And the little ones and all those dim nebulosities we saw in empty space—they are hidden!"

Swiftly, steadily, the day approached us. Grey summit after grey summit was overtaken by the blaze, and turned to a smoking white intensity. At last there was nothing to the west of us but a bank of surging fog, the tumultuous advance and ascent of cloudy haze. The distant cliff had receded farther and farther, had loomed and changed through the whirl, had foundered and vanished at last in its confusion.

Nearer came that steaming advance, nearer and nearer, coming as fast as the shadow of a cloud before the south-west wind. About us rose a thin, anticipatory haze.

Cavor gripped my arm.

"What?" I said.

"Look! The sunrise! The sun!"

He turned me about and pointed to the brow of the eastward cliff, looming above the haze about us, scarce lighter than the darkness of the sky. But now its line was marked by strange reddish shapes—tongues of vermilion flame that writhed and danced. I fancied it must be spirals of vapour that had caught the light and made this crest of fiery tongues against the sky, but, indeed, it was the solar prominences I saw, a crown of fire about the sun that is for ever hidden from earthly eyes by our atmospheric veil.

And then—the sun!

Steadily, inevitably, came a brilliant line—came a thin edge of intolerable effulgence that took a circular shape, became a bow, became a blazing sceptre, and hurled a shaft of heat at us as though it were a spear.

It seemed verily to stab my eyes! I cried aloud and turned about blinded, groping for my blanket beneath the bale.

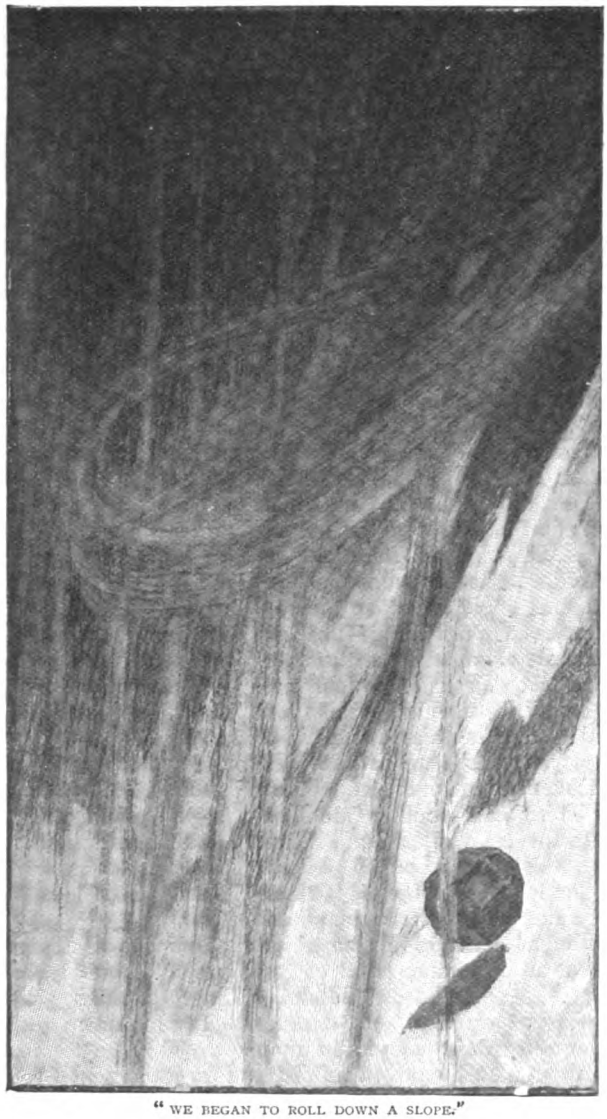
And with that incandescence came a sound, the first sound that had reached us from without since we left the earth, a hissing and rustling, the stormy trailing of the aerial garment of the advancing day. And with the coming of the sound and the light the sphere lurched, and, blinded and dazzled, we staggered helplessly against each other. It lurched again, and the hissing grew louder. I had shut my eyes perforce; I was making clumsy efforts to cover my head with my blanket, and this second lurch sent me helplessly off my feet. I fell against the bale, and, opening my eyes, had a momentary glimpse of the air just outside our glass. It was running — it was boiling—like snow into which a white-hot rod is thrust. What had been solid air had suddenly, at the touch of the sun, become a paste, a mud, a slushy liquefaction, that hissed and bubbled into gas.

There came a still more violent whirl of the sphere, and we had clutched one another. In another moment we were spun about again. Round we went and over, and then I was on all fours. The lunar dawn had hold of us. It meant to show us little men what the moon could do with us.

I caught a second glimpse of things without, puffs of vapour, half-liquid slush, excavated, sliding, falling, sliding. We dropped into darkness. I went down with Cavor's knees in my chest. Then he seemed to fly away from me, and for a moment I lay, with all the breath out of my body, staring upward. A huge landslip, as it were, of the melting stuff had splashed over us, buried us, and now it thinned and boiled off us. I saw the bubbles dancing on the glass above. I heard Cavor exclaiming feebly.

Then some huge landslip in the thawing air had caught us and, spluttering expostulation, we began to roll down a slope, rolling faster and faster, leaping crevasses and rebounding from banks, faster and faster, westward into the white-hot boiling tumult of the lunar day.

Clutching at one another we spun about, pitched this way and that, our bale of packages leaping at us, pounding at us. We collided, we gripped, we were torn asunder—



"WE BEGAN TO ROLL DOWN A SLOPE."

our heads met, and the whole universe burst into fiery darts and stars! On the earth we should have smashed one another a dozen times, but on the moon luckily for us our weight was only one-sixth of what it is terrestrially, and we fell very mercifully. I recall a sensation of utter sickness, a feeling as if my brain were upside down within my skull, and then——

Something was at work upon my face; some thin feelers worried my ears. Then I discovered the brilliance of the landscape around was mitigated by blue spectacles. Cavor bent over me, and I saw his face upside down, his eyes also protected by tinted goggles. His breath came irregularly, and his lip was bleeding from a bruise. "Better?" he said, wiping the blood with the back of his hand.

Everything seemed swaying for a space, but that was simply my giddiness. I perceived that he had closed some of the shutters in the outer sphere to save me from the direct blaze of the sun. I was aware that everything about us was very brilliant.

"Lord!" I gasped. "But this——"

I craned my neck to see. I perceived there was a blinding glare outside, an utter change from the gloomy darkness of our first impressions. "Have I been insensible long?" I asked.

"I don't know — the chronometer is broken. Some little time .... My dear chap! I have been afraid ...."

I lay for a space taking this in. I saw his face still bore evidences of emotion. For a while I said nothing. I passed an inquisitive hand over my contusions, and surveyed his face for similar damages. The back of my right hand had suffered most, and was skinless and raw. My forehead was bruised and had bled. He handed me a little measure with some of the restorative—I forget the name of it—he had brought with us. After a time I felt a little better. I began to stretch my limbs carefully. Soon I could talk.

"It wouldn't have done," I said, as though there had been no interval.

"No, it *wouldn't*."

He thought, his hands hanging over his knees. He peered through the glass and then stared at me. "Good Lord!" he said. "*No!*"

"What has happened?" I asked, after a pause; "have we jumped to the tropics?"

"It was as I expected. This air has evaporated. If it is air. At any rate it has evaporated, and the surface of the moon is showing. We are lying on a bank of earthy rock. Here and there bare soil is exposed; a queer sort of soil."

It occurred to him that it was unnecessary

to explain. He assisted me into a sitting position, and I could see with my own eyes.

CHAPTER VIII.

A LUNAR MORNING.

THE harsh emphasis, the pitiless black and white of the scenery, had altogether disappeared. The glare of the sun had taken upon itself a faint tinge of amber; the shadows upon the cliff of the crater wall were deeply purple. To the eastward a dark bank of fog still crouched and sheltered from the sunrise, but to the westward the sky was blue and clear. I began to realize the length of my insensibility.

We were no longer in a void. An atmosphere had arisen about us. The outline of things had gained in character, had grown acute and varied; save for a shadowed space of white substance here and there, white substance that was no longer air but snow, the Arctic appearance had gone altogether. Everywhere broad, rusty-brown spaces of bare and tumbled earth spread to the blaze of the sun. Here and there at the edge of the snow-drifts were transient little pools and eddies of water, the only things stirring in that expanse of barrenness. The sunlight inundated the upper two-thirds of our sphere and turned our climate to high summer, but our feet were still in shadow and the sphere was lying upon a drift of snow.

And scattered here and there upon the slope, and emphasized by little white threads of unthawed snow upon their shady sides, were shapes like sticks—dry, twisted sticks of the same rusty hue as the rock upon which they lay. That caught one's thoughts sharply. Sticks! On a lifeless world? Then as my eye grew more accustomed to the texture of their substance I perceived that almost all this surface had a fibrous texture, like the carpet of brown needles one finds beneath the shade of pine trees.

"Cavor!" I said.

"Yes?"

"It may be a dead world now—but once——"

Something arrested my attention. I had discovered among these needles a number of little round objects. And it seemed to me that one of these had moved.

"Cavor," I whispered.

"What?"

But I did not answer at once. I stared incredulous. For an instant I could not believe my eyes. I gave an inarticulate cry. I gripped his arm. I pointed. "Look!" I cried, finding my tongue. "There! Yes! And there!"

His eyes followed my pointing finger. "Eh?" he said.

How can I describe the thing I saw? It is so petty a thing to state, and yet it seemed so wonderful, so pregnant with emotion. I have said that amidst the stick-like litter were these rounded bodies, these little oval bodies that might have passed as very small pebbles. And now first one and then another had stirred, had rolled over and cracked, and down the crack of each of them showed a minute line of yellowish green, thrusting outward to meet the hot encouragement of the newly-risen sun. For a moment that was all, and then there stirred and burst a third!

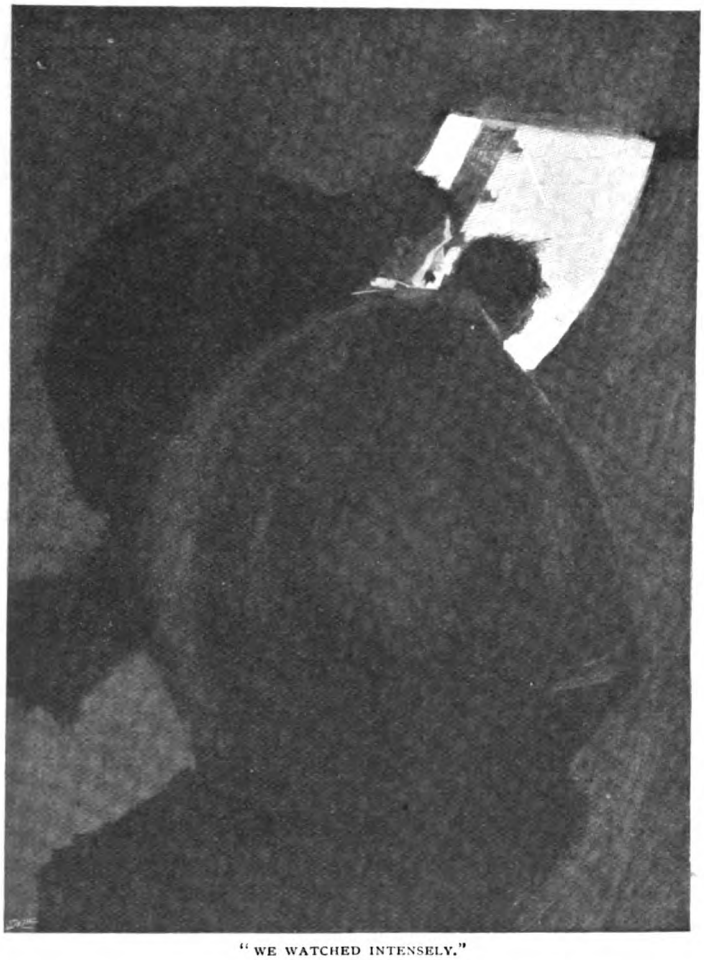
"It is a seed," said Cavor. And then I heard him whisper, very softly, "*Life!*"

"Life!" and immediately it poured upon us that our vast journey had not been made in vain, that we had come to no arid waste of minerals, but to a world that lived and moved! We watched intensely. I remember I kept rubbing the glass before me with my sleeve, jealous of the faintest suspicion of mist.

The picture was clear and vivid only in the middle of the field. All about that centre the dead fibres and seeds were magnified and distorted by the curvature of the glass. But we could see enough! One after another all down the sunlit slope these miraculous little brown bodies burst and gaped apart, like seed-pods, like the husks of fruits; opened eager mouths that drank in the heat and light pouring in a cascade from the newly-risen sun.

Every moment more of these seed-coats ruptured, and even as they did so the swelling pioneers overflowed their rent-distended seed-cases and passed into the second stage of growth. With a steady assurance, a swift deliberation, these amazing seeds thrust a rootlet downward to the earth and a queer little bundle-like bud into the air. In a little while the whole slope was dotted with minute plantlets standing at attention in the blaze of the sun.

They did not stand for long. The bundle-like buds swelled and strained and opened with a jerk, thrusting out a coronet of little sharp tips, spreading a whorl of tiny, spiky, brownish leaves, that lengthened rapidly, lengthened visibly, even as we watched. The movement was slower than any animal's, swifter than any plant's I have ever seen before. How can I suggest it to you—the way that growth went on? The leaf tips



"WE WATCHED INTENSELY."

grew so that they moved onward even while we looked at them. The brown seed-case shrivelled and was absorbed with an equal rapidity. Have you ever on a cold day taken a thermometer into your warm hand and watched the little thread of mercury creep up the tube? These moon-plants grew like that.

In a few minutes, as it seemed, the buds of the more forward of these plants had lengthened into a stem, and were even putting forth a second whorl of leaves, and all the slope that had seemed so recently a lifeless stretch of litter was now dark with the stunted, olive-green herbage of bristling spikes that swayed with the vigour of their growing.

I turned about, and behold! along the upper edge of a rock to the eastward a similar fringe, in a scarcely less forward condition, swayed and bent, dark against the blinding glare of the sun. And beyond this fringe was the silhouette of a plant mass, branching clumsily like a cactus and swelling visibly, swelling like a bladder that fills with air.

Then to the westward also I discovered that another such distended form was rising over the scrub. But here the light fell upon its sleek sides, and I could see that its colour was a vivid orange hue. It rose as one watched it; if one looked away from it for a minute and then back, its outline had changed: it thrust out blunt, congested branches, until in a little time it rose a coral-line shape of many feet in height. Compared with such a growth the terrestrial puff-ball, which will sometimes swell a foot in diameter in a single night, would be a hopeless laggard. But then the puff-ball grows against a gravitational pull six times that of the moon. Beyond, out of gullies and flats that had been hidden from us, but not from the quickening sun, over reefs and banks of shining rock, a bristling beard of spiky and fleshy vegetation was straining into view, hurrying tumultuously to take advantage of the brief day in which it must flower, and fruit, and seed again, and die. It was like a miracle, that growth. So, one must imagine, the trees and plants arose at the Creation, and covered the desolation of the new-made earth.

Imagine it! Imagine that dawn! The resurrection of the frozen air, the stirring and quickening of the soil, and then this silent uprising of vegetation, this unearthly ascent of fleshliness and spikes. Conceive it all lit by a blaze that would make the intensest sunlight of earth seem watery and weak. And still amidst this stirring jungle wherever there was shadow lingered banks of bluish snow. And to have the picture of our impression complete you must bear in mind that we saw it all through a thick bent glass,

distorting it as things are distorted by a lens, acute only in the centre of the picture and very bright there, and towards the edge magnified and unreal.

CHAPTER IX.

PROSPECTING BEGINS.

We ceased to gaze. We turned to each other, the same thought, the same question, in our eyes. For these plants to grow there must be some air, however attenuated — air that we also should be able to breathe.

"The man-hole?" I said.

"Yes," said Cavor; "if it is air we see!"

"In a little while," I said, "these plants will be as high as we are. Suppose—suppose, after all—— Is it certain? How do you know that stuff *is* air? It may be nitrogen; it may be carbonic acid even!"

"That is easy," he said, and set about proving it. He produced a big piece of crumpled paper from the bale, lit it, and thrust it hastily through the man-hole valve. I bent forward and peered down through the thick glass for its appearance outside, that little flame on whose evidence depended so much!

I saw the paper drop out and lie lightly upon the snow. The pink flame of its burning vanished. For an instant it seemed to be extinguished . . . And then I saw a little blue tongue upon the edge of it that trembled and crept and spread!

Quietly the whole sheet, save where it lay in immediate contact with the snow, charred and shrivelled and sent up a quivering thread of smoke. There was no doubt left to me: the atmosphere of the moon was either pure oxygen or air, and capable therefore, unless its tenuity were excessive, of supporting our alien life. We might emerge—and live!

I sat down with my legs on either side of the man-hole and prepared to unscrew it, but Cavor stopped me. "There is first a little precaution," he said. He pointed out that, although it was certainly an oxygenated atmosphere outside, it might still be so rarefied as to cause us grave injury. He reminded me of mountain sickness and of the bleeding that often afflicts aeronauts who have ascended too swiftly, and he spent some time in the preparation of a sickly-tasting drink which he insisted on my sharing. It made me feel a little numb, but otherwise had no effect on me. Then he permitted me to begin unscrewing.

Presently the glass stopper of the man-hole was so far undone that the denser air within our sphere began to escape along the thread of the screw, singing as a kettle sings before it boils. Thereupon he made me desist. It speedily became evident that the pressure outside was very much less than it was within. How much less it was we had no means of telling.

I sat grasping the stopper with both hands, ready to close it again if, in spite of our intense hope, the lunar atmosphere should after all prove too rarefied for us, and Cavor sat with a cylinder of compressed oxygen at hand to restore our pressure. We looked at one another in silence, and then at the fantastic vegetation that swayed and grew visibly and noiselessly without. And ever that shrill piping continued.

The blood-vessels began to throb in my ears, and the sound of Cavor's movements diminished. I noted how still everything had become because of the thinning of the air.

As our air sizzled out from the screw the moisture of it condensed in little puffs.

Presently I experienced a peculiar shortness of breath—that lasted, indeed, during the whole of the time of our exposure to the moon's exterior atmosphere, and a rather unpleasant sensation about the ears and finger-nails and the back of the throat grew upon my attention, and presently passed off again.

But then came vertigo and nausea that abruptly changed the quality of my courage. I gave the lid of the man-hole half a turn and made a hasty explanation to Cavor, but now he was the more sanguine. He answered me in a voice that seemed extraordinarily small and remote, because of the thinness of the air that carried the sound. He recommended a nip of brandy, and set me the example, and presently I felt better. I turned the man-hole stopper back again. The throbbing in my ears grew louder, and then I remarked that the piping note of the outrush had ceased. For a time I could not be sure that it had ceased.

"Well?" said Cavor, in the ghost of a voice.

"Well?" said I.

"Shall we go on?"

I thought. "Is this all?"

"If you can stand it."

By way of answer I went on unscrewing. I lifted the circular operculum from its place and laid it carefully on the bale. A flake or so of snow whirled and vanished as that thin and unfamiliar air took possession of our sphere. I knelt and then seated myself at the edge of the man-hole, peering over it.

Beneath, within a yard of my face, lay the untrodden snow of the moon.

There came a little pause. Our eyes met.

"It doesn't distress your lungs too much?" said Cavor.

"No," I said. "I can stand this."

He stretched out his hand for his blanket, thrust his head through its central hole, and wrapped it about him. He sat down on the edge of the man-hole; he let his feet drop until they were within six inches of the lunar snow. He hesitated for a moment, then thrust himself forward, dropped these intervening inches, and stood upon the untrodden soil of the moon.

As he stepped forward he was refracted grotesquely by the edge of the glass. He stood for a moment looking this way and that. Then he drew himself together and leapt.

The glass distorted everything, but it seemed to me even then to be an extremely big leap. He had at one bound become remote. He seemed twenty or thirty feet off. He was standing high upon a rocky mass and gesticulating back to me. Perhaps he was shouting — but the sound did not reach me. But how the deuce had he done this? I felt like a man who has just seen a new conjuring trick.

Still in a puzzled state of mind, I too dropped through the man-hole. I stood up. Just in front of me the snowdrift had fallen away and made a sort of ditch. I made a step and jumped.

I found myself flying through the air, saw the rock on which he stood coming to meet me, clutched it, and clung in a state of infinite amazement. I gasped a painful laugh. I was tremendously confused. Cavor bent down and shouted in piping tones for me to be careful. I had forgotten that on the moon, with only an eighth part of the earth's mass and a quarter of its diameter, my weight was barely a sixth what it was on earth. But now that fact insisted on being remembered.

"We are out of Mother Earth's leading-strings now," he said.

With a guarded effort I raised myself to the top and, moving as cautiously as a rheumatic patient, stood up beside him under the blaze of the sun. The sphere lay behind us on its dwindling snowdrift thirty feet away.

As far as the eye could see over the enormous disorder of rocks that formed the

"HE WAS STANDING HIGH UPON A ROCKY MASS."

crater floor the same bristling scrub that surrounded us was starting into life, diversified here and there by bulging masses of a cactus form, and scarlet and purple lichens that grew so fast they seemed to crawl over the rocks. The whole area of the crater seemed to me then to be one similar wilderness up to the very foot of the surrounding cliff.

This cliff was apparently bare of vegetation save at its base, and with buttresses and terraces and platforms that did not very greatly attract our attention at the time. It was many miles away from us in every direction; we seemed to be almost at the centre of the crater, and we saw it through a certain haziness that drove before the wind. For there was even a wind now in the thin air—a swift yet weak wind that chilled exceedingly, but exerted little pressure. It was blowing round the crater, as it seemed, to the hot, illuminated side from the foggy darkness under the sunward wall. It was difficult to look into this eastward fog; we had to peer with half-closed eyes beneath the shade of our hands, because of the fierce intensity of the motionless sun.

"It seems to be deserted," said Cavor, "absolutely desolate."

I looked about me again. I retained even then a clinging hope of some quasi-human evidence, some pinnacle of building, some house or engine; but everywhere one looked spread the tumbled rocks in peaks and crests, and the darting scrub and those bulging cacti that swelled and swelled, a flat negation as it seemed of all such hope.

"It looks as though these plants had it to themselves," I said. "I see no trace of any other creature."

"No insects—no birds—no! Not a trace, not a scrap or particle of animal life. If there was—what would they do in the night? . . . . No; there's just these plants alone."

I shaded my eyes with my hand. "It's like the landscape of a dream. These things are less like earthly land plants than the things one imagines among the rocks at the bottom of the sea. Look at that, yonder! One might imagine it a lizard changed into a plant. And the glare!"

"This is only the fresh morning," said Cavor.

He sighed and looked about him. "This is no world for men," he said. "And yet in a way . . . . . it appeals."

He became silent for a time, then commenced his meditative humming. I started at a gentle touch, and found a thin sheet of livid lichen lapping over my shoe. I kicked at it and it fell to powder, and each speck began to grow. I heard Cavor exclaim sharply, and perceived that one of the fixed bayonets of the scrub had pricked him.

He hesitated, his eyes sought among the rocks about us. A sudden blaze of pink had crept up a ragged pillar of crag. It was a most extraordinary pink, a livid magenta.

"Look!" said I, turning, and behold Cavor had vanished!

For an instant I stood transfixed. Then I made a hasty step to look over the verge of the rock. But, in my surprise at his disappearance, I forgot once more that we were on the moon. The thrust of my foot that I made in striding would have carried me a yard on earth; on the moon it carried me six—a good five yards over the edge. For the moment the thing had something of the effect of those nightmares when one falls and falls. For while one falls sixteen feet in the first second of a fall on earth, on the moon one falls two, and with only a sixth of one's weight. I fell, or rather I jumped down, about ten yards I suppose. It seemed to take quite a long time—five or six seconds, I should think. I floated through the air and fell like a feather, knee-deep in a snowdrift in the bottom of a gully of blue-grey, white-veined rock.

I looked about me. "Cavor!" I cried, but no Cavor was visible.

"Cavor!" I cried louder, and the rocks echoed me.

I turned fiercely to the rocks and clambered to the summit of them. "Cavor," I cried. My voice sounded like the voice of a lost lamb.

The sphere too was not in sight, and for a moment a horrible feeling of desolation pinched my heart.

Then I saw him. He was laughing and gesticulating to attract my attention. He was on a bare patch of rock twenty or thirty yards away. I could not hear his voice, but "Jump!" said his gestures. I hesitated, the distance seemed enormous. Yet I reflected that surely I must be able to clear a greater distance than Cavor.

I made a step back, gathered myself together, and leapt with all my might. I seemed to shoot right up in the air as though I should never come down. . .

It was horrible and delightful, and as wild as a nightmare to go flying off in this fashion. I realized my leap had been altogether too violent. I flew clean over Cavor's head, and beheld a spiky confusion in a gully spreading

"I REALIZED MY LEAP HAD BEEN TOO VIOLENT."

to meet my fall. I gave a yelp of alarm. I put out my hands and straightened my legs.

I hit a huge fungoid bulk that burst all about me, scattering a mass of orange spores in every direction, and covering me with orange powder. I rolled over spluttering, and came to rest convulsed with breathless laughter.

I became aware of Cavor's little round face peering over a bristling hedge. He shouted some faded inquiry. "Eh?" I tried to shout, but could not do so for want of breath. He made his way towards me, coming gingerly among the bushes.

"We've got to be careful!" he said. "This moon has no discipline. She'll let us smash ourselves."

He helped me to my feet. "You exerted yourself too much," he said, dabbing at the yellow stuff with his hand to remove it from my garments.

I stood passive and panting, allowing him to beat off the jelly from my knees and elbows and lecture me upon my misfortunes. "We don't quite allow for the gravitation. Our muscles are scarcely educated yet. We must practise a little. When you have got your breath."

I pulled two or three little thorns out of my hand, and sat for a time on a boulder of rock. My muscles were quivering, and I had that feeling of personal disillusionment that comes at the first fall to the learner of cycling on earth.

It suddenly occurred to Cavor that the cold air in the gully after the brightness of the sun might give me a fever. So we clambered back into the sunlight. We found that beyond a few abrasions I had received no serious injuries from my tumble, and at Cavor's suggestion we were presently looking round for some safe and easy landing-place for my next leap. We chose a rocky slab some ten yards off, separated from us by a little thicket of olive-green spikes.

"Imagine it there!" said Cavor, who was assuming the airs of a trainer, and he pointed to a spot about four feet from my toes. This leap I managed without difficulty, and I must confess I found a certain satisfaction in Cavor's falling short by a foot or so and tasting the spikes of the scrub. "One has to be careful, you see," he said, pulling out his thorns, and with that he ceased to be my Mentor and became my fellow-learner in the art of lunar locomotion.

We chose a still easier jump and did it without difficulty, and then leapt back again and to and fro several times, accustoming our muscles to the new standard. I could never have believed, had I not experienced it, how rapid that adaptation would be. In a very little time indeed, certainly after fewer than thirty leaps, we could judge the effort

necessary for a distance with almost terrestrial assurance.

And all this time the lunar plants were growing around us, higher and denser and more entangled, every moment thicker and taller, spiked plants, green cactus masses, fungi, fleshy and lichenous things, strangest radiate and sinuous shapes. But we were so intent upon our leaping that for a time we gave no heed to their unfaltering expansion.

"I STOOD FOR A MOMENT STRUCK BY THE GROTESQUE EFFECT OF HIS SOARING FIGURE."

An extraordinary elation had taken possession of us. Partly I think it was our sense of release from the confinement of the sphere. Mainly, however, the thin sweetness of the air which I am certain contained a much larger proportion of oxygen than our terrestrial atmosphere. In spite of the strange quality of all about us, I felt as adventurous and experimental as a Cockney would do placed for the first time among mountains; and I do not think it occurred to either of us, face to face though we were with the Unknown, to be very greatly afraid.

We were bitten by a spirit of enterprise. We selected a lichenous kopje, perhaps fifteen yards away, and landed neatly on its summit one after the other. "Good!" we cried to each other, "good"; and Cavor made three steps and went off to a tempting slope of snow a good twenty yards and more beyond. I stood for a moment struck by the grotesque effect of his soaring figure, his dirty cricket cap and spiky hair, his little round body, his arms and his knickerbockered legs tucked up tightly against the weird spaciousness of the lunar scene. A gust of laughter seized me, and then I stepped off to follow. Plump! I dropped beside him.

We made a few Gargantuan strides, leapt three or four times more, and sat down at last in a lichenous hollow. Our lungs were painful. We sat holding our sides and recovering our breath, looking appreciation at one another. Cavor panted something about "Amazing sensations." And then came a thought into my head. For the moment it did not seem a particularly appalling thought, simply a natural question arising out of the situation.

"By the way," I said, "where exactly is the sphere?"

Cavor looked at me. "Eh?"

The full meaning of what we were saying struck me sharply.

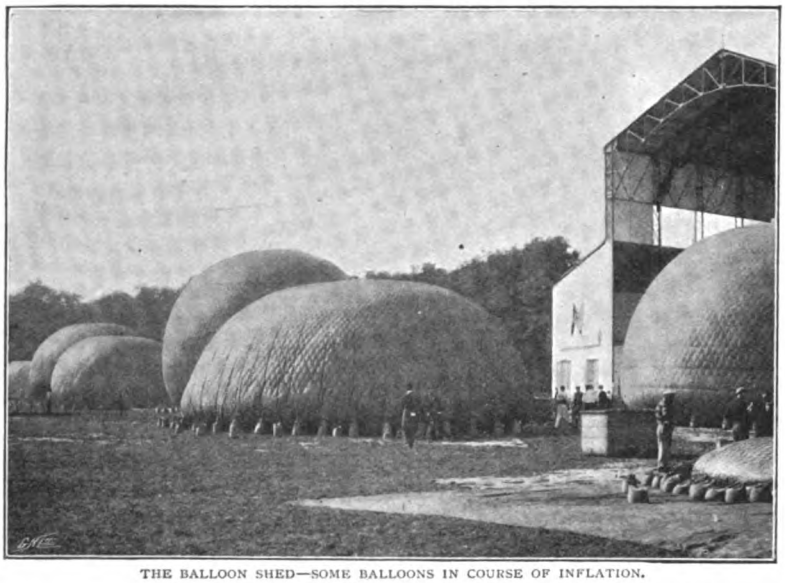
"Cavor!" I cried, laying a hand on his arm; "where is the sphere?"

(To be continued.)

The Biggest Balloon Contest on Earth.

By Jacques Boyer.

From Photographs specially taken for The Strand Magazine.

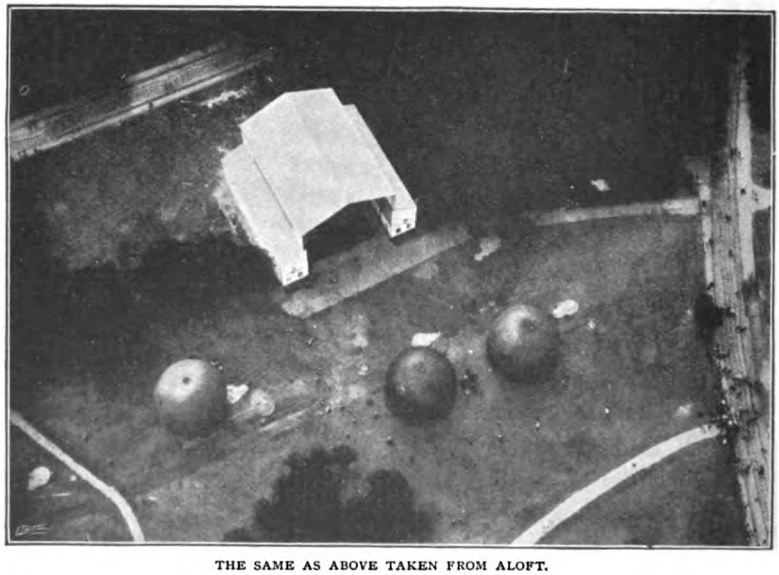


THE BALLOON SHED—SOME BALLOONS IN COURSE OF INFLATION.

THERE is no doubt that the marked ascendency of the love of sport in France will lead to a stronger and closer friendship between our neighbours and ourselves. If proof were needed, we have only to look at the results of the various International contests in which sportsmen of all nations have met in friendly rivalry during the Paris Exhibition of 1900. The Press of the world has acclaimed the victors of cycle races, motor-car contests, and what not, and it may be well to give here some description of a contest which in its aim is perhaps of greater importance than any other.

The desire for the solution of the flying-machine problem is becoming acute in its intensity, and the aeronauts of all nations have met and experimented in the grounds of the Paris Exhibition Annexe at Vincennes, with results that are likely to prove of paramount usefulness in the study of aerial migration. The contests of which I shall speak in this article relate entirely to balloons, and it is interesting to note that in connection with the 1900 Paris Exhibition the Aero Club of France has been the means of promoting and facilitating experiments in ballooning on a scale never attempted before.

A huge building was erected in the Annexe where balloons could be stored and the various necessaries could be supplied to those who were to take part in these interesting aerial contests. Our first illustration shows this structure and the balloons in course of inflation. Our second picture is a view of



THE SAME AS ABOVE TAKEN FROM ALOFT.

the same taken from a captive balloon on the 17th of June, 1900. The three pictures that follow show the various stages of preparation before ascending.

Apart from the building of this huge hall, it became necessary to honeycomb the "ballooning ground" with innumerable pipes, in order to furnish an immediate and complete supply of gas for the inflation of the competitors' respective balloons.

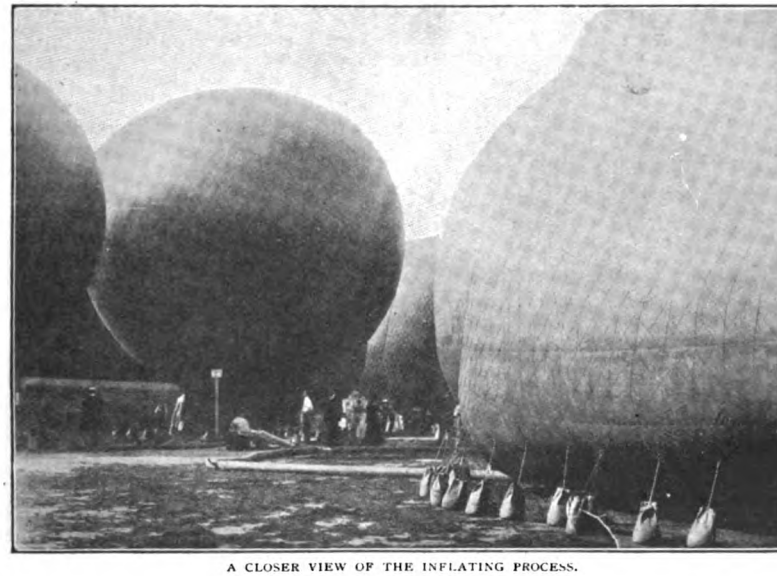
The contests were divided into four classes, namely, those over a minimum course to a certain point fixed beforehand, those for the highest altitude attained, those of duration, and distance contests.

At this stage a delicate point suggested itself. In contests of this kind there are two alternatives only. Were it a simple question of racing, then it would be necessary to equalize the competitors' chances as far as possible; were it a record-beating contest, however, then every competitor would be entitled to use every means in his power to secure the best advantage. For instance, an aeronaut possessing a balloon of large dimensions would have a better chance of travelling farther or ascending higher or of remaining in the air for a longer time than his rival with a smaller balloon, the ascending power decreasing in ratio to the dead weight of the net, the car, and its occupants. Under these circumstances the simplest plan would have been to have allowed balloons of equal capacity only to take part in one and the same contest, in order to secure equality. This was found to be impracticable, however, as such limitations would have made it impossible to secure sufficient entries with any prospect of success. The only solution of any practical value consisted therefore in handicapping the balloons as shown in our next illustration. A number of sealed ballast bags were placed in each car as found necessary, in order that the amount of ascending power and ballast to be used should be identical in each balloon, irrespective of size.

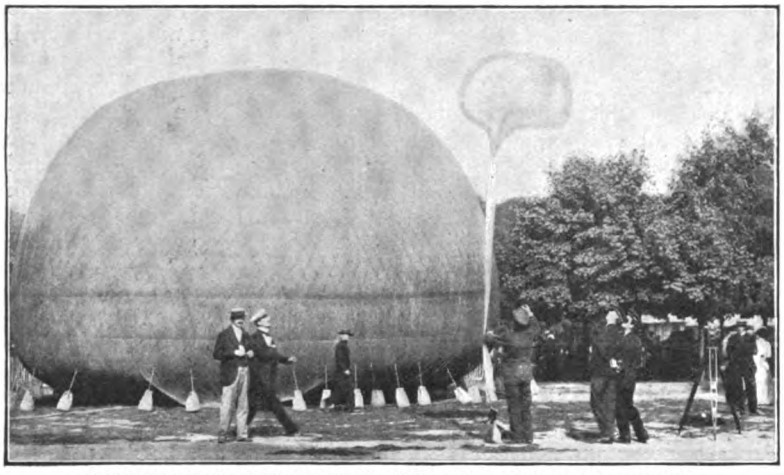
No competitor was admitted who had not engineered a free balloon on three different occasions. Moreover, all the materials were carefully examined by a specially-appointed committee before the various contests took place, not to mention the medical examination of every aeronaut who entered for the high altitude contests, which, as aeronauts well know, are as a rule extremely dangerous. Owing to these precautions it is pleasing to note that in the course of 156 ascensions there is no single instance of the slightest accident to record; this will tend to show conclusively also that ballooning under proper conditions is not nearly so dangerous as it is painted.

I will now proceed to give some details of the various contests as they took place under the auspices of the Aero Club.

The contest which consisted in navigating a balloon over a minimum course to a given point selected beforehand proved to be one of the most interesting, for success depended entirely upon the skill of the contestants as aeronauts pure and simple. The given point, fixed before the start, depended entirely upon the direction of the wind just before the signal to start was to be given. In order to ascertain this direction miniature balloons were launched, indicating by their course the direction in which their more bulky brethren would be driven.



A CLOSER VIEW OF THE INFLATING PROCESS.



ASCERTAINING THE DIRECTION OF THE WIND BY MEANS OF A PILOT BALLOON.

The above picture shows the ascent of one of these "pilot balloons" as they have been called. The course of the "pilot" was followed by means of a theodolite, and by means of a chart suitably fixed to a horizontal board the line of travel became evident to a nicety. Moreover, the velocity of the wind was determined by means of aerometers.

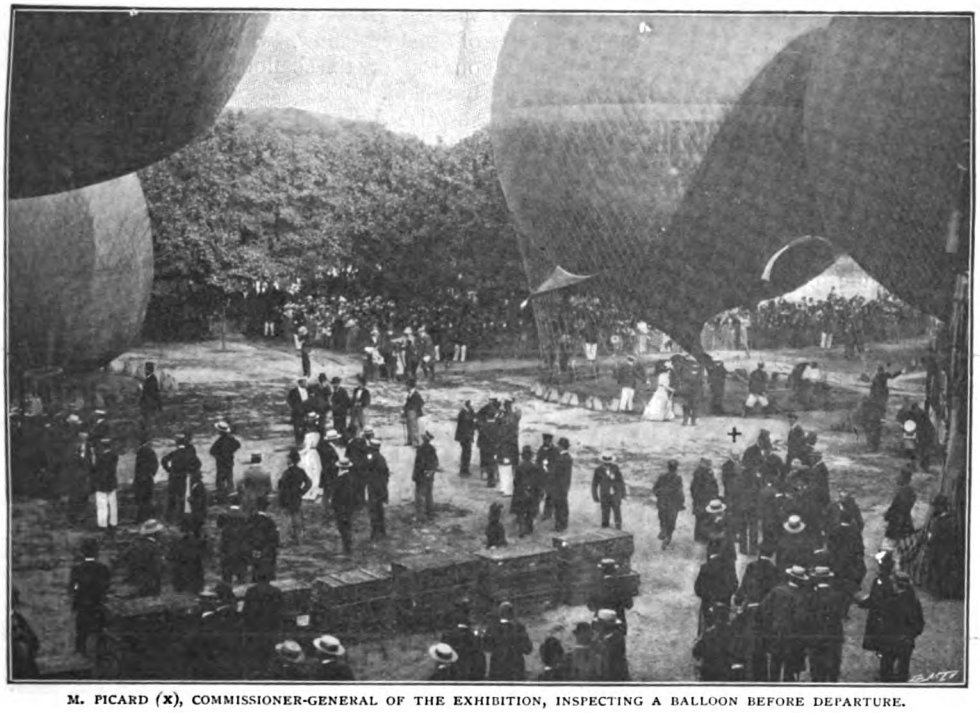
There were in all four contests in this class. The entries were a great success, and the results obtained were most gratifying. Twelve competitors started on the 7th of July. The goal was the railway station of Anvers-sur-Oise, near Pontoise, and the time of sojourn in the air was fixed at two hours. The victors were all three members of the Aero Club; namely, M. Guffroy, the explorer, who left Vincennes at half-past three and alighted at half-past five at about 436 yards from the place appointed; Count de la Vaulx, who landed 872 yards away; and M. Castillon de St. Victor, who alighted a short distance away from the preceding contestant.

The record contest in the same category took place on the 22nd July, when twelve balloons—whose passengers, by the way, included several ladies—started about the same time. The landing-point was the Church of Mormant (Seine and Marne), and, the balloons not being handicapped, the departure of the twelve competitors took place in less than half an hour. Three members of the jury started on motor-cars in order to control the various landings and to measure distances, and, let it be whispered, to warn the inhabitants of the little village of Mormant of their aerial visitants! No fewer than eleven of the balloons that started from Vincennes alighted almost simultaneously within the area of the "green" of the Commune, amid enthusiastic cheers of the assembled crowds of country folk. The victory rested with M. de la Vaulx, who alighted within 1,100 yards of the church steeple in his balloon "Le Centaure," among whose passengers were Don Jaime de Bourbon, the Archduke Leopold Salvador of Austria, and Count de Coma. The other successful competitors were M. Carton, who alighted at 1,160 yards, and M. Guffroy, at about 1,250 yards from the coveted goal.

The third contest in the same class took place on August 19th. It included a compulsory stoppage at two-thirds of the distance, and all competitors who had not landed twice were to be disqualified. The aeronauts were allowed to deposit passengers at the stopping-place, but were not allowed to remain on *terra firma* for more than an hour. This test, which was a particularly severe one, carried with it a chance of the "Grand Prix Aeronautique," because of the difficulties to be encountered. The results were an unqualified success, no fewer than twenty-two balloons taking part in the fray. The first stopping-point was fixed at the railway station called Damartin, and the final goal was fixed at Nanteuil-le-Houdoin, near Senlis on the Oise; MM. Jacques Faure, Eugène Godart, and De la Vaulx were the victors.

The last contest in this class became a matter of extreme interest, inasmuch as all the members of the Aeronautical Congress and M. Picard, Commissioner-General of the Exhibition, were present to witness the departure, as shown in the next illustration. Each competitor was entitled to select beforehand the particular spot at which he hoped to land. The Count de la Valette proved himself the victor on that occasion. He alighted within about 870 yards of the place which he had previously designated.

The contest for the highest altitudes attained followed next. Though not requiring



M. PICARD (X), COMMISSIONER-GENERAL OF THE EXHIBITION, INSPECTING A BALLOON BEFORE DEPARTURE.

so much skill in aerial navigation proper, it became equally exciting to spectators and competitors alike, owing to the dangers to which very high ascensions often lead. The ascension of "The Zenith" in 1874, when Crose, Spinelli, and Sivel met their deaths at an altitude of 27,950ft., came back to the minds of many, and made these ascensions a matter of wonder and excitement to those who had never been up in a balloon before.

The rarefied air which is encountered at high altitudes causes great suffering, as is well known. In order to mitigate this effect the aeronauts took with them bags of oxygen gas in order to minimize the danger. The record for altitudes in the areas of balloons belongs to a German savant, M. Berson, himself connected with the Meteorological Institute of Berlin; he reached an altitude of 29,746ft., that is to say 744ft. higher than the highest peak the Himalayan Mountains can boast of. In London M. Berson succeeded in reaching an altitude of 27,040ft. in 1828, though thirty-six years before Glaisher had reached the amazing height of 28,795ft. The contest at Vincennes did not produce a record, however, as MM. Balsan and Louis Godard, the victors, only reached an altitude of 27,355ft. In this contest, which took place on the 23rd of September, M. Juchmès was second with 22,155ft., and the Count de la Vaulx third with 21,999ft.

Count de la Vaulx has kindly allowed us to take a peep at his diary, from which we gather some interesting particulars. No sooner had he and his companion in peril, M. Maison, attained an altitude of 13,000ft. when the cork of a champagne bottle went with a bang, without a moment's warning.

M. de la Vaulx at once started to inhale the oxygen from his bag in order to keep up his strength, though his companion did not use it until they had reached 18,525ft., when he felt a strange weakness in the legs. No sooner did he have recourse to the oxygen bag, however, than he recovered the complete use of his limbs and was able to manipulate the ballast as required.

M. de la Vaulx's diary here says: "At 4.55 we are at 19,500ft.; I feel well and am bewildered by the magnificent view beneath me. I tell Maison to throw more ballast overboard; he throws a bag accordingly, and falls back unconscious on the floor of the car. I introduce the mouthpiece of the oxygen bag as far as I can into his throat, and he revives little by little. I was just in time; he soon feels well, but does not let go of his oxygen bag again; he is wise."

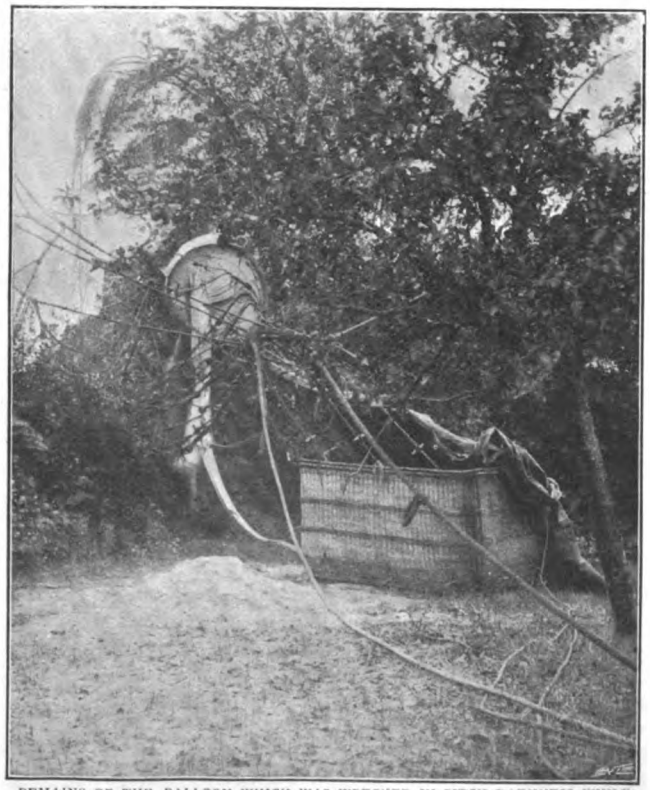
From 5.20 to 5.30 the plucky aeronauts

remained practically stationary between 23,400ft. and 23,925ft. The diary adds: "We do not suffer in any way, we do not feel sick or even giddy; the oxygen bags do their work beautifully, and we still have from 320lb. to 360lb. of ballast, but in order not to infringe the rules of the contest (namely, not to descend at a rate of more than 1,093 yards in five seconds) we are beginning our descent."

The altitude record contests were not without their excitements. For example, on the 24th of June Count de la Vaulx decided to spend the night in mid-air in order to profit by the early rays of the sun to reach the higher altitudes. At dawn he still had 500lb. of ballast which he intended to make use of, when he and his party were suddenly overtaken by a snow blizzard. The balloon having gathered a quantity of snow upon its upper surface, the aeronaut was compelled to throw the whole of his reserve ballast overboard. An hour later the snow melted suddenly, and "L'Aero Club," becoming accordingly lightened, shot upwards with incredible speed, leaving the sea of clouds far below.

The travellers had then recourse to the valve, but at the first pull a glacial douche of melted snow, which had accumulated on top of the balloon, drenched them to the skin. The balloon, delivered of this surprise burden, shot up once more, but another recourse to the valve secured a safe descent in a field near Emden, in Hanover, quite 372½ miles from Paris, the journey having lasted fifteen hours.

The duration contests were prolific in adventures of many kinds. It was decided that no ascension should take place were the wind to blow towards the sea, though on two occasions the wind veered round suddenly and carried some of the competitors in the wrong direction, when progress had to be prematurely stopped. On one occasion, when a westerly gale was blowing, the starts were fraught with danger. Some of the descents were most exciting—for instance, that of the balloon owned by Count Castillon de St. Victor, which was dragged for a considerable distance over the woods in the Department of Calvados. M. de la Vaulx returned to *terra firma* at Guingamp, in Brittany, at 2 a.m. in pitch darkness. According to his log-book it appears that his balloon was travelling at the time at the rate of 62 miles an hour. Our illustration shows the position of the balloon as it grounded. The air-bag, which is on the other side of the trees, and therefore is not visible in the photograph, was very much injured, though it is pleasing to hear that the intrepid travellers were in no way hurt.



REMAINS OF THE BALLOON WHICH WAS WRECKED IN PITCH DARKNESS WHILE TRAVELLING AT THE RATE OF 62 MILES AN HOUR.

The third and last contest for this class, which took place on the 16th of September, calls for special notice, as the seven competitors all started from Vincennes at eight o'clock at night. Huge electric search-lights followed the various balloons in their nocturnal flight, and enabled the excited spectators to catch a last glimpse of them before they were swallowed up in the blackness of the night. M. Balsan won the contest on that occasion, succeeding in keeping his balloon, the "St. Louis," in mid-air thirty-five hours altogether, thus beating M.

de la Vaulx's record of thirty hours, though the latter was not slow in recovering his advantage, as will be seen.

The long-distance contests created, perhaps, the greatest excitement of all. Never have such results in ballooning been attained before—even beating the former record of MM. Castillon de St. Victor and Mallet, who travelled continuously for a distance of 826 miles. The first race, however, did not turn out a success. The wind veered round to the west and compelled the competitors to end their intended long-distance journey very abruptly. The second race, which, by the way, included a balloon photography competition, was a success.

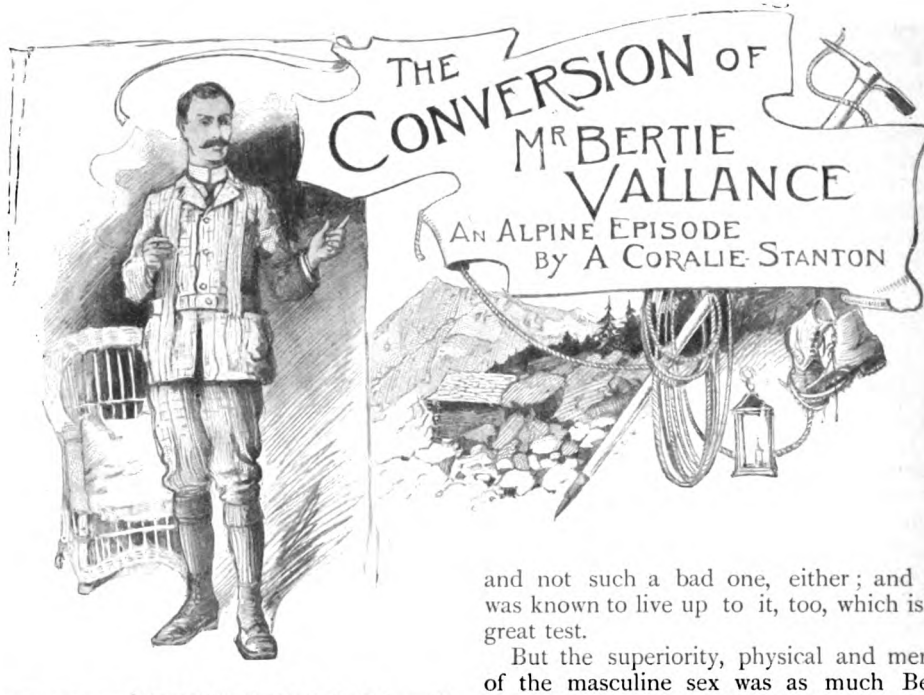
On the 30th of September an east wind gave the competitors their chance. The Count de la Vaulx alighted after a journey of twenty-one hours and forty-five minutes at Brzescknywoski, near Wloewek, Varsovy, that is about 768 miles from Vincennes; M. Balsan alighted at the mouth of the River Leba, near Dantzig, after a twenty-two hours' journey, 759 miles from Vincennes; and M. Jacques Faure arrived at Mamlitz, near Bramberg, 734½ miles from Vincennes, after a journey of twenty hours seventeen minutes.

M. de la Vaulx has thus succeeded in being the first to cross over Germany into Russia from France. The "Centaure" under his management behaved exceeding well, and the aeronaut had no less than 200lb. of ballast to spare when he made his descent; thus he could have gone farther if it had not been for the fact that beyond a certain limit he would not have been granted a passport by the local Russian authorities without first communicating with St. Petersburg; this would have taken some days, a delay that would have debarred the plucky traveller from taking part in the last contest, which was to take place in Paris on the 9th of October. To commemorate this remarkable achievement the committee of the Aero Club have awarded M. de la Vaulx their gold medal.

COUNT CASTILLON DE ST. VICTOR ON BOARD THE "CENTAURE," IN WHICH HE WON THE "GRAND PRIX DE L'AERONAUTIQUE."

At the autumn meeting which marked the close of the aeronautical contests of the Paris Exhibition there remained only six competitors, the victors in the various contests which had taken place before Count Castillon de St. Victor withdrew from the contests in order to accompany his friend De la Vaulx on October 9th.

The final contest was one between Count de la Vaulx, who carried off the first prize, and M. Jacques Balsan. Count de la Vaulx succeeded in beating both the "time" and "distance" records in one voyage, since he and his companion reached Korostychel, a small town in the Province of Kiev, on the banks of the Dnieper, after 35hrs. 45min. in the air, covering a distance of 1,194 miles without a stop. On the other hand, MM. Balsan and Louis Godard alighted at Opotchka (Russia) after a journey of 27hrs. 15min., having covered a distance of 844½ miles.



"MOUNTAINEERING," said Mr. Bertie Vallance, in the tone of one stating an indisputable fact, "is no occupation for women."

There was a slight rustle among the guests assembled in the salon of the most popular hotel in Schwarzenberg, a little-known village of the higher Swiss Alps, which, dominated as it is by two splendid and highly dangerous peaks, and many of somewhat inferior height and less danger, is mostly known to and frequented by ardent enthusiasts of mountaineering — and the rustle of excitement was due to the fact that Miss Grimm, the ardent and well-known advocate of women's rights and president of countless women's societies, was present.

Everyone felt that Mr. Vallance's speech was nothing short of a direct challenge to Miss Grimm, and no one was surprised when she took it up.

"Everything is a suitable occupation for a woman as long as she does it thoroughly and well, and harms neither herself nor anyone else," she said, taking off her spectacles and looking fixedly into Mr. Vallance's handsome face. In a few words, this was her gospel, and not such a bad one, either; and she was known to live up to it, too, which is the great test.

But the superiority, physical and mental, of the masculine sex was as much Bertie Vallance's hobby as was the equality of the feminine that of Miss Grimm; and he sat up in his chair and warmed to the discussion. Both Miss Grimm and he had been staying in the hotel over a week, and many spar had they enjoyed over their after-dinner coffee and cigarette—it made his blood boil, but for simple courtesy's sake he had to offer her one of his favourite Egyptian blend now and then. And she, with her advantage of years, and reading, and experience, thought him an ignorant and bumptious young fellow, and he thought her a blot on creation.

The young man was silent a moment, thinking out a reply that would clinch the matter and leave him in possession of the field. He gave it out deliberately to an attentive audience.

"Woman," he said, "possesses neither the physical strength, the power of endurance, the calmness of judgment, the coolness of head, the keenness of eye, the swiftness of movement, nor any of the other innumerable qualifications necessary to the expert mountaineer."

"Have you ever heard of Olga Braun?" asked Miss Grimm, by way of retort.

"The Queen of the Alps, as they call

her?" Vallance said, with lazy contempt. "Of course I have."

"She ascended Kunchin-jinga," Miss Grimm went on, "and when she was overtaken by a snow-storm remained alone at an altitude of 19,000ft. all night, while her guides went for help."

"India is a very long way off," Vallance suggested, in his former tone. "The Himalayas are very convenient, and guides' tales are not very trustworthy, you know. Indian guides are mortal—and purchasable."

"That is not a worthy retort," said Miss Grimm, rather stiffly.

He felt somehow that it was not, but he could not very well deny flatly the feat of a mountaineer whose name was a household word, and he felt at that moment that the intrepid woman's splendid achievement had been planned and carried out with the sole object of his humiliation.

"What do you think on the subject, madam?" Vallance, to hide his mortification, turned to a young woman who sat in the window, reading one of the books from the limited hotel library. She had taken no part in the conversation; she had only arrived that morning, and her manner matched her quiet, rather neutral, appearance.

Finding herself directly addressed by the young man she laid down her book and answered, with a pleasant smile and another question:—

"Have you ever seen a woman who is a mountaineer?"

"Yes," he said, with angry warmth. "Her —er—garments were torn and stained, and her face and hands like those of a sweep. What can men think of such women, who forget that their first care should be to look charming, to realize a man's idea of the beautiful, the restful—the ideal?"

"Perhaps she had just come back from some perilous climb; maybe she had faced Death many times and conquered him. Perhaps she loved the mountains more than the admiration of men." The stranger's voice was very musical, and Vallance forgave her speech for the sake of hearing it. Miss Grimm looked at her with curiosity and admiration.

A moment later Vallance returned to the attack.

"Well, all I can say is—no lady mountaineer for me!" he said, with a light laugh.

"There is no such thing as a lady mountaineer," said Miss Grimm, sharply. 'You'll be saying 'mountaineeress' directly, just as they used to say 'authoress'—thank Heaven that's obsolete! I've never met Olga Braun, but I should like to. She was here last summer, and so was I, but she left the day before I came."

After that Vallance, who was of a tenacious turn of mind, appealed to two young Germans, who had been listening eagerly, and was assured of their entire sympathy, expressed with the help of many guttural sounds of horror at the idea of their *Fraus* forsaking their three K's, or four, rather, since *Kleider* has been added to the list, to wander among the mountains clothed in bifurcated garments.

There the conversation ended, for a porter entered the room with the announcement that the storm was over, and that a party of people were to be seen through the hotel telescope completing the descent of the Schwarzhorn.

Everyone but the stranger, whose voice had fascinated Vallance, rushed off to enjoy the thrills of mountaineering through the exceedingly powerful telescope which the hotel manager provided for his less adventurous guests.

The young man lingered a moment at the door.

"You are not interested in mountaineering?" he asked.

"I watched them so often last year," the stranger answered, with the swift, brilliant smile that lit up the quiet face so unexpectedly. Then she rose and shut her book, and, with a slight bow, passed out of the room.

Half an hour later Vallance saw her leave the hotel and walk down the one narrow street. He noticed with pleasure that her short skirt was perfectly hung, and her feet were undoubtedly trim and shapely, although heavily shod. He felt an unaccountable interest in this brown-haired young woman; he wondered where she would sit at dinner.

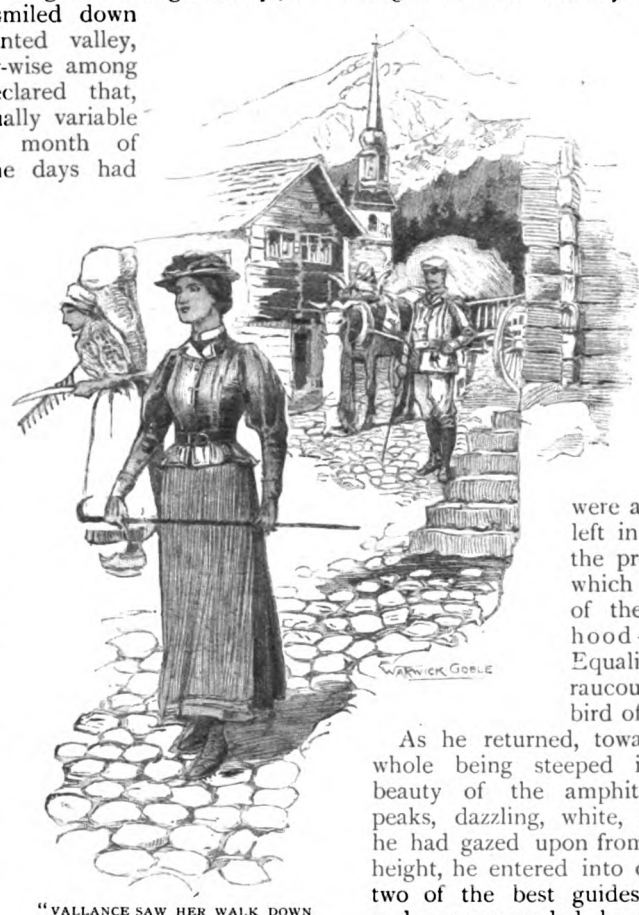
He found that she had been placed on his right, and before the meal was half-way through he had made several discoveries. She was by no means plain; her forehead was fine and her eyebrows most delicately traced, and if she was rather colourless, there was a certain charm in those neutral tints, the pale skin, the soft, light-brown hair, and the eyes that matched it to a shade. And the charm of her manner heightened that of her personal appearance. He put her down as very intelligent and a very good talker. True, her words were few, but conversation does not consist in mere talking. His discoveries did not include her name; the *camaraderie* of a table d'hôte seldom calls

for a formal introduction. And no one else in the hotel seemed to know it.

The next morning dawned gloriously; a cloudless sky smiled down on that enchanted valley, and the weather-wise among the visitors declared that, after an unusually variable spell for the month of August, the fine days had come to stay.

After breakfast Vallance set out on an unambitious tramp, and as he passed down the veranda steps he saw that the brown-haired stranger was sitting at her ease in a wicker-chair, with a Tauchnitz novel and writing materials on the table by her side.

He doffed his cap, and she smiled in the way that was already beginning to haunt him, and called out a *bon voyage*.



"VALLANCE SAW HER WALK DOWN THE ONE NARROW STREET."

As he walked along through the meadows, thick with many-hued flowers, it seemed to him that the girl's musical voice, her refined, fragile-looking face, had in some mysterious manner penetrated into the lumber-room of his brain and fished out something that had lain there for years, a vague thing at best, which in his boyish days he had been rather ashamed of—an ideal. She and the ideal; the ideal and she—there was some connection between them. And, without warning, light flashed in upon him—she *was* the ideal.

Such was the woman he had dreamed of in the days before the grinding struggle that had landed him at twenty-eight at a sufficiently proud altitude in the world of art—he was a painter. Just such a quiet, refined, intelligent personality—a symphony in light-browns.

He felt a sense of exhilaration beyond that of the glorious mountain air when he thought of her friendly smile; it even pleased him to remember that she sat on the veranda while he went forth in search of adventure. She smiled as he went; she would smile as he returned. It was the epitome of his ideal's functions, to shed light and comfort and rest. He was glad there were a few such women left in all the whirl of the present day, above which is raised the cry of the shrieking sisterhood—Athleticism! Equality!—like the raucous note of an evil bird of the night.

As he returned, towards evening, his whole being steeped in the unearthly beauty of the amphitheatre of giant peaks, dazzling, white, and pure, which he had gazed upon from a neighbouring height, he entered into conversation with two of the best guides in the village, and was persuaded by them to attempt the ascent of the Schwarzhorn, so called for no obvious reason, for it is whiter than the whitest thing one can imagine.

Rumours of his intention were afloat by dinner-time. The Schwarzhorn was the most important peak in the neighbourhood; its ascent was always attended by danger, owing to the frequency of stone avalanches; in some weathers it was impossible. Vallance had suddenly become an object of interest to the whole table.

"When do you start?" asked a fresh-faced American girl, and her eyes flashed admiration of his physical prowess.

"The day after to-morrow, if the weather permits," he answered. "The guides think it will. The snow, they say, is in good condition."

He caught Miss Grimm's twinkling eyes fixed on him with what he took to be amuse-

ment lurking behind her spectacles. He addressed her with elaborate carelessness.

"Your heroine of the Himalayas—your champion, Miss Olga Braun—how often has she done the Schwarzhorn?"

"They say she knows every inch of it. She went up twice last year and discovered a new track from the second *cabane*," Miss Grimm answered, quietly.

"Do tell us about some of your climbs, Mr. Vallance," interrupted the American girl.

He was not much of a mountaineer, although the mere sight of a snow-peak filled him with such enthusiasm and elation that he felt a new man on his Swiss holidays. He lacked experience and the inborn genius of the climber into high altitudes.

But he was filled with a newly-born and insistent desire that the quiet, brown-haired girl by his side should understand that he was no carpet knight; that what he derided in her sex he gloried in himself, he, to whom pluck and daring were a credit and not a disgrace.

So, turning instinctively to her—for the American girl's approval he cared not a jot—he told of some of the ascents he had made—modest ones, all; and he kept to the main truth, even if he did add on a few incidents to give life and colour to the recital. Anyhow, he said enough to show an expert mountaineer, if there was one present, that although rather more than a tyro, he was not of the choice and intrepid spirits of the Alpine Club.

And, stung by the quiet amusement he saw, or fancied he saw, in Miss Grimm's eyes, he wound up with a tirade against his particular *bête noire*, the athletic woman.

"When chivalry, which is one of the ennobling traits in man's nature and one of the forces that hold society together, is dead," were his final words, "then you will have to thank your Olga Brauns for it."

"There are different interpretations of the word 'chivalry,'" was Miss Grimm's answer, "and I think mine is other than yours."

The brown-haired girl had listened to his recital with charming appreciation, but she took no part in the argument that followed, in which Vallance was completely worsted by Miss Grimm, armed as that lady was with oft-repeated arguments and a flood of platform rhetoric.

The hours of the next day that he did not spend in preparation for his expedition Vallance contrived to pass by the brown-haired girl's side, and apparently his companionship was congenial to her.

After dinner they sat on the veranda, in the light of the moon that bathed the mountains in a silver glory.

They were very silent; Vallance glanced once or twice at his companion. "It is not mere physical beauty that an artist seeks," he thought; "it is a face such as this, with a soul shining through." And the line of her chin and throat was perfect.

"I almost wish I was going with you to-morrow," she said, at last. She was gazing dreamily over the crest of the mountains, but, when she had spoken, she seemed to become conscious of her surroundings; and he did not see her quick, mirthful smile as she turned her head away.

The remark roused his violent prejudice. It was like treason from the lips of his ideal.

"Thank Heaven you are *not!*" he exclaimed, fervently. "You are not one of those women who make hideous their womanhood by attempting what they are not fitted for. Fancy you emulating that creature Miss Grimm is always throwing in my face—Olga Braun! But I was just going to ask you a question," he went on, after a short pause. "You know Switzerland so well, and you seem to me to be always watching people in your quiet way. What do you think is the first qualification of a mountaineer?"

"The first," she said, and there was a wistful note in her voice that made its music almost painfully sweet; "the first, I think, is to love the mountains, not to look on them as enemies to be conquered, but friends to be won; not only to think of the honour and glory of a difficult ascent, of a new path discovered, of a record made; to find the vast solitudes of ice and snow not lonely, but peopled with beautiful dreams and thoughts that help. There are so many qualifications, but it seems to me that is the first and greatest—to have the love of the mountains in your heart."

Vallance did not answer at once. How was it that she understood that, this quiet little girl? How was it that she could put into words the vague things that stirred within him, formless, immature?

Before he found words she was gone, with a hurried "Good-night."

It was dark still when he stood on the veranda in the early hours of the next morning, waiting for his guides.

At the light sound of a footstep he turned, and met the brown-haired girl as she came out of the hall.

"I am a bad sleeper, and a very early

riser," she said, in answer to his astonished greeting.

"Have I your good wishes?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed," she said, with a smile. "I wish you luck—and a safe return."

Before his guides turned the corner of the street, by the little church, she had vanished into the hotel again.

But she watched him from her window, as he strode off between his two stalwart guides, not very stalwart himself, but well-knit, with his refined artist's face in strange contrast to his rough clothes and heavily-nailed boots. Then she smiled at herself in her glass.

"You are very foolish," she told herself. "You have never striven after so unworthy an object—to give a man a lesson!" A sigh battled with and mastered the smile as she turned away.

Vallance acquitted himself well during the first part of the ascent. As has been said, he was not much of a mountaineer, but he was level-headed and cautious, and he obeyed his guides in everything.

The passage of the glacier was made with safety and celerity, and then came a short but arduous bit of rock climbing, which landed them on a narrow ridge, overhanging a precipitous incline, where the track they had followed was joined by another, the starting-point of which was about a mile beyond the village.

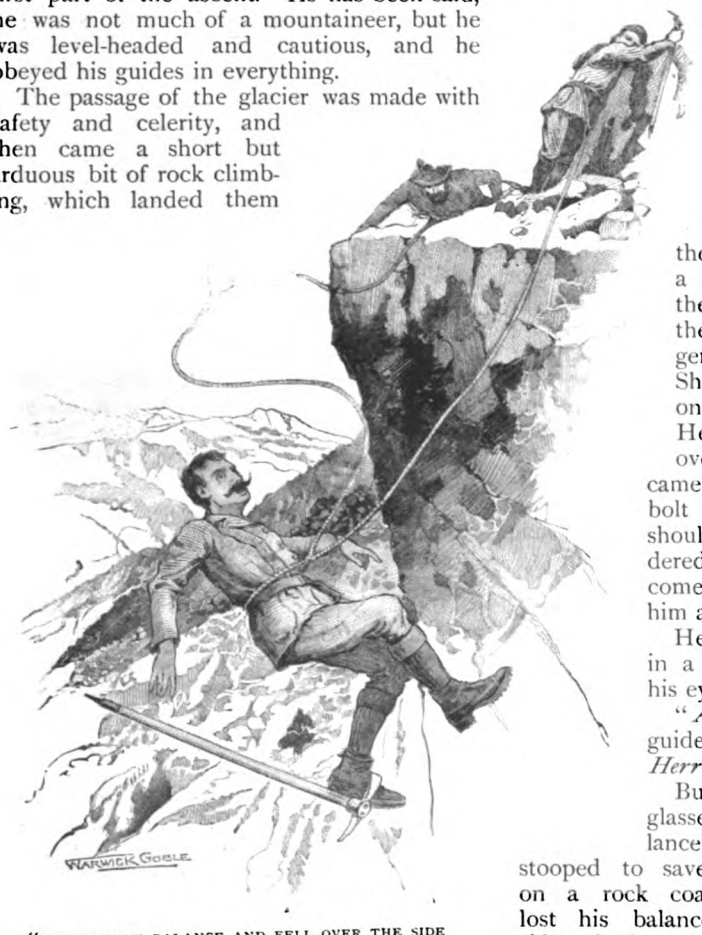
Here they made their first halt, and, as they stood, leaning against a huge rock, Vallance espied a solitary figure climbing up the second track. He looked more intently, and saw that it was a woman, and that she sprang up the ice-glazed rocks like a chamois.

At the same moment the guides caught sight of her, and they raised their hats almost as if they saw a vision.

"The *Fräulein!*" one of them muttered. "*Du lieber Himmel*, the *Fräulein!*"

"You know her?" Vallance asked.

"Know her? It is the great Fräulein Olga Braun," the man answered, proudly. The two men worshipped the famous mountaineer; they had been with her on that far-famed ascent of Kunchin-jinga which had won for her her membership of every Alpine club.



"HE LOST HIS BALANCE AND FELL OVER THE SIDE OF THE PRECIPICE."

Vallance fixed his glasses on the woman's figure, curious to see the much-discussed, and by him cordially disapproved-of, Olga Braun. He dropped them again and gave vent to a sharp exclamation. It was the brown-haired girl from the "International," his quiet, gentle ideal of womanhood! She and the mountaineer were one and the same person. He could scarcely grasp the overpowering revelation; it came upon him like a thunderbolt that the two personalities should be identical. He wondered vaguely whether she had come up on purpose to teach him a lesson.

He leaned forward, his brain in a whirl, the glasses close to his eyes.

"*Achtung!*" cried one of the guides. "Don't do that, *mein Herr*——"

But it was too late. The glasses had slipped from Vallance's hands, and, as he stooped to save them, his foot slipped on a rock coated with thin ice. He lost his balance and fell, fell over the side of the precipice; and at the same

time the rope broke between him and the foremost guide.

He fell like a stone the length of the rope between him and the second guide, who braced himself, with feet planted firm and arms clinging to the rock, to stand the strain. A second's breathless suspense, and then a cry of horror from both the guides—the rope had parted again with a sickening jerk, flinging the guide on his face barely a quarter of an inch on the right side of the precipice, and the young Englishman—where?

The elder guide saw all that followed; it was not to be measured by ordinary standards of time. The moment the rope broke between his "*Herr*" and himself he had flung himself flat on his face on the edge of the precipice, ready to slip his arm under the rope that still tied the young Englishman to the other guide, who was his brother, to prevent its being cut by the jagged rock, should it stand the strain.

He joined in his brother's cry of horror, and then his very blood seemed to freeze; he hardly felt his brother's weight when the latter stumbled to his feet and threw the whole weight of his body across his legs, to keep him from losing his balance and following their unfortunate employer.

He craned forward until he hung over the edge of the precipice to his waist, his every sense, and nerve, and faculty concentrated in the act of seeing.

And this is what he saw. As he afterwards told his colleagues, it happened quicker than a flash of lightning.

He saw Vallance drop a distance of about fifty feet, carrying with him some fifteen feet of loose rope; he saw this rope, frayed to a tassel where it had broken, twist itself round a slender peak that jutted far out of the receding face of the rock; he saw, in a dazed sort of way, that the rope was held firm for a moment; he saw the unfortunate man's body, impelled by the sudden check to his horrible descent, swing out horizontally, and then back towards the rocky face of the mountain.

And then he looked away; he could not bear to see his "*Herr*" dashed to atoms on the seracs of the glacier below.

And then a roar, as of rolling thunder, sounded in his ears. He looked again, and saw that the jutting peak of rock on which the rope had caught had broken bodily away, and fallen in a thousand atoms on to the ice; and—surely, a miracle had been wrought!

A little below that jutting peak, only visible now that it had fallen, was a tiny ledge, and on that, in swinging back towards the mountain face, the young man's body had caught. It looked as if a breath would precipitate it thousands of feet through space into the yawning, ice-bound depths.

He got up and signed to his brother to take his place; then their eyes met, and one word escaped them simultaneously—"Impossible!"

There was no foothold; it would be madness to attempt it. The ledge on which they stood overhung the place where the young man's body lay. It meant being lowered by a rope, it meant a pendulum-like swing, with a chance of being dashed to death against the cruel rock; it meant clinging on to nothing over a gulf thousands of feet deep while one slipped a rope round the victim's body, even if one could ever hope to reach him; it meant another pendulum swing, with the added strain of an unconscious body on the rope. It meant certain death, with no hope of rescuing the Englishman.

They must go back as far as the glacier and try to get at him that way. By that time he might be dead; he might fall and be dashed to pieces on the ice below.

The elder guide shouted, and a faint cry answered; it reached theirs ears like a wail, and the echo took it up and it became a moaning chorus. He lived.

They were the finest guides in the district; they knew no fear of a thing that was possible, but they could only look at each other, unnerved, trembling, and mutter: "It is not to be done!"

And then a voice, a woman's voice, broke the deathly stillness, and the brown-haired girl from the "International," Olga Braun, the world-famous mountaineer, appeared at the junction of the two tracks. She was in complete mountaineering costume; she grasped an ice-axe, and a coil of rope was slung over one of her shoulders. Nimbly she sprang up and stood by their side, and the two guides raised their hats again in almost reverent greeting.

"Where is he?" she asked, hoarsely. "I heard a cry just now. I came up the other track—it is shorter, you know—to give him a surprise and go on with you to the top. Can't you speak? Oh, my God, the rope!" The ragged ends hanging round the men's bodies told her only too plainly what their parched lips found it impossible to say.

Her presence and her solitary climb up that second track, shorter, true, but far more dangerous than the one they had chosen,

had robbed them for the moment of their habitual stolid self-control. The elder pointed down the precipice.

In a second she, in her turn, was lying on her face, peering down into the abyss. Her action roused the men's professional instinct; they knelt down and held her tightly, and in a moment their *sangfroid* returned, and they were ashamed of their collapse.

"I see him!" she cried. "Thank God, I see him!" They helped her up and she looked into their faces. "You are going to leave him!" she cried; "you are not going to try to save him!"

"*Fräulein*, you know us!" the elder said, with a sad shake of his head. "If it were possible, we would do it; but it is not. Look for yourself, *Fräulein*."

It was true what he said. It was a matter of a drop of eighty feet at most; but that glazed rock, shelving inward at that sharp angle, made it so hopeless that these men, who were brave as lions, who had behaved on more than one occasion like heroes, who had twice saved her own life, would not attempt it.

She gave a quick glance at their rope and at her own, which she had placed on a rock by the side of her ice-axe.

"I will do it," she said, and her face looked beautiful just then, with the light of firm purpose and self-sacrifice shining in her eyes. "You have enough rope—I will try."

"*Fräulein*, you must not—it is death!" cried the guides, in fearful alarm. "You know us—and we dare not."

"But I will," she said. "Give me double rope, and an extra one. I can tie the knots, you know that—and I shall not lose my head. Come, Fritz!"

"*Fräulein*, you will be dashed to pieces—you give your life for nothing," the man said. "It is impossible!"

But to argue, to plead with her was useless, and they knew it; and with trembling fingers the elder brother knotted the rope around her body and placed another coil in her hand. She was quite calm; she even noticed the little red strands woven into the rope that told her it was the strongest and best obtainable. Everything, she knew, depended on that rope, if she could reach Vallance without being dashed to pieces. That was what the guides refused to risk, and she knew that she was not braver than they, only more foolish.

In silence they lowered her; they could not afford to waste their strength, even in speech.

It was no new sensation to her—it had been necessary on several of her climbs; and her balance was perfect. She looked down and saw something that brought her heart to a standstill. She was some thirty feet above the ledge where Vallance lay, some fifteen feet away from it horizontally, owing to the shelving of the rock; and the young man's body was in such a position that it must infallibly slip off the ledge in a very short time. She saw also that the ledge was at the extreme end of what might almost be called a cave in the face of the rock, and that level with her eyes was a deep fissure, the under portion of which jutted out in a small peak, and that this fissure overhung the ledge almost perpendicularly.

Her trained eye took it in in a moment—the possibility, the one slender chance. She could loop her extra rope over that jutting peak and lower herself right on to the ledge. But first she must get at it! It was at least ten feet away; there was only one thing to do—to swing herself on to it.

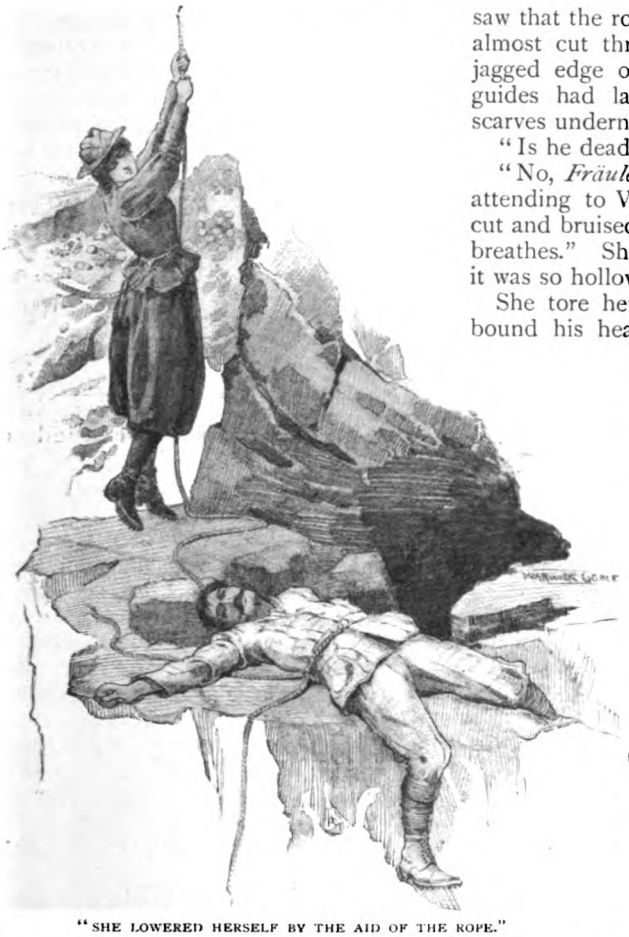
She shouted, and they understood above and ceased serving out the rope. Then she swung herself slowly, with incredible skill, each time a little nearer, until at last she was thrown against the face of the rock, just in the right place, dizzy, with a rushing of waters in her ears and bleeding hands. To slip the noose of the extra rope round the jutting peak of the fissure was the work of a moment. She shouted again, more faintly, and the rope was served out once more. Slowly she lowered herself by the aid of the third rope; and she dare not look beneath her.

But she had achieved the impossible; her foot touched the rock. Another shout, a wild clinging to something firm for balance, and she found herself kneeling beside the huddled heap that had started out so confidently a few short hours ago.

She could not stop to see whether he were dead or alive. With her grazed fingers she tied the rope round his body, and her brain, working automatically, wondered why she had done this thing, and could find no answer. She only knew that as she swung, half blind and deaf, nearer death than she had ever been in her life, one thing was clear to her—she *must* get at him—he *must* be saved!

It was only seconds, but it seemed centuries before the knots were tied; then, knowing that the worst danger was to come, she pulled the signal rope.

Simultaneously, winding her arms around the man's body, and turning sick with fear



"SHE LOWERED HERSELF BY THE AID OF THE ROPE."

at the dead weight of it, the woman again swung out, then again, and again, and again, and the fourth time, as she kicked out with her feet, to prevent their being dashed against the rock, the sole was torn clean off her boot. But, as they swung out into space, almost unconscious as she was, she knew that the worst was over, for, with a shivering jerk, the rope gradually steadied itself, and they were hauled up without the frightful swinging that might at any moment have meant instant death.

Now everything depended on the rope; she could almost hear it creak and groan. Would it hold out?

A glad shout from above roused her from the torpor into which she was sinking; there was a last violent jerk, and then strong arms closed around her.

She did not faint. She saw that the guides' faces were the colour of ashes, that the sweat poured down their cheeks; she saw that the ropes were frayed; that one was almost cut through by the friction of the jagged edge of the precipice, although the guides had laid their coats and hats and scarves underneath.

"Is he dead?" she whispered.

"No, *Fräulein*," said the elder, who was attending to Vallance. "He is very much cut and bruised, but his heart beats and he breathes." She hardly recognised his voice, it was so hollow and old.

She tore her handkerchief into strips and bound his head, and something bright and wet fell on the young artist's white face that looked so beautiful and so still. But her nerve was magnificent.

Soon he recovered consciousness, and began to mutter incoherently.

Half an hour had passed before the guides found strength and courage to attempt the task of carrying the wounded man down to the village.

The woman led the way. She walked slowly, but her footing was sure as ever. There were great difficulties to be faced, for neither of the guides had their hands free.

"It is just the time of day for stone avalanches," the elder brother muttered once. But perhaps the Spirit of the great mountain respected the woman's dauntless bravery, for that danger was not added to the others.

The younger guide only spoke once during the long, laborious descent. The woman was rapidly cutting steps in the glacier which had to be traversed, and which was fortunately a fairly smooth one, without any alarming crevasses, and the man's eyes were wet as they rested on the slight, graceful figure.

"*Das Fräulein ist ein Engel Gottes!*" he said.

All the way down she did exactly what was necessary to give the men the greatest possible assistance, and she walked into the hotel calmly enough, but she fainted in Miss Grimm's arms when that lady hurried to her side.

Vallance was very ill for three weeks. Olga Braun appeared at table d'hôte three

"THERE WERE GREAT DIFFICULTIES TO BE FACED."

days later, although she limped and her hands were bandaged. Vallance called ceaselessly for her, but they were afraid her presence might excite him. Miss Grimm nursed the young man devotedly, and it was she who told him the story of his rescue.

The whole village could talk of nothing else; the guides had to tell the story in detail to every inhabitant and every visitor separately. And the first time Miss Braun appeared in public she received an ovation that was so earnest and so deeply sympathetic that she could not find it in her heart to be angry.

At last Vallance was allowed to see her. He was passionately humble; she was a little embarrassed, and tried to make him talk of something else but his gratitude.

"What can you think of me?" he said. "I insulted you and your sex—even the name you bear—to your very face, and you repay me by saving my life at the almost certain risk of your own, by attempting a thing that even those fine fellows, Fritz and his brother, shirked! What can I say but that I loathe myself and my ignorant presumption, my blind, stupid prejudice? You and Miss Grimm have, indeed, heaped coals of fire on my head!"

"Don't think of it any more," she said. "It was my fault that you didn't know who I was. I asked the proprietor to keep my name a secret—I wanted rest; I did not intend to do any climbing this year. And every man has a right to his own opinion, you know," she added, with a little smile.

"My opinion was based on crass ignorance and conceit," he said, gloomily. "It wasn't worth holding—and you can never forgive me!"

"But I do," she said, "and you must believe it."

A week later she came to bid him good-bye.

"I must leave to-day," she said. "I am to meet my sister at Lucerne."

He seized her hands and kissed them.

"Before you go, let me ask you something," he said, "and tell you something. I love you—how could I help it? The life you saved is yours for ever. Will you take it, Olga—will you be my wife?"

"We know so little of each other," she said, but something in the rich, low voice made him bold.

"At least, then," he urged, "may I come and see you, so that we can learn more of each other, and will you teach me to love and know and understand the mountains as you do?"

"That," she said, and there was a light in her eyes that he read as a promise of more, "I will gladly undertake."

Science in the New Century.

WHAT WILL BE ITS GREATEST ACHIEVEMENTS?

INTERVIEWS WITH SIR NORMAN LOCKYER, SIR W. H. PREECE, SIR J. WOLFE BARRY, SIR WILLIAM CROOKES, MR. J. W. SWAN, M. BERTHELOT (SECRETARY OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY OF SCIENCES), SIR HENRY ROSCOE, AND MR. THOMAS BRYANT (EX-PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS).

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.

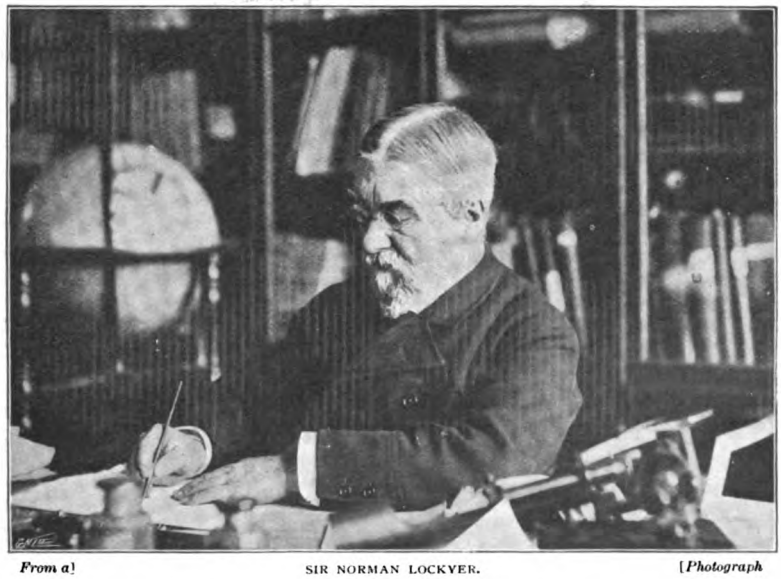
IT has been the century of Science writ largest. That much must be conceded by the historian, whatever he may have to say concerning the nineteenth century's many other claims. Railways and steamships, telegraphs and telephones, electric lighting and traction, the phonograph and the motor-car, Röntgen's rays and Marconi's messages. Can the century upon which we are just entering possibly have in store for the world any similar series of scientific achievements? What are the "fairy tales of science" to which, having regard to this record of the marvellous, the new century may be reasonably expected to give the substance of fact? With such queries upon my lips I have been calling upon some of the most distinguished scientists of the day, the representatives of physics and chemistry, astronomy, electricity, mechanics, and medicine.

Sir Norman Lockyer, the director of the Solar Physics Observatory, upon whom I made my first call, had no difficulty in replying to my question as regards astronomy.

"We can count," he remarked, as he stood in front of the fire in his official room at South Kensington, "upon the new century witnessing several most important achievements in the sphere of astronomy. To the progress of the science the most valuable contribution will probably be made in America, which now has more observers and better instruments than either England or Germany.

"The first of these achievements will, I think, enable us by means of the spectra of sun-spots to forecast famines in India and droughts in Australia, as well as other important weather changes, a long time in advance. I have arrived at this conviction as the result of the work carried on in this observatory since its establishment twenty-five years ago. We shall be able to predict, not only the time, but also the area and extent, of drought and famine, thus rendering it possible to take timely precautions."

"This will certainly be an important



From a] SIR NORMAN LOCKYER. *[Photograph*

addition to the practical service which astronomy renders to mankind."

"Yes, and may give a fresh fillip to astronomical work in the new century. So long as scientific research is merely speculative Government and people generally care very little about it. The theories on which Marconi worked, for instance, had little interest for anybody until it was shown that by wireless telegraphy you would be able to establish regular communication between lighthouses and the coast, etc. When we first devoted attention to sun-spots people only laughed at us, but it will be quite different when the subject is shown to have practical value. The Indian authorities are already taking keen interest in the connection which has now been shown to exist between variations in the heat of the sun's surface and the amount of rainfall in subsequent years."

SIR WILLIAM PREECE.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

In the room I had a glimpse of the methods by which astronomy is preparing to confer in the new century this fresh boon upon the human race. Sir Norman showed me some of the diagrams whereby were measured in lines spots on the sun as recorded by the camera in India, Mauritius, and other distant observatories, the photographs being taken every day and regularly forwarded to South Kensington. On an adjoining table, too, were Blue-books giving the most elaborate statistics as to Indian rainfall during the greater part of the nineteenth century. In these statistics I noticed a frequent gap of several years.

"This occurred," Sir Norman explained, "in many of the more northern stations as a consequence of the Indian Mutiny. It has added considerably to the difficulty of my task."

Sir Norman then spoke of three other important achievements in astronomy, to which he looked forward in the twentieth century—first, the chemical classification of the stars; second, the completion of a photographic chart of the heavens; and third, the substitution of photography entirely for the observation of individuals in recording "transits" of the stars. I asked him what practical bearing these achievements might be expected to have.

"No man can say. You may take it as a general rule, however, that it is the seemingly useless in science which ultimately turns out to be the most useful. As I have said, speculation as to sun-spots was laughed at for a long time. From such a subject as the chemistry of the stars greater discoveries may be reasonably expected than from electricity, say, simply because it is almost virgin soil, whereas the speculative possibilities of electricity have probably been exhausted."

Sir W. H. Preece, who shares with Signor Marconi the honour of the invention of wireless telegraphy, received me in his rooms at Queen Anne's Gate, which are filled with most interesting souvenirs of his long and distinguished career as an electrical engineer.

"What is to be the greatest achievement in my own sphere of science during the coming century? Well, in science as in many other things, it is the unexpected which always happens. I have no doubt in my own mind that, in the twentieth, science will eclipse its record of the nineteenth century: that the people of 2000 A.D. will smile at our achievements as we smile at those of 1800. But in what way this will be so—who can tell?"

"But in electrical engineering, as well as in other things, do not coming events cast their shadows before?"

"No, not as a rule. We had no previous premonitions, for example, of the telegraph,

the telephone, or the phonograph. We all ridiculed the telephone when it was first announced to the world. I went over to New York in 1877 with the intention of exposing the fraud, but Graham Bell, the inventor, convinced me after five minutes' conversation, because he made it clear that he had alighted upon an absolutely new idea. Wireless telegraphy was, perhaps, an exception; I worked at it since 1882, and it was, of course, forecasted long before Marconi perfected his system. But we have now done as much with wireless telegraphy as is likely to be done. It will be most useful for marine and military purposes, but for ordinary, everyday communication there is no reason why we should expect to dispense with the wire and the cable. Here is a paper on 'Wireless Telephony,' which you may like to look through—I have been working at the subject for some time past."

This paper, which was contributed by Sir William Preece to the last meeting of the British Association, gives one the impression that as a means of communication between ships at sea or between islands and the mainland wireless telephony will be as generally useful in the next century as wireless telegraphy. But at the same time he would not admit that either he or Marconi possessed the clue to messages through space over an indefinite distance, as some of us had rashly imagined. In the same spirit he incidentally referred to the possibility of the twentieth century man flying through the air.

"Having regard to what has happened in this century I should not like to say that anything was impossible. But if we are to have a real flying machine it must be based on some entirely new principle, at present altogether beyond our conception. In our present knowledge, having regard to all the efforts and experiments that have been made in this direction, we can have no such hope.

"I suppose that in the way of scientific inquiry most work is now being done by Lord Kelvin and others respecting the constitution of the atmosphere. But it is impossible to say what sort of practical results, if any, will follow these labours. As a rule, the speculative scientist follows the practical, he does not precede him. It was thus with steam, for instance—the properties of steam were not fully examined until after Watt and Stephenson had done their work. The Röntgen rays, as the invention of a speculative man, forms quite an exception, and in that case the invention was quite an accident.

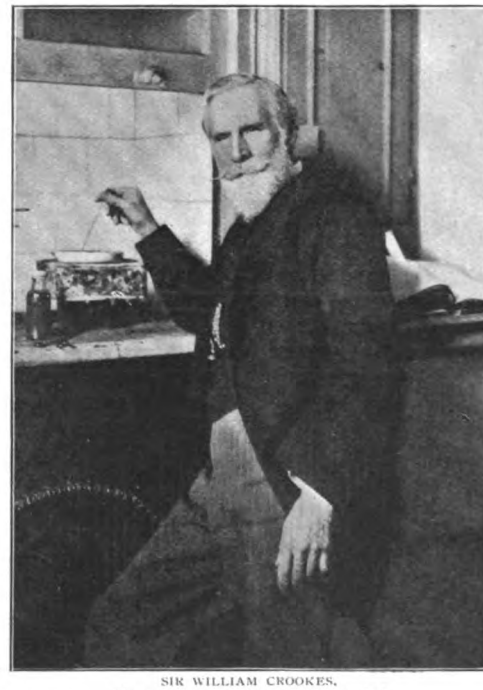
"But for all that," concluded Sir William, "I am confident that science will excel itself in the coming century. Even in this century we have seen much more achievement in the second than in the first half. And you must remember that with the spread of scientific education on every hand the number of workers applying themselves to all sorts of problems is rapidly multiplying."

"Forty years ago, when I first entered the profession," said Sir John Wolfe Barry, the engineer of the Tower Bridge, in his room at Delahay Street, Westminster, "it was said to me that engineering had practically no future — the railways, canals, docks, and other important undertakings which the world required were nearly all carried out. Yet since then engineers have never been so busy. The Suez Canal has been finished, also the Manchester Ship Canal; several great railways and docks have been constructed, many big schemes of water supply carried out. So I have no doubt it will be in the next century — engineering will have as large a share in the progress of the twentieth as it has had in the nineteenth century, although it is difficult to indicate exactly what its greatest achievements will be."

SIR JOHN WOLFE BARRY.
From a Photo. by Lambert & Weston & Son, Folkestone.

"Some people are looking to engineers, are they not, to utilize the energy not only of the great waterfalls, but also of the tides of the sea?"

"Yes, but at present there is no definite prospect of this idea being realized. Not only would the engineering works required to store the energy of the tides be very expensive, but the supply of this energy would necessarily be very irregular and uncertain. It is for similar reasons that wind-power has been disused, a windmill being costly in proportion to the amount of energy obtained from it, and the energy itself being irregular and uncertain. Of course, in regard to either wind or tide, an engineer may arise with some new plan overcoming these objections, and in this sense there is scope for one of the greatest achievements on the part of engineering in the new century. Our attention in this country has been turned to the tides because we lack any great waterfall; but, on the other hand, in some parts of the country we get a large amount of rain. If the rain which falls near Ben Nevis, for instance, were stored it would furnish an enormous amount of hydraulic pressure. This could be done on well-tried engineering principles, and seems to me much the more hopeful way of dealing with the problem which is likely to be created by the increasing cost of coal.



SIR WILLIAM CROOKES.
From a Photo. by George Newnes, Ltd.

"Another most important problem which will have to be solved in the new century is that of street traffic in London and our other large cities. In this connection I was much interested in the moving platform at the Paris Exhibition, and I see no reason why the idea should not be largely adopted. Constructed underneath or overhead, such platforms along main thoroughfares would have many obvious advantages over other methods of locomotion—there would be no waiting on the part of passengers, and absolutely no danger of accidents. The platforms might be municipal and free to the public."

"You have taken great interest in this question of street traffic, Sir John?"

"Yes; as you may remember, I have advocated before the Society of Arts the reconstruction of important London thoroughfares on a large scale and in accordance with a systematic plan. Subways and underground railways do not entirely solve the question—you have got to provide for an enormously increased and ever-increasing traffic in the streets themselves. I am also of opinion that the conflict of traffic, both passenger and vehicles, at certain points—such as Piccadilly and Ludgate Circus—should be remedied by new thoroughfares, either overhead or underground."

Sir John also referred to an Irish Channel tunnel as a possible engineering achievement of the new century, but would not commit himself to a favourable opinion, as there was not yet sufficient *data* as to the geology of the bed of the Channel. In respect to the English Channel tunnel, on the other hand, full information had been obtained and engineering difficulties discounted. This tunnel might certainly be an achievement of the new century if it were thought commercially and politically advisable—and as to that the eminent engineer evidently had his doubts.

Sir William Crookes, with whom I had a short conversation in his working-room—half laboratory and half study—at his residence in Kensington Park Gardens, declared at the outset that such a forecast as I proposed to him must necessarily be limited in scope to the application of existing ideas.

"I was reading recently," he remarked, "Mr. H. G. Wells's 'When the Sleeper

Awakens,' and I found that every one of the things imagined by the author to have taken place was merely a further extension of something which we have already. I have no doubt, in my own mind, for example, that the next century will see a great multiplication of 'twopenny tubes.' We shall have every house in London connected with every other house by telephone. The phonograph will be in common use. I don't feel certain that London will be covered with glass, although, in my opinion, our cities would be much more comfortable if one could go out and about regardless of rain, cold, and fog. But all this, you will say, represents no fresh achievement on the part of science. Well, I might add the flying machine, which is almost sure to be perfected some time next century. Aerial navigation is now, I believe, only a matter of money. If only Governments would devote big sums to its solution the problem would soon be solved."

This view, readers will note, is in direct opposition to that which another eminent chemist — Sir William Preece — expressed to me. Sir William Crookes had seemingly been much more impressed by Count Zeppelin's recent experiments.

"For the rest," Sir William proceeded, "I can only say that it is very often the unexpected which happens. It is my belief that after the telephone and the more recent discovery of 'radium' scientists will be very chary of using the word 'impossible.' We all thought the idea of the telephone preposterous. We knew that certain sounds could be projected from a piece of iron, but to suppose that all the varied intonations of the human voice could be so conveyed was impossible. Yet it is so, although I, for one, confess that even now I do not understand *why* it should be so. As regards 'radium,' little or nothing can be said at the moment from the practical point of view. But, as an example of seemingly continuous energy—something of which we had previously no conception—who can tell of what fresh achievement it may be the forerunner?"

Sir William Crookes did not tell me—as he might well have done—that he himself was on the verge of discovering the Röntgen rays some years before the German scientist bestowed upon the world this valuable aid to the surgeon's art. This interesting circumstance was incidentally mentioned to me a day or two later, when I called upon Mr. J. W. Swan, F.R.S., the electrician and inventor, in Holland Park.

"I remember Sir William," said Mr. Swan, "once showing me just such rays in the course of some experiments he was making with phosphorescent effects, although neither he nor I had any idea as to their extraordinary penetrative effect. On another occasion, it seems, Sir William complained of some finger-marks on photographic plates which he attributed to carelessness in manufacture, although there can now be little doubt that they were brought about by his own work in producing X-rays, as they are now called."

From a Photo. by] MR. J. W. SWAN. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

My conversation with Mr. Swan, whose incandescent lamp associates his name with that of Edison, suggested that one of the greatest achievements of the twentieth century may be the substitution of some new chemical for the present mechanical method of generating electricity.

"At present, of course," Mr. Swan remarked, "the chemical method is much the more difficult and expensive. At this Holland Park Station on the New Central London Railway machinery of something like 3,000 horse-power is employed to generate the electricity for driving the trains and lifts and for the lighting. Well, at the present time an incalculable number of batteries would be required to provide an equivalent amount of electricity. For the time being the attempt to generate electricity chemically has been almost abandoned. Yet in some respects the electric current would be more convenient in the form of a battery than it is distributed from a generating station, and there is no reason in the nature of the case why some fresh discovery in the new century should not show that it can be produced chemically with much greater cheapness, although I don't profess to have any idea what sort of discovery it will be.

"The increasing cost of motive-power will probably stimulate efforts in this direction. More general use and further improvement in lamps will doubtless cheapen electric light very much, but, after all, the great impediment is the increasing cost of motive-power. It is true that we get out of coal only from 10 to 15 per cent. of the energy it contains, and many efforts have been made to prevent this waste, but, so far, without success."

"Then you are not too sanguine, Mr. Swan, that in the new century Electra will become a sort of omnipotent fairy, doing all the hard work in daily life?"

"No, although I have no doubt that the use of electricity in industries, both large and small, will be much extended. But I don't think it likely that it will be found advantageous for, say, cleaning the windows and scrubbing the floors of our houses, as imaginative writers have suggested, although a few people may choose to employ it as an exquisite way of having such things done. Nor would I dare to commit myself to the opinion that, in the next century, electricity will entirely supersede gas as an illuminant."

As might be expected, electricity was much in evidence in Mr. Swan's own house; everywhere electric lights and bells, of course, whilst in the drawing-room I noticed an electrophone, and in the extensive basement inspected several laboratories and workshops wherein such motive-power as is required proceeds from electricity.

In contrast with Mr. Swan's studied moderation may be quoted the roseate views of M. Berthelot, the world-renowned French scientist, who occupies the representative position of secretary to the Academy of Sciences. M. Berthelot was unfortunately

From a Photo. by] M. BERTHELOT. *[Dornac.*

away from home when I endeavoured to see him in Paris, but he kindly referred me, in the place of an interview, to an address which he delivered in April, 1897, at a dinner of the "Chambre Syndicale des Produits Chimiques." In this address, which, although partly humorous in form, had throughout a serious meaning, M. Berthelot clearly indicated his belief that in the twentieth century the greatest scientific achievement would be the chemical manufacture of food, although this is to be preceded by an equally revolutionary change in motive-power.

"It is easy," observes M. Berthelot, "to conceive the principle of this invention. It will be necessary to utilize the heat of the sun and the heat at the centre of our globe. The incessant progress of science gives rise to the legitimate hope of capturing these sources of limitless energy. In order to capture the central heat, for example, it will be sufficient to sink wells at a depth of four to five thousand mètres—which does not surpass the powers, perhaps, of present-day engineers, and certainly will not those of future engineers. We shall find in this heat the support of all life and all industry. Thus the water at the bottom of these wells would reach a temperature and possess a pressure capable of driving any possible number of machines.

"With the day," continues this distinguished Frenchman, "on which energy can be obtained thus economically would come the manufacture of food of all kinds with carbon extracted from carbonic acid, with hydrogen taken from water, with nitrogen and oxygen taken from the atmosphere. That which vegetation produces at present, with the aid of energy borrowed from the surrounding universe, we shall yet accomplish, and we shall accomplish it better, in a fashion more extensive and more perfect than by the action of Nature—for such is the power of chemistry.

"In the next century the day will come when everybody will carry his little gaseous tablet, his little ball of fatty matter, his little bit of sugar, his little bottle of aromatic spice, according to his personal taste; all these things produced more economically and in inexhaustible quantities by our chemical manufactories, independently of seasons, of rain or drought, of heat, which dries up plants, or of cold, which blights fruit; all free from the microbes which cause epidemics and are the enemies of human life."

SIR HENRY ROSCOE.
From a Photo. by W. & D. Downey.

This was the first theme, regarded in a somewhat less sanguine spirit, of Sir Henry Roscoe, who was President of the Chemical Society in 1882 and of the British Association in 1887. I had a quarter of an hour with Sir Henry in the Athenæum Club, at which temple of learning his is probably one of the most familiar faces, as it certainly must be one of the most cheerful.

"More," he answered, emphatically, when I inquired of Sir Henry whether he considered that science was as likely to do as much for mankind in the coming as it has done in the past century. But he was much less emphatic in speaking of the particular achievements by which the chemist and other scientists would make good this prediction.

"We hear much," Sir Henry remarked, "as to the artificial preparation of natural products by chemical means. As an example of this I may quote the case of the artificial production of indigo and also of cane sugar, although up to the present the chemist's sugar cannot compete in price with that of the vegetable product. The power of the chemist is such that he may look forward to the artificial preparation of any material possessing a gaseous, a liquid, or a crystalline

form, many of these, doubtless, with practical advantage.

"But I don't think there is much substance in the speculation, advanced in some quarters, as to the possibility of the men and women of the next century taking their food generally in a concentrated chemical form. The most important articles of food, after all, are grain and flesh, and our present knowledge does not suggest the possibility of the chemist providing, even in the course of a century, a satisfactory substitute for bread, beef, or mutton—inasmuch as so far the production by artificial means of material possessing organized structure seems beyond the power of the chemist's synthesis."

"In which direction, Sir Henry, do you consider, then, that science is likely to achieve most?"

"That is very hard to say. In one direction the twentieth century will, in my opinion, not witness such changes as have occurred in the nineteenth. Thus science has solved the problem of cold storage, and has been instrumental in bringing food from where it is not required to where it is. But, so far as I can judge, the annihilation of distance in this and in other respects which our century has witnessed cannot be carried very much farther in the next; the Atlantic voyage, for instance, which can now be accomplished in five days, is not likely to be reduced to one. We must look in other directions for similar progress of an epoch-making character. Perhaps the most important question with which science is now concerning itself is the utilization of fresh sources of energy, and the increasing cost and decreasing quantity of coal must stimulate its efforts in this direction. The next century, I should say, will certainly witness the harnessing of many Niagaras.

"Unfortunately our own country, which has had so great an advantage in its abundance of coal, is comparatively deficient in falling water. It is true that attention is also being directed to turning to account the force of the tides, and in this respect, as an insular country, we should be gainers. But it is difficult to see how the tides could be utilized without great expenditure on engineering, and for this reason I am afraid that in the next century tidal power will not be an effective competitor of the force, say, of the Niagara or the Zambesi."

Sir Henry Roscoe then expressed a view which explained his emphatic affirmative in answering my first question.

"I am disposed to think that the greatest progress of the next century will be made in the application of science for the benefit of humanity, as well as in fresh invention or discovery. In sanitation on scientific principles, and especially in preventive medicine, science has an important part to play. In this respect we have made some progress during the latter part of this century, but that is insignificant in comparison with what we may legitimately look forward to in the coming century for the prevention of epidemic disease and the amelioration of the ills to which, hitherto, flesh has been heir."

From the standpoint of medical science, Mr. Thomas Bryant, the President of the Royal College of Surgeons from 1893 to 1896, whom I consulted finally, spoke to some extent in indorsement of this view.

"Twenty or thirty years ago," said Mr. Bryant, as he received me in his Grosvenor Street consulting-room, "an eminent surgeon of that time committed himself to the opinion that in our profession the acme of scientific achievement had been reached, that we had gone about as far as it was possible to go. How absurd such a statement seems to-day! One is inclined to think that the man who made it, a man of great skill and scientific knowledge, too, must have been mad.

"It is true that practically no further advance has been made with the two great achievements of the earlier part of this century—the use of anæsthetics and antiseptics. With regard to them we may have reached the end of possibilities. But, on the eve of the new century, I feel that in medicine and surgery we can look forward to even greater achievements and discoveries. Some of them we can clearly see coming."

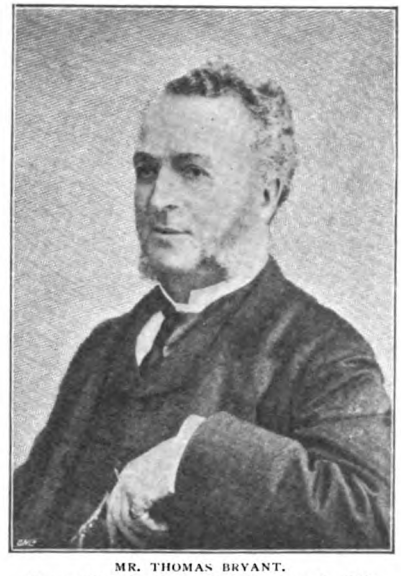
"And the greatest of these is——?"

"Well, the bacteriological work of the past few years clearly foreshadows both the prevention and cure of diseases that are now generally regarded as hopeless, such as cancer and phthisis or consumption. The cure of consumption has, I know, been prematurely announced more than once, but from what has already been achieved there is good reason to believe that it will really become an accomplished fact before the new century is very far advanced. For similar reason we may look forward to the extirpation of the plague in India. We are now in what may be called the second stage of this work, the discovery of the friendly bacteria—for bacteria, you know, can be friendly as well as hostile to human life—and this is certain to be fruitful in great results.

"Another achievement which is, I think, not very far off is the prevention of malaria. It is now well established that mosquitoes are the principal agency in the spread of this fever, and with drainage and other sanitary measures mosquitoes might be exterminated or rendered innocuous. It is my impression that some time during next century such fever spots as the West Coast of Africa—in fact, tropical climates generally — will be rendered as healthy as, say, the Fens of Lincolnshire, which before their irrigation were also breeding-places of disease."

"What is to be expected in surgery or medicine, Mr. Bryant, from the use of the X-rays?"

"Well, although the utility of Röntgen's discovery has, of course, been demonstrated beyond all doubt, it is hard to say of what achievements it may be the forerunner. At present we are like children in the use of the rays, and, as several cases have suggested, for some time to come the greatest caution will be necessary in applying them for curative purposes, although their value in this way may prove to be very great. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the X-rays, although they can hardly add much to our knowledge of anatomy, will so facilitate the diagnosis of disease, as well as of wounds, that in this way Röntgen's discovery may bring about great achievements in preventive medicine. In fact," laughingly continued Mr. Bryant, "our profession is undermining itself in all directions. In the next century it may become necessary to introduce the plan of the Chinese, who pay their doctors so long as they are in good health."



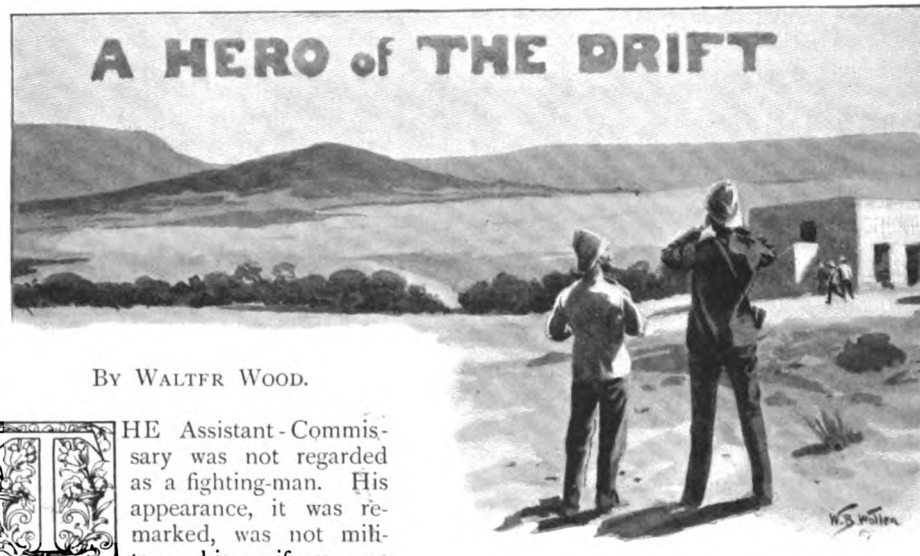
MR. THOMAS BRYANT.
From a Photo. by Charles P. Treble, Lavender Hill.

"Nevertheless, nervous disease is said to be on the increase. In this respect is hypnotism likely to achieve any great result next century?"

"Ah, who can say? It is unfortunate that hypnotism has hitherto been so much in the hands of quacks and charlatans, bent only on exploiting it for money-making purposes. I am certainly of opinion that the subject ought to be earnestly taken in hand from the medical standpoint. Although no definite result can be at present anticipated, it does undeniably offer great possibilities, and for this reason should be attractive to young, enthusiastic students and investigators."

Mr. Bryant himself still seems enthusiastic if he is no longer young, even judged by our *fin-de-siècle* standard: he is seventy-two. Before taking my leave I endeavoured to obtain his opinion as to the longevity of the twentieth century man. But on this point Mr. Bryant's prophetic instinct did not get so far as a figure. And I did not dare to remind him that in the belief of a Russian doctor, M. Elie Metchnikoff, the twentieth century man will, if it so pleases him, live for ever!

A HERO of THE DRIFT



By Walter Wood.

THE Assistant-Commissary was not regarded as a fighting-man. His appearance, it was remarked, was not military, his uniform was not smart, his trousers bagged at the knees, and the senior subaltern had been heard to say that there was room in his tunic for some of his stores as well as his chest. The Assistant-Commissary's head was inclined to baldness, and his beard was turning grey. His eyes were of the mildest blue, and the soft lines of his gentle face had not been hardened by his service West and East. He had determined to become a pensioner as soon as this small war in South Africa was over.

"Dear, good, kind Railton," murmured the senior subaltern, "you need only look at him to know that the fighting spirit isn't in him. He never drew a sword or fired a shot in anger. He never, I'm absolutely certain, wronged a living creature; he can't bear to look on suffering of any sort, and I never heard him swear. What a record! And he isn't five feet five."

As the senior subaltern uttered these words he looked at Railton, and saw that he was earnestly scanning the neighbouring hills. The subaltern, named Barran, was in command of a small body of infantry which had been left to guard the wounded of a column operating against the Zulus, and to hold the buildings at the Drift in which the sick lay. The Drift itself was of vital importance, for it was the key to neighbouring British territory, and through it a conquering horde could march to devastation. The orders of the senior subaltern were simple—to hold the Drift till his commanding officer returned. To do this he had two thinned companies of his regiment with him—the "skeletons," they had called themselves—but although he could not muster a hundred men in both, he was as proud as if he commanded a brigade, and felt equal to a meeting with any force the enemy liked to send against him. As a matter of fact, there was no sign of the foe, and no reason whatever to suppose that he meant to swoop upon the Drift.

"What transfixes you?" asked the senior subaltern, sauntering up to Railton's side.

"What do *you* make of it?" answered the Assistant-Commissary, pointing to the foot of one of the hills.

The senior subaltern looked, and saw two or three mounted men dash furiously on to the plain and make for the camp.

"They're our own people—and in a hurry, too," said Barran, uneasily.

"They're in something more than hurry—they're panic-stricken," said Railton.

Even then the senior subaltern noticed that the Assistant-Commissary spoke very quietly; but he thought that, not being a combatant, he could not know what such a flight might mean, and did not appreciate the situation.

The senior subaltern was a brave man, but he turned hot and cold as the mounted men rode hard towards him, and he saw that they must have hurried from some stricken battle-field. The first to get near enough to hail him was a brother officer, one who had gone away with the Colonel.

"What's the matter, Howard?" demanded Barran.

"Battalion rushed by the Zulus and wiped out—not a score of us have got away. And they're coming to attack the Drift!"

He tried to get out of his saddle as he spoke, and Barran saw that he could not, as his left hand was smashed by a bullet. He helped his comrade to alight.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, when Howard stood on the ground beside him.

"It's true—butchered! Near the Hill of the Little Hand," gasped Howard. "May I never see such a sight again. But you, Barran, what will you do? The Zulus are coming here in swarms."

"Hold the Drift till the Colonel comes," answered Barran.

"Then you'll have to hold it till the Day of Judgment, for the Colonel has a dozen spear-thrusts in him," observed Howard, solemnly.

"Then I'll hold out till the General comes," continued Barran, speaking in growing excitement. "He knows we're here, and will push on as soon as he learns of the disaster to the battalion. We mustn't lose an instant. I can't even ask you about the disaster, although I'm sick to learn the details. Railton, hurry to the river and tell Raine to come back instantly with his men. You, Howard, and the rest of you, come on."

He hurried away, the fugitives with him, while Railton ran to the neighbouring river and alarmed Lieutenant Raine and half-a-dozen men who were engaged with him there on some engineering work.

"Strike the tents," ordered Barran, and the white canvas fell flat upon the ground.

"Do your best, Raine," he added, to the Engineer, "to get some sort of defences ready against these hordes of savages. But get your hand looked to, Howard."

"That can wait—there's no time now," answered Howard. "Thring can be better employed than in looking after me. I'll wind a handkerchief round the wrist and hang on till we've finished with the niggers." As he spoke he got a piece of linen and bound his wrist with it. "Lucky it's not the fighting hand," he declared. "Now I'm ready."

The senior subaltern, the Engineer officer, the Assistant-Commissary, and Thring, the medical officer, fell furiously to work preparing for defence. They and the men dragged mattresses from the buildings, hauled mealie-bags and grain-bags forth, fetched the prostrate tents, and laid rough hands on biscuit-boxes, tarpaulins, tent-poles, and stray articles of furniture.

With these things and a waggon they built a barricade behind which they took shelter, and prepared to fight for their own lives and the forty sick and wounded men in hospital. Barran looked about him, and felt but dubiously secure in the natural and manufactured strength of his position. In his rear were the buildings of the Drift, every one containing helpless soldiers; in front was the frail barricade, the waggon in the centre, and for the rest a wall of mattress, canvas, biscuit-box, and grain-bag.

The sullen neighbouring hills were holding, if the fugitives spoke truly, Zulu impis, blood-glutted, and thirsting for more slaughter, who would swoop down on the Drift like wolves on the fold. It was now four o'clock in the afternoon, and the supreme question was: Could the defence hold out till night, when darkness might put a stop to the attack or enable reinforcements to come? The fate of the battalion which had been annihilated would soon be known, and then the General, who was not many miles away, and would know of the peril of the soldiers at the Drift, would hurry on at all costs to relieve them.

"I wish," thought Barran, "that in place of Railton and Thring I had a couple more men like Howard. Railton's so gentle and humane, and Thring isn't a soldier."

"Here they come!" cried Railton, who was standing near the senior subaltern.

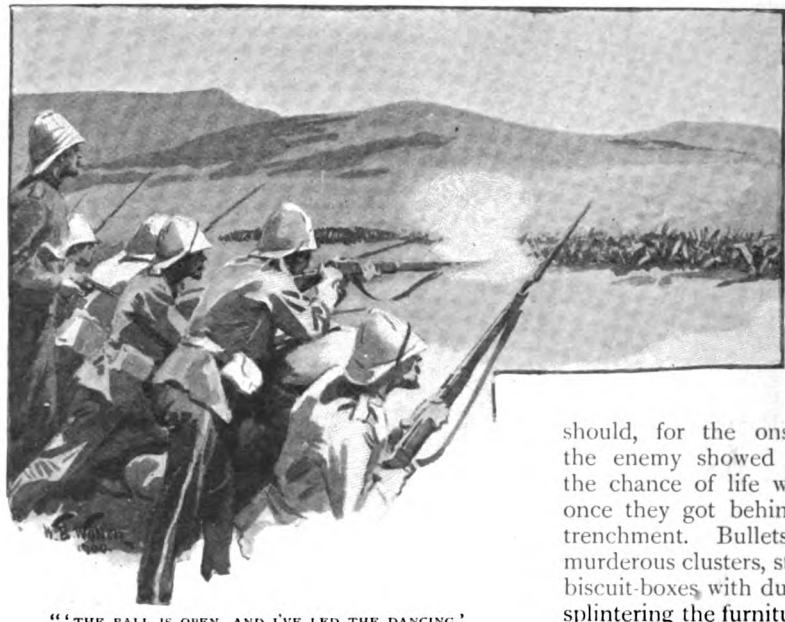
"Now he'll be wanting to bolt to the storehouse," muttered Barran, whose extremity had induced an ungenerous mood foreign to his nature.

"Remember what I've told you, men," he

exclaimed. "Keep your fire till they get to the barricade, then hit them swift and low. And don't forget the bayonet—and what they've done at the Little Hand."

With revenge impelling them—revenge for the butchery of nearly the whole of their battalion—and nerves strung with the intense resolve to fight for life, every man for himself, the little band awaited the first onrush of the enemy. It came relentlessly.

The Zulus spread out from the hills in front of the barricade, expanded in a horse-shoe form until the Drift was fully compassed, then with a war-cry of "*Usuti!*" that rang over the plain and echoed up the silent hills, they hurled themselves against the stubborn foe.



"'THE BALL IS OPEN, AND I'VE LED THE DANCING,' EXCLAIMED RAILTON."

"They cry '*Usuti*'—cowards," said Railton. "Let them wait and see."

Barran, to whom he spoke, looked round, and saw that he had mistaken his man. The Assistant-Commissary's face was soft and gentle no longer, it was as inflexible as any other at the Drift; his mild blue eyes glittered with the light of battle; and his slender form was as firm and straight as Barran's own, and Barran was reckoned the smartest figure in the regiment.

Railton held a rifle, and held it like a man who knew how to use it, and meant to use it well.

He raised it coolly and deliberately, and his was the first shot to speed from the barricade. He had marked a towering chief on horseback, and the warlike figure reeled and tumbled from the saddle.

"The ball is open, and I've led the dancing," exclaimed Railton, reloading. "May I live to see the finish!"

Barran heard him, but his cry of "Bravo!" was lost in the rattle of the musketry, and Railton himself became a shadow in the powder-smoke.

"Drive them back!" cried Barran. His voice was loud and clear, but only one or two of those who were nearest to him heard the words. It was not needful that they should, for the onslaught of the enemy showed how poor the chance of life would be if once they got behind the entrenchment. Bullets came in murderous clusters, striking the biscuit-boxes with dull reports, splintering the furniture, boring into the grain-bags and the canvas, flattening themselves against the walls of the buildings, and some crashing through the windows, while assegais, thrown by sinewy and malignant arms, hurtled through the air like swooping birds.

In the fierceness of the first onrush a gigantic Zulu, screaming his war-cry, sprang against the barricade, and with a tremendous bound alighted on the top. His great, black, muscular form was for an instant silhouetted against the sky. He raised his spear, and was about to jump into the midst of the defenders.

Railton saw him and divined his purpose, and as the warrior leaned inward for the spring he thrust at him with his bayonet, leaping upward as he did so, the better to drive home his thrust.

"THE ZULU FELL BACK WITH A WILD CRY."

The Zulu fell back with a wild cry. Instantly another was in the place where he had been standing. Him also the Assistant-Commissary—who was no soldier — hurled back, then shouting that he could work better higher up, he climbed to the top of the barricade and plied his weapon fiercely, using the steel only, for the pressing need of action gave no chance of firing then.

A shower of bullets and assegais went over and about the figure on the grain-bags, and it toppled over and rolled at the soldiers' feet.

"Riddled like a sieve — must be," exclaimed Howard, with a groan of regret.

"Should be, if I weren't so little, and my clothes didn't bag," said Railton, cheerfully, as he sat up, and then rose to his feet. "As it is, I'm only winded and a bit dazed."

Howard, convinced of his error, and delighted to find that he was in the wrong, was blazing away again with his revolver. Railton, through whose plenteous clothing three bullets had passed, took his place behind some biscuit-boxes, and, aiming as well as he could in the thickening smoke, paid his tribute to the uproar.

An assault like that, needing such vast energy for its delivery, could not be maintained for long, and the defence found that the bullets and assegais were thinning, and that the Zulus were withdrawing. When the thick, choking, slowly-rising smoke had broken enough for them to see through, they saw that the Zulus were hurrying away to the foot of the hills, dragging and carrying their wounded with them. The dead they had left as they had fallen, and it was seen that they almost formed another barricade outside the first.

"They'll swoop down again," said Howard, warningly; "they're only drawing off for a little while. They did so at the other place."

"Yes, they'll face the music again," said Barran.

"Then we shall have to make 'em dance an even livelier tune," added the Assistant-Commissary.

"You're a fraud," observed the senior subaltern, with fierce admiration. "You've deceived us all along. Who taught you to fight in this way?"

"Instinct," replied Railton. "Besides, who could help fighting at a time like this?"

Nothing more was said. Time was too precious for talk, and so every officer and man set to work to strengthen the defence, and get more ammunition in readiness for the renewal of the attack. The lull was welcome, too, because it gave a chance for the removal to the buildings of men who had been shot down or stabbed, and to drag from near the barricade the bodies of some soldiers who would fight no more.

Again the black tide rolled from the hills

and spread over the plain, and once more the Zulus and the Englishmen were struggling furiously. Night was falling, but the Zulus had no thought of letting darkness stop the conflict.

"Keep it up!" cried Barran, encouragingly. "It can't be long before the General comes. Keep the ammunition going. Pass it round quicker than you'd pass the bottle."

He uttered the concluding words to Thring, the surgeon, who had been serving ammunition to the fighters from the first. Time after time he had rushed to the magazine and laid violent hands upon the cartridges, and in the heaviest of the firing and thickest of the fight had gone courageously about his unprofessional business. No man ran greater danger, and yet the surgeon came by no hurt. In the interval, when the Zulus were re-forming out of gunshot, he had done what he could for the wounded, but now he had left them and was hard at work with the ammunition-cases. He longed to use a rifle himself, but knew that he was infinitely better employed as he was now, in running between the fighting line and the magazine, seeing that the pouches were kept full.

If the Zulus fought with fury in their first attack they strove in frenzy now. In the earlier fight at the Little Hand they had seen men go down like stones, each one in his place. This their own best warriors had said, and these white men at the Drift were dying just as hard. There was no leaping over grain-bag or biscuit-box, no crawling under the waggon, no bursting through the broken furniture that looked so frail, no piercing that living, writhing bank of bearded men, each one of whom was grimy with the battle-smoke, reeking with the sweat of action, and most of whom were warm with trickling blood. If a black crawled through the waggon he was shot or bayoneted before he could regain his feet inside the barricade; if one, with mad and reckless leap, bounded on to the top of the obstacle, he was hurled back, dead or sorely wounded, amongst his fellows. The more they fought and leaped, the swifter they rushed, the speedier they dropped and the deeper grew the barricade of bodies.

At last, with one resistless charge, an arm of the enormous surging mass broke through the defence, beat down a section of the barricade, and by weight of human flesh and bone was forced into an actual collision with the soldiers. Muzzles spat fire into the very faces of the foe; but they, regardless of the death which blazed upon them, surged up until they touched the gory steel itself. Then they tried to wrench the bayonets from the rifles, and two or three were torn away with bleeding hands.

Railton saw a Zulu who had grasped a bayonet and had struck aside the rifle as the bullet whistled from it lift his knobkerrie to strike the soldier on the head. He rushed up just in time to crash his rifle on the dark, fierce face, then hurried back to where the foe had made an entry.

With Barran, Howard, and Thring—for at this supreme crisis Thring also had snatched a rifle, and was dealing blows beyond the healing of the art he practised — Railton contested every foot of ground; but, all the time he cried that they were holding their own, he knew that step by step they were being forced upon and into the adjacent buildings, and that the end for all was very near.

The senior subaltern, stunned by a blow, fell to the ground under the very feet of the savages. Railton seized him and dragged him to the door of one of the rooms in which the sick lay, and opening it, he pushed the unconscious man inside. "Get into the building, too," he shouted; "we can do no more good here."

Those who heard him obeyed as if he had been their own commanding officer. The Assistant-Commissary was the last to seek the refuge of the doorway. He then dashed in, slammed the door, and threw himself against it. An assegai was driven into the woodwork, and the point buried itself in Railton's shoulder as he strained against the door to keep it shut. Howard and Thring thrust with him, and they stood there grimly. Railton made no sound until help had come and the door had been barricaded. Then he demanded in a cheerful voice that Thring should help him to unhook himself.

"It's nothing," he protested, but Thring insisted upon doing something, in a rough and ready way, to staunch the bleeding. "Now, I'll stand here and guard the door while the wounded are got somewhere else," said the Assistant-Commissary. "The niggers have left us for a minute or two; I can see them going."

Railton did not say that he saw them collecting straw and wood to bring up and set the hospital on fire. That bit of news he thought would be better kept to himself. He thrust his rifle-barrel through a crack in the door, and fired so steadily and truly that the path was blocked with tributes to his power. But fresh warriors came on, and as

"HOWARD AND THRING THRUST WITH HIM."

darkness fell the first-fruits of the Zulus' bravery were tasted by them. They had set the hospital on fire, and as the flames crackled and threw a lurid light across the plain they raised their cry of war afresh.

"It's all over now, at any rate," said the senior subaltern, with a groan.

"It'll be the Little Hand again," added Howard. He shuddered as he recalled the fearful picture of the massacre, which had been driven from his recollection in the turmoil of the fight.

"Never say die while there's a door and wall between us," shouted Railton, exultantly. "Shall I keep this doorway while you get the cripples somewhere else?"

Without awaiting leave or orders he began firing afresh, and when his rifle-barrel became too hot for use he picked up the weapon of a dead man near him and fired the two alternately. He kept the Zulus at bay until the sick had been removed in safety, then, as the flames were licking the woodwork and the roof was on fire, and as the Zulus also were beating fiercely at the door, he rushed across the smoke-laden, choking room, and staggered into a doorway which led into another apartment.

Here men were working with bayonets and butts of rifles, as energetically as rabbits burrowing in the earth, to make a hole through the wall, for the enemy were sure within a few minutes to burst into this place also. There was a murderous beating at the door. Railton, with a stalwart private, was leaning against it, as undaunted as ever, but feeling weaker, for by this time he had several wounds upon his body. His shoulder gave him pain intense, but he never dreamed of crying out. He believed that death must now be met by all. Part of the building was blazing, the blacks were swarming, and, besides defending themselves and the few rooms that still remained to them, the soldiers had the care and burden of the sick and wounded.

Of those who could crawl or walk most got into the shelter of the neighbouring rooms and were guarded by their comrades. One or two, but not without enduring agony, clambered out of windows, and dragged themselves to the long grass outside the Drift, where they hid themselves; others were butchered by the Zulus, amongst them a man who was crying in delirium.

From the doorway which they guarded Railton and the private had to run and wriggle through a hole in the wall which the butts and bayonets had by this time made, and by means of which the wounded had been removed and the fighters had withdrawn, excepting Railton and the soldier. At their very heels the Zulus went, but the hole was swiftly plugged by bodies, and, unable to force an entrance through it, the foe ceased operations for the time, and a little peace fell on the party. The fire was being blown away from them, but there was light enough to show what was passing in the room.

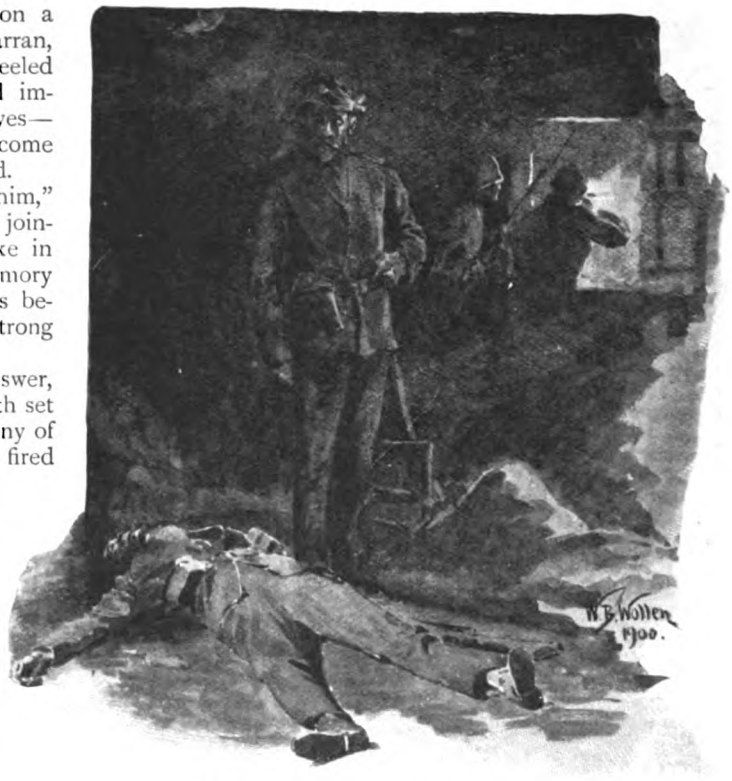
By the flashes of the powder they saw Railton sink upon the floor, and then crawl into a corner, as a wounded animal might crawl. They saw him stretch himself wearily

alongside a sick man on a mattress, and when Barran, with a heavy heart, kneeled by his side and looked imploringly at him, his eyes—they had suddenly become very gentle again—closed.

"It's all over with him," Barran said, rising and joining Howard. He spoke in choked tones, for the memory of his ungenerous words before the fight began was strong upon him.

Howard made no answer, but turned away, and with set purpose of killing as many of the Zulus as he could, fired revengefully at any dusky form which flitted past his view.

But the back of the conflict had been by this time broken. From that hour the impis made no fresh attempt to rush. Some part of the main building was destroyed, and still smouldered and crackled in the darkness, at times breaking into weak flame and dying out in smoke; but the portion where the defenders had sought refuge was intact, and so they held their own through the rest of that appalling night.



"'IT'S ALL OVER WITH HIM,' BARRAN SAID."

When the dawn broke the Zulus slowly drew away, a beaten, sullen horde, taking their wounded with them, and leaving mounds of dead to testify to their own valour and the courage of the men who had for such long hours, against such long odds, fought behind the grain-bags and the boxes.

While the morning was yet young the General marched to the relief, and Barran, saluting stiffly with a useless arm, made known in brief and military fashion that he had obeyed the command of his superior officer. He had held the Drift. The butchery of the Little Hand was in some degree atoned for, and the British Colony was safe.

As he made his statement Thring, himself a cripple, hastened up with less of ceremony than the presence of the General demanded, and announced that Railton lived, and excepting the fact that he would have to go through life with one arm, many scars, and a slender pension, would do well.

The dead were still unburied near the Little Hand—they were left unsodded for four months, and not even the vultures touched them—when Railton, who was much swathed and bound, was told by Barran, with the help of Howard and professional aid from Thring, that he was included in a batch of men who had become V.C.'s, because of what they had done to keep the Drift.

The Assistant-Commissary was again a mild, gentle, slender little man, with more of greyness in his beard and hair than one had seen before they held the Drift. "After all," he remarked, gravely, "I've done nothing more than any other soldier did. At any rate, I did nothing to deserve the Cross. I opened the ball, but I didn't see it through."

"Not deserve it!" echoed Barran. "Why, man, if you got what you're entitled to, you'd have bars enough on your Cross to make a ladder from your chest to your feet."

In Front of the Stampede.

A STORY OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER RAILROAD AND PLAINS.

By Alvah Milton Kerr.

AS claim-adjuster in the department of lost, over, and short freight I was, for the most part, "on the wing," knocking about over all divisions and branches of the road, at the head or tail of problems involving the company's money or the want of it. Old Perth, round-house foreman at Wandon, had helped me in fixing the responsibility of a shortage in the freighting of engine-oil from an Eastern firm, and perhaps on that account, or from some sort of affinity, we became fast friends. Of course, and quite naturally, an ex-dispatcher like myself and an old engineer like Perth could hardly escape feeling an interest in each other; besides, Perth was a man of good intellect, and eminently worthy of cultivation. I rarely passed through Wandon without going over to the round-house and shops to see him.

Sitting one day in his little office, which looked on the one hand into the engine-room, with its sixteen stalls, and on the other into the repair-shop, with its cranes, steam-hammers, lathes, and litter of engine parts, he told me the story of Katie Lyon's great ride during Long Blanket's raid, and her race for life in the buffalo stampede.

"It was the first trip I ever fired an engine," he said. "I was then a green lump of a boy, only a couple of years off the farm. Most railroaders, you know, come from the corn-fields, especially in the West. Eighteen months in the shops at Omaha had given me an ambition to push my way toward the throttle as fast as possible, and wipers and firemen being plenty in my quarter, I came on out to the mountain division and went into the round-house at Ludder. That was way back in the sixties, when the first road was being pushed across the western half of the continent. Indians and buffalo and soldiers were very much in evidence in those days, and the line, instead of running clean and well-ballasted through a civilized land, wormed its way across five hundred miles of bunch-grass and sage-brush, and through another five hundred of mountains, a world of solitude peopled only by creatures of solitude.

"There was some question as to whether Ludder would continue as a divisional point, and, partly on account of its possible removal, the round-house had been constructed of wood instead of brick. The building contained stalls for eight engines, and stood some 200ft. from a creek. Into the creek emptied an 18in. drain carrying off the waste water when we washed out the engine-boilers. But for this drain it is probable that Katie Lyon would never have taken her memorable ride.

"Jack Lyon, Katie's father, handled the throttle of the old 40. Jack was a middle-aged man then, and the 40 was young. Both are in the scrap-pile now, God bless them! The advanced front of construction was nearly a hundred miles west of us, and such rolling-stock as we boasted was chiefly employed in hauling rails, ties, machinery, men, and supplies toward the front. The rather indefinite homes of the company's employés at Ludder consisted, in most instances, of sod huts and flimsy pine cottages. Lyon's home lay a quarter of a mile down the creek, where he found it convenient to have a garden, irrigated from the stream by means of a lifting water-wheel, and where a Jersey cow and calf and a young white mare, brought from Iowa, found pasturage close at hand. The engineer's family consisted of a wife and three children—Katie, fourteen or fifteen years of age, and twin boys in their tenth summer.

"Katie was a restless creature, boyish, and as whimsical and lively as thistledown. I remember—you can hardly fancy how clearly—of often looking down from the engine-house and seeing the girl and the two little chaps playing at all sorts of pranks in the pasture below the house. One day it would be 'circus,' with Katie on the mare, sometimes standing up, urging the animal round a circle, with one twin as ring-master and the other as clown or 'tumbler'; another day it would be 'cowboy,' with one of the twins or Katie on the mare and 'roping' the Jersey calf or cow or one of the children. Once, when nine years old, Katie had been to a circus, back in Iowa, and memory of it still flamed in her mind with something of the glory of a great torch seen against the sky. In Eastern Nebraska, afterward, she had seen the knights of the sombrero and lariat at work, and had found them picturesque

and remarkable. Imitation is the child's part, so they played at that which seemed most fanciful in their world. Lyon occasionally asked his daughter, in teasing vein, if she had yet decided which she was best cut out for, a circus-rider or a cowboy. But Katie's equestrian weakness ultimately served the little community a very good turn indeed.

"During those days Indians were plentiful; not quite so thick as grasshoppers, but uncomfortably numerous, and not yet corralled on reservations, as now. Buffalo in uncounted thousands grazed on the plains and in the wide entrances of the mountain valleys all the way from Texas to Montana. Wild horses roamed in freedom, and the antelope and coyote were not afraid. It was beautiful.

"But that order of things had been touched with change: the roar of the locomotive began to reverberate in the solitudes, and the first criminal slaughterers of the bison herds had begun their awful work. The Indians grew resentful and troublesome, and details of United States troops had often to be called out to guard the railroad and defenceless settlements. Then came the general attack led by Chief Long Blanket on the north and by Black Calf from the south. That brought to light the real stuff of most of us, and it was then I found out the true-blue steel of which Katie was made. She used to come up to the station almost every time that her father came in with his engine, and would usually climb into the cab and mount the fireman's seat, and ring the bell while I ran the engine into the house. When Lyon wasn't looking, I remember, I used to let her hold the throttle as we went down to the round-house switch. She could always do almost anything with me.

KATIE LYON.

"Well, one September morning a report came from the front that the men on construction had been having a warm time with the redskins and wanted help. Three troops of the Third Cavalry were in camp on the creek a mile or so from Ludder, and a messenger was sent in all speed to notify them. Old Fort Chandler lay off to the south-west of us about fifteen miles, and the blue-shirts had been brought near the track in order that they might strike quickly, for disturbing rumours had been coming in for some weeks of a general uprising of the savages. Major Holme had gone west from Fort Chandler in search of Black Calf and his band, leaving the troops at the fort reduced to a small number — three companies, under the command of Captain Pope, having been detached to guard the railroad and settlement at Ludder. Black Calf, however, had given Holme the slip, and was making a long détour to the south and east to strike us at the division station; but all were ignorant of this. Reports had come in that Long Blanket, with a band of warriors, had been seen in the low foot-hills north of the track, some twenty miles west of us, and Pope was preparing to swing his force against them, when word came that his men were needed at the front, eighty miles west.

"The superintendent of construction, who was at the front, had sent the message. It came by wire, early in the morning, and within the hour Pope was at the station with

his troops. The horses and luggage were hurriedly loaded into box-cars, most of the boys boarded other box-cars, while two flat cars were thrown into the centre of the train, each bearing a mounted howitzer and a staked breastwork of railroad iron and a complement of soldiers. Engine 40 was brought out and hooked on ahead. Her fireman being sick, I was ordered to go with Lyon and fire the engine. That met my wish precisely, for I was anxious to begin firing; besides, there was the enticing vision of a battle at the front. I was young then. It wouldn't entice me now.

"Nearly everyone in the straggling village of Ludder came out to see us off. Lyon's wife, with the twins and an anxious face, was there; and while Lyon was oiling round Katie climbed up into the cab and slipped a revolver under the cushion of the fireman's seat. 'It's father's; you may need it, Joe,' she said, and laughed over her shoulder to me as she jumped to the ground from the gangway. I grinned and blushed, little realizing how and where I should next meet this madcap maid.

"About nine o'clock we rolled out of the station, with a crowd of women and children and eight or ten men cheering us, and began swinging away toward the west. The track was new and in poor shape for fast running; but Lyon let the 40 have her head, his dark eyes glistening as he watched the rails ahead. The country swept away to north and south in scarcely perceptible swells—an ocean of fading grass, yellow-green and dreamy in the tender heat. Vast masses of snow-pure clouds drifted in the sky, while before us, in the west, and curving toward the north-east, rose the lilac-coloured heaps of the Rockies. I didn't have much time to poetize, however, for I had my hands full in trying to keep the 40 hot.

"We got on swimmingly for perhaps twenty miles, then we struck a break—two rails had been pried loose from the ties and thrown by the right-of-way. It looked bad. By the merest chance we escaped being ditched. On the north side of the track, and extending for miles toward the west, began a series of low foot-hills—so low they seemed much like the gentle swells of a lazy sea. Here and there through this undulating plateau sharp coulées had been cut by the summer waters of the distant mountains, though the stream-beds were now dry or carrying little fluid. Pope mounted to the top of a box-car and scanned the region with his glass, but no Indians or other marauders were in sight. Away to the south we all saw what appeared to be a black lake, a sweep of living liquid, miles in length, and stirring faintly like something moved by a gentle wind.

"'Buffaloes,' said Lyon, laconically, setting the injector-pumps to work and jumping to the ground. 'That sort of thing is as common as jack-rabbits; but this tearing up of the track is different. Long Blanket and his gang must be over among the hills there somewhere.' He ended with some very strong language.

"The conductor and two brakemen were ahead, inspecting the ground. Tracks of both men and horses were thick near the break in the track. Captain Pope promptly ordered a squad of soldiers forward; the rails were brought back and put into place; spikes and a maul were brought from the caboose and the rupture mended. Then we pulled forward again, but cautiously, Lyon watching the track ahead of us like a hawk, his hand on the throttle lever, while Pope and every boy in blue on the train stood on the alert for a whack at the unseen enemy. Soon we found another break; a half-dozen rails had been pulled up. After we had repaired that we found another break, and another, and another, and time slipped away into the afternoon, and we were making no progress. Pope grew furious, and the balance of us—well, we were irritated, you may well believe.

"Pope came and rode in the engine. 'There's a wooden trestle about three miles from here,' said Lyon. 'If they've burned that, then the game is up; we'll never get to the front. The trestle is beyond the big bend ahead there. Halloa! there's some more rails pulled up.'

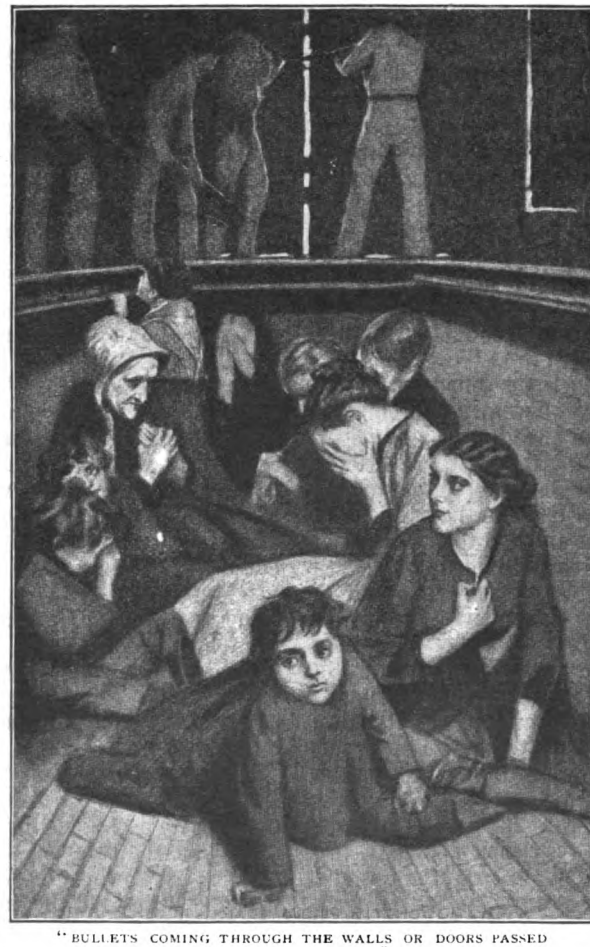
"'Long Blanket and his band are going west,' said the Captain. 'Evidently the chief's idea is to destroy so much track that it will take the company several days to make repairs; meanwhile he will try to connect with the Indians at the front and strike the construction men a heavy blow. I'm of half a mind to mount the boys and go after him. If the trestle is burned I will do so. Yellow Sky of the Shoshones is the chap who is leading the devilry, I fancy, out at the front.'

"Now, as later information revealed, the men at the front were taking care of themselves, and also of Yellow Sky, in fine style, while we, the rescuers, were in peril; and affairs back at Ludder, where we thought everything quiet and secure, were alarming to the last degree. Within an hour after

our leaving the division station Black Calf, with a band of 200 painted braves, appeared south of the town.

"All told, there were something like twenty-five men and boys and perhaps a hundred women and children in the village. All these in wild excitement hurried to the round-house, as being the only possible place of defence, and where they might be together. The husbands and grown-up sons of many of the women were at the front, or out on construction trains, or working at points along the line. The place was practically helpless.

"The first thing that Black Calf and his warriors did was to burn the station and several of the houses; then they attacked the round-house. The men in the building had barricaded the great doors and cut holes through the board walls; and as several of the men and women had guns and revolvers, the bucks and their leader were held in check, several of their number receiving wounds and two being killed. The Indians poured bullets into the building's walls and doors, but beyond a few slight wounds among the men no casualties had occurred by noon. Laner, the round-house foreman, was a stern, gritty fellow, and he and the station agent took command. They put all the children and most of the women—for some of the latter fought side by side with the men—into the ash-pits, so that bullets coming through the walls or doors passed over their heads. Mrs. Lyon held her place with the fighters, while, at her command, Katie and the twins crouched in one of the pits. There were two engines in the house, one with steam up.



"BULLETS COMING THROUGH THE WALLS OR DOORS PASSED OVER THEIR HEADS."

"A little after noon the redskins massed against the big doors, making a mad attempt to crush their way in. It was then that Laner did a remarkable thing. He suddenly jumped up into the cab of the 53, the engine with steam on, and yelled to the men to open the doors before her. As the doors swung back he jerked the throttle wide open and leaped off. The engine swept the savages out of the doorway, ploughed through the mass of bucks before the building, shot across the turn-table and main track, and rolled over on her side 200ft. away. Twenty odd Indians were killed and maimed by this master-stroke. The rest scattered in all directions, but presently returned, fearful, though furious. However, they kept at a safe distance from the front of the building after that.

"The men began to hope then that the bloodthirsty wretches might be beaten off for a time, at least during daylight. But when night should come, what then? The building would certainly be burned by the Indians, and the lives of all the whites be lost in massacre! If there were only some means of getting word to the fort, or to Pope and his

men. Katie heard this, and five minutes later disappeared.

"Presently a boy in the wash-pit cried that someone was halloaing through the drain-pipe. A man bent down and listened, then called Mrs. Lyon. 'Katie's in there,' he said, breathlessly. Mrs. Lyon sprang down in the pit, and with white face knelt at the end of the drain. 'I'm going to the fort,' came a shrill but far-away voice. 'I'm going to wade down the creek to the house. I'll hide along under the bank. I'm going to take White Bess, and see if I can't get help.'

"Mrs. Lyon screamed for Katie to come back, but the voice that come through the drain only said, 'Good-bye, ma; don't worry about me. There isn't an Indian pony on the plains that can catch White Bess. Tell Mr. Laner I'll bring the soldiers. Good-bye, ma.' Mrs. Lyon wrung her hands and implored, but no answer came back. Katie had slipped into the creek from the mouth of the drain and had started on her dangerous mission.

"A MOMENT LATER SHE WAS LEADING WHITE BESS DOWN THE BED OF THE SHALLOW STREAM.

"For 300ft. or more she crept on her hands and knees close along under the bank, then, getting somewhat out of the range of view, hurried in crouching posture on down the creek to their little home. Stooping low and keeping behind a fence, she reached the stable. Slipping a bridle on the white mare, and strapping a folded blanket on the animal's back, she turned her into the pasture. The animal went at once to the creek to drink, and Katie again crept along the fence and escaped from sight under the bank. A moment later she was leading White Bess down the bed of the shallow stream and away from the town. When the village lay a half-mile or more behind her she led the mare out through a clump of cottonwoods on to dry ground and mounted. The big soft eyes of the animal were shining with eagerness; the fine September air tasted nice, and the wide, yellowish floor of the plain invited her feet. Katie leaned forward and patted the horse's arched neck. 'We must bring the soldiers, Bessie,' she said, imploringly. 'Don't fall, and don't never give up if they chase us. Mommy and little Dan and Jimmy may never see the light of morning if we fail.' The mare blinked her big eyes and chewed impatiently at the bit; the girl drew in a long, tremulous breath, cried out sharply, and they shot away across the plain.

"To Katie the strong light and broad openness of the prairie were terrible. She looked back across her shoulder to the town, hearing yells and the crack of rifles and the noise of fighting. She rode straight south, selecting the lowest ground, and intending to turn south-west toward the fort when at a safe distance. She had progressed perhaps a mile when, looking back, she saw a party of Indians on horseback shoot out from the edge of the town, ranging a little west to south. The girl's ruddy cheeks whitened, and her brown fingers clutched the rein nervously. 'We've got to outrun them, Bess,' she cried; 'we've *got* to do it!'

"The lithe, white mare, with her light burden, went like an antelope, breathing softly, and taking the ground with a long, sweeping, steady lope. The girl pulled on the bit a little. 'Let them do their fast running first,' she said, looking back through her flying hair; 'we'll set the pace at the end.'

"The tough Indian ponies, urged by quirt

and many a pealing yell, followed her like excited hounds, but keeping to the west of her in their course. Clearly the Indians purposed getting between the girl and the fort before attempting to run her down. The racers were probably four miles out from Ludder when Katie realized the intention of the painted fiends. She at once turned the mare straight toward the fort, and bending low over the animal's neck, urged her with a series of startling screams. The Indians, seeing the move, put their horses to top speed, and riding across the inside of the angle made by Katie's course, sought to cut her off.

"But White Bess ran like a deer, and the Indians crossed her course an eighth of a mile to the rear. They fired no shots and ceased yelling, evidently not wishing to frighten or press the girl until they could get the advantage of position. They now pointed their course slightly to the south, plainly hoping to allay the girl's fears and gradually drive her north-west and away from the fort. Evidently they felt that a straight race after the fleet mare would end in their defeat.

"In spite of her intention, Katie drew gradually toward the west in trying to keep away from her pursuers. She must have been twelve miles from Ludder, and White Bess was wet and breathing hard, when she struck the buffalo herd, the eastern end of that living lake which we had seen from the train when repairing the track.

"It was a terrible blow to Katie's hopes, for she saw that she could not reach the fort unless she could get on the south side of the mighty herd, and such a course would throw her well-nigh into the arms of the savages. For a moment she pulled the mare up, looking wildly in all directions. For miles away to the south and west that hairy, awful sheet of dark forms stretched before her. Panting and horrified, she set the tired mare on the gallop again, riding straight toward the west. She must pass clear around the herd and come in to the fort from the south or west. Yelling wildly, the Indians came after her, the hardy ponies sticking to the chase like dogs.

"Katie's face grew drawn and white; her red lips turned ashen and parched. She patted the neck of the dripping mare, praying her not to fail. 'We *must* beat them, Bess! Oh, we must! We must!' she kept pleading.

"That was about the hour in the afternoon when we of the train were repairing the last break before we should turn the bend beyond which lay the trestle of which Lyon had spoken. We had scarcely completed the repairs when we suddenly saw that the whole black mass of life stretching across the south-east was rolling toward us like a mighty wave.

"'Pull ahead, Lyon! For God's sake, get on the trestle, if it is still standing!' shouted the conductor. Lyon gave the 40 steam, and we whirled away toward the bridge.

"I fancy that there was not a man on the train who did not feel his skin creep with fear and horror at sight of that resistless avalanche of animal life sweeping toward us. The dark billow was miles wide, and its rear was lost in clouds of dust. A band of Indians, by Long Blanket's order, or in attempting to break through to join the chief, had stampeded the mightiest herd of bison ever seen upon the plains. The front of the herd was like a long, uneven wall of rushing water, from the lower edge of which gushed out a curling surf of dust, and beneath which all life that fell or was overtaken was drawn and trampled into fragments. Hundreds of thousands of hoofs beat the earth, and the roar from that rushing sea of flesh was like a strange new thunder. Coyotes, antelopes, and wild horses ran before it for their lives; and at one point, near the extreme front of a wedge-shaped pack of riderless horses, we saw what was apparently a child on a grey horse, leaning forward over the animal's neck, and riding madly in the race with death. East of this astonishing figure we saw eight or ten Indians, on ponies and in war-paint, straining toward the north, with the hurling black mass not 500ft. behind them. Even while we looked we saw one of the ponies fall, and the Indian rider leap to his feet and run, only to be drawn under in a moment and disappear from sight.

"In the thrill and horror of the prospect I did not regard my immediate surroundings, until we suddenly rushed upon the trestle and stopped. Then I saw that a large body of Indian horsemen were riding at a gallop westward on the north side of the track. Long Blanket and his braves, caught in their work of tearing up the track, were trying to get beyond the range of the stampede.

"The trestle was some 50ft. in length, and apparently stretched across the almost dry bed of what had once been a small river. The stringers and ties at the highest point were not more than 10ft. or 12ft. above the ground. Upon these the engine and two cars stood, the balance of the train reaching out along the grade eastward. All along the train I heard shouting and stern orders as the

thunder of the stampede grew in volume and rolled toward us. I cannot now say what I thought or felt, the situation was so appalling. Whether the rushing sea of frightened animals would sweep the train away and go over it, leaving us all lifeless, or would break and eddy round us, no man could say. I was hanging out from the gangway, quivering in every nerve, while Lyon's face looked white and strange as he leaned from the window of the cab, his dry lips moving as he watched the grey horse and child coming toward us. Suddenly a wild cry broke from him, and his

"KATIE KEPT THE LEAD."

grimy fingers knotted involuntarily. 'It's Katie, Joe! My God, it's Katie!' he cried.

"A kind of fire swept through me at that, such a leap of the pulses as I had never felt before. I sprang down upon the ends of the ties, and reached my hands toward her, shouting in a sort of frenzy; then, suddenly, as by inspiration, the only possible course of action was revealed to me. I slipped down between the outer ends of the ties and hung full length from the outside stringer. I saw that Katie was guiding the jaded mare straight toward us. In truth, her eyes had been fastened upon her father's smoking engine for more than a mile.

"As I hung there, with my face toward the on-coming ocean of hairy forms, I felt Lyon's hands gripping my wrists, and heard him appealing to God for help. As all that horrible mass came thundering toward us I could see that Katie kept the lead. She was lying low and close over the mare's neck, one hand wound in the animal's mane, the other clutching the rein. Her hair was blown back, and her face looked small and white. The mare looked slim and wet and strange. Her nose was stretched out, her eyes were glassy and red, her lips scarlet and open. At her heels the pack of wild horses came galloping, with manes blowing and heads outstretched; behind them that rushing wall of frenzied buffalo. The panting of the strange multitude of unreasoning brutes was horrifying, rising like an indescribable gasp through the thunder of their hoofs.

"When the front of the stampede was perhaps 500ft. away I saw a stream of fire leap out from every car along the train, the howitzers crashed, and again the carbines roared. Instantly the wave of buffaloes seemed to double under at the base, then roll into the air like a kind of black and indescribable billow. In that maze of tumbling forms I saw the Indians who had chased poor Katie sink, crushed by bullets and swallowed up in the remorseless mass. I saw this with a glance, for the white, upturned face of Katie was not 50ft. away, and both Lyon and myself were shouting to her to stand up and jump. It was an awful moment. I saw it all as vivid as lightning, yet somehow it had the colour of a dream. In Katie's eyes I could see terror mingled with resolution as she got to her feet on the horse's back. An instant she wavered, then straightened up, and as the panting mare shot under us she jumped. For a second I saw her pale face and wide-open eyes flying toward me through the air, then her arms shut about my pendent body with a shock. My arms seemed torn from their sockets by the blow, but Lyon was holding my wrists like a vice. In a moment he loosened his grip and, bending low, caught the girl by the arms and drew her up. By his aid I then scrambled back upon the ties.

"All about us roared a living storm. Dust covered the scene like battle smoke. Through it we saw the incessant flashing of carbines along the train; east and west a vague brown torrent of brutes poured across the track. Under us the press and struggle of hulking forms choked the pass and shook the bridge. When the air cleared we saw that the work of the soldiers had divided the mighty pack; it was flowing north and north-west in two dark streams. Before us were swaths of slain bison; piles of the bodies lay against the train, and somewhere in that appalling slaughter lay Katie's pursuers.

"Weak and trembling, I climbed up into the engine-cab. Lyon sat on the floor, and across his lap lay Katie, limp and panting. 'Mommy—little Dan and Jim—we must go back!' she was gasping. 'All the folks are in the round-house—the Indians are there! I was going to the fort for help!'

"Lyon placed her on the fireman's cushion, and jumped to the reversing-lever and threw it over, opened the throttle, and whistled 'Off brakes.' There was a clanking of couplings, and the train started eastward. In a few minutes Pope and the conductor came scrambling over the foot of the tender.

"'Where are you going?' they demanded.

"'To save my wife and babies,' said Lyon. 'Black Calf and his brutes are at Ludder; they've got the folks shut up in the round-house; there'll be a massacre!'

"'That's where we are needed, then,' cried Pope, and the conductor's whitening lips said 'Yes,' for his own loved ones were at Ludder.

"Lyon pushed the 40 hard, and at the end of an hour the military train dashed into the division station. At sight of us Black Calf's forces broke and fled, followed and stung by showers of bullets. The soldiers began unloading their horses at once and mounting for the chase. The overjoyed prisoners poured out from the great doors of the engine-house, and fairly overwhelmed us in their gratitude. Mrs. Lyon came running toward the 40 to tell Lyon that Katie had probably perished, when, to her amazement and joy, her husband jumped to the ground with Katie in his arms.

"Well, what happened would be difficult to describe. I couldn't see much of it, for, tough chap though I was, I couldn't see very plainly for the tears that filled my eyes. I only know that Katie had a reception fit for a princess.

"What became of White Bess? Well, sir, she was found next morning standing, feeble and badly used up, in a gully about two miles north of the trestle; but we brought her back and turned her into Lyon's pasture, and a few weeks afterward I saw the animal and the children again playing 'circus.'

"As for the Indians, Major Holme struck Yellow Sky at the front and beat off his followers and took the old chief prisoner, while Pope chased Long Blanket and Black Calf into the north-western hills and gave them a fine drubbing."

"What became of Katie, the heroic little girl?" I asked.

Perth smiled contentedly. "Well," he said, "if you'll come over to the house and take dinner with me, you will meet her. We've been married a good many years and her hair is grey; but I think you will find her about the sunniest and most motherly woman that ever made a poor railroader feel equal to a millionaire."

Peculiar Weddings.

By Albert H. Broadwell.

THE first wedding which we shall describe owes its peculiarity to the fact that the age of the bridegroom formed a record. Colonel Overton, of St. Joseph, who was just a hundred years of age, was married some time ago to a young lady of seventy-seven. As may be imagined, there was a crowd to see the ceremony, which was performed at the First Methodist Episcopal Church of St. Joseph, by Dr. C. H. Stocking.

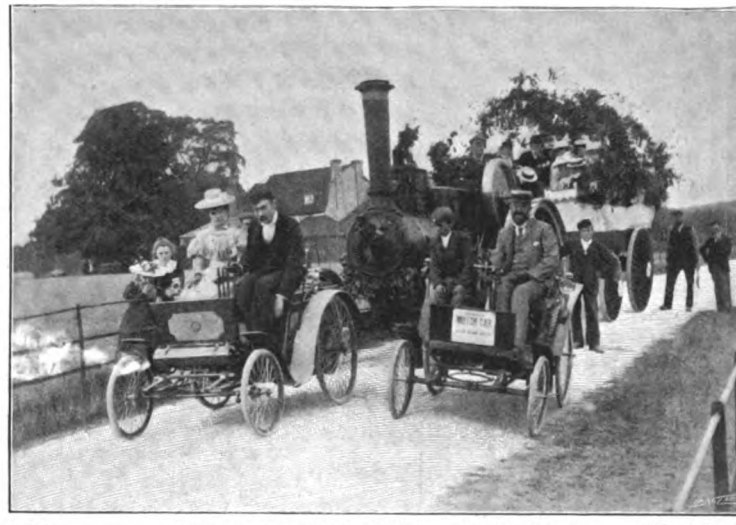
COLONEL OVERTON, MARRIED AT THE AGE OF A HUNDRED.
From a Photograph.

MRS. OVERTON, MARRIED AT SEVENTY-SEVEN.
From a Photograph.

Colonel Overton was born in the oil region of Pennsylvania. He has lived in many States and followed many professions. In his youth he was a portrait painter, at a time when such artists were scarce in this country and when photography had not been developed to its present perfection. He was twenty-six years a resident of Arkansas, and has lived only two years in St. Joseph. He is a man of slight build, fairly erect, and walks vigorously with the help of a cane. He has full white chin-whiskers and hair which, though perfectly white, shows no sign of baldness. Until a short time ago he had never worn spectacles. He uses them now occasionally, but not always, even when reading. He never chewed tobacco or smoked, never drank a drop of liquor or took a dose of medicine in his life! He is capable of doing a good day's work if necessary, but as he has always lived frugally and saved his money he is not obliged to do so now. Cupid loves a soldier, as everybody knows, and Colonel Overton is a veteran of three wars. Cupid has favoured him more than once. He first married at thirty-five, and his second wife died in St. Joseph at the age of seventy-six. He is the father of ten children, seven of whom are living. His bride has also had a matrimonial experience. She was married in early youth, and her first husband died only a few years ago.

In contrast to this happy union at so unusual an age it may be interesting to refer here to the most gruesome marriage celebration that has ever taken place. This was performed at the home of Herr William Reidl, Magdeburg, Germany. It was the golden wedding anniversary of Herr Reidl, and at the same time was celebrated the

silver wedding of his only son Frederick. The elder Reidl was chief executioner of the domains of Kaiser Wilhelm, while his son



From a Photo. by] THE TRACTION-ENGINE WEDDING—THE PROCESSION. *[Mr. A. Cornell, Tonbridge.*

Frederick also figured as a public executioner of long service. The eldest son of the latter is a soldier in the German Army, but his father declares that as soon as he is discharged he will secure him a place where his work will be of exactly the same nature as his own. Not only are both William Reidl and his

every kingdom and principality in the German Empire was represented. Altogether, there were present nearly three hundred men whose occupation was the execution of criminals. Mr. Reidl very naturally has an aversion to being photographed; he does not care to be recognised by the multitude in his official capacity, otherwise we should have reproduced his photograph here.

The village of East Peckham, Kent, was

From a Photo. by] THE TRACTION-ENGINE WEDDING—A HALT FOR REFRESHMENTS. *[Mr. A. Cornell, Tonbridge.*

son public executioners, but there was not a single man invited to participate in the event who was not also an executioner. Nearly

recently the scene of a very novel and interesting wedding procession, when there were substituted for the ordinary horsed

vehicles in use on such occasions a truck drawn by a traction engine and an escort of motor-cars. The wedding party proceeded from the bride's residence to the church in the truck, which, with the engine, was gaily decorated with flags, flowers, and evergreens. At the conclusion of the ceremony the newly-married couple and their friends drove in procession through roads lined with spectators to a neighbouring village, where an open-air wedding breakfast awaited them. Both bridegroom and bride are enthusiastic auto-carists. The photographs here reproduced were taken and kindly lent by Mr. A. Cornell, of Tonbridge.

It is a pity that no photograph was secured of an American wedding which took place not long ago, and which, though certainly not deserving of imitation, has all the interest of eccentricity. A couple agreed to be married in the car of a balloon, and after the knot was tied the balloon was allowed to ascend for a honeymoon trip. The bride, however, became alarmed, and jumped out of the car. The balloon had risen then about 100ft., and, as the newly-wedded wife fell into the river, she was nearly drowned, but happily escaped with a severe fright. This plan is accordingly not to be recommended to candidates for matrimonial honours.

Another curious wedding is one connected with a "bicycle made for two," perhaps better known as a "sociable." The principal actors in this interesting function were two well-known members of the Italian community in London, Mr. Achille Gasperi and Miss Emily Pappacena, who were united in wedlock at the French Catholic church of Notre Dame, in Leicester Street. Directly after the ceremony a procession of considerable size was formed, consisting mainly of cyclists of both sexes. On their way to the Comedy Restaurant—to whose proprietor we are indebted for the loan of the accompanying photo.—the couple created a great stir along the route from the church to the restaurant.

From a] THE BICYCLE WEDDING. *[Photograph.*

We have next to record a very extraordinary ceremony—the wedding of two people in a lions' cage. We are glad that so successful a photograph was taken, because it proves, what might otherwise have been doubted, the absolute authenticity of this extraordinary feat.

On the evening of November 4th Miss Charlotte Wiberg, of Boston, and Mr. Arthur St. Andrassy, of Perth, Amboy, N.J., were married by the Rev. George Reader, of Ohio, in the lions' cage at the Zoo. The clergyman stood outside the cage and tied the nuptial knot, while the bride and groom were locked inside the cage with Cleopatra and Cæsar, the two biggest and ugliest lions of the Boston Zoological Society. The marriage was widely advertised by the enterprising Press agent in whose fertile brain the idea of the marriage in the lions' cage originated. Nearly 5,000 people paid twenty-five cents apiece to witness the novel proceeding. Many more remained outside the building in the hope of getting a glimpse of the young couple who had bearded the lions in their den. At nine o'clock the big organ of the Zoo pealed forth a wedding march. A surpliced choir of twenty boys sang a processional hymn, and the bride and groom moved towards the lions' cage. The immense audience that had gathered had angered the lions, and they looked anything but pleasant. Four attendants armed with sharp-pointed iron bars took their places at the four corners of the cage. The lion-keeper entered the cage followed by the bridal couple. The keeper closed the steel bar door after them with a click and drove the lions back into their corners, while the bride and groom advanced to the centre of the cage facing the minister. The lions gave a frenzied roar and walked restlessly about, casting their evil eyes now upon the crowd on the outside and then upon the bridal pair. The keeper quieted the lions somewhat, and then the wedding ceremony began.

MR. AND MRS. ST. ANDRASSY, WHO WERE MARRIED IN A LIONS' CAGE.
From a Photo. by Elmer Chickering, Boston.

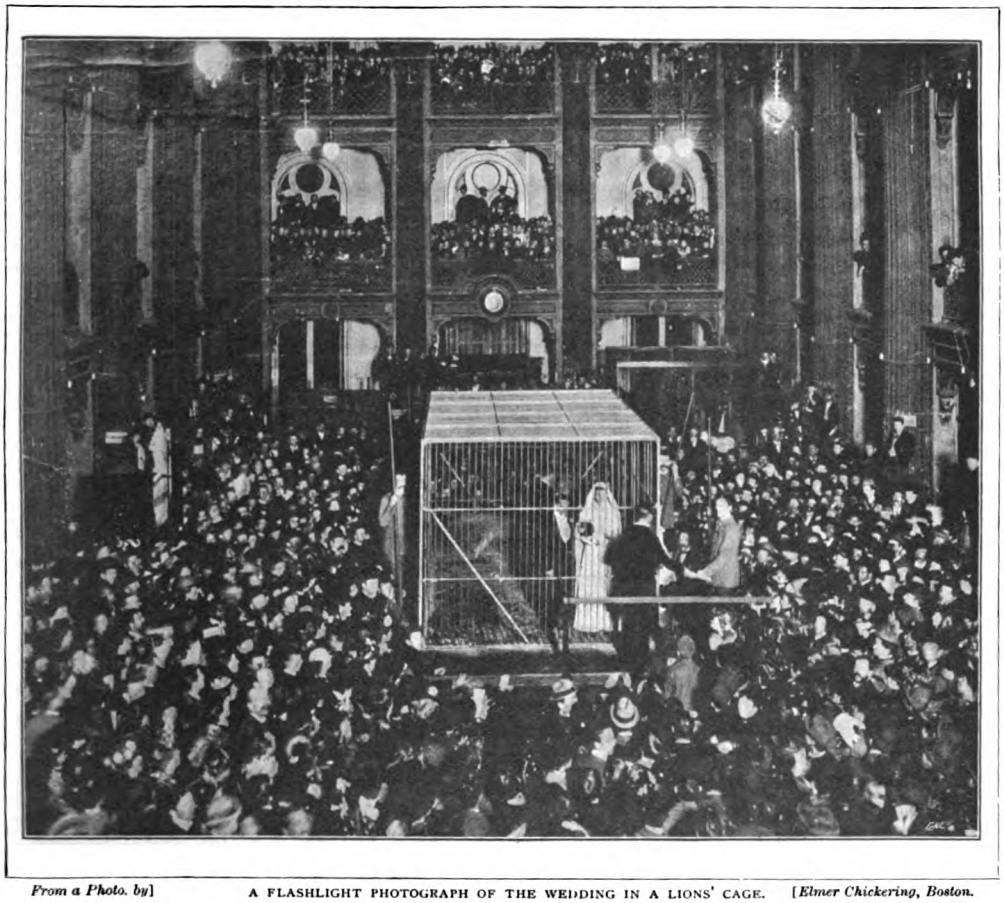
Without the least sign of fear, or even nervousness, the couple answered the usual questions of the clergyman in a clear and distinct voice. In five minutes the ceremony was ended, and then everybody was cautioned to remain perfectly still while a flash-light photograph, which we reproduce, was taken. Everything worked with clock-like regularity, but, notwithstanding this, both young people heaved a heavy sigh of relief when the door of the cage was opened and they walked out on a platform for the purpose of receiving the congratulations of those who had gathered to see the unusual marriage. There were many wedding presents for the newly married pair, and the Boston Zoological Society presented them with a complete set of silver ware.

When Mr. and Mrs. St. Andrassy left for home that night they were evidently as happy a couple as ever left on a wedding tour. Both said that they scarcely gave the lions a thought while in the cage. There was so much excitement outside, they added, that their minds were directed to the crowd rather than to the lions. Mr. and Mrs. St.

Andrassy had been sweethearts for some time, and were glad of the opportunity given them to become man and wife, even though it had to be in a cage of lions. They answered an advertisement inserted by the Zoo management, calling for a couple that would be willing to be married in this sensational manner. They were selected out of a number of other applicants because of their good looks and coolness of character in comparison with the others who applied.

Boston theologians evidently do not approve of such sensational marriage ceremonies, however, as the Rev. Mr. Reader, the officiating clergyman, who was a student at Boston University, was expelled a day or two afterwards by the Dean of the school for conduct unbecoming a minister of the Gospel.

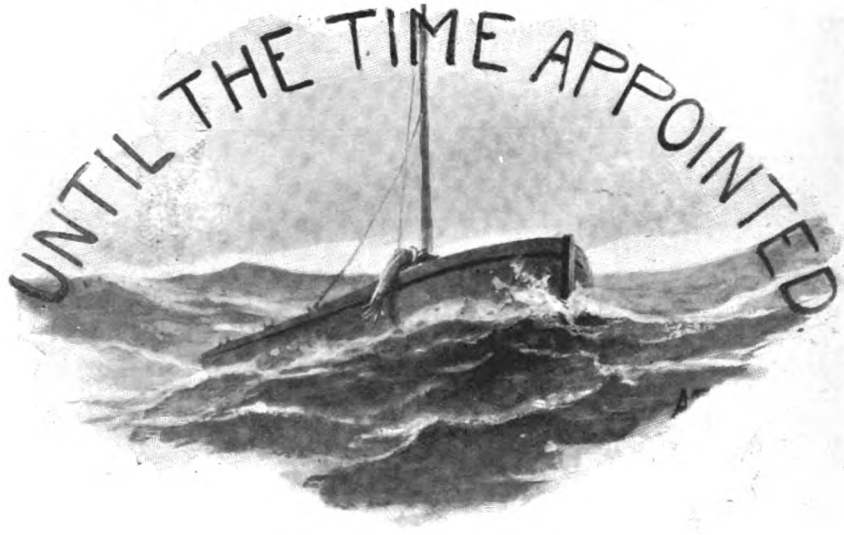
We shall be pleased to hear of other instances of peculiar weddings that our readers may have witnessed or heard of, especially if accompanied by pictures, similar to those which have been dealt with in this article.



From a Photo. by] A FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH OF THE WEDDING IN A LIONS' CAGE. *[Elmer Chickering, Boston.*

SEA STORIES. No. I

UNTIL THE TIME APPOINTED



By John Arthur Barry.

I.

A CHRISTENING.

AS eight bells in the afternoon watch struck a hundred feet below him, a seaman who had just finished putting some tarred parcelling in the wake of the main-royal backstay where it touches the topmast-crosstree outrigger took a look around before descending from his perch.

It is a habit constant and engrained in the race—this long, steady stare around the rim of the horizon at irregular intervals when aloft. There are more surprises at sea than ever came out of Africa; and no one knows what minute the terrible and mysterious element may choose for springing a specimen of them upon her sons. Therefore they are incessantly on the look-out, and more especially when engaged high in air amongst the intricate combination of running and standing gear, spars and canvas, that crown the hull of a sailer.

The *Minerva* at this time was braced up against a pretty stiff south-easter which had caught her in the teeth whilst stretching over from mid-Atlantic to round the Cape of Storms on her passage to New Zealand. Her upper topgallant sails and royals were stowed; thus the seaman had a clear field within his vision. It was a dull day, with short intervals of brightness in the sky here and there that lit the ocean in confusing patches, leaving the rest lead-coloured. Suddenly the man, staring under the flat of his hand, stood up and stretched his head eagerly forward, as he imagined he caught sight of some small white object far away on the port bow. But the glimpse was momentary and elusive, leaving him very doubtful. At sea, however, doubt more often perhaps than elsewhere spells disaster to somebody. And though it was by this time the man's watch below, taking the marline-spike from around his neck and clove-hitching its lanyard to a backstay, he made his way on to the upper topgallant-yard, and thence, after a brief, dissatisfied stare, higher still to the lofty royal. Standing here with one arm round the mast, he once more strained his eyes over the tossing waste of waters wishing to make sure. And at last, in a patch of momentarily bright sea, he saw the thing he was looking for hove up—a white chip that, to any but a sailor's glance, would have meant only one of the million crests of the million breaking waves that washed the sky on every side.

Bending down, and turning his face aft, he roared, "Deck ahoy!"

"Aye, aye," shouted back a man who paced the clipper's poop to windward, pausing and looking aloft.

"Boat about four points on the port bow, sir!" sang out the sailor. Going to the rail the other stared. But unable to see anything he ascended the mizzen-rigging with a glass under his arm. Not, however, until he

reached the top did he pick up the object tossing helplessly amidst the choppy seas. Then, as he waved his hand to the helmsman, the *Minerva* fell off before the wind. "Steady!" And as the ship's bows came slowly round towards the boat the man at the main, with a human life to his credit, clawed down the rigging and went below.

As the *Minerva* approached the little derelict was seen to be a ship's quarter-boat. The mast was stepped; and at first sight she contained nobody.

"There's something hanging over the side!" exclaimed a sharp-sighted passenger.

"Only a fender," replied a sailor.

"A man's arm, by heavens!" exclaimed the mate, taking his eye from the glass. "Shall we lower our gig, sir?"

"Of course!" said the captain; "only, I'm afraid we're late. Starboard braces there, and back your fore-yards, Mr. Ismay!"

The boat was some fifty yards away, a most pathetic picture with that naked brown arm and hand showing against the white paintwork, and at intervals springing out with a sort of beckoning motion when she gave an extra pitch that indescribably accentuated the sad meaning of the thing. And at such times to the staring crowd on the ship there seemed to be at the bottom of her a confused heap of men and sailcloth.

Sure enough, as the gig took hold and towed the other boat to the *Minerva's* hastily lowered gangway, it was seen that, besides the one to whom the arm belonged, huddled up in all sorts of positions amongst the folds of a big sail were four more bodies. A terrifying and pitiful spectacle indeed, and one that caused an indefinable, curious sort of sound, half groan, half curse, to rise from the *Minerva's* crew as they clustered in the main rigging and at the head of the gangway, whilst the bodies were carried up and laid in a row on the quarter-deck.

Steam happening to be on that day in the donkey-engine, the boat, a fine new one, was soon whipped on to the main hatch; and before the doctor (a passenger) had finished his examination the *Minerva* had braced her yards up again and was lying as near her course as she could get.

Four of the men were quite dead—had been so for days. But in the fifth—the one whose hand had hung over the boat—a spark of life still lingered. Such a feeble spark, that it took a fortnight ere it burned steadily enough to allow of his coming on deck. A tall, thin skeleton of a man, with grey hair and beard, and sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, and limbs that trembled with his voice when he spoke.

Also suffering had apparently numbed the cells of memory, and his mind, so far as concerned the past, was an utter blank. He knew neither his own name nor the name of the ship the boat belonged to, nor anything that had happened to him in the past—near or distant. God's finger had touched his brain, wiping it clean, as a schoolboy sponges an hour's work off his slate. Nor was there any clue to the names or belongings of himself or those dead men with him. The boat's stern bore no sign of ship or port, and her furniture of oars, mast, sail, etc., told nothing whatever. As for any remnants of provisions or water there were none. Around his neck, attached to a chain, his rescuers had found a gold locket containing the portrait of a handsome woman, apparently of about seven or eight and twenty, an age that, spite of his grey hairs, the doctor said the man himself had barely passed. But of the picture the man could give no more account than of aught else. That he was a sailor was evident by his very first glance aloft and around him, and as evidently, from the quality of the serge clothes and the underwear found upon him, an officer. The latter was all carefully marked with the letters "E. S."—drawers, socks, and singlet alike. The bodies of the others had been dressed in the usual nondescript rig of merchant Jack all the world over, but mostly in heavy, cold-weather stuff. Thus it was argued that the disaster might very probably have occurred amongst the ice; and, from the utter lack of preparation in the boat, very suddenly.

As the days went by and the man returned slowly to health and strength it soon became apparent that, if one side of the slate had been wiped clean, there were still odd patches left on the other.

But these, strange to say, were connected solely with the details of his profession. Nor did this knowledge return all at once, but by degrees, and on occasion given.

For instance, one night watching the mate working out calculations connected with correcting the chronometers by a lunar observation, just taken, he suddenly remarked, "I can show you a much simpler formula, if you'll allow me." And then and there, greatly to the mate's surprise, he did so.

"Now, surely," said the latter, "if you can recollect a thing like that, learned probably years ago, you can remember matters that have happened quite lately?"

"AROUND HIS NECK HIS RESCUERS HAD FOUND A GOLD LOCKET."

But the other only shook his head despondently. Still the doctor had great hopes of his patient eventually recovering. And the latter tried hard to help him by eagerly adopting every suggestion. But all to no purpose. The most abstruse problems in scientific navigation he presently solved with scarcely an effort. He could not for the life of him, however, remember his own name, or a solitary particular connected with his past life.

And this question of a name was one that puzzled his friends. A man may not travel nameless through the world, no matter how heavily misfortune has laid her hand upon him.

Now, rather curiously, the name of the sailor who first discovered the boat happened to be Emerant Spurrell—his initials, therefore, corresponding to those on the rescued man's clothes. And someone, noting this, suggested, half in fun, that the rescued one might do worse than borrow the name of the person to whom, without a doubt, he was indebted for his life. This coming to Spurrell's ears—indeed, he happened to be at the wheel when it was mooted—he at once made a formal offer.

"With all the pleasure in life, sir," said he. "I can easy get another. An', anyhow, it's only a purser's name. I've had it three v'y'ges now. Used to belong to a shipmate o' mine—a Bluenose chap from Halifax, Novy Scotia. He fell off the foretaups'l-yard o' the old *Tweed* and broke his neck. We was chums, so I took it 'Hin Memorium,' as it says on the gravestones ashore."

Thus, amidst some laughter and joking, and the castaway himself proving quite willing to appropriate this sort of ownerless name, none the less so that it was by no means a common one, he became forthwith Mr. Spurrell. And in honour of the occasion jolly old Captain Britton opened champagne in the saloon and made a little festivity, and all the people did their best to cheer up the unfortunate. And presently, when the latter rose from his seat to thank them, his voice for awhile failed, and he stood there silent, gazing at them, his features working with emotion. A tall, spare, yet well-shaped figure, clean-shaven now but for a thick white moustache, and bearing a look of premature age in the lined and wrinkled face, upon which with merciless claws the sea had set her sign-manual, strangely contradicted by the fire and energy that shone in the dark blue eyes. And although his close-cropped hair was grizzled, and the broad shoulders bowed, taken by and large, the newly-christened was even yet a decidedly handsome man, as standing there he, presently finding his voice, thanked the people in a few well-chosen words for all their kindness.

"A smart, fine, strapping young fellow of twenty-eight or thirty at the outside," whispered the doctor to the captain. "That's what he was a few weeks ago. Take my word for it—incredible as it seems to you all."

"Good Lord!" groaned the other, compassionately. "It's terrible! And a passed master too, or I'll eat my hat!" he added, somewhat consequentially, and in a tone signifying that the fact made the matter infinitely worse.

"The trouble is to know what to do for him," continued the doctor. "If it was in the old days with a crowd of passengers, why, we could have raised a thumping sub. But there's only five of us on the *Minerva*. I'll give a tenner with pleasure. But even if everybody goes level, what is it?"

"That's so," replied the skipper, shaking his head. "Poor chap! poor chap! I caught him yesterday looking at that picture in the locket, and the striving agony of his face made my heart ache. But he's plucky with it and keeps his torture well under, doesn't he? Look at him laughing and chatting so pleasantly now."

"Aye," said the doctor, "and that bears out what I say about his age. It would have either killed an older man or sent him raving mad. But this one will recover some day, I believe. And quite suddenly, perhaps—all in a minute. It may be years, though, ere the memory of wife, or children, or sweetheart, and his lost ship and all the hard, bitter time of his last voyage returns to him, and when it does it may possibly kill him."

"D'ye think he'd know his wife, or—or—any of his friends, if he could see them now?" whispered the skipper.

"I'm certain he wouldn't," replied the other, decisively. "It'll take more than a once familiar face or even a voice to penetrate the darkness. Possibly if, now, we could transport him in sleep back to the boat again amongst his dead companions, the sudden shock when he awoke might effect a cure. On the other hand, it might prove fatal."

"And of course he's changed out of all knowledge," said the captain.

"Aye," replied the doctor; "his own mother wouldn't know him. We ought to have taken a photo. when we got him first. And even then it would have been late. Since that time the change has gone on gradually. It has stopped now. Only age will make further alteration; and most likely for the better."

"Well, well," said the skipper, "we must see what can be done. Ismay is leaving us at Adelaide to get married and settle ashore. If this chap had a ticket he should have the berth at once. I must have a talk with the Marine Board. Surely they'll make allowances in such an extraordinary case."

II.

"HIS NIGHT OF LOSS IS ALWAYS THERE."

IT presently happened that just after rounding the Cape of Good Hope the chief officer of the *Minerva*, the Mr. Ismay alluded to, had the misfortune to break his leg. Captain Britton at once asked Spurrell to take the vacant place. And the latter accepted eagerly, fulfilling its duties with that quiet precision born solely of intimate knowledge. Nor, although realizing his terrible position only too well, did he allow his mind to dwell upon it more than possible. Still in lonely middle watches with the Roaring Forties booming aloft against the rigid hollows of the top-sails, and shrilling amongst the maze of rope and wire, whilst behind them thundered the huge combers of the Southern Ocean, at times the helmsmen would notice their officer suddenly stop in his fore and aft tramp and with a wild gesture of dismay throw up his arms and lift a white, despairing face skyward. But even as weather-wheel was muttering sympathetically to lee one—"Poor chap! he's a-tryin' to get it back again and can't," the mate would bring himself in hand once more and resume his interrupted pacing. As the doctor said, a wonderfully brave and strong-minded man must this be, cast up suddenly, as it were, naked, bewildered, and with no more Past than a new-born babe to begin the world afresh!—nor possessing aught except the professional instinct that had so curiously survived the shock to which things of so much more import had succumbed.

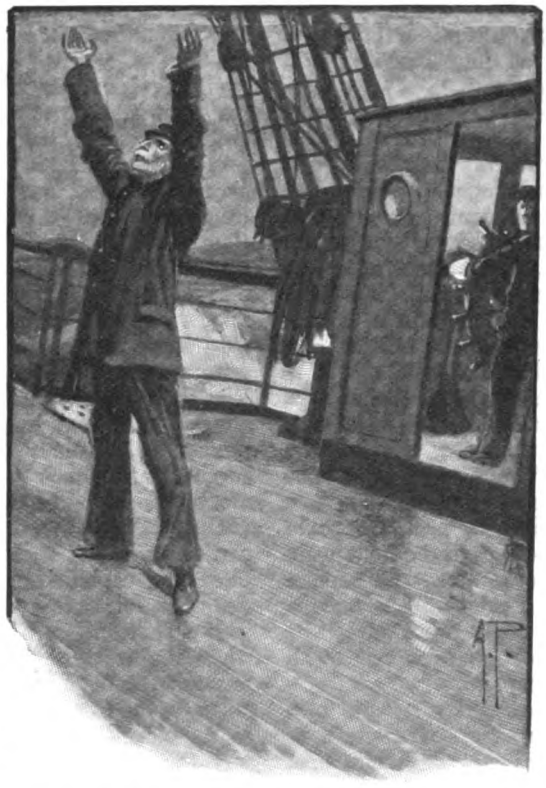
Off St. Paul's, in a terrific gale, the *Minerva* carried away her fore-topmast. During the blow, the captain being unwell, the acting mate had full charge of the ship, working her with a skill and care beyond praise. Then, when the weather moderated, his management of the ticklish job of sending down the spars on the fore and getting a new topmast in its place—a matter requiring in a seaway the utmost practical skill—more than satisfied Captain Britton that in this come-by-chance officer he had picked up a treasure, indeed.

"Ismay's a good man," remarked the skipper to the doctor, "and I've no fault to find with him. But, compared to the other, he's like a turnip-lantern to an electric light. Ticket or no ticket, a seaman of Spurrell's sort sha'n't want a berth as long as I've got a say in the Blue Star Line. I reckon myself a fair practical hand, but damme, doctor, if I think I could have turned out such a ship-shape job of that foremast in the time!"

"His way with the men is capital, too," replied the other. "I notice they simply jump like monkeys at his least order. Nor do I ever hear him swear. Nobody will be

more pleased than myself, captain, if you can secure the billet for him. I'm sure you'll never regret it. I have some friends at court over yonder, and I'm going to do all I can. I've taken a great fancy to the fellow, apart from the natural pity and sympathy we must all feel for the terrible blow he has suffered and is bearing up so stoutly and bravely against."

And both captain and doctor, being men of action, when presently the *Minerva* dropped her anchor at the Semaphore, and later towed up the river to Port Adelaide, they lost no time in setting things going.



"HE WOULD THROW UP HIS ARMS AND LIFT A WHITE, DESPAIRING FACE SKYWARD."

Australians as a people are perhaps the most helpful and sympathetic of all, not only in cases of public distress, but in individual ones as well. Their newspapers, too, are ever ready to aid freely in any good cause. Thus, some of them, after publishing Spurrell's story, opened a subscription list for him which found many contributors. Also the authorities, although at first demurring, finally gave way to public opinion and vice-regal suggestion and consented to allow the strangely afflicted and yet thoroughly capable man, if he could, to pass at once through the grades of second mate, chief, and master. The examination lasted three days, and at the finish the members of the Marine Board declared themselves more than satisfied with the results, and complimented Spurrell and handed him the certificate without which all his proficiency would have been useless.

This success cheered him as perhaps nothing else could have done. A livelihood was now, at least to some extent, assured. After all, the sea had not robbed him of everything. Meanwhile, his friends were still busy on his behalf; but only presently to realize that their efforts were quite hopeless. What can one do when there is absolutely nothing to go upon—not the slightest clue? Each year there are scores of missing ships gazetted; but without name, or date, or departure, it is hard to identify any particular one whose very officer himself is unable to assist you in the slightest degree, and who if he saw his own name in print would not recognise it. So, after awhile, the matter dropped, and the new man, as he felt himself to be, with for a Past a perpetual puzzle, and a Future that promised little but emptiness, became gradually resigned as well as he might to dree his weird. But even to his iron will the struggle at times to avoid despair was a terrible one. Had he unfortunately been a man of leisure, and able to brood over his troubles, he would probably have killed himself. Two things saved him: the constant occupation demanded by his post, and the ability to command sleep at any moment—the latter a gift not measurable by any money value. And to outsiders the new chief mate of the crack clipper appeared simply as a grave, courteous, somewhat reserved, gentlemanly man, whose lined, careworn face and grey hairs contrasted strangely with his clear eye and light step.

Between himself and his captain existed a very sincere regard, for Spurrell knew that had he by ill chance fallen into different hands his fate might have been a thousand times worse. Therefore he was grateful. And a first officer who feels that way can save his superior a vast deal of trouble.

Also on his side the old skipper had the highest admiration for the skill and expertness that the other showed in his profession. So the pair agreed together very well indeed. Thus, when the *Minerva* arrived in London, Captain Britton represented his mate's case in such wise to the owners as induced them to confirm the latter's appointment. Of course the story had preceded him. Nowadays a few curt words by cable, flashing over continents and under oceans, deal with a case like Spurrell's and make the news world wide. So a score of women, whose husbands in some capacity or other were "missing at Lloyd's," interviewed the man—all ignoring details, and each hoping he might be hers. Imagine his distress at such an ordeal, and the tension on his strung nerves as he glanced at each fresh arrival and compared the face with those other features indelibly burned on his brain, only to meet the blank stare of mutual disappointment.

"God only knows whether it's my wife's picture or not!" he exclaimed once, pitifully, to the captain. "You have all taken for granted that such is the case. It may be a sister's or a sweetheart's for aught I can tell. What an existence is mine!" he continued, bitterly; "nameless, without kith or kin, ever vainly groping in the blackness of a lost past teeming with vague fancies that appear only to vanish as soon as formed! God help me, sir, I sometimes wish that you had left me to perish in the boat along with those others!" And the mate bowed his head on his arms in an attitude of despair.

"Nonsense," replied the other, speaking over a lump in his throat, for it was rare indeed that the self-contained, calm, grave chief gave way to such an extent. "Don't say that. God in His own good time will clear away the raffle and coil down all the gear in its proper place. I was beginning to hope that you had made your mind up to wait patiently. And I have an idea," went on the old man, eagerly. "Listen. We'll get hundreds of photographed copies of the one in the locket and with a brief request printed on the back of each, and send them all over the country to all the police-stations—they're the likeliest places—and see if we can't hear something of the original. She'll hardly have changed much in the time, anyhow."

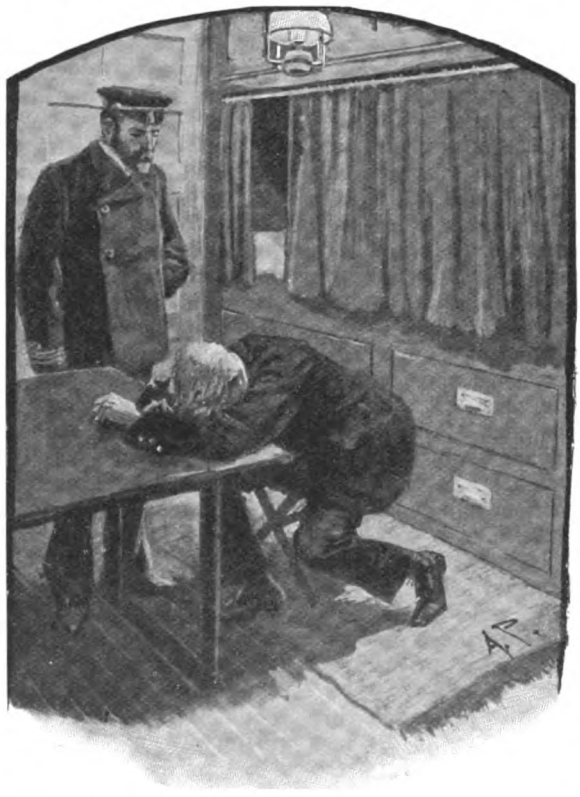
This rather crude notion of the captain's was accordingly carried out, but with the only effect of accentuating the former worry and distress. Replies and photographs arrived in heaps from most of the seaports of the United Kingdom, the former, as often as not, having nothing at all to do with the matter in hand; the latter as much resembling the copy as, to quote the incensed skipper, "a purser's shirt on a handspike resembled a main-topsail." Also many of the women who had obtained a picture, and, by a curious optic delusion, recognised their own features therein, came in person to Spurrell's lodgings, and when rejected, still unconvinced, claimed travelling expenses on a high scale. The affair had a comical side, but it struck neither Captain Britton nor his mate in that aspect, and the pair were only too glad when the *Minerva* was once more bowling down the English Channel outward bound.

Two more years went by, and Captain Britton, resigning to take the billet of ships' husband, and bringing all the weight of his influence to bear on the company he had served so long and so well, was enabled to secure for Spurrell the vacant post of master of the Blue Star liner.

In these latter days of tremendous competition, and freights narrowed to the merest selvage of profit, speed, in the case of the "sailer" especially, is the only way to spell profit. And Spurrell, well knowing this, and favoured by a run of luck, made such passages in the *Minerva* as broke every record, and also brought grist to her owners' mill. Any fool can "crack on"; but it takes a wise man to know when his ship is doing a fair thing and is unable to stand another yard of canvas.

Spurrell possessed this gift in a very eminent degree, and if he took in sail it was to increase speed—paradoxical as this may seem to the uninitiated—not to slacken it. Many a man carries his foresail until it does more harm than good, when, if stowed, the log would show an extra half-knot. And Spurrell sent the old *Minerva* until her name and her captain's became as household words amongst the world of seafarers and shippers, as much in British as in Antipodean ports. Thus, when the Blue Star Line owners began the inevitable "turning into steam" Captain Spurrell was the man selected to command the first boat—a 4,000-ton cargo-passenger—twelve-knotter. The *Minerva* was sold to a Norwegian firm, and the steamer named after her. Belfast turns some fine work off her stocks, and the new *Minerva* was one of the finest. From her hydraulic cranes to her side-light towers, from her electric installation to her triple expansions and steam steering-gear, all her

furniture was of the best and latest. A fine and spacious saloon amidships with a couple of score of roomy berths proved an attraction to travellers tired of the cat-swinging accommodation of the purely passenger lines. And at one end of the saloon, occupying the whole of a panel of polished bird's-eye maple, Spurrell had hung an enlarged and very fine framed photograph of the picture in the locket. Some day, he thought, one or other of the people he carried might recognise the smiling features which, without possessing any claim to beauty, yet by their winning, pleasant expression caused many a man to pause and involuntarily smile back and think he would like to know this "friend o' the capting's, sir," as any of the stewards could tell him she was. As a matter of fact, John Dibbs, the boatswain of the *Minerva*, was the only man on board who, knowing his captain's story, felt no doubt as to whom the portrait represented. But Dibbs—who had parted from one name with as much facility as he had picked up another—kept his mouth shut. And if rumours of the captain's misfortune now and again leaked out it was through no fault of his. Ever since the day he had stood on the old *Minerva's* main royal yard and sighted the white chip of a boat floundering about with its ghastly cargo he had conceived a sort of humble proprietary affection for the man his keen sight had rescued. Thus when, after the manner of merchant seamen, the rest of the old crew had scattered, John Dibbs, promoted to be quartermaster, stuck to the ship voyage after voyage, rising to be boatswain as soon as Spurrell took command; and, now, moving with the same rating into the great steamer. There he was a personage with a uniform, and three mates under him, who flew at the sweet chirpings of his silver whistle. The comfort and advantage to the rest of the executive of a good boatswain on board a ship passes all understanding. And John Dibbs turned out a very first-class petty officer, and was accordingly respected and esteemed, both by the Deck, who trusted him implicitly, and by the Engine-room—although between these powers there was at times the feud that seems inevitable.



"THE MATE BOWED HIS HEAD ON HIS ARMS IN AN ATTITUDE OF DESPAIR."

With his passengers the captain was a favourite. Although somewhat grave and reserved, he yet showed all possible concern for their amusement, safety, and comfort. And this reputation having preceded him, the *Minerva's* saloon on her maiden trip was filled with a very superior class of people to those generally found on a freighter. And it was confidently predicted that the *Minerva's* time would not be so very much behind that of the subsidized liners on the shorter route. Presently events happened that made this prediction far more than fulfil itself.

III.

"'DIANA,' OF CARDIFF."

IF Captain Spurrell was more particular about any one thing than another it was in the matter of keeping a look-out. On no man-o'-war could a sharper double watch have been maintained both by night and by day than on the *Minerva*, and to lounge or drowse and fail to report a light or a sail from high forward bridge or forecastle-head before it was seen from amidships was an

almost unpardonable fault. By some of his officers this "fad" was looked upon as an excess of precaution, although John Dibbs could have given them a reason for it if he had so pleased. The boatswain knew his commander was thinking of the plight he had himself been rescued from by virtue of a sharp glance shot as a mere matter of habit, not of duty; knew, also, that it was the same spirit of compassion for all castaways that made him on each voyage run as close as he dared to those lonely mid-ocean rocks such as St. Paul's, Amsterdam, Kerguelen, etc., on which men are wrecked and left to eat their hearts out in misery and despair for months together.

During the summer of 1896, as all seafarers will remember, the ice in the great Southern Ocean floated farther and in heavier masses to the northward than had ever been known before. Thus when the *Minerva*, staying nowhere, and still with half-full bunkers, came tearing along the 44th parallel on her way, this time to Port Chalmers, N.Z., she presently found herself going at quarter speed, dodging the great bergs as they drove solemnly up in scores from their homes around the shores of Antarctica to warm their frozen toes in the Gulf Stream.

And one fine, bright day, the big steamer making along a wide lane between ranks of glittering ice mountains, a shout arose from her fo'c's'le-head as, on turning a corner, a ship suddenly came in sight. She was sitting nearly upright on a long, low, curly peninsula of ice only a few feet above the water, and attached like a tail to a massive berg resembling an alligator in its outlines. The vessel herself was bedded to the lower edge of her painted port streak; her topgallant and royal masts still hung in a glistening maze of wreckage adown top and lower masts; her jibboom, snapped short off, trailed on the ice, whilst her empty davits and overhauled falls told their own story. Frozen snow covered her decks and yards and gear, and the pale sun lit her up with a cold white glitter, in which the only spot of colour was the galley funnel that stood tall and black amidst the dazzle. She was a large, square-rigged iron ship of some 1,400 tons or so, and she looked inexpressibly lonely and forlorn sitting there as she had sat for years, perhaps, in the regions of perpetual ice and snow that girdle the Southern Continent, until the massed bergs, moved by some mysterious impulse, had simultaneously broken camp and sailed away into strange waters.

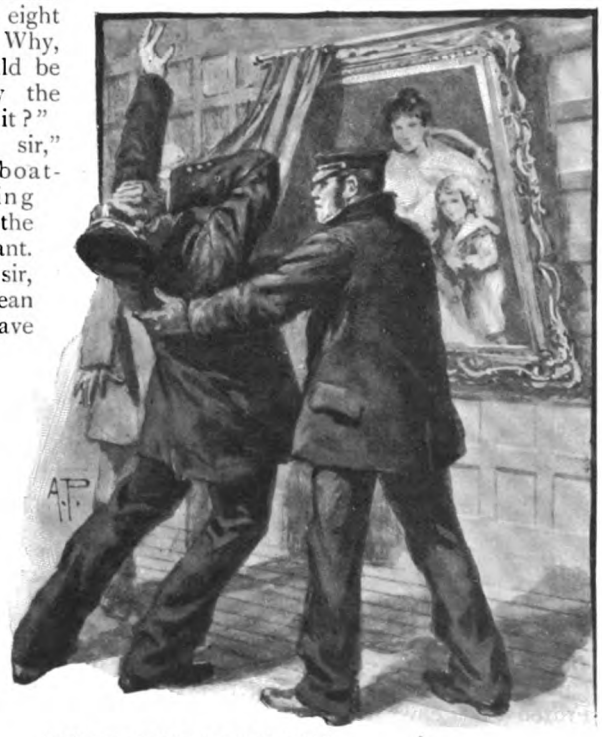
As the *Minerva* slowed down and became stationary opposite the curious scene a few of the passengers requested the captain to let them go in the boat that was being prepared to discover, if possible, something respecting this white waif, for news of whom far-away souls might be still hungering. This is every shipmaster's duty, and no man felt it more particularly his own than the captain of the *Minerva*, who himself took charge of the boat. Coasting along the curved outline of the tail, a slippery and dangerous landing-place was found at its extreme tip. Up this the captain and Dibbs scrambled, with another seaman or two carrying shovels and picks, and three or four of the most determined of the passengers, whilst the rest stopped in the boat. There was no trouble in ascending the hard snow-bank that had drifted along her sides, and so over her rail in-board. But the spades had to be used before access could be gained to the saloon doors from the break of the poop. Meanwhile, one of the men had been busy clearing the ship's bell of ice, and he, presently deciphering the inscription, shouted, "*Diana*, of Cardiff!" and struck eight in reply to the steamer's time just then sounding. And the people on the wreck started nervously and stared aloft as the strokes ran sharply back from the berg above them. Despite the bright sun and the calm sea there was something inexpressibly solemn about the whole scene. "Just like opening a vault," whispered one passenger to another, with a shiver. At last, filing through the narrow passage, they stood in the saloon, a fine large sea-parlour, well lit now the snow had been cleared away from the poop skylights, and with everything apparently in place and order. The lamp still swung unbroken from the deck; the decanters in the tray still contained liquor; a piano stood against the after-bulkhead, some stray music-sheets lay near it upon the carpet, and a fine clock hung against the polished panelling of the mizzen-mast, making the hour twelve. Five or six shut doors along the side of the saloon gave on to berths. Some of these were empty, others seemed exactly as the occupants had left them, suits of clothes depending from the wall, nautical books and instruments on shelves, pictures and photographs stuck here and there. Evidently these had been inhabited by the ship's officers.

"I've been for'ard," whispered a sailor to Dibbs, in an awestruck voice, "an' right from

the fore-mast to the eyes of her the decks is ruz like the roof of a 'ouse. She's been nipped bad. An' down in the fo'c's'le is four or five dead men lyin' among blocks ov ice as come through a big gash in the port bow. You'd best tell the skipper."

The latter had, on first entering, stared around with a puzzled, curious glance, and made his way straight to a large cabin right aft, remarking, "I must try and find the ship's books." And here, presently, the boatswain found him, seated at a table, a log-book open in front of him, and with a bewildered kind of expression in his eyes as he looked up from his reading. "*Diana*, of Cardiff!" he muttered; "Semple, master; salt laden, from Sharpness to Melbourne. And the date of last entry is June eight years back! Why, John, that would be almost exactly the time, wouldn't it?"

"It would, sir," replied the boatswain, knowing very well what the reference meant. "But surely, sir, you don't mean as this craft have been setting here all them years." The captain made no answer, but, rising, went hither and thither about the berth, taking up things and laying them down again in an aimless, uncertain sort of way. "More light!" he exclaimed, presently, for the place was dim by reason of the snow drifted against the stern windows. Striking a match, the boatswain lit a large Rochester lamp, that burned as if only just trimmed, and shed a fine light around. The captain was standing in the centre of the room, his brows knit painfully and his gaze wandering in anxious fashion from object to object. A passenger entered and stared around curiously; and presently, his eye catching sight of a silk curtain attached by rings to a brass rod, he suddenly drew it aside, revealing a large oil painting of a woman and a child, the latter a fine-looking boy of about three or four.



"IT'S BESSIE AND LITTLE FRANK!"

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "it's the lady in the *Minerva's* saloon—only a bit older."

The lamp cast its soft rays full on the picture as the boatswain and the passenger stood and looked at it. Suddenly a strange voice behind them said, "It's Bessie and little Frank!" and, turning, Dibbs was just in time to catch the captain in his arms as he lurched headlong over towards him quite insensible and motionless.

Placing the body on a couch, whilst his rugged face grew pale with excitement, he sent one of his mates to hail the steamer for the doctor.

"It's his own ship!" he exclaimed to the wondering group of seamen and passengers in the saloon. "Eight long years ago, an' to come acrost her this way! What did the old skipper say, only that the Lord'd sort out the raffle in His own good time? An' He's took all them years to do it! But it's come at last, straight jinkum! An' if our skipper here gets his memory back, blest if I don't join the Salvation Harmy!"

The doctor was a young man, and in front of this sudden responsibility he became flurried. "It's serious," he said. "A fit of some kind. He must be taken on board at once."

"Not a bit of it, sir," replied the boatswain. "It's his last show for pullin' up his lost bearin's. Put him in his cot there, where p'r'aps he's swung many a time afore, an' let him see the things he's been used to in the old days when he wakes, an' the chances are that his memory'll retarn with the sight ov 'em."

"But I say he must be taken to his own

ship, where I can make a proper examination," exclaimed the other, angrily.

"An' I say he sha'n't!" retorted the boatswain; "an' Mr. Locker'll back me up, won't you, sir?" he added, appealing to the chief officer, who had arrived in the second boat. "Mebbe," he continued, "his mind's overhaulin' of itself even now. What's more, I don't believe it's any fit. I seen fits afore. Why, he's asleep 'ard and fast. An' I don't leave him till he wakes neither."

"There's something in what the bo'sun says, doctor," remarked the mate, looking anxiously at the captain, who certainly appeared to have fallen into no more than a very sound slumber. "And if this really is the ship, preserved by almost a miracle amongst the snow and ice, that he once commanded, and in one of whose boats he lost his memory, why, it might be better, as Dibbs says, to let him open his eyes on old associations."

"Oh, very well," replied the doctor, huffily, "only remember you take all responsibility."

So they lifted the captain into the cot he might have slept in eight years ago, and turned his head so that when he awoke the picture should be the first thing to meet his gaze.

"There's dead men in the fo'c's'le, sir," said Dibbs, as he sat and watched the captain's calm face. "Killed lying in their bunks, some of 'em, Brown tells me. She must ha' got jammed in the night most likely. An' then, thinkin' she were goin' down, all han's took to the boats. But, instid o' sinkin', she worked up on to the ice, an' in time bedded herself like she is now, an' got carried away south to the big pack an' stayed there."

"Likely enough," replied the mate. "It's a curious thing, though, all the same, if she should turn out to be *his* ship. But with that picture before me I can scarcely doubt it." Picking up a pair of fine marine glasses that the captain had dropped when he fell he read an inscription on a silver plate, "Presented to Captain Edward Semple, of the British ship *Diana*, by King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway, for rescuing the crew of the barque *Ellen*, of Hammerfest, under circumstances of the greatest peril and difficulty."

"That, I suppose, is his proper name, then?" remarked the mate, "and not Spurrell. Wonder where he got that one from?"

But the boatswain apparently was not listening, for he made no reply. In the *Diana's* lower forecastle was a dismal sight. The iron plates on the port side had been smashed and turned inwards on the men as they lay in their bunks, killing three, it must have been almost instantly, and hurling three more terribly wounded out on to the deck, only to be smothered under great fragments of ice that were forced violently through the wide aperture. And all the bodies now, both above and beneath, were coated in thick ice in such wise that the drawn features and contorted limbs could be as clearly seen as if embedded in glass. The *Minerva's* men had shovelled the snow away from the big, square scuttle, and taking it off allowed the sun, now overhead, to stream down and fill the forecastle from end to end, revealing things so that every feature of the entombed dead men stood out with ghastly distinctness. Here you might note where

"THE DRAWN FEATURES AND CONTORTED LIMBS COULD BE CLEARLY SEEN."

the sharp and jagged iron tore its way through the breast of one; there, where the cruel plate forced down had cut clean through the legs of another. And on every white face was the impress of sudden terror and agony, emphasized by staring eyes and open mouth. Standing there it was easy, indeed, to imagine that dreadful midnight shock, the wild dismay of the survivors of the watch below as they rushed on deck, the grinding and clashing of ice against iron, the banging and clattering aloft of canvas and falling spars, whilst the upheaving of her planks and girders till they resembled a hog's back under the pressure told of damage irremediable to frame and hull.

No power or skill of seamanship could have saved her once the ice let go its grip, for from galley to bows all her bones were crushed and broken in addition to the great rent that lapped the water-line. And yet, after all, the ice had not loosened, and she had been preserved and borne up in safety all these years by the Hand of God for a purpose of His own! Very many matters that on land would fill columns of the newspapers and be deemed most strange and most wonderful happen at sea and pass unchronicled other than by a curt paragraph in the "shipping news." This meeting with the *Diana* was one of such incidents.

"Put the hatch on again, men," said the mate, in a low voice. "Those poor fellows can't do better than where they are. Presently, perhaps, they will make back whence they came, and stay there frozen hard and fast till the Resurrection, kept sweet and fresh to answer their names when the last watch is mustered."

IV.

"ALL'S WELL!"

COMING on deck Mr. Locker looked anxiously at the *Minerva*, her engines idle for the first time since leaving London, and her firemen crowding the rail and gazing eagerly at the stranded ship. On the promenade deck there was a flash of colour from women's dresses; on the bridge the second mate stumped to and fro, the sunlight catching the polished binnacle and telegraphs, and flashing the reflection on to him, so that he appeared as if enveloped in a haze of yellow flame. The avenue of bergs had split up and scattered, some hanging together, and making fantastic groups and chains, others moving slowly along in solitary state before the light S.E. breeze. Altogether the scene, to one situated so as to take in the whole of it—the castaway sitting upright, solemn, glistening in her spotless robes on the tail of the sprawling berg that sloped away from her into the grotesque caricature of some huge saurian; the big, black steamer lying just opposite, a thin flag of smoke creeping out of her tall, buff funnel, blue starred; the sunshine and brightness everywhere of that exceptional Southern day; and the fleecy, floating monsters, spired and turreted, dotting the bluish-green water under a cloudless sky—altogether the scene, I say, to the spectator would have been an impressive and beautiful one, even for such a capacious stage.

But Mr. Locker, as was perhaps natural considering his responsibility, saw only a delayed steamer and some nasty lumps of ice; the derelict he regarded as a tragical nuisance, and the weather he sniffed at suspiciously as too good to last. Besides, he was genuinely grieved and solicitous about the captain, whom, although only on his first trip with him, he already liked and respected.

The hours passed slowly until it became late in the afternoon, and the mate fretted and fumed, and the doctor sulked, whilst the passengers wondered; and the engineers exulted and made the most of their unexpected chance, twisting like acrobats in and out amongst their cooling cylinders, valves, pistons, eccentrics, shaftings, and bearings; tapping, tightening, oiling, and screwing. And throughout the slow hours the captain never stirred an eyelash; and often John Dibbs, motionless at his side, anxiously leant forward to make certain the regular, though faint, respiration had not completely stopped. Then, all at once, as the sound of the steamer's bell striking eight for the third time that day came across the water, the captain opened his eyes and fixed them intently on the picture, and with an expression in them that the boatswain had never seen there before—one of infinite peace and content.

"Bessie!" he whispered, presently. "And little Frank!" Then, sitting up, he looked at the boatswain and smiled, saying: "John, I fancy I must have slept."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied John Dibbs; "I fancy so, too. Only a little matter o' eight hours right off the reel."

"None too long, John," replied the captain, getting off his cot, "to recover the loss of eight long years."

"Is that so, Captain *Semple?*" asked the

other, with emphasis, his face lighting up as he spoke.

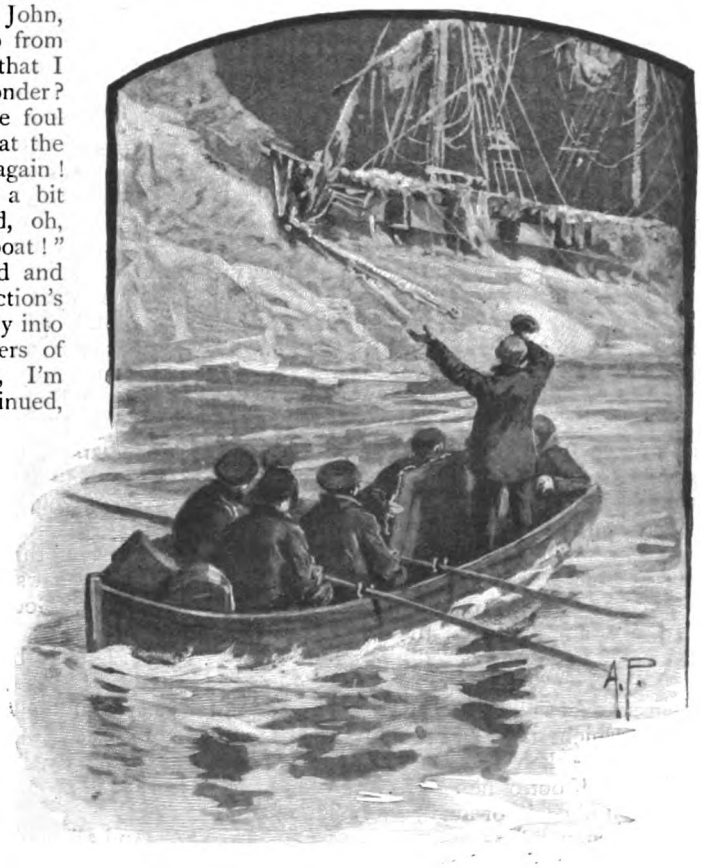
"It is so, thank God," replied the captain, reverently. "Directly I stepped on board this ship a curious feeling crept over me of having been here before. In the saloon it became stronger. In here stronger still. Then when I saw Bessie there and Frank I felt sick and ill with the certainty that the time appointed had arrived at last. Did I faint, John?"

"Doctor said it was a fit," said the boatswain, shortly. "But I knowed better. Wanted to take you to the steamer. I put my pawl on that, an' Mr. Locker backed me up. But the missis, sir?" he asked, anxiously, "and the young 'un?"

"Alive and well, I'm sure," said the captain; "something tells me so. I have had dreams, John, and I saw my girl and the boy as I left them last in the little Welsh village under Cader Idris. And Bessie turned and smiled at me—which I take for a good sign. Do you know, John, that I served in this ship from apprentice to master, and that I was married in the saloon yonder? Little wonder is it that the foul hawse in my brain cleared at the sight of the old spot again! Give me your arm, I feel a bit weak and shaky yet. And, oh, that awful time in the boat!" And the captain shuddered and his face blanched as recollection's light came streaming strongly into the long-darkened chambers of the brain. "Mr. Locker, I'm going on board," he continued, as the mate came forward and congratulated him on his recovery. "Will you please get all the things out of my old berth yonder into the boat? I'll send you another one and more hands. Ah, yes, the poor fellows in the fo'c's'le? Still there, you say? A wondrous thing, indeed, after all these years. Yes, you did quite right not to disturb them. Now, doctor, will you kindly see me on board the steamer? John, let that picture be your especial care. I'm still feeling a little mixed. Poor old *Diana!* It went to my heart to leave you on that terrible night! And to think that I should find you only to leave you once more alone with your dead seamen. Fourteen years, boy and man, I called you my home. Farewell now for ever. You've done your appointed work and given me my lost life back again. Farewell, old ship!" And being by this time in the departing boat, he took off his cap and saluted the derelict.

Two hours afterwards the *Minerva's* screw revolved, and her ensign fluttered thrice from her peak halliards whilst her siren blared as many times in shrill farewell to the silent, lonely ship, flushing a rosy pink in the setting sun, and looking inexpressibly solemn and tragic to those who now knew her story and the secret of that icy sepulchre where her men lay awaiting the Last Day, staring with wide-open eyes.

That evening, after dinner, the captain



"FAREWELL, OLD SHIP!"

told his story to a full saloon of wondering people, both seafarers and passengers of all degree. Told it from the minute the *Diana*, one thick, dark night, was caught and crushed in the ice; of how, thinking she was foundering, the crew, terrified at the dreadful fate of those others, rushed the boats, taking their officers with them by main force; of how, amongst the grinding ice, after the first few hours they got separated; of his subsequent sufferings in the boat and the death of his companions, ending when he awoke to consciousness and a lost lifetime on board the *Minerva*. He spoke of his desperate struggles to avoid the despair ever tugging more or less at his heart during those dark years; he told of the firm, true friends his misfortunes had found for him; and, lastly, with a catch in his voice and quivering lips, he spoke of his dear wife and his by now eleven-year-old son, expressing his certain faith that, as it had pleased Almighty God in such a marvellous fashion to restore his memory, He would not leave His work half done, but would very presently crown it by a joyful reunion.

And when he finished, standing upright at the head of his table in the crowded saloon, amongst all his hearers was scarce a dry eye.

As he sat down there was a long pause, broken only by the sobbing of the women. Then suddenly the sweet shrilling of a silver pipe sounded through the ship, followed immediately by a long, hoarse roar from the boatswain, just outside, of "Three cheers for Captain Semple, an' the missis, *an'* the kid!" responded to as if by magic from a hundred and fifty throats rising from engine-room to bridge and back to saloon again and again, till the great ship rang to the storm of voice, and her look-out men watching the tall bergs glimmering pale through the darkness fancied they saw them shiver and tremble as the sound smote their cold breasts.

Such was the manner of the second christening.

"What can we get out of her at a pinch, Mr. McPhair?" asked the captain, later, as the chief engineer entered his state-room.

"Weel, sir," replied the other, cautiously, "she's offeecially eendicated a twal-knot boat, which means thirrteen at the vera ootside, ye ken. Whiles I might knock anither half oot o' her. However, it's mair a question o' coal nor aught else. The engines is gude enough."

"It's exactly 5,900 miles from where we are to Otago Harbour," replied the captain; "I want to get there in a fortnight. Can't you help me?" McPhair gave a long, low whistle, pocketed both hands, and had already begun to set his hard face into even more than its native stubbornness, when suddenly he remembered, and, looking up and meeting the captain's gaze, opened his heart and responded as far as in him lay to what he saw there.

"If I canna'," said he, taking out a hand and gripping the other's warmly, "there's nae ither body can." That was all he said. But by-and-by the captain heard sounds far below amongst the machinery that he had never heard before. A heavy jar of flowers on a table first quivered and then began to dance a reel; the ship shook as if all her bolts in all her plates were being loosened; whilst the usual dull thump, thump of the engines was exchanged for a sharp, metallic, clashing rattle. Coming out on to the bridge and looking for'ard he saw two great mounds of white water on the bows, each as high as the foot of the light-houses, and that so steadily kept their place as to appear motionless, although all the time pouring away aft in streams of foam.

"I'm afraid something must be wrong in the engine-room, sir," remarked Mr. Locker, as he braced himself to the vibrating bridge.

"I think not," replied the captain, smiling in the darkness. "Ask the quartermaster to see what we're doing under forced draught."

"Sixteen and a half, sir!" reported the mate presently, with a note of awe in his voice. "Engines must ha' run away from old Mac!" But suddenly, by the chart-room lamps, catching sight of the captain's face, he understood; and, being comparatively a young man, he took off his cap and waved it, and exclaimed, "Hurrah, sir, ten days of this will bring you to the cable and good news from home!"

"Please God it may!" replied the captain, fervently.

"Light is bright to starboard—and all's well!" chanted a man in tones sounding clear and mellow above the rush of water and clash of steel and brass, answered instantly by, "Light is bright to port—and all's well!"

And all *was* well.

A Marked Man

By W. W. Jacobs.

TATTOOING is a gift, said the night watchman, firmly. It 'as to be a gift, as you can well see. A man 'as to know wot 'e is going to tattoo an' 'ow to do it; there's no rubbing out or altering. It's a gift, an' it can't be learnt. I knew a man once as used to tattoo a cabin-boy all over every v'y'ge trying to learn. 'E was a slow, painstaking sort o' man, and the langwidge those boys used to use while 'e was at work would 'ardly be believed, but 'e 'ad to give up trying arter about fifteen years and take to crochet-work instead.

Some men won't be tattooed at all, being proud o' their skins or sich-like, and for a good many years Ginger Dick, a man I've spoke to you of before, was one o' that sort. Like many red-'aired men 'e 'ad a very white skin, which 'e was very proud of, but at last, owing to a unfortnit idea o' making 'is fortin, 'e let hisself be done.

It come about in this way: Him and old Sam Small and Peter Russet 'ad been paid off from their ship and was 'aving a very 'appy, pleasant time ashore. They was careful men in a way, and they 'ad taken a room down East India Road way, and paid up the rent for a month. It came cheaper than a lodging-'ouse, besides being a bit more private and respectable, a thing old Sam was always very pertickler about.

They 'ad been ashore about three weeks when one day old Sam and Peter went off alone becos Ginger said 'e wasn't going with 'em. He said a lot more things, too: 'ow 'e was going to see wot it felt like to be in bed without 'aving a fat old man groaning 'is 'eart out and another one knocking on the mantelpiece all night with twopence and wanting to know why he wasn't being served.

Ginger Dick fell into a quiet sleep arter they'd gone; then 'e woke up and 'ad a sip from the water-jug—he'd 'a had more, only somebody 'ad dropped the soap in it—and then dozed off agin. It was late in the afternoon when 'e woke, and then 'e see Sam and Peter Russet standing by the side o' the bed looking at 'im.

"Where've you been?" ses Ginger, stretching hisself and yawning.

"Bisness," ses Sam, sitting down an' looking very important. "While you've been laying on your back all day me an' Peter Russet 'as been doing a little 'ead-work."

"Oh!" ses Ginger. "Wot with?"

Sam coughed and Peter began to whistle, an' Ginger he laid still and smiled up at the ceiling, and began to feel good-tempered agin.

"Well, wot's the business?" he ses at last.

Sam looked at Peter, but Peter shook 'is 'ead at him.

"It's just a little bit o' bisness we 'appened

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to drop on," ses Sam at last, "me an' Peter, and I think that, with luck and management, we're in a fair way to make our fortunes. Peter, 'ere, ain't given to looking on the cheerful side o' things, but 'e thinks so, too."

"I do," ses Peter, "but it won't be managed right if you go blabbing it to everybody."

"We must 'ave another man in it, Peter," ses Sam; "and, wot's more, 'e must 'ave ginger-coloured 'air. That being so, it's only right and proper that our dear old pal Ginger should 'ave the fust offer."

It wasn't often that Sam was so affeckshunate, and Ginger couldn't make it out at all. Ever since 'e'd known 'im the old man 'ad been full o' plans o' making money without earning it. Stupid plans they was, too, but the stupider they was the more old Sam liked 'em.

"Well, wot is it?" asks Ginger, agin.

Old Sam walked over to the door and shut it; then 'e sat down on the bed and spoke low so that Ginger could hardly 'ear 'im.

"A little public-'ouse," he ses, "to say nothing of 'ouse property, and a red-'aired old landlady wots a widder. As nice a old lady as anyone could wish for, for a mother."

"For a mother!" ses Ginger, staring.

"And a lovely barmaid with blue eyes and yellow 'air, wot ud be the red-'edded man's cousin," ses Peter Russet.

"Look 'ere," ses Ginger, "are you going to tell me in plain English wot it's all about, or are you not?"

"We've been in a little pub down Bow way, me an' Peter," ses Sam, "and we'll tell you more about it if you promise to join us an' go shares. It's kep' by a widder woman whose on'y son—*red-'aired son*—went to sea twenty-three years ago, at the age o' fourteen, an' was never 'eard of arterwards. Seeing we was sailor-men, she told us all about it, an' 'ow she still 'opes for him to walk into 'er arms afore she dies.

"She dreamt a fortnit ago that 'e turned up safe and sound, with red whiskers," ses Peter.

Ginger Dick sat up and looked at 'em without a word; then 'e got up out o' bed, an' pushing old Sam out of the way began to dress, and at last 'e turned round and asked Sam whether he was drunk or only mad.

"All right," ses Sam; "if you won't take it on we'll find somebody as will, that's all; there's no call to get huffy about it. You ain't the on'y red-'edded man in the world."

Ginger didn't answer 'im; he went on dressing, but every now and then 'e'd look at Sam and give a little larf wot made Sam's blood boil.

"You've got nothin' to larf at, Ginger," he ses at last; "the landlady's boy 'ud be about the same age as wot you are now; 'e 'ad a scar over the left eyebrow same as wot you've got, though I don't suppose *he* got it by fighting a chap three times 'is size. 'E 'ad bright blue eyes, a small, well-shaped nose, and a nice mouth."

"Same as you, Ginger," ses Peter, looking out of the winder.

Ginger coughed and looked thoughtful.

"It sounds all right, mates," 'e ses at last, "but I don't see 'ow we're to go to work. I don't want to get locked up for deceiving."

"You can't get locked up," ses Sam; "if you let 'er discover you and claim you, 'ow can you get locked up for it? We shall go in an' see her agin, and larn all there is to larn, especially about the tattoo marks, and then——"

"*Tattoo marks!*" ses Ginger.

"That's the strong p'int," ses Sam. "'Er boy 'ad a sailor dancing a 'ornpipe on 'is left wrist, an a couple o' dolphins on his right. On 'is chest 'e 'ad a full-rigged ship, and on 'is back between 'is shoulder-blades was the letters of 'is name—C. R. S.: Charles Robert Smith."

"Well, you silly old fool," ses Ginger, starting up in a temper, "that spiles it all. I ain't got a mark on me."

Old Sam smiles at 'im and pats him on the shoulder. "That's where you show your want of intelleck, Ginger," he ses, kindly. "Why don't you think afore you speak? Wot's easier than to 'ave 'em put on?"

"*Wot?*" screams Ginger. "Tattoo *me!* Spile my skin with a lot o' beastly blue marks! Not me, not if I know it. I'd like to see anybody try it, that's all."

He was that mad 'e wouldn't listen to reason, and, as old Sam said, 'e couldn't have made more fuss if they'd offered to skin 'im alive, an' Peter Russet tried to prove that a man's skin was made to be tattooed on, or else there wouldn't be tattooers; same as a man 'ad been given two legs so as 'e could wear trousers. But reason was chucked away on Ginger, an' 'e wouldn't listen to 'em.

They started on 'im agin next day, but all Sam and Peter could say didn't move 'im, although Sam spoke so feeling about the joy of a pore widder woman getting 'er son back agin arter all these years that 'e nearly cried.

They went down agin to the pub that evening, and Ginger, who said 'e was curious

"'WOT?' SCREAMS GINGER. 'TATTOO ME!'"

to see, wanted to go, too. Sam, who still 'ad 'opes of 'im, wouldn't 'ear of it, but at last it was arranged that 'e wasn't to go inside, but should take a peep through the door. They got on a tram at Aldgate, and Ginger didn't like it becos Sam and Peter talked it over between theirselves in whispers and pointed out likely red-'aired men in the road.

And 'e didn't like it when they got to the Blue Lion, and Sam and Peter went in and left 'im outside, peeping through the door. The landlady shook 'ands with them quite friendly, and the barmaid, a fine-looking girl, seemed to take a lot o' notice of Peter. Ginger waited about outside for nearly a couple of hours, and at last they came out, talking and larfing, with Peter wearing a white rose wot the barmaid 'ad given 'im.

Ginger Dick 'ad a good bit to say about keeping 'im waiting all that time, but Sam said that they'd been getting valuable information, an' the more 'e could see of it the easier the job appeared to be, an' then him an' Peter wished for to bid Ginger good-bye, while they went and 'unted up a red-'aired friend o' Peter's named Charlie Bates.

They all went in somewhere and 'ad a few drinks first, though, and arter a time Ginger began to see things in a different light to wot 'e 'ad before, an' to be arf ashamed of 'is selfishness, and 'e called Sam's pot a loving-cup, an' kep' on drinking out of it to show there was no ill-feeling, although Sam kep' telling him there wasn't. Then Sam spoke up about tattooing agin, and Ginger said that every man in the country ought to be tattooed to prevent the small-pox. He got so excited about it that old Sam 'ad to promise 'im that he should be tattooed that very night, before he could pacify 'im.

They all went off 'ome with their arms round each other's necks, but arter a time Ginger found that Sam's neck wasn't there, an' 'e stopped and spoke serious to Peter about it. Peter said 'e couldn't account for it, an' 'e had such a job to get Ginger 'ome that 'e thought they would never ha' got there. He got 'im to bed at last an' then 'e sat down and fell asleep waiting for Sam.

Ginger was the last one to wake up in the morning, an' before 'e woke he kept making a moaning noise. His 'ead felt as though it was going to bust, 'is tongue felt like a brick, and 'is chest was so sore 'e could 'ardly breathe. Then at last 'e opened 'is eyes and looked up and saw Sam an' Peter and a little man with a black moustache.

"Cheer up, Ginger," ses Sam, in a kind voice, "it's going on beautiful."

"My 'ead's splittin'," ses Ginger, with a groan, "an' I've got pins an' needles all over my chest."

"Needles," ses the man with the black moustache. "I never use pins; they'd pison the flesh."

Ginger sat up in bed and stared at 'im; then 'e bent 'is 'ead down and squinted at 'is chest, and next moment 'e was out of bed and all three of 'em was holding 'im down on the floor to prevent 'im breaking the tattooer's neck which 'e'd set 'is 'art upon doing, and explaining to 'im that the tattooer was at the top of 'is profession, and that it was only by a stroke of luck 'e had got 'im. And Sam reminded 'im of wot 'e 'ad said the night before, and said he'd live to thank 'im for it.

"'Ow much is there done?" ses Ginger, at last, in a desprit voice.

Sam told 'im, and Ginger lay still and called the tattooer all the names he could think of; which took 'im some time.

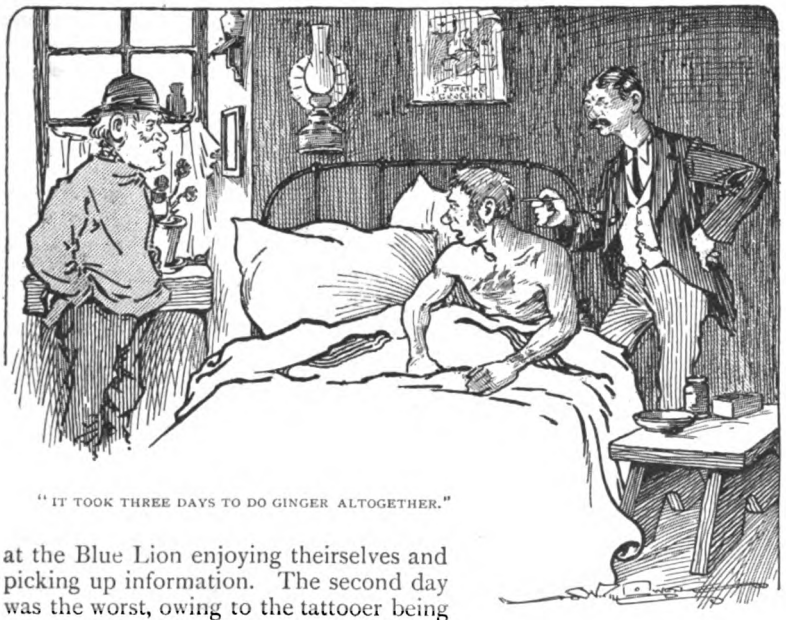
"It's no good going on like that, Ginger," ses Sam. "Your chest is quite spiled at

present, but if you ony let 'im finish it'll be a perfeck picter."

"I take pride in it," ses the tattooer; "working on your skin, mate, is like painting on a bit o' silk."

Ginger gave in at last, and told the man to go on with the job and finish it, and 'e even went so far as to do a little bit o' tattooing 'imself on Sam when he wasn't looking. 'E only made one mark, becos the needle broke off, and Sam made such a fuss that Ginger said anyone would ha' thought 'e'd hurt 'im.

It took three days to do Ginger altogether, and he was that sore 'e could 'ardly move or breathe, and all the time 'e was laying on 'is bed of pain Sam and Peter Russet was round



"IT TOOK THREE DAYS TO DO GINGER ALTOGETHER."

at the Blue Lion enjoying theirselves and picking up information. The second day was the worst, owing to the tattooer being the worse for licker. Drink affects different people in different ways, and Ginger said the way it affected that chap was to make 'im think 'e was sewing buttons on instead o' tattooing.

'Owever 'e was done at last; his chest and 'is arms and 'is shoulders, and he nearly broke down when Sam borrowed a bit o' looking-glass and let 'im see hisself. Then the tattooer rubbed in some stuff to make 'is skin soft agin, and some more stuff to make the marks look a bit old.

Sam wanted to draw up an agreement, but Ginger Dick and Peter Russet wouldn't 'ear of it. They both said that that sort o' thing wouldn't look well in writing, not if anybody else happened to see it, that is; besides which Ginger said it was impossible for 'im to say 'ow much money he would 'ave the handling of. Once the tattooing was done 'e began to take a'most kindly to the plan, an' being an orfin, so far as 'e knew, he almost began to persuade hisself that the red-'aired landlady *was* 'is mother.

They 'ad a little call over in their room to see 'ow Ginger was to do it, and to discover the weak p'ints. Sam worked up a squeaky voice, and pretended to be the landlady, and Peter pretended to be the good-looking barmaid.

They went all through it over and over agin, the only unpleasantness being caused by Peter Russet letting off a screech every time Ginger alluded to 'is chest wot set 'is teeth on edge, and old Sam as the landlady offering Ginger pots o' beer which made 'is mouth water.

"We shall go round to-morrow for the last time," ses Sam, "as we told 'er we're sailing the day arter. Of course me an' Peter, 'aving made your fortin, drop out altogether, but I dessay we shall look in agin in about six months' time, and then perhaps the landlady will interduce us to you."

"Meantime," ses Peter Russet, "you mustn't forget that you've got to send us Post Office money-orders every week."

Ginger said 'e wouldn't forget, and they shook 'ands all round and 'ad a drink together, and the next arternoon Sam and Peter went to the Blue Lion for a last visit.

It was quite early when they came back. Ginger was surprised to see 'em, and he said so, but 'e was more surprised when 'e heard their reasons.

"It come over us all at once as we'd bin doing wrong," Sam ses, setting down with a sigh.

"Come over us like a chill, it did," ses Peter.

"Doing wrong?" ses Ginger Dick, staring. "Wot are you talking about?"

"Something the landlady said showed us as we was doin' wrong," ses old Sam, very solemn; "it come over us in a flash."

"Like lightning," ses Peter.

"All of a sudden we see wot a cruel, 'ard thing it was to go and try and deceive a poor widder woman," ses Sam, in a 'usky voice; "we both see it at once."

Ginger Dick looks at 'em, 'ard 'e did, and then 'e ses, jeering like:—

"I 'spose you don't want any Post Office money-orders sent you, then?" he ses.

"No," says Sam and Peter, both together.

"You may have 'em all," ses Sam; "but if you'll be ruled by us, Ginger, you'll give it up, same as wot we 'ave—you'll sleep the sweeter for it."

"Give it up!" shouts Ginger, dancing up an' down the room, "arter being tattooed all over? Why, you must be crazy, Sam—wot's the matter with you?"

"It ain't fair play agin a woman," says old Sam, "three strong men agin one poor old woman; that's wot we feel, Ginger."

"Well, *I* don't feel like it," ses Ginger; "you please yourself, and I'll please myself."

'E went off in a huff, an' next morning 'e was so disagreeable that Sam an' Peter went and signed on board a steamer called the *Penguin*, which was to sail the day arter. They parted bad friends all round, and Ginger Dick gave Peter a nasty black eye, and Sam said that when Ginger came to see things in a proper way agin he'd be sorry for wot 'e'd said. And 'e said that 'im and Peter never wanted to look on 'is face agin.

Ginger Dick was a bit lonesome arter they'd gone, but 'e thought it better to let a few days go by afore 'e went and adopted the red-'aired landlady. He waited a week, and at last, unable to wait any longer, 'e went out and 'ad a shave and smartened hisself up, and went off to the Blue Lion.

It was about three o'clock when 'e got there, and the little public-'ouse was empty except for two old men in the jug-and-bottle entrance. Ginger stopped outside a minute or two to try and stop 'is trembling, and then 'e walks into the private bar and raps on the counter.

"Glass o' bitter, ma'am, please," he ses to the old lady as she came out o' the little parlour at the back o' the bar.

The old lady drew the beer, and then stood with one 'and holding the beer-pull and the other on the counter, looking at Ginger Dick in 'is new blue jersey and cloth cap.

"Lovely weather, ma'am," ses Ginger, putting his left arm on the counter and showing the sailor-boy dancing the hornpipe.

"Very nice," ses the landlady, catching sight of 'is wrist an' staring at it. "I suppose you sailors like fine weather?"

"Yes, ma'am," ses Ginger, putting his elbows on the counter so that the tattoo marks on both wrists was showing. "Fine weather an' a fair wind suits us."

"It's a 'ard life, the sea," ses the old lady.

She kept wiping down the counter in front of 'im over an' over agin, an' 'e could see 'er staring at 'is wrists as tho'gh she could 'ardly believe her eyes. Then she went back into the parlour, and Ginger 'eard her whispering, and by-and-by she came out agin with the blue-eyed barmaid.

"Have you been at sea long?" ses the old lady.

"Over twenty-three years, ma'am," ses Ginger, avoiding the barmaid's eye wot was fixed on 'is wrists, "and I've been shipwrecked four times; the fust time when I was a little nipper o' fourteen."

"Pore thing," ses the landlady, shaking 'er 'ead. "I can feel for you; my boy went to sea at that age, and I've never seen 'im since."

"GINGER DICK WAS A BIT LONESOME."

"I'm sorry to 'ear it, ma'am," ses Ginger, very respectful-like. "I suppose I've lost my mother, so I can feel for you."

"Suppose you've lost your mother!" ses the barmaid; "don't you know whether you have?"

"No," ses Ginger Dick, very sad. "When I was wrecked the fust time I was in a open boat for three weeks, and, wot with the exposure and 'ardly any food, I got brain fever and lost my memory."

"Pore thing," ses the landlady agin.

"I might as well be a orfin," ses Ginger, looking down; "sometimes I seem to see a kind, 'andsome face bending over me, and fancy it's my mother's, but I can't remember 'er name, or my name, or anythink about 'er."

"You remind me o my boy very much," ses the landlady, shaking 'er 'ead; "you've got the same coloured 'air, and, wot's extraordinary, you've got the same tattoo marks on your wrists. Sailor-boy dancing on one and a couple of dolphins on the other. And 'e 'ad a little scar on 'is eyebrow, much the same as yours."

"Good 'evins," ses Ginger Dick, starting back and looking as though 'e was trying to remember something.

"I s'pose they're common among seafaring men?" ses the landlady, going off to attend to a customer.

Ginger Dick would ha' liked to ha' seen 'er a bit more excited, but 'e ordered another glass o' bitter from the barmaid, and tried to think 'ow he was to bring out about the ship on 'is chest and the letters on 'is back. The landlady served a couple o' men, and by-and-by she came back and began talking agin.

"I like sailors," she ses; "one thing is, my boy was a sailor; and another thing is, they've got such feelin' 'earts. There was two of 'em in 'ere the other day, who'd been in 'ere once or twice, and one of them was that kind 'earted I thought he would ha' 'ad a fit at something I told him."

"Ho," ses Ginger, pricking up his ears. "Wot for?"

"I was just talking to 'im about my boy, same as I might be to you," ses the old lady, "and I was just telling 'im about the poor child losing 'is finger——"

"Losing 'is *wot?*" ses Ginger, turning pale and staggering back.

"Finger," ses the landlady. "'E was only ten years old at the time, and I'd sent 'im out to—— Wot's the matter? Ain't you well?"

Ginger didn't answer 'er a word, he couldn't. 'E went on going backwards until 'e got to the door, and then 'e suddenly fell through it into the street, and tried to think.

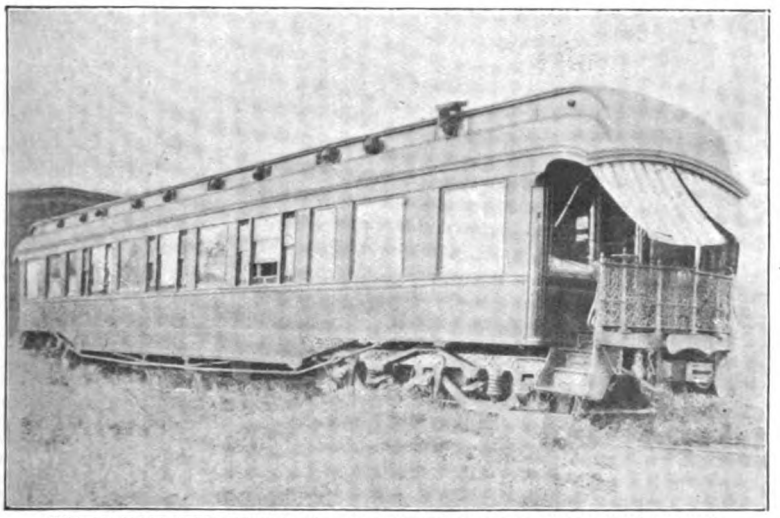
"WOT'S THE MATTER? AIN'T YOU WELL?"

Then 'e remembered Sam and Peter, and when 'e thought of them safe and sound aboard the *Penguin* he nearly broke down altogether, as 'e thought how lonesome he was.

All 'e wanted was 'is arms round both their necks same as they was the night afore they 'ad 'im tattooed.

Some Wonders from the West.

IX.—THE AMAZING ROMANCE OF A RAILWAY-CAR.

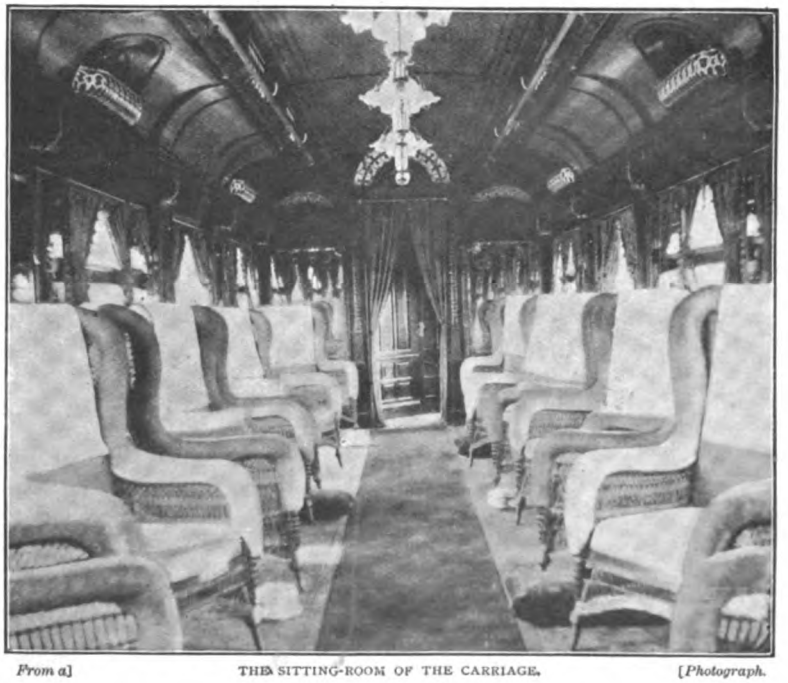


THE PALATIAL CARRIAGE IN WHICH MR. AND MRS. DUDLEY ARE LIVING IN POVERTY.
From a Photograph.

JUST outside of Springfield, Massachusetts, in the little suburb of Brightwood, on an abandoned grass-grown side track, lies a large palace-car, bearing the name "Boston."

Everything about the exterior of the coach indicates that it has been carefully looked after. The brass handles are free of the least suggestion of tarnish, the large bevelled glass windows have been cleaned and polished to the traditional clearness of crystal, and not a single scratch mars the paint on the woodwork. Crossing the portal and entering the interior the appearance of the car is calculated to make even the most travel-hardened visitor stare with amazement.

On every side are evidences of the most opulent luxury and unlimited wealth. The curtains are of damask, of silk, of satin, and the richest cardinal velvet. The woodwork is of the most expensive inlaid mahogany and ebony. Great, capacious reclining chairs, upholstered in the finest leather, are scattered over the car, and in the background is a handsome library, filled with expensive and rare books in the richest and most artistic bindings. On a small table, evidently set for dinner, is a service of valuable solid silver, delicate hand-painted china, and exquisite French cut-glass, every piece of which must be worth almost its weight in gold. The tablecloth and napkins are made of Irish linen of the snowiest whiteness, and every detail, every-



From a] THE SITTING-ROOM OF THE CARRIAGE. *[Photograph.*

From a] ALLAN DUDLEY. *[Photograph.*

thing about the car, is characterized by the most refined elegance, a magnificence only obtainable at the cost of a prodigal outlay of cash.

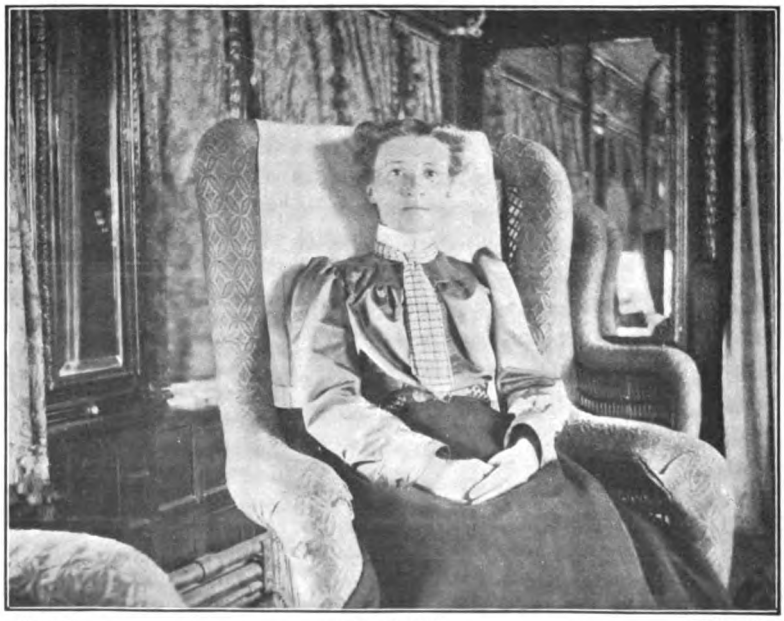
"Who, then, is the occupant of this car?" is the natural inquiry of the visitor. "What Crœsus spends his time in this palace on wheels, rolling rapidly over the country, with all the comforts and luxuries of the most splendidly-appointed hotel at his disposal? Who is the plutocrat, the man of millions, the wealthy magnate, who is master of all this splendour?"

The answer to this question discloses a state of affairs more peculiar than any which novelist ever pictured—a real romance of real life—the story of how a menial, a humble servant, became master of a residence worth sixty thousand dollars—of starvation in the midst of plenty, of gaunt poverty reigning supreme in the surroundings worthy the home of a multi-millionaire.

Allan Dudley, a negro, and his wife are the only occupants of this sumptuous car. It is their only home, and for almost two years they have known no other.

Yet Dudley is only a porter. His salary is sixty-five dollars a month. He has no other income, and even this modest competence has not been paid for the past two years. Never was a better instance of the irony of fate than this negro's present condition.

Although they live in a sixty-thousand-dollar residence, have in their keeping silver

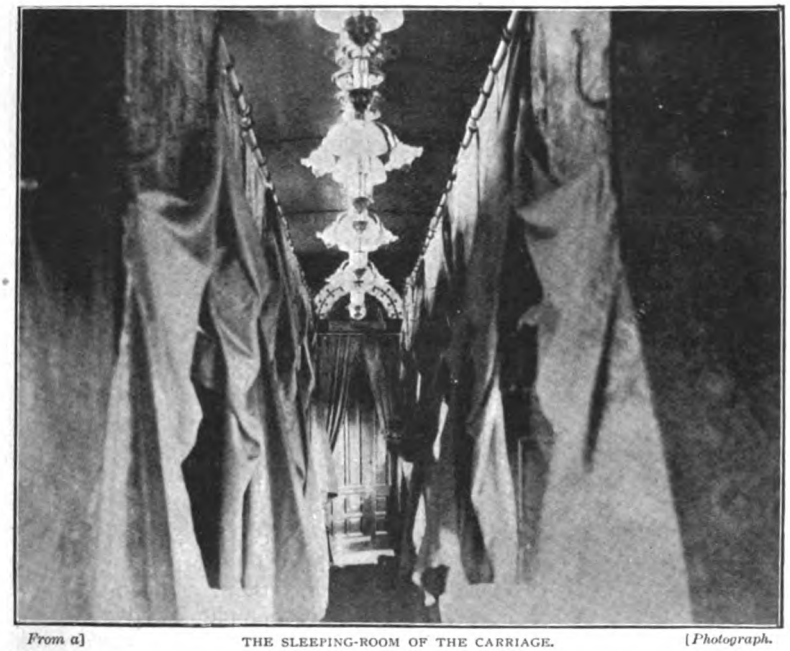


From a] MRS. DUDLEY. *[Photograph.*

plate worth a small fortune, china ware, cut-glass, linen, etc., Dudley and his wife live in utter destitution, and once or twice have only escaped starvation by begging food from kind-hearted neighbours.

Even with its residents out of question, there is a remarkable story in the "Boston" itself; a startling exemplification of the old adage, "To what base uses may we come at last."

It is a magnificently built and furnished coach. At one end is the porter's bedroom, used in the day for an observation-room. Besides this are large lavatories for men and for women. A linen cupboard contains 1,500 pieces of the best linen, and a wine cupboard is stored with every design of wine service. In the middle of the car is the parlour by day and the berth-room by night. By day it is a regular parlour-chair car, with appliances for its quick conversion into a dining-car. At each of the ten tables which may be set up is a service of thirty pieces of solid silver ware. At night, ten berths on each side of the car are raised up from what is called in railroad parlance the "belly" under the flooring. There is sleeping accommodation for forty persons. All the berths are magnificently fitted, and are more roomy than those of a usual Pullman. At the other end of the car are a writing-desk and library. Besides this, there is a steam-heated apparatus in a small room, cupboards for all purposes, and a kitchen perfectly fitted with the best china ware.



From a] THE SLEEPING-ROOM OF THE CARRIAGE. *[Photograph.*

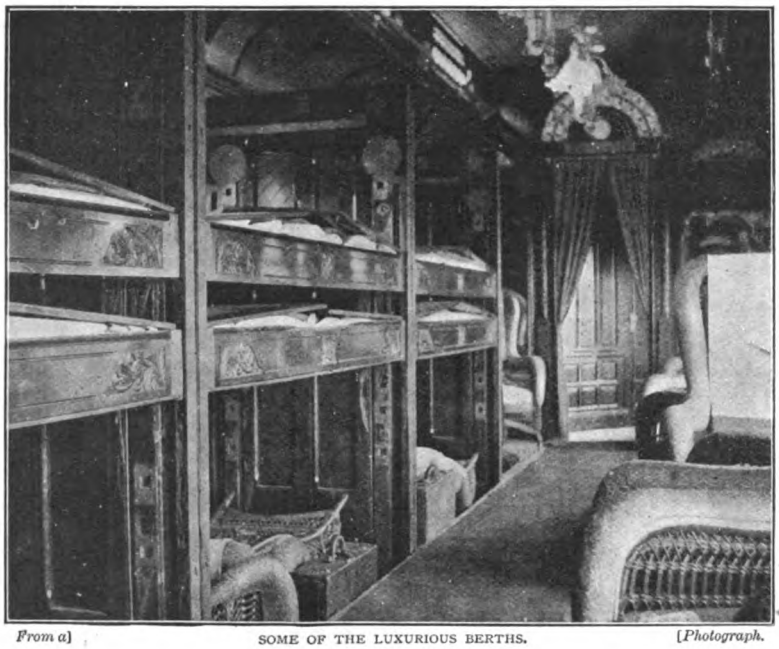
When built eleven years ago this splendid car was acclaimed a marvel, and experts freely predicted that it would completely revolutionize railroad travel.

It is conceded to be the finest piece of rolling-stock ever constructed, and while only valued at sixty thousand dollars, the total expenses of building, altering and reconstructing, arranging the patents, and all preliminaries, aggregate fully one hundred thousand dollars.

The car was invented by a Bostonian, named Denham, and its peculiarity was that it was so arranged as to form a combination palace-car, dining-car, observation train, and sleeper.

Built originally to illustrate the value of this new principle, the "Jeannette," as it was first called, travelled all over the United States, as well as Canada, Mexico, and Central America, and the ingenuity of its construction, the economy of space, and the splendour of its appointments created a veritable furore.

Men of millions, railroad presidents, financiers, bankers, and brokers were lavishly entertained within its walls. The Imperial Governor-General of Canada, Lord Aberdeen, was among the most enthusiastic of the distinguished guests. Everything indicated the speedy adoption of the new car all over the country, and several orders were actually received, but, unfortunately, the enormous outlay necessary to launch the enterprise had severely drained the resources of the operating company, and in a short time its affairs became seriously involved. Creditors were pressing, debts accumulating, and finally the Harris Palatial Car Co., as the first owners called themselves, had to sell out at forced



From a] SOME OF THE LUXURIOUS BERTHS. *[Photograph.*

sale, and only realized ten thousand dollars for the "Jeannette."

The purchasers immediately formed a new company, the American Palace Car Co. The car was rebuilt and improved at an outlay of forty thousand dollars, re-named the "Boston," and once again sent out for exhibition.

Under the first management, during the memorable tour, Allan Dudley had been porter, and the new company retained his services at a salary of sixty-five dollars a month. Dudley was a useful man, who could not only discharge the duties of porter, but, through his thorough understanding of the mechanism of the car, was able to assist in its display.

The second trip was but a repetition of the first. Everywhere the car was admired, and would undoubtedly have come into use but for the prejudice engendered by pending patent litigation. The fatality which had pursued the car under the first *régime* came as a legacy to the new concern, and its affairs were soon as hopelessly tangled as those of its predecessor.

The financial troubles finally reached a climax January 15th, 1899, when the car was sent to the Wason Company at Brightwood for repairs. Since that time it has remained in their possession on a side-track, the owners being unable to raise the thirteen hundred dollars due for repairs.

Six lawyers are now in Springfield representing various creditors of the company, and so thoroughly are matters involved that it will probably be years before a settlement can be reached and the ultimate fate of the car decided.

The stockholders cannot obtain possession of their property without a complete settlement. They cannot move it from the yards until the Wason Company is paid thirteen hundred dollars due for repairs, and the moment they satisfy this claim attachments will be served by all the other creditors.

This is how it happens that the magnificent car lies abandoned in Brightwood, and that the former porter and his wife are living in a sixty-thousand-dollar home.

Throughout all the vicissitudes of the company the Dudleys have remained loyal. The porter now has the distinction of being the American Palace Car Company's only employé, and although he has not received any salary for two years he has stuck bravely to his post and protected the car and its valuable fittings against burglars.

The instant the "Boston" became a prisoner in the yard the company seemed suddenly to forget that such a person as Dudley existed. From time to time he has written the most appealing letters, setting forth his destitute condition and begging for a portion of the overdue salary. In reply he has received polite acknowledgments, expressions of recognition of his faithfulness, but never any money. Dudley is therefore virtually a prisoner on the handsomely appointed coach. In various ways, with the assistance of Brightwood people, he has eked out a precarious living. He does not take a regular situation, because that would entail legal surrender of the present position, and he might never be able to collect his bill. It is only his careful watch of the car which has already prevented

heavy loss from thieves, who have made three attempts to break in and steal the valuables.

Both husband and wife go constantly armed in order to repel such attacks. In spite of his poor treatment Dudley has discharged his trust with a fidelity almost unparalleled. In his possession and entirely subject to his order he has had several thousand dollars' worth of movable chattels, which could readily have been turned into money. These include 400 pieces of solid silver plate, 900 pieces of exquisite hand-painted china, 300 pieces of the best French cut-glass, 1,500 pieces of the finest table and bed-linen, to say nothing of the books, expensive copper cooking utensils, and other equipments of the car; yet in spite of all his privations he has never yielded to the natural temptation, and can account for every article the company delivered into his care.

Dudley is a man out of the ordinary, an exceptionally clever negro. Born in Ohio, he received a good education and uses excellent English. He is a fine-looking man, and bears some resemblance to Booker T. Washington, the noted negro educator. His wife is white, a Canadian. Dudley met her in Ottawa in 1897, and they were married by a Methodist minister in Springfield.

When Dudley succeeds in collecting the overdue salary they intend removing to Ottawa to take up their permanent residence near Mrs. Dudley's people.

X.—HOW REDSKINS ACTED "HIAWATHA."

By Frederick T. C. Langdon.

Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Hiawatha," has been born again. After these many years since the American bard first gave the world of literature the charming redskin love-story it has been dramatized, and, stranger than all else, dramatized by the Indians of the Ojibway tribe whence the legend came.

CHIEF KABAOSA AND HIS SQUAW, WHO TOOK THE PARTS OF HIAWATHA'S FATHER AND MOTHER.
From a Photograph.

It is doubtful, even in this era when novel after novel is being put upon the stage, if the Fates have ever consented to work together so picturesquely and harmoniously. It is doubtful, too, if any drama, in recent years at least, has been presented by actors in whose veins coursed the blood of those who gave the story birth.

To lovers of the best in literature there comes a strong sense of the eternal fitness of

things in this unique and weird performance. Most touching of all, however, and delightfully in keeping with the sentiment of the occasion, was the fact that among the spectators at the production of the drama were the poet's daughters, Miss Alice Longfellow and Mrs. J. G. Thorpe, as well as eight or ten more distant relatives.

The presentation of "Hiawatha" by the Indians was given on the 25th of August last at Kensington Point, two miles from Desbarates, Canada, in the very heart of the Ojibway land. Kensington Point is one of the daintiest garden spots in Nature. Rock-ribbed, tree-crowned, shrub-fringed, it juts into a northern arm of Lake Huron towards the setting sun. Tiny wooded islands dot the bay, and through them and beyond stretches the lake itself, seemingly as boundless as the ocean.

The stage whereon "Hiawatha" was performed stood near the water's edge at the foot of a gentle slope sparsely grown with rugged trees and covered with a fabric of brown pine-needles entangled in the soft green grasses of the forest. This stage was erected about the base of a woodland giant, whose spreading arms threw a benedictory shadow over the redskin actors underneath. Here and there in the forest aisles were scattered wigwams, and beyond the platform, just where the placid waters kiss a narrow, glimmering ribbon of shore, a fleet of birch canoes grated nervously on the sand. The town of Desbarates occupies a central position in the land of the Ojibways, which extends from Marquette, Michigan, on the west, to the Ottawa River some miles to the eastward.

That "Hiawatha" might be dramatized was the suggestion of Mr. F. O. Armstrong, of Montreal. He is an ethnologist of considerable note, and it seemed to him that nothing could be more unique than to stage the poem and to train as actors the direct descendants of the Indians who furnished the basis for the story. Mr. Armstrong laid his plans before Mr. F. M. West, a Boston artist and a lover of Indian tradition, and Mr. West received the proposition very enthusiastically.

There were weary weeks of instruction before the participants approached success, but as the days went by perfection grew.

About seventy-five Indians participated in the drama, but of this number only a few played prominent rôles. In the beginning the actors seemed more or less embarrassed by the presence of the Longfellows, but as the play progressed the embarrassment was lost in genuine enthusiasm.

In the initial scene representatives from the tribes of every Indian nation assembled upon the platform in council of war. Almost hideous they were in their stripes of crimson war-paint, their garments of buckskin, and their armament. They approached the plat-

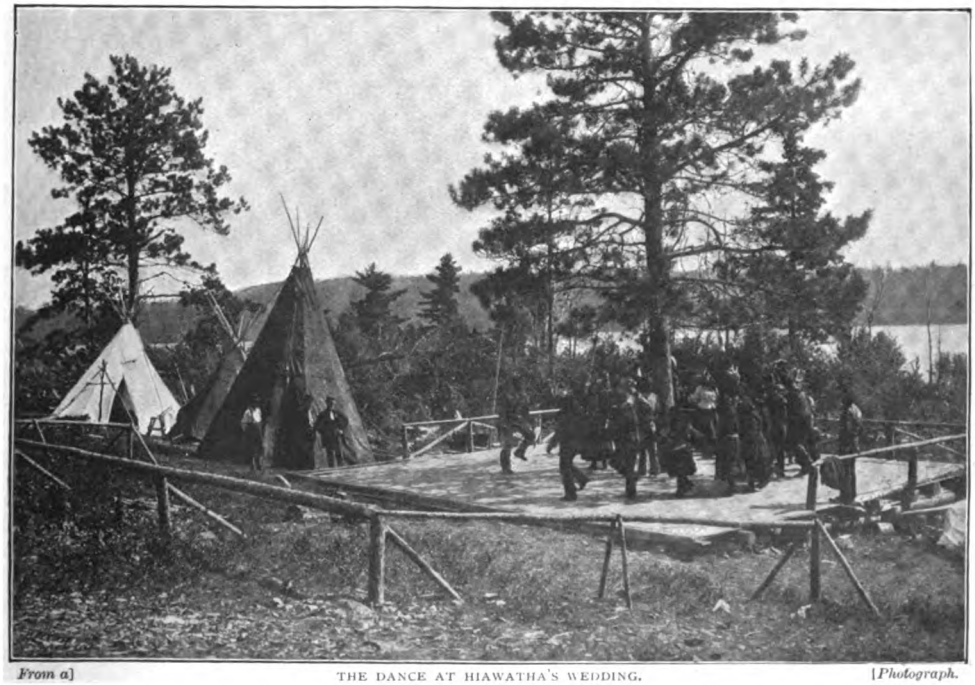
From a] SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE. HIAWATHA IS ON THE LEFT. *[Photograph.*

form with that stealth and stolidity which history has long attributed to the redskin. Once there they formed a circle about the massive tree-trunk and engaged in an animated discussion.

Some twenty Indians participated in the council. Having indulged in a universal war-dance the delegates were addressed by Gitchie Manitou, the Great Spirit, who had caused the meeting to be summoned. He pleaded that peace might descend upon the tribes there represented, and so earnest and heartfelt were his words that at the close the Indians forthwith arose, and as one man stole down the slope to the edge of the lake, where they washed the war-paint away.

art of shooting. A group of his companions watched the proceedings keenly and showed approval, when Hiawatha hit the mark, by clapping their hands and emitting guttural grunts of pleasure. The scene was rather short, but it was a pretty representation of a pretty incident in the poem.

Hiawatha had grown to maturer years in the picture which followed. Meantime, he had made a journey to the distant Rocky Mountains and, returned, was engaged in describing to his tribesmen the incidents in his travels. He spoke of Minnehaha, the aged arrow-maker's daughter, and told of his intention to return again to the wigwam of her father in the days not far away. Hiawatha



From a] THE DANCE AT HIAWATHA'S WEDDING. *[Photograph.*

Having in such a manner sworn allegiance to the bond, the Indian file wound back again to the platform and squatted down to smoke the pipe of peace. One after another drew from the smouldering bowl a puff of significant vapour, blew it forth again, and passed the brierwood to his neighbour. Then the Indians left their places in preparation for the following scene.

Here young Hiawatha made his entrance. A lad some eight or nine years old took the part of the hero. With old Nokomis standing near, the boy first set arrow to bow-string and received his initial instructions in the

mapped out his journey with bits of charcoal on parchments of birch, and pictured his adventures mutely with rude illustrations.

In the next scene Hiawatha was setting out on his second journey to the arrow-maker's tent. The old man's wigwam stood in one of the forest paths a few yards distant from the stage. This distance Hiawatha travelled, and having thus crossed the mountains safely he arrived once more at the home of his loved one. Minnehaha, "Laughing Water," stood near by in the doorway, and there the young brave told his tale of love and devotion, and there he wooed and won

his redskin bride. Light and life and novelty brightened the wooing of the maiden, and the picture was one of the most charming of all.

The wedding feast was celebrated afterwards in a manner almost startling. The strange, fantastic dances, doubly weird because of the participants, added greatly to the strength of the drama. First of all came the wedding-dance itself, a bit of terpsichorean revelry at once unique in conception and remarkable in execution. An aged squaw with an ugly-looking tomahawk zealously guarded a group of Indian maidens from the kneeling in a light canoe of birch. The Indians caught sight of the stranger and went immediately to greet him. He was taken to a wigwam near the water and offered refreshments, after which he went to the assembled tribesmen on the platform and addressed them in the Ojibway tongue.

This scene was followed by the most charming of all. It was the climax of the drama, the last farewell of Hiawatha and his departure.

The sun was sinking to sleep down the western sky, and the shadows of the pine trees crept, almost imperceptibly, up the

From a] HIAWATHA, MINNEHAHA, AND THE OLD CHIEF. *[Photograph.*

youthful warriors who would carry them away. One by one, however, the girls were stolen, despite the old woman's vigilant care and her ever-ready blows.

The Deer dance followed. This was significant of plenty for Hiawatha and Minnehaha. It may most aptly be described as a fast and furious Indian hornpipe. The Snake dance, intended to appease the evil spirits, was succeeded by the Gambling dance, a creation both strange and startling.

In their dances the Ojibways scarcely lift their feet from the floor. They seem rather to glide about with an undulating motion which makes the watcher almost dizzy.

In the following scene an English clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Clark, took the part of the missionary. He came suddenly into view from around the rock-strewn point, grassy hillside. The islands on the thither shore were growing indistinct. Afternoon was melting into night.

Hiawatha walked forth from his companions, and told them boldly that he must go away. He spoke of the long miles of travel before him, and of his absence about to begin. Then, taking his paddle, he descended the slope, stepped into his canoe, and waving a last farewell, glided down the dying pathway of the sunshine.

Fixed, erect, immovable, he stood in the birchen craft as a statue on its pedestal, and with every moment the ribbon of sand receded more and more :—

> Westward, westward, Hiawatha
> Sailed into the fiery sunset,
> Sailed into the purple vapors,
> Sailed into the dusk of evening.

XI.—MR. MEESE'S MARRIAGE SOCIETY.

THE strangest society in the United States, the Meese Matrimonial Association, is now preparing for its great annual reunion, and within a few days Auburn, Indiana, United States of America, will be the scene of this peculiar celebration.

The society is composed exclusively of couples who have been married by the vener-

able Rev. W. L. Meese. Its membership amounts to about six hundred, and it is constantly increasing.

Pastor Meese founded this association, which is the only one of its kind in existence, and the idea was entirely original with him.

He can, perhaps, show a longer list of couples whom he has united than any other rector in the United States, and, proud of his record as a marrying parson, he conceived the novel idea of holding annual reunions, in which the happily married pairs might meet and be entertained. The reunion which took place in 1899 was a decided success, many of the men and a few of the women giving humorous and serious impromptu addresses on "How to be Happy though Married," or like subjects.

From a] MR. MEESE'S MARRIAGE SOCIETY. *[Photograph.*

Mr. Meese said in discussing his work recently, "Judge C. A. Barnes, of Bryan, Ohio, a skilled orator, gave an entertaining address in 1899 on the subject, 'Is Marriage a Failure?' and after he had finished what proved to be an amusing speech, the question was left open to the three hundred couples, and a lively debate ensued, in which much good-humoured banter was exchanged, but which ended in the question being decided in favour of the negative, all agreeing that marriage was not a failure.

"This meeting of the Matrimonial Association was so successful that all voted to hold another reunion in 1900. This we expect to do. Notices have already been sent out, and I have received several hundreds of letters of acceptance, and expect as many more before the time of the celebration.

"Several well-known speakers will deliver addresses on subjects of interest, and as there are always some music lovers and some musicians among the number, we will have instrumental and vocal selections. Undoubtedly some of the couples will have matters of importance to tell us, and so the entertainment feature will go smoothly and pleasantly.

"More important still, and a part of the day which is looked for expectantly, is the social. It is then that the real fun commences and the true object of the Matrimonial Society is carried out. Old friends who have not met since, perhaps, last year's reunion get together and talk over old times, reminiscences are exchanged, and a general good feeling is established. It is amusing to listen to some of the anecdotes which are related by the older couples, and the experiences of the younger ones are equally funny.

"It is an excellent opportunity for character-study, but that is aside from the question. I like to have the friends, the making of whose lives I have had a finger in, about me, and I believe the young as well as the old derive benefit from the meetings. Many practical suggestions are given by experienced housekeepers to the young wives just entering upon married life.

"The father of five or six children, too, can frequently give good advice to the young bridegroom who has just commenced to learn that life has its ups and downs.

"It is at the big dinner, though, that my several hundred friends begin to reap the benefit of the gathering. After all, there is nothing like a good dinner to make people become friendly, and over the viands which have been prepared by skilled hands many

pathetic stories, nearly all of which have a humorous side, are told of the failures of the first few months of housekeeping, and the sting which these queer mishaps ofttimes leaves is laughed away at the big reunion dinner.

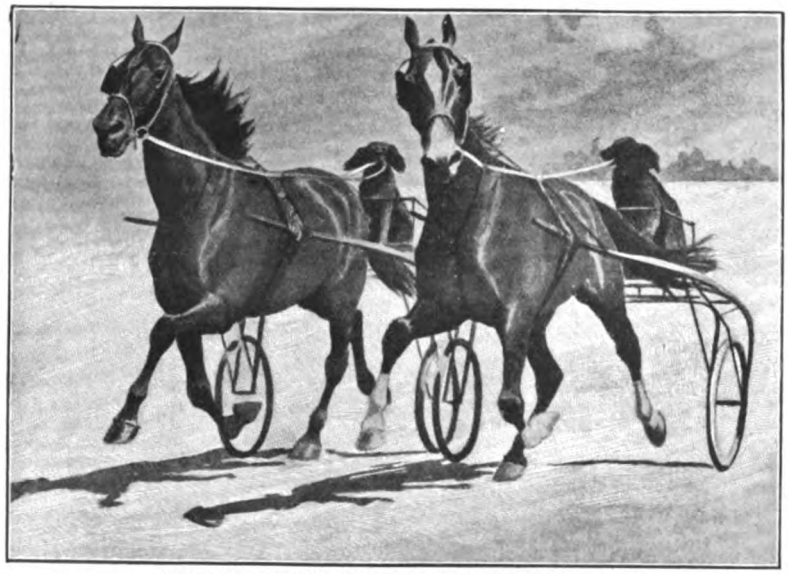
"I have had couples nearing the three-score years and ten mark come to me after the meeting to express their thanks for the event which has seemed to lift the weight of years off their lives. Yes, I think that I can confidently say that from every point my Matrimonial Association has been a decided success, and I expect these reunions to bear fruit long after I am dead."

Mr. Meese was born in Ohio, where he worked on the Ohio Canal until 1855, when he moved to De Kalb County, Indiana. In 1872 he was elected by the Republican party as sheriff, and in 1874 he was re-elected by that party to the same office. For many years he has been a respected and successful pastor in De Kalb County, and his Matrimonial Society has united him more closely than ever to the people.

XII.—A NOVELTY ON THE RACE-COURSE.

By M. F. Toler.

The fairs of the United States, large and small, make their exhibitions more attractive by adding special features to the usual racing and agricultural programmes, such as diving elks and horses, trotting dogs and ostriches. The accompanying picture represents two racing mares, Humming Bird and Nan Wilkes, with dog-drivers. This novelty appears on the race-course, each horse being led by its respective dog-driver, Rex and Max. Arriving at the stand they mount their sulkies without assistance, and, reins in mouth, proceed to jog back to the starting flag, when, at the sound of the bell, they turn and come down the course in racehorse style. Another tap of the bell brings them back to the stand, where the dogs dismount, take the lead-straps with their teeth, and lead their charges back to head-quarters. As the crowds cheer their approval the canine drivers evince an almost human appreciation of the applause, and wag their tails as if thanking the spectators for the ovation.



NAN WILKES AND HUMMING-BIRD DRIVEN BY REX AND MAX.
From a Photograph.

Nan Wilkes and Humming Bird are chestnuts in colour, equally matched as to gait and speed, rarely making a mistake, and they finish closely at a high rate of speed. The dogs are brown spaniels, and exceedingly intelligent in every way. The outfit belongs to Mr. Fred Spoerhase, of New Ulm, Minnesota, and is decorated very tastefully, the attendants wearing handsome uniforms.

XIII.—WORTH TWICE HIS WEIGHT IN GOLD.

THE most valuable cat in the world belongs to Mrs. Charles Weed, of Bound Brook, New Jersey. It is a superb French Angora, and five thousand dollars would not suffice to buy him.

Napoleon the First is the name of the famous cat, and, being worth double his weight in gold, appropriately enough Napoleon's silken coat is of the richest golden hue.

The five-thousand-dollar beauty occupies luxurious apartments, which would not have disgraced the famous Emperor himself, and unlike that great soldier this Napoleon has never felt the stings of defeat, having easily outclassed all his brothers and sisters at the many shows in which he has participated.

Mrs. Weed is very much attached to "Nap," and said, while exhibiting him recently: "I have had a number of valuable cats, but none which have won the laurels of Napoleon. He is a remarkably easy cat to get along with, too, and is as proud of his medals as any veteran. Although large he is well proportioned, and unlike so many petted cats has not an idle bone in his body; indeed, he is as good a ratter as any ordinary cat who can't trace his lineage back along a line of royalty.

THE MOST VALUABLE CAT IN THE WORLD.
From a Photo. by Harding, Brooklyn.

"Nap's worst fault is jealousy. He will sulk for hours at a time and refuse to be comforted if I caress or fondle another puss, and frequently if I devote my attention to the stranger for any length of time Napoleon will cry to go out, and when the door is opened will leave the room with his head held proudly erect and without deigning to give so much as a glance in my direction. I have known him to remain away from home for a whole day when I offended him in this manner.

"Napoleon is very easily fed, and although he will eat a great variety of food, his principal diet is milk, oatmeal, and a little meat. The latter I cut in very small pieces for him or else leave on the bone, and I only give him this luxury at noon.

"In the summer he will eat potatoes and beans if well seasoned and buttered.

"He has been exhibited at many large shows and has always won the first prize given to Angoras, for his beauty, intelligence, and size.

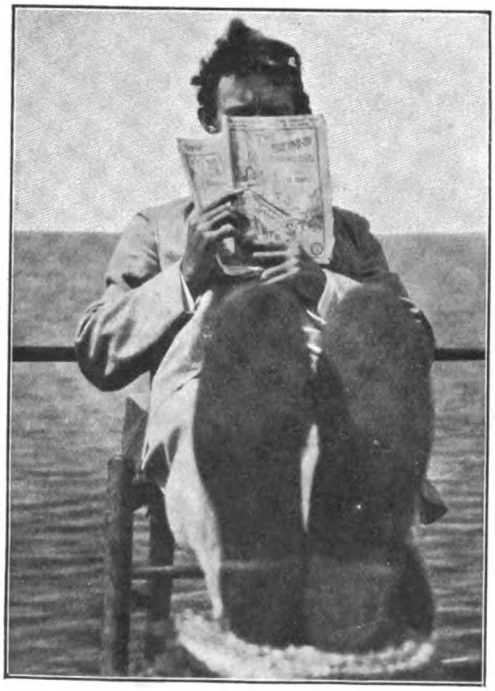
"I have been offered five thousand dollars for him, double his weight in gold, but I wouldn't part with Nap for any amount of money."

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

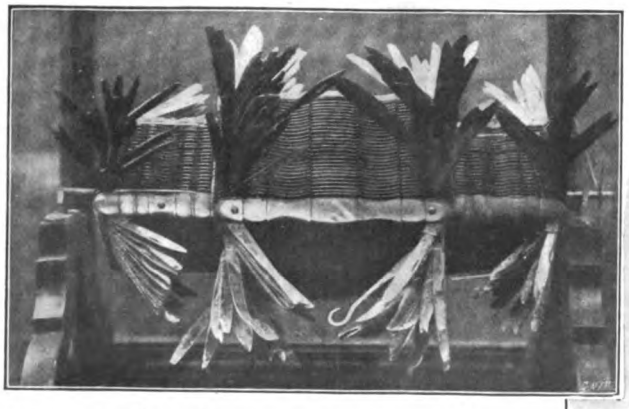
TAKEN BY A CHILD.

Mr. C. Horace Knapp, of Auburn, New York, sends a photograph which is of special interest not only to our readers but to ourselves also. It is a copy of a snap-shot taken by a child of eight years of her father reading a copy of THE STRAND MAGAZINE on board one of the steamers on Lake Ontario. When asked how she managed it, the little girl said: "Of course he never saw me take it!" For our part we may perhaps be excused if we are more gratified than surprised at anyone being so deeply interested in the pages of THE STRAND as to be completely oblivious of whatever may happen to pass around him.



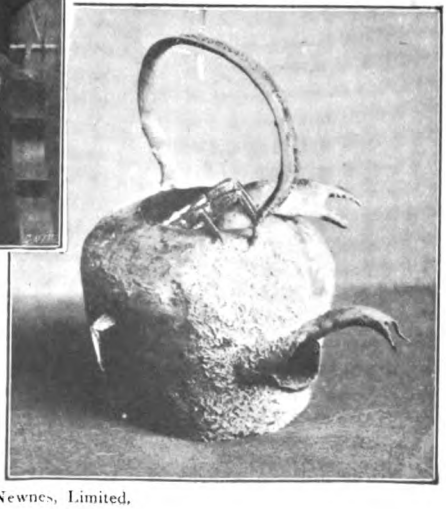
A REMARKABLE PENKNIFE.

This knife, which contains 384 blades, was made under very peculiar circumstances. The maker, who was a man named Hayes, an employé of Colgan, cutler, Limerick, in the year 1830, made a dagger for presentation to a friend. On arriving at the house in which the presentation was to take place he found a row going on, in which the friend was engaged, and on going to his assistance he used the dagger on one of his assailants, killing him instantly. He was arrested and convicted; but through his employer's influence he escaped the extreme penalty of the law, and was condemned to a term of imprisonment on board a convict ship at Queenstown. It was during his confinement in the vessel that he made this penknife, which was intended to be presented to the Lord Lieutenant, and which has since been exhibited in Paris, London, Dublin, and Edinburgh. The photograph of this remarkable piece of workmanship was sent to us by Mr. J. W. Hill, of Roche's Street, Limerick.



CAUGHT READY FOR BOILING.

A fisherman named William Bourn whilst fishing off Folkestone in September last hooked a kettle containing two crabs, which had evidently crawled into it when young and grown too large to make their exit, and could only be released by making the opening of the kettle larger. At the time of writing Mr. Joseph Thomas, of 29, Tontine Street, Folkestone, said that both the kettle and contents were on view at the Ship Inn, Folkestone; proprietor, Mr. Richard Page.



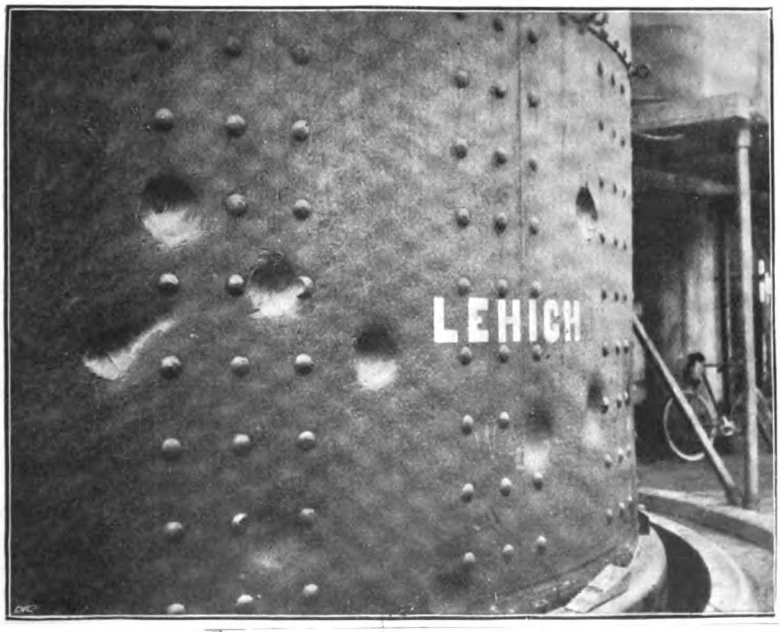
* Copyright, 1901, by George Newnes, Limited.

A REMARKABLE CURIOSITY.

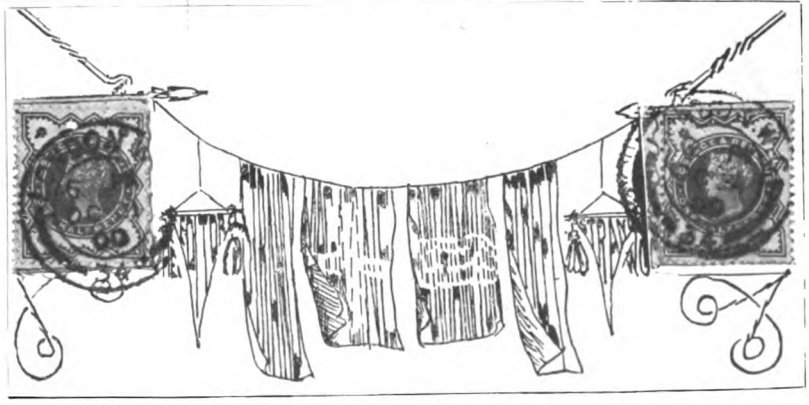
Mr. W. R. Tilton, of Prairie Depôt, O., sends the next photo., which is rather a remarkable Curiosity. It is the portrait of a cat riding upon the back of a game rooster. It appears that a certain amount of difficulty was experienced in the taking of so unique a snap-shot !

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION.

We have before us one of the most curious photographs which it has ever been our lot to come across. At first glance it represents what it really is: a section of a turret in the well-known works of the Lehigh Steel Co. in Pennsylvania, with shot-marks about 8in. in diameter and 2½in. to 3in. in depth. We also see that the thick steel turret is dotted with many rivets, and that the turret shown is about 20ft. high, judging from the size of the bicycle lying close by. Now let us look at the shot-marks on the surface of the steel. Nine indentations are plainly visible, as if the steel had been a yielding substance like dough, and the thumb of man had been impressed therein. The turning operation may be continued indefinitely, and the same result always ensues — an optical illusion of an extraordinary order, only explainable, we believe, by the scientific rules of light and shadow. The photo. has reached us from the Woodland Studio, 4,828, West Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



rivets stand boldly out. We ask each of our readers to look at this illustration for a moment, and then suddenly to turn the page upside down. Presto, change! Out come the shot marks like warts upon the surface of the steel, and in the twinkling of an eye the rivet marks become indentations on the surface. The

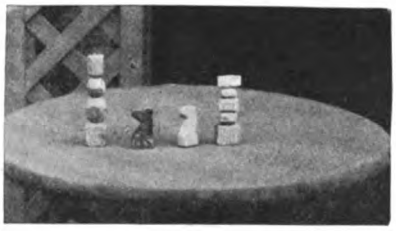


A CURIOUS ENVELOPE.

Mr. Frank H. Jeffree, of 67, Trinity Road, Wimbledon, says: "I have executed the envelope which carries this letter; it may be interesting to you for your Curiosities." The envelope in question reached us quite safely. To read it, hold the page level with the eyes.

MADE BY TOMMY.

One of the first things Tommy thought of when imprisoned by the Boers was to knit a scarf or shawl to send home to his wife or sweetheart. The piece of knitting shown in the photograph is an unfinished comforter, tubular in form, and done on six needles. The colours, which were very bright, form an Eastern-looking pattern: red, green, blue, and black are all present in this particular specimen. The wool was obtained by bribing a friendly Boer, but the knitting-needles were Tommy's own manufacture, being simply steel wire—from the barricades by which he was surrounded—cut or broken into the required lengths, the ends being rounded by the primitive method of rubbing them upon a stone. The chessmen were



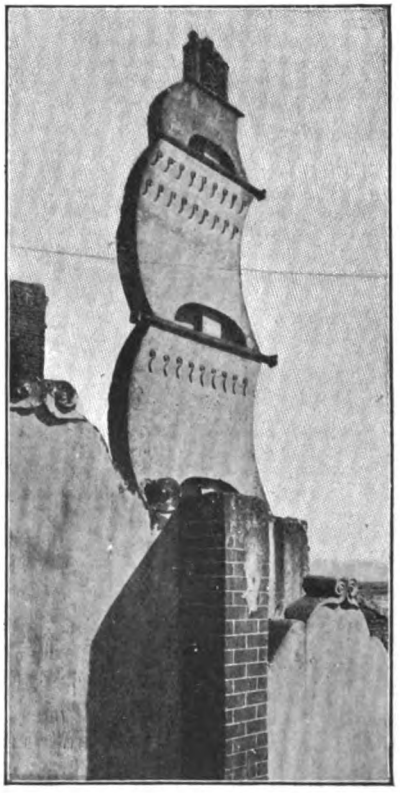
found amongst a "lot of little things," dice, marbles, counters, etc., by a party of Scots Guards sent to break down the huts at Waterval, after the release of the British prisoners. They were made from the fuel supplied by the Boers for culinary purposes. A pocket-knife was the only tool used in their manufacture, and one half of the pieces were painted red. We at home who know how hard was the lot of the captive cannot fail to admire the spirit which inspired him, amidst such depressing surroundings, to fashion ingenious playthings. We are indebted for the accompanying photo. to Mr. Sutherland Walker, Ullesthorpe Villa, Falsgrave, Scarborough.

THE CHURCH BELLS OF PIETERMARITZBURG.

The interesting photograph that follows shows the ringing of the bells of St. Peter's, Pietermaritzburg, on the receipt of the news of the relief of Ladysmith. As will be seen, the bells are placed in a tree instead of in a steeple. This interesting contribution is sent by Miss E. M. Kirton, The Croft, Rodway Road, Bromley, Kent.

THE STONE SAILS OF GUADALUPE.

The Stone Sails of Guadalupe, a photograph of which we reproduce herewith, are described by Mr. Arthur Inkersley, 508, Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal., as follows: "About two miles to the east of the City of Mexico is the village of Guadalupe, where, at



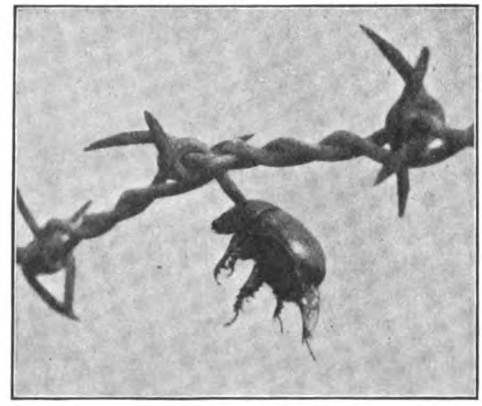
the foot of the hill of Tepeyacac, is a handsome church in honour of the Virgin of Guadalupe. On the summit of the hill, to which a series of stone steps leads, is a chapel named 'The Chapel of the Little Hill.' Half-way up to the chapel is a most remarkable monument in stone and mortar, representing the foremast of a full-rigged ship. The monument was erected by a sailor, who, being caught in a storm at sea, vowed that, if he reached land safely, he would build a stone ship to the glory of the Virgin. Either his funds ran short or his gratitude for his escape grew less, for he got no farther in the construction of the ship than the foremast, the sails, and reef-points, all of which are realistically reproduced. This is probably the only effigy in stone of part of a ship in natural size." The photograph is by Scott, of Guanajuato, Mexico.

A TOWER BUILT OF FRUIT.

The Westchester County Agricultural Society has gained the honour of having, at its recent exhibit, one of the most unique and appropriate of attractions. It consisted of a tower of fruit and vegetables as shown in the accompanying photograph. The design of this tower of fruit shows more than artistic skill. Each panel or circle had to be constructed with relation to its neighbour in size, shape, and colour, and it was most successfully accomplished. It must have required a great amount of thought and considerable patience in its building. The neat designs on the base were made of various nuts, while on the ledges and corners can be seen the squash, citron, and other large products of the field. The circle of small cabbages at the base of the column is quite noticeable, and apples played a prominent part in the decoration. Other hard fruits were also used. The upper portion or capital of the column was built of grain, and above all rose a flag-pole. Photograph sent by Mr. H. L. Varian, of Mount Vernon, New York.

A TRAGEDY IN BEETLE LIFE.

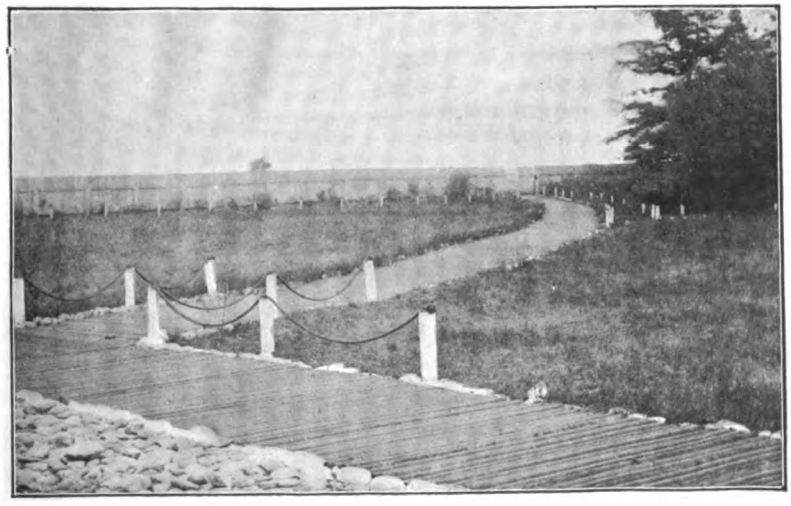
Here is a photograph illustrating a curious tragedy in beetle life. This beetle, being perhaps short-sighted, flew on to a spike of a fence of barbed wire. It is not the work of the butcher bird, as the victim had no



companions, and was untouched for about a week, when a spider found it; also, its position was horizontal, as it would be in flight. Mr. T. K. Evans, 7, Clarendon Villas, Oxford, is responsible for this contribution.

THE HANDY MAN'S ROADWAY.

Lieutenant A. E. Ruxton, of H.M.S. *Arethusa*, China Station, writes: "I inclose the following photograph, taken by me at Comox, Vancouver Island, B.C.; it shows a handy man's roadway when no other material was available, and is a good example of the handy man's ingenuity. The spit on which this rifle range is built consists of deep, loose sand, except for the two plots of grass in the photo., and, no stones or timber being available, a large number of condemned boiler-tubes were brought from Esquimault Dockyard and laid down. The whole range, houses, butts, and firing points, etc., were built by Jack. A rough estimate in round numbers of the boiler-tubes is about 150,000."



A STUDY IN COMPARISONS.

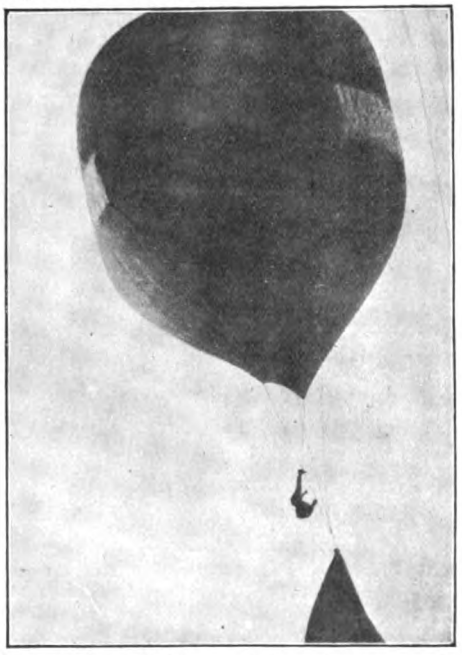
Mr. C. Cozens, 66, Somer's Road, Southsea, sends an interesting and pretty picture of his little daughter standing upright in the hollow shell of a 13·5 naval gun, where the bursting charge usually goes. The photo. was taken while on a visit to Whale Island by Mr. C. Cozens, Southsea.

JEZREEL'S TEMPLE.

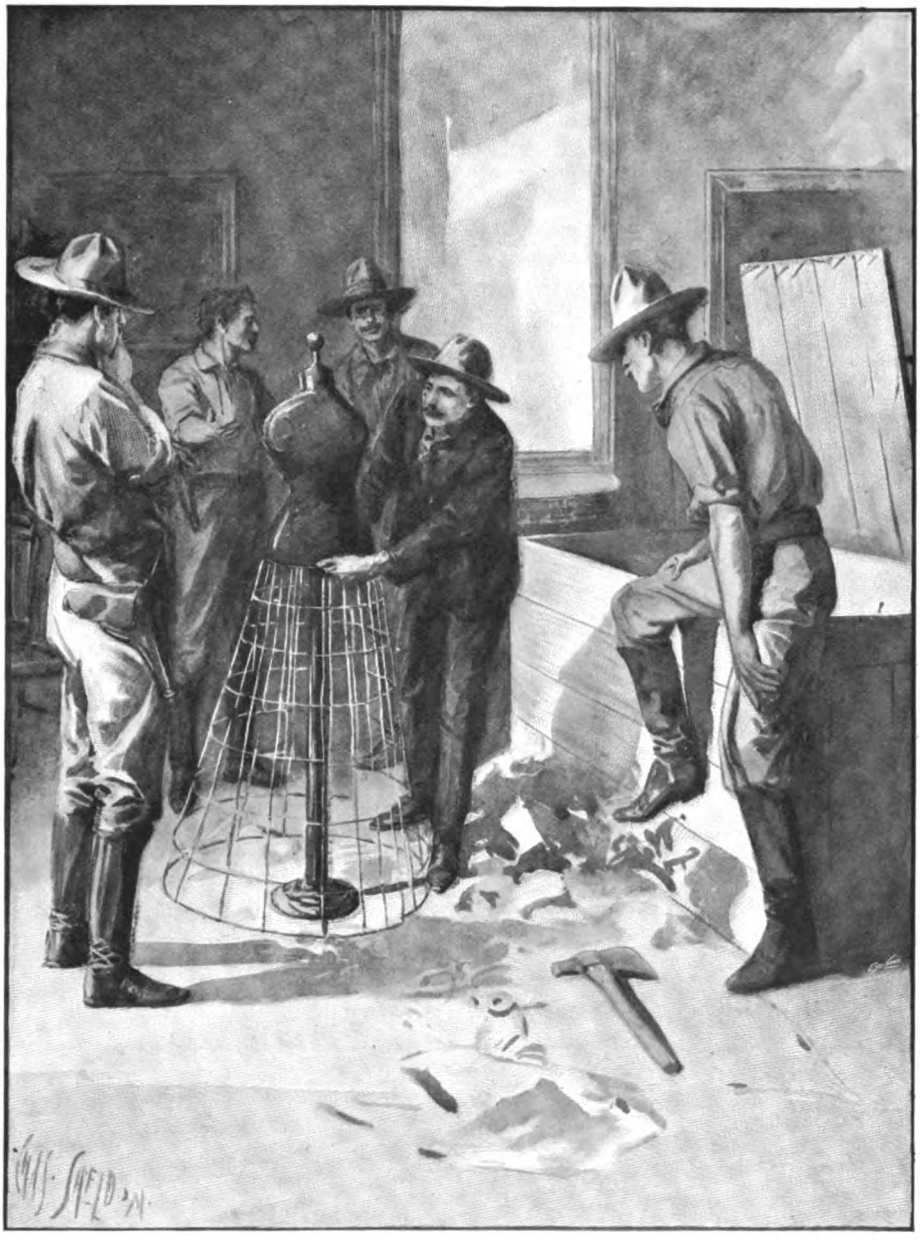
At the summit of Chatham Hill stands the vast unfinished building known as Jezreel's Temple, a hideous mass of bricks and scaffold-poles erected by a fanatical sect with more ambition than wealth or brains. Their leader was a man named White, who called himself James Jershom Jezreel, and among the articles of their faith was the belief that no member of the sect would die. Naturally, on the death of White the sect practically collapsed. In September, 1897, this curious tower, "for the housing of 144,000 persons who were not to taste death," was offered for sale at Tokenhouse Yard, the auctioneer remarking, according to the daily papers, with what must have been a touch of sarcasm, that the building would do equally well for a brewery or a lunatic asylum. Photo. kindly sent by Mr. S. J. Browne, 51, Stilehall Gardens, Chiswick.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

The accompanying photograph is sent by Mr. M. A. Reasoner, M.D., Morrisonville, Ill., and was taken by Mr. W. H. Beck, at Auborn, a little village not far distant. It shows a balloon in the act



of ascent; beneath this, one of the assistants entangled and suspended in the ropes, and beneath him the top of the parachute. The balloon was filled and released at the proper time, but in some manner the assistant on the inside became caught in one of the ropes, and, to the horror of a thousand spectators, was carried swiftly upward, struggling all the time to escape from the loop which held him, to fall to a certain death. Suddenly he noticed that his weight on one of the ropes was causing the balloon to turn over, so he changed his tactics, and, swinging in, caught the opposite rope, lifted himself to an upright position, and ascended until his form could not be distinguished. The aeronaut had released the parachute a little precipitately, and averted an otherwise serious accident by landing in a cherry tree. The balloon, at the end of its descent, landed gently over a mile distant, and its passenger, except for a few scratches on his leg, was no more than frightened. An Italian miner, seeing him alight, came out with a shot-gun, but was persuaded not to use it.



"THE PRESIDENT WITH SUPERNATURAL GRAVITY LIFTED IT OUT."

(*See page* 124.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxi. FEBRUARY, 1901. No. 122.

The Goddess of Excelsior.

BY BRET HARTE.

WHEN the two solitary mining companies encamped on Sycamore Creek both discovered on the same day the great "Excelsior Lead" they met around a neutral camp-fire with that grave and almost troubled demeanour which distinguished the successful prospector in those days. Perhaps the term "prospectors" could hardly be used for men who had laboured patiently and light-heartedly in the one spot for over three years to gain a daily yield from the soil which gave them barely the necessaries of life. Perhaps this was why, now that their reward was beyond their most sanguine hopes, they mingled with this characteristic gravity an ambition and resolve peculiarly their own. Unlike most successful miners, they had no idea of simply realizing their wealth and departing to invest or spend it elsewhere, as was the common custom. On the contrary, that night they formed a high resolve to stand or fall by their claims; to develop the resources of the locality, to build up a town, and to devote themselves to its growth and welfare. And to this purpose they bound themselves that night by a solemn and legal compact.

Many circumstances lent themselves to so original a determination. The locality was healthful, picturesque, and fertile. Sycamore Creek, a considerable tributary of the Sacramento, furnished them a generous water supply at all seasons; its banks were well wooded and interspersed with undulating meadow-land. Its distance from stage-coach communication — nine miles — could easily be abridged by a waggon road over a practically level country. Indeed, all the conditions for a thriving settlement were already there. It was natural, therefore, that the most sanguine anticipations were indulged by the more youthful of the twenty members of this sacred compact. The sites of an hotel, a bank, the Express Company's office, stage office, and Court House, with other necessary buildings, were all mapped out and supplemented by a theatre, a public park, and a terrace along the river bank! It was only when Clinton Grey, an intelligent but youthful member, on offering a plan of the town with five avenues 80ft. wide, radiating from a central *plaza* and the Court House, explained that "it could be commanded by artillery in case of an armed attack upon the building," that it was felt that a line must be drawn in anticipatory suggestion. Nevertheless, although their determination was unabated, at the end of six months little had been done beyond the building of a waggon road and the importation of new machinery for the working of the lead. The peculiarity of their design debarred any tentative or temporary efforts; they wished the whole settlement to spring up in equal perfection, so that the first stage coach over the new road could arrive upon the completed town. "We don't want to show up in a 'biled shirt' and a plug hat, and our trousers stuck in our boots," said a figurative speaker. Nevertheless, practical necessity compelled them to build the hotel first for their own occupation, pending the erection of their private dwellings on allotted sites. The hotel—a really elaborate structure for the locality and period — was a marvel to the workmen and casual teamsters. It was luxuriously fitted and furnished. Yet it was in connection with this outlay that the event occurred which had a singular effect upon the fancy of the members.

Washington Trigg, a Western member who had brought up the architect and builder from San Francisco, had returned in a state of excitement. He had seen at an art exhi-

bition in that city a small replica of a famous statue of California, and, without consulting his fellow-members, had ordered a larger copy for the new settlement. He, however, made up for his precipitancy by an extravagant description of his purchase, which impressed even the most cautious. "It's the figger of a mighty pretty girl, in them spirit clothes they allus wear, holding a divinin' rod for findin' gold afore her in one hand; all the while she's hidin' behind her, in the other hand, a branch o' thorns out of sight. The idea bein'—don't you see?—that blamed old 'forty miners like us, or ordinary greenhorns, ain't allowed to see the difficulties they've got to go through before reaching a strike. Mighty cute, ain't it? It's to be made life-size—that is, about the size of a girl of that kind—don't you see?" he explained, somewhat vaguely; "and will look powerful fetchin' standin' on to a pedestal in the hall of the hotel." In reply to some further cautious inquiry as to the exact details of the raiment and of any possible shock to the modesty of lady guests at the hotel, he replied, confidently, "Oh, *that's* all right! It's the regulation uniform of goddesses and angels—sorter as if they'd caught up a sheet or a cloud to fling round 'em before coming into this world afore folks; and being an allegory, so to speak, it ain't as if it was me or you prospectin' in high water. And, being of bronze, it——"

"Looks like a squaw, eh?" interrupted a critic, "or a cursed Chinaman?"

"And if it's of metal, it will weigh a ton! How are we going to get it up here?" said another.

But here Mr. Trigg was on sure ground. "I've ordered it cast holler, and, if necessary, in two sections," he returned, triumphantly. "A child could tote it round and set it up."

Its arrival was therefore looked forward to with great expectancy when the hotel was finished and occupied by the combined Excelsior companies. It was to come from New York *viâ* San Francisco, where, however, there was some delay in its transhipment, and still further delay at Sacramento. It finally reached the settlement over the new waggon road, and was among the first freight carried there by the new Express Company, and delivered into the new Express office. The box—a packing-case, nearly 3ft. square by 5ft. long—bore superficial marks of travel and misdirection, inasmuch as the original address was quite obliterated and the outside lid covered with corrected labels. It was carried to a private sitting-room in the hotel, where its beauty was to be first disclosed to the President of the United Companies, three of the committee, and the excited and triumphant purchaser. A less favoured crowd of members and workmen gathered curiously outside the room. Then the lid was carefully removed, revealing a quantity of shavings and packing paper which still hid the outlines of the goddess. When this was promptly lifted a stare of blank astonishment fixed the faces of the party! It was succeeded by a quick, hysteric laugh, and then a dead silence.

Before them lay a dressmaker's dummy—the wire and padded model on which dresses are fitted and shown. With its armless and headless bust, abruptly ending in a hooped wire skirt, it completely filled the sides of the box.

"Shut the door," said the President, promptly.

The order was obeyed. The single hysteric shriek of laughter had been followed by a deadly ironical silence. The President with supernatural gravity lifted it out and set it up on its small, round, disc-like pedestal.

"It's some cussed fool blunder of that confounded Express Company," burst out the unlucky purchaser. But there was no echo to his outburst. He looked around with a timid, tentative smile. But no other smile followed his.

"It looks," said the President, with portentous gravity, "like the beginnings of a fine woman, that *might* show up, if you gave her time, into a first-class goddess. Of course she ain't all here; other boxes with sections of her, I reckon, are under way from her factory, and will meander along in the course of the year. Considerin' this as a sample—I think, gentlemen," he added, with gloomy precision, "we are prepared to accept it, and signify we'll take more."

"It ain't, perhaps, exactly the idee that we've been led to expect from previous description," said Dick Flint, with deeper seriousness; "for instance, this yer branch of thorns we heard of ez bein' held behind her is wantin'; as is the arms that held it; but even if they had arrived, anybody could see the thorns through them wires and so give the hull show away."

"Jam it into its box again, and we'll send it back to the confounded Express Company with a cussin' letter," again thundered the wretched purchaser.

"No, sonny," said the President, with

gentle but gloomy determination, "we'll fasten on to this little show jest as it is, and see what follows. It ain't every day that a first-class sell like this is worked off on us *accidentally*."

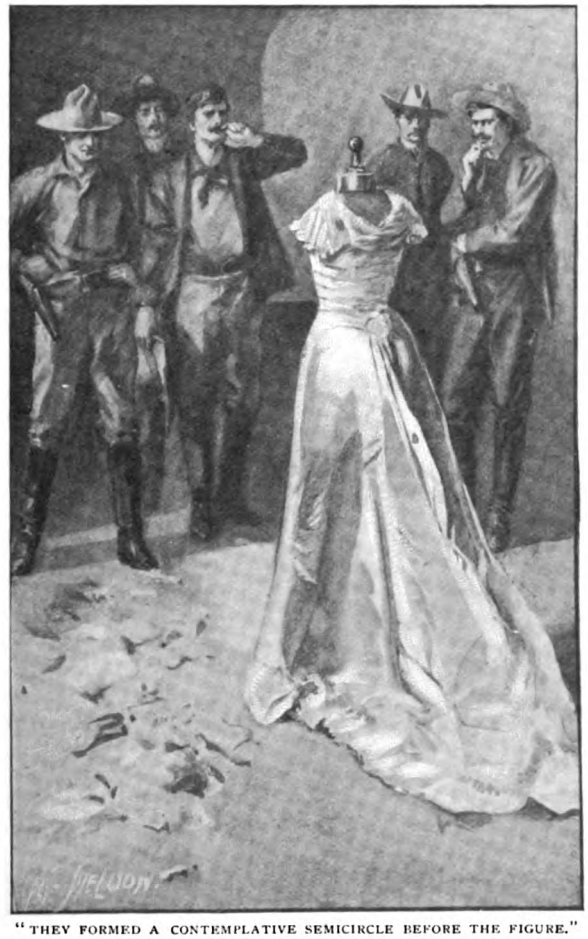
It was quite true! The settlement had long since exhausted every possible form of practical joking and languished for a new sensation. And here it was! It was not a thing to be treated angrily, nor lightly, nor dismissed with that single hysteric laugh. It was capable of the greatest possibilities! Indeed, as Washington Trigg looked around on the imperturbably ironical faces of his companions he knew that they felt more true joy over the blunder than they would in the possession of the real statue. But an exclamation from the fifth member, who was examining the box, arrested their attention.

"There's suthin' else here!"

He had found under the heavier wrapping a layer of tissue-paper, and under that a further envelope of linen, lightly stitched together. A knife-blade quickly separated the stitches, and the linen was carefully unfolded. It displayed a beautifully trimmed evening dress of pale blue satin, with a dressing-gown of some exquisite white fabric armed with lace. The men gazed at it in silence—and then the one single expression broke from their lips:—

"Her duds!"

"Stop, boys," said "Clint" Grey, as a movement was made to lift the dress towards the model, "leave that to a man who knows. What's the use of my having left five grown-up sisters in the States if I haven't brought a little experience away with me? This sort of thing ain't to be 'pulled on' like trousers. No, sir!—*this* is the way she's worked."



"THEY FORMED A CONTEMPLATIVE SEMICIRCLE BEFORE THE FIGURE."

With considerable dexterity, unexpected gentleness, and some taste, he shook out the folds of the skirt delicately and lifted it over the dummy; settling it skilfully upon the wire hoops, and drawing the bodice over the padded shoulders. This he then proceeded to fasten, with hooks and eyes—a work of some patience. Forty eager fingers stretched out to assist him, but were waved aside, with a look of pained decorum as he gravely completed his task. Then, falling back, he bade the others do the same, and they formed a contemplative semicircle before the figure.

Up to that moment a delighted but unsmiling consciousness of their own absurdities, a keen sense of the humorous possibilities of the original blunder, and a mischievous recognition of the mortification of Trigg—whose only safety now lay in accepting the mistake in the same spirit—had determined these grown-up schoolboys to artfully protract a joke that seemed to be providentially delivered into their hands. But *now* an odd change crept on them. The light from the open window that gave upon

the enormous pines and the rolling prospect up to the dim heights of the Sierras fell upon this strange, incongruous, yet perfectly artistic figure. For the dress was the skilful creation of a great Parisian artist, and in its exquisite harmony of colour, shape, and material it not only hid the absurd model, but clothed it with an alarming grace and refinement! A queer feeling of awe, of shame, and of unwilling admiration took possession of them. Some of them—from remote Western towns—had never seen the like before; those who *had* had forgotten it in those five years of self-exile, of healthy independence, and of contiguity to Nature in her unaffected simplicity. All had been familiar with the garish, extravagant, and dazzling femininity of the Californian towns and cities, but never had they known anything approaching the ideal grace of this type of exalted — even if artificial — womanhood. And although in the fierce freedom of their little Republic they had laughed to scorn such artificiality, a few yards of satin and lace cunningly fashioned, and thrown over a frame of wood and wire, touched them now with a strange sense of its superiority. The better to show its attractions, Clinton Grey had placed the figure near a full-length, gold-framed mirror, beside a marble-topped table. Yet how cheap and tawdry these splendours showed beside this work of art! How cruel was the contrast of their own rough working clothes to this miracle of adornment which that same mirror reflected! And even when Clinton Grey, the enthusiast, looked towards his beloved woods for relief, he could not help thinking of them as a more fitting frame for this strange goddess than this new house into which she had strayed. Their gravity became real; their gibes in some strange way had vanished.

"Must have cost a pile of money," said one, merely to break an embarrassing silence.

"My sister had a friend who brought over a dress from Paris, not as high-toned as that, that cost five hundred dollars," said Clinton Grey.

"How much did you say that spirit-clad old hag of yours cost—thorns and all?" said the President, turning sharply on Trigg.

Trigg swallowed this depreciation of his own purchase meekly. "Seven hundred and fifty dollars, without the express charges."

"That's only two-fifty more," said the President, thoughtfully, "if we call it quits."

"But," said Trigg, in alarm, "we must send it back."

"Not much, sonny," said the President, promptly. "We'll hang on to this until we hear where that thorny old chump of yours has fetched up and is actin' her conundrums —and mebbe we can swap even."

"But how will we explain it to the boys?" queried Trigg. "They're waitin' outside to see it."

"There *won't* be any explanation," said the President, in the same tone of voice in which he had ordered the door shut. "We'll just say that the statue hasn't come—which is the frozen truth; and this box only contained some silk curtain decorations we'd ordered—which is only half a lie. And," still more firmly, "*this secret doesn't go out of this room, gentlemen*—or I ain't your President! I'm not going to let you give yourselves away to that crowd outside—you hear me? Have you ever allowed your unfettered intellect to consider what they'd say about this — what a godsend it would be to every man we'd ever had a 'pull' on in this camp? Why, it would last 'em a whole year—we'd never hear the end of it! No, gentlemen! I prefer to live here without shootin' my fellow-man, but I can't promise it if they once start this joke agin us!"

There was a swift approval of this sentiment, and the five members shook hands solemnly.

"Now," said the President, "we'll just fold up that dress again, and put it with the figure in this closet"—he opened a large dressing-chest in the suite of rooms in which they stood—"and we'll each keep a key. We'll retain this room for committee purposes, so that no one need see the closet. See? Now take off the dress!—be careful there! You're not handlin' pay dirt, though it's about as expensive!—steady!"

Yet it was wonderful to see the solicitude and care with which the dress was recovered and folded in its linen wrapper.

"Hold on," exclaimed Trigg, as the dummy was lifted into the chest; "we haven't tried on the other dress!"

"Yes! yes!" repeated the others, eagerly; "there's another!"

"We'll keep that for next committee meeting, gentlemen," said the President, decisively. "Lock her up, Trigg."

The three following months wrought a wonderful change in Excelsior—wonderful even in that land of rapid growth and progress. Their organized and matured plans, executed by a full force of workmen from the county town, completed the twenty cottages for the

members, the bank, and the Town Hall. Visitors and intending settlers flocked over the new waggon road to see this new Utopia, whose founders, holding the land and its improvements as a corporate company, exercised the right of dictating the terms on which settlers were admitted. The feminine invasion was not yet potent enough to affect their consideration, either through any refinement or attractiveness, being comprised chiefly of the industrial wives and daughters of small traders or temporary artisans. Yet it was found necessary to confide the hotel to the management of Mr. Dexter Marsh, his wife, and one intelligent, but somewhat plain, daughter, who looked after the accounts. There were occasional lady visitors at the hotel, attracted from the neighbouring towns and settlements by its picturesqueness and a vague suggestiveness of its being a watering-place—and there was the occasional flash in the decorous street of a Sacramento or San Francisco gown. It is needless to say that to the five men who held the guilty secret of Committee Room No. 4 it only strengthened their belief in the superelegance of their hidden treasure. At their last meeting they had fitted the second dress — which turned out to be a vapoury, summer house-frock or morning-wrapper—over the dummy, and opinions were divided as to its equality with the first. However, the same subtle harmony of detail and grace of proportion characterized it.

"And you see," said Clint Grey, "it's jest the sort o' rig in which a man would be most likely to know her—and not in her war-paint, which would be only now and then."

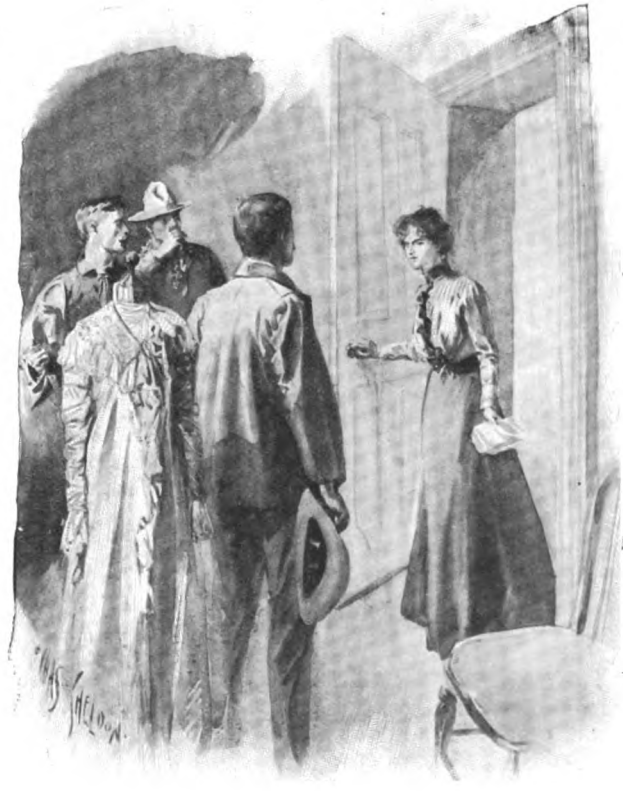
Already "*she*" had become an individuality!

"Hush!" said the President. He had turned towards the door, at which someone was knocking lightly.

"Come in."

The door opened upon Miss Marsh, secretary and hotel-assistant. She had a business aspect and an open letter in her hand—but hesitated at the evident confusion she had occasioned. Two of the gentlemen had absolutely blushed, and the others regarded her with inane smiles or affected seriousness. They all coughed slightly.

"I beg your pardon," she said, not ungracefully, a slight colour coming into her sallow cheek which, in conjunction with the gold eye-glasses, gave her, at least in the eyes of the impressible Clint, a certain piquancy. "But my father said you were here in committee and I might consult you. I can come again—if you are busy."



"I CAN COME AGAIN—IF YOU ARE BUSY."

She had addressed the President, partly from his office, his comparatively extreme age—he must have been at least thirty!—and possibly for his extremer good looks. He said, hurriedly, "It's just an informal meeting," and then, more politely, "What can we do for you?"

"We have an application for a suite of rooms next week," she said, referring to the letter, "and as we shall be rather full, father thought you gentlemen might be willing to

take another larger room for your meetings, and give up these which are part of a suite—and perhaps not exactly suitable——"

"Quite impossible!" "Quite so!" "Really out of the question," said the members, in a rapid chorus.

The young girl was evidently taken aback at this unanimity of opposition. She stared at them curiously, and then glanced around the room. "We're quite comfortable here," said the President, explanatorily, "and—in fact—it's just what we want."

"We could give you a closet like that which you could lock up—and a mirror," she suggested, with the faintest trace of a smile.

"Tell your father, Miss Marsh," said the President, with dignified politeness, "that while we cannot submit to any change, we fully appreciate his business foresight, and are quite prepared to see that the hotel is properly compensated for our retaining these rooms." As the young girl withdrew with a puzzled curtsy he closed the door, placed his back against it, and said:—

"What the deuce did she mean by speaking of that closet?"

"Reckon she allowed we kept some fancy drinks in them," said Trigg; "and calkilated that we wanted the marble stand and mirror to put our glasses on and make it look like a swell private bar, that's all!"

"Humph," said the President.

Their next meeting, however, was a hurried one, and as the President arrived late, when the door closed smartly behind him he was met by the worried faces of his colleagues.

"Here's a go!" said Trigg, excitedly, producing a folded paper. "The game's up, the hull show is busted; that cussed old statue—the reg'lar old hag herself—is on her way here! There's a bill o' lading and the Express Company's letter, and she'll be trundling down here by express at any moment."

"Well?" said the President, quietly.

"Well!" repeated the members, aghast. "Do you know what that means?"

"That we must rig her up in the hall on a pedestal, as we reckoned to do," returned the President, coolly.

"But you don't *sabe*," said Clinton Grey; "that's all very well as to the hag—but now we must give *her* up," with an adoring glance towards the closet.

"Does the letter say so?"

"No," said Trigg, hesitatingly; "no! But I reckon we can't keep *both*."

"Why not?" said the President, imperturbably, "if we paid for 'em?"

As the men only stared in reply he condescended to explain:—

"Look here! I calculated all these risks after our last meeting. While you boys were just fussin' round, doin' nothing, I wrote to the Express Company that a box of women's damaged duds had arrived here, while we were looking for our statue; that you chaps were so riled at bein' sold by them that you dumped the whole blamed thing in the creek. But I added, if they'd let me know what the damage was, I'd send 'em a draft to cover it. After a spell of waitin' they said they'd call it square for two hundred dollars, considering our disappointment. And I sent the draft. That's spurred them up to get over our statue, I reckon. And, now that it's coming, it will set us right with the boys."

"And *she*," said Clinton Grey again, pointing to the locked chest, "belongs to us?"

"Until we can find some lady guest that will take her with the rooms," returned the President, a little cynically.

But the arrival of the real statue and its erection in the hotel vestibule created a new sensation. The members of the Excelsior Company were loud in its praises except the Executive Committee, whose coolness was looked upon by the others as an affectation of superiority. It awakened the criticism and jealousy of the nearest town.

"We hear," said the *Red Dog Advertiser*, "that the long-promised statue has been put up in that high-toned Hash Dispensary they call an hotel at Excelsior. It represents an emaciated squaw in a scanty blanket gathering roots, and carrying a bit of thorn-bush kindlings behind her. The high-toned, close corporation of Excelsior may consider this a fair allegory of California; *we* should say it looks mighty like a prophetic forecast of a hard winter on Sycamore Creek and scarcity of provisions. However, it isn't our funeral — though it's rather depressing to the casual visitor on his way to dinner. For a long time this work of art was missing and supposed to be lost—but by being sternly and persistently rejected at every express office on the route, it was at last taken in at Excelsior."

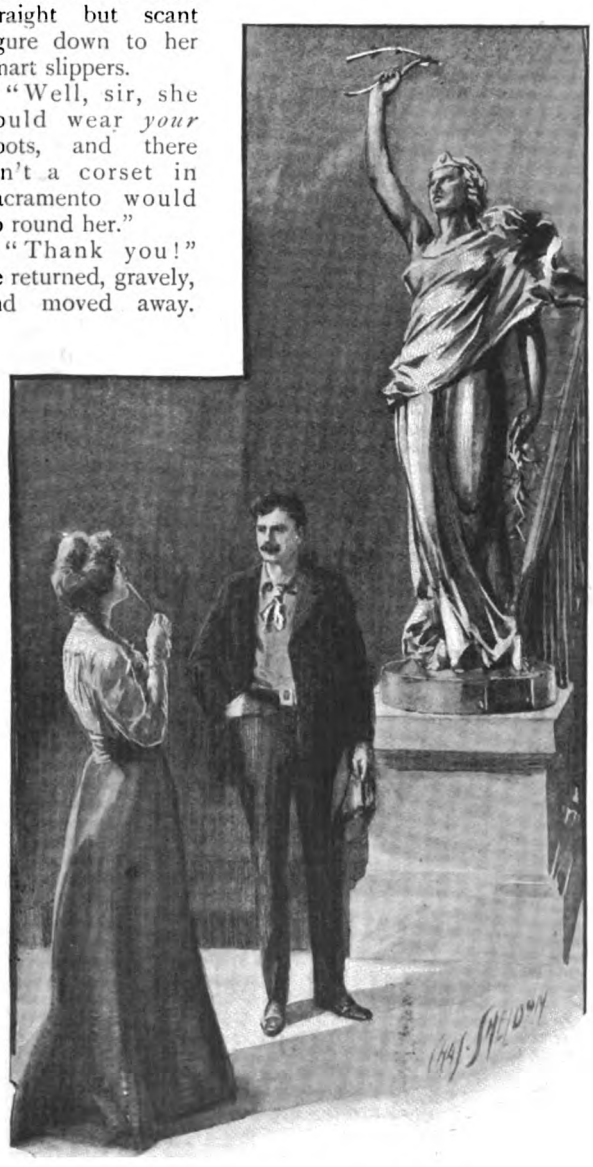
There was some criticism nearer home. "What do you think of it, Miss Marsh?" said the President, politely, to that active young secretary as he stood before it in the hall. The young woman adjusted her eye-glasses over her aquiline nose.

"As an idea, or a woman, sir?"

"As a woman, madam," said the President, letting his brown eyes slip for a moment from Miss Marsh's corn-coloured crest over her straight but scant figure down to her smart slippers.

"Well, sir, she could wear *your* boots, and there isn't a corset in Sacramento would go round her."

"Thank you!" he returned, gravely, and moved away.



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, MISS MARSH?"

For a moment a wild idea of securing possession of the figure some dark night, and, in company with his fellow-conspirators, of trying those beautiful clothes upon her, passed through his mind, but he dismissed it. And then occurred a strange incident, which startled even his cool, American sanity.

It was a beautiful moonlight night, and he was returning to a bedroom at the hotel which he temporarily occupied during the painting of his house. It was quite late, he having spent the evening with a San Francisco friend after a business conference which assured him of the remarkable prosperity of Excelsior. It was therefore with some human exaltation that he looked around the sleeping settlement which had sprung up under the magic wand of their good fortune. The full moon had idealized their youthful designs with something of their own youthful colouring, graciously softening the garish freshness of paint and plaster, hiding with discreet obscurity the disrupted banks and broken woods at the beginning and end of their broad avenues, paving the rough river terrace with tessellated shadows and even touching the rapid stream which was the source of their wealth with a Pactolean glitter.

The windows of the hotel before him, darkened within, flashed in the moonbeams like the casements of Aladdin's Palace. Mingled with his ambition, to-night, were some softer fancies, rarely indulged by him in his forecast of the future of Excelsior — a dream of some fair partner in his life, after this task was accomplished — yet always of someone moving in a larger world than his youth had known. Rousing the half-sleeping porter, he found however only the spectral gold-seeker in the vestibule — the rays of his solitary candle falling upon her divining rod with a quaint persistency, and seeming to point to the stairs he was ascending. When he reached the first landing the rising wind through an open window put out his light, but, although the staircase was in darkness, he could see the long corridor above illuminated by the moonlight throughout its whole length. He had nearly reached it when the slow but unmistakable rustle of

a dress in the distance caught his ear. He paused, not only in the interest of delicacy, but with a sudden nervous thrill he could not account for. The rustle came nearer—he could hear the distinct *frou frou* of satin—and then, to his bewildered eyes, what seemed to be the figure of the dummy, arrayed in the pale blue evening-dress he knew so well, passed gracefully and majestically down the corridor. He could see the shapely folds of the skirt, the symmetry of the bodice — even the harmony of the trimmings. He raised his eyes, half affrightedly, prepared to see the headless shoulders, but they—and what seemed to be a head—were concealed in a floating "cloud" or *nubia* of some fleecy tissue, as if for protection from the evening air. He remained for an instant, motionless, dazed by this apparent motion of an inanimate figure; but as the absurdity of the idea struck him he hurriedly but stealthily ascended the remaining stairs, resolved to follow it. But he was only in time to see it turn into the angle of another corridor, which, when he had reached it, was empty. The figure had vanished!

"HE REMAINED FOR AN INSTANT MOTIONLESS."

His first thought was to go to the committee-room and examine the locked closet. But the key was in his desk at home, he had no light, and the room was on the other side of the house. Besides, he reflected that even the detection of the figure would involve the exposure of the very secret they had kept intact so long. He sought his bedroom, and went quietly to bed. But not to sleep; a curiosity more potent than any sense of the trespass done him kept him tossing half the night. Who was this woman whom the clothes fitted so well? He reviewed in his mind the guests in the house, but he knew none who could have carried off this masquerade so bravely.

In the morning early he made his way to the committee-room — but as he approached was startled to observe two pairs of boots, a man's and a woman's, conjugally placed before its door. Now thoroughly indignant, he hurried to the office, and was confronted by the face of the fair secretary. She coloured quickly on seeing him — but the reason was obvious.

"You are coming to scold me, sir! But it is not my fault. We were full yesterday afternoon when your friend from San Francisco came here with his wife. We told him those were *your* rooms, but he said he would make it right with you—and my father thought you would not be displeased for once. Everything of yours was put into another room—and the closet remains locked as you left it."

Amazed and bewildered, the President could only mutter a vague apology and turn away. Had his friend's wife opened the door with another key in some fit of curiosity and disported herself in those clothes? If so, she *dare* not speak of her discovery.

An introduction to the lady at breakfast

dispelled this faint hope. She was a plump woman whose generous proportions could hardly have been confined in that pale blue bodice; she was frank and communicative, with no suggestion of mischievous concealment.

Nevertheless, he made a firm resolution. As soon as his friends left he called a meeting of the committee. He briefly informed them of the accidental occupation of the room—but for certain reasons of his own said nothing of his ghostly experience. But he put it to them plainly that no more risks must be run, and that he should remove the dresses and dummy to his own house. To his considerable surprise this suggestion was received with grave approval and a certain strange relief.

"We kinder thought of suggesting it to you before," said Mr. Trigg, slowly, "and that mebbe we've played this little game long enough—for suthin's happened that's makin' it anything but funny. We'd have told you before, but we dassent! Speak out, Clint, and tell the President what we saw the other night—and don't mince matters."

The President glanced quickly and warningly around him. "I thought," he said, sternly, "that we'd dropped all fooling. It's no time for practical joking now!"

"Honest Injun—it's Gospel truth! Speak up, Clint!"

The President looked on the serious faces around him, and was himself slightly awed.

"It's a matter of two or three nights ago," said Grey, slowly, "that Trigg and I were passing through Sycamore Woods, just below the hotel. It was after twelve—bright moonlight, so that we could see everything as plain as day, and we were dead sober. Just as we passed under the sycamores Trigg grabs my arm, and says, 'Hi!' I looked up, and there, not ten yards away, standing dead in the moonlight, was that dummy! She was all in white—that dress with the fairy frills, you know—and had, what's more, *a head!* At least, something white all wrapped around it, and over her shoulders. At first we thought you, or some of the boys, had dressed her up and lifted her out there for a joke, and left her to frighten us! So we started forward, and then—it's the Gospel truth!—she *moved away!* gliding like the moonbeams, and vanished among the trees."

"Did you see her face?" asked the President.

"No; you bet! I didn't try to—it would have haunted me for ever."

"What do you mean?"

"This—I mean it was that *girl the box belonged to!* She's dead somewhere—as you'll find out sooner or later—*and has come back for her clothes!* I've often heard of such things before."

Despite his coolness, at this corroboration of his own experience, and impressed by Grey's unmistakable awe, a thrill went through the President. For an instant he was silent.

"That will do, boys," he said, finally. "It's a queer story; but remember, it's all the more reason now for our keeping our secret. As for those things, I'll remove them quietly and at once."

But he did not.

On the contrary, prolonging his stay at the hotel with plausible reasons, he managed to frequently visit the committee-room, or its vicinity, at different and unsuspected hours of the day and night. More than that, he found opportunities to visit the office, and under pretexts of business connected with the economy of the hotel management informed himself through Miss Marsh on many points. A few of these details naturally happened to refer to herself, her prospects, her tastes, and education. He learned incidentally, what he had partly known, that her father had been in better circumstances, and that she had been gently nurtured—though of this she made little account in her pride in her own independence and devotion to her duties. But in his own persistent way he also made private notes of the breadth of her shoulders, the size of her waist, her height, length of her skirt, her movements in walking, and other apparently extraneous circumstances. It was natural that he acquired some supplemental facts—that her eyes, under her eyeglasses, were a tender grey, and touched with the melancholy beauty of near-sightedness; that her face had a sensitive mobility beyond the mere charm of colour, and like most people lacking this primitive and striking element of beauty, what was really fine about her escaped the first sight. As, for instance, it was only by bending over to examine her accounts that he found that her indistinctive hair was as delicate as floss silk and as electrical. It was only by finding her romping with the children of a guest one evening that he was startled by the appalling fact of her youth! But about this time he left the hotel and returned to his house.

On the first yearly anniversary of the great strike at Excelsior there were some changes in the settlement—notably the promotion of

Mr. Marsh to a more important position in the company, and the installation of Miss Cassie Marsh as manageress of the hotel. As Miss Marsh read the official letter, signed by the President, conveying in complimentary but formal terms this testimony of their approval and confidence, her lip trembled slightly, and a tear trickling from her light lashes dimmed her eye-glasses, so that she was fain to go up to her room to recover herself alone. When she did so she was startled to find a wire dummy, standing near the door, and neatly folded upon the bed two elegant dresses. A note in the President's own hand lay beside them. A swift blush stung her cheek as she read:—

"DEAR MISS MARSH,—Will you make me happy by keeping the secret that no other woman but yourself knows, and by accepting the clothes that no other woman but yourself can wear?"

The next moment, with the dresses over her arm and the ridiculous mummy swinging by its wires from her other hand, she was flying down the staircase to Committee Room No. 4. The door opened upon its sole occupant—the President.

"Oh, sir, how cruel of you!" she gasped. "It was only a joke of mine . . . I always intended to tell you. . . . It was very foolish, but it seemed so funny. . . . You see, I thought it was . . . the dress you had bought for your future intended — some young lady you were going to marry!"

"It is!" said the President, quietly, and he closed the door behind her.

And it was.

"OH, SIR, HOW CRUEL OF YOU!"

Illustrated Interviews.

LXXV.—THE REV. EDMOND WARRE, D.D., THE HEAD MASTER OF ETON.

By Rudolph de Cordova.

From a Photo. by] DR. WARRE IN HIS STUDY. *[George Newnes, Ltd.*

IF Dr. Warre is not Eton, Eton is certainly Dr. Warre.

Man and boy he has been connected with the most famous of all the public schools of the country for the best part of half a century. He may be said without exaggeration to have lived his whole life there, seeing that from the time he went there as a boy until now he was away only while he was at Oxford. Of him it has been written by one of the chroniclers of Eton (Mr. A. Clutton-Brock, B.A.), "It is enough to say that Dr. Warre understands both men and boys, that no scholar was ever less pedantic, no reformer had ever a deeper reverence for the past, and no successful man ever owed less to advertisement. Dr. Warre has made many changes, particularly at the beginning of his career, and changes in a school, whatever their character, seldom please the boys, and are apt to dissatisfy the masters. Yet, in spite of this, his popularity, always great, has steadily increased with years, and it is safe to say that no head master was ever more honoured and trusted by masters and boys alike."

If circumstances have denied me the pleasure of writing critically or complimentarily of the head master of Eton, they have nevertheless conferred on me the favour of an interview, and so of being the medium through which he may speak to a large number of those who know and reverence him personally, and to the still greater body of the public which only knows him by repute as a great head master.

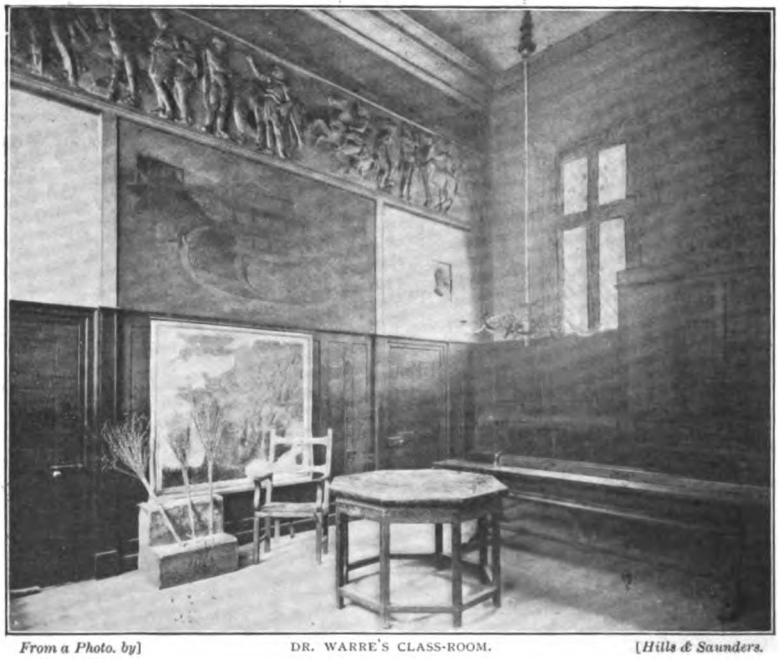
In the head master's own room at Eton the first obvious thing to ask for was a comparison of the Eton of Dr. Warre's day with the Eton of to-day.

"The comparison, to be really interesting," replied Dr. Warre, "should be the comparison made by a boy of the time when I was at school with a boy now. I am advanced in years, so I am not in a position to judge. Old Etonians seem, quite unconsciously, to imagine that things must be to-day the same as they were in their own time, and are shocked to find that they are different, because they forget that each generation has its own point of view. The aggregate of my impressions on this point, however, is this: that the surroundings, including one's own

From a Photo. by] THE HEAD MASTER CALLING THE ROLL IN THE SCHOOL-YARD. *[Hills & Saunders.*

subjective perception of things, are not the same as they were. The change is, however, merely the same as that which has taken place in the rest of society, and when one recollects how much stiffer was our social environment when we were young as compared with what it is now, it is not so difficult to understand these differences. In some respects life at Eton was undoubtedly harder than it is to-day. I do not think, for instance, that there was as much comfort or regard paid to comfort as there is now. My own room and, so far as I can remember, boys' rooms generally were much less well furnished or artistically decked than most boys' rooms are now. That, however, is exactly the same with regard to the boys' homes. All public schools are practically made by the homes from which the boys come, so that any distinction so far as social things go must be taken in relation to the movement of the whole area of English society, for one cannot, in reality, dissociate them.

"How, when I was a boy, were we fed? Very well; our food was plain and simple, and although there is a tendency to make out that boys eat far more meat now than we used to do, we certainly used to have meat twice a day. Breakfast and tea were very simple meals, and were usually supplemented with things which we bought. These two meals we had in our own rooms, while dinner and supper were taken in the masters' dining-rooms. Now, in most houses breakfast is served in the dining-room. This probably has come about owing to morning chapel, which begins at 9.25, and as the boys do not come out of school until 8.30, the breakfast in common is more economical of time than



From a Photo. by] DR. WARRE'S CLASS-ROOM. *[Hills & Saunders.*

would be the case when the custom was for each boy to have breakfast in his own room. You see, the day begins early with us here, for the boys have to be in morning school at 7.30 in the autumn and spring school-times, and at seven in summer."

"How would you compare the course of work now with what it was when you were a boy?"

"In my time we had a 'saying lesson,' as we used to call it, every day. In accordance with the recommendations of the Public School Commission the system of repetition has been modified, though I think, myself, it is a pity that there is so little of it now. Our 'saying lesson' was classical, and the result was that almost every piece of Latin and Greek poetry which we had construed in school had to be said by heart. In my school days the curriculum practically resolved itself into Latin and Greek, for we were taught little mathematics and no French. What has made a great difference in the school work is the introduction of new subjects, and the fact that education is now dominated by examinations. People who write about education do not, it seems to me, realize that the schools cannot have the same free hand as formerly, for the examinations of the Universities and the State must be prepared for. You cannot ignore them, or avoid special work for them, do what you will.

From a Photo. by] AN ETON BOY'S STUDY. *[Hills & Saunders.*

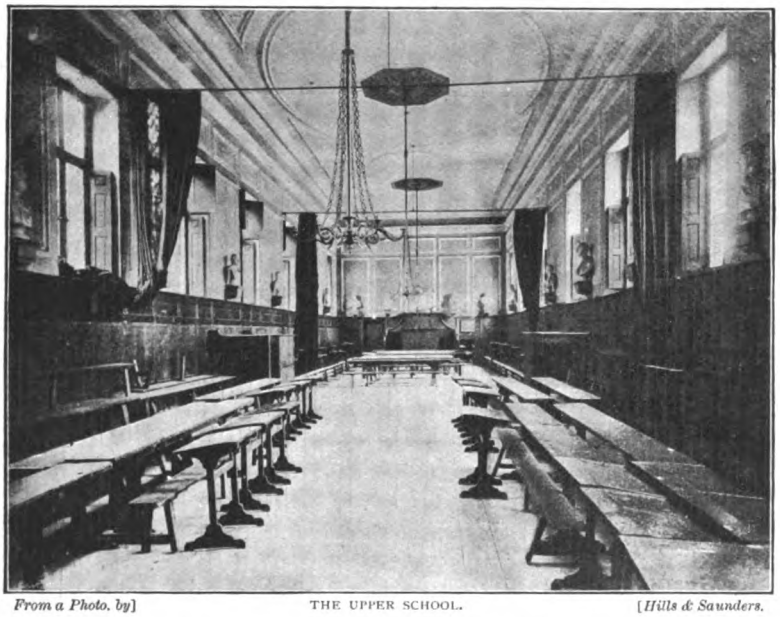
"So far as work in the school goes, the rank and file have to work much harder now than they used to do; a good deal more is imposed and a good deal more is demanded of the boys. *Per contra*, the clever boy has the same work as the average boy to do, and some people are disposed to find fault with the fact that the clever boy does not have enough time left to him for the improvement of his mind after his own bent. It is difficult, however, to see how one could have the two systems working harmoniously together. The Newcastle Scholarship still keeps its level, and the Oxford and Cambridge Certificate examination, which the 'First Hundred' undergo every year, sets, as it were, a standard, and gives an object for work which, take it all in all, is very effective. During my time there was nothing like the Oxford and Cambridge Certificate examination. The system of School 'Trials,' as the terminal examination here is called, has also helped to alter the incidence of work. Every boy is examined at the end of the school term, which it is a peculiarity of Eton to call a 'half,' although there are three terms in the year. As a boy's place in the school depends on the result of the 'trials' he is put on his mettle three times every year. All this has a very definite effect on the general education. Then, again, there is the Army class, which takes over a hundred boys of the type which in the old days was not the most studious while at school, but would have left and gone to a crammer's to be especially prepared for the Army. They are now among the hardest workers in the school, and their example makes a very considerable difference to the other boys.

"With regard to recreation, the same old games still go on as they used to do. Rowing and cricket are still kept up and still retain their pre-eminence. They are by no means the only method of relaxation, for football, racquets, and fives are all prosperous.

"Then there are the beagles. In the old

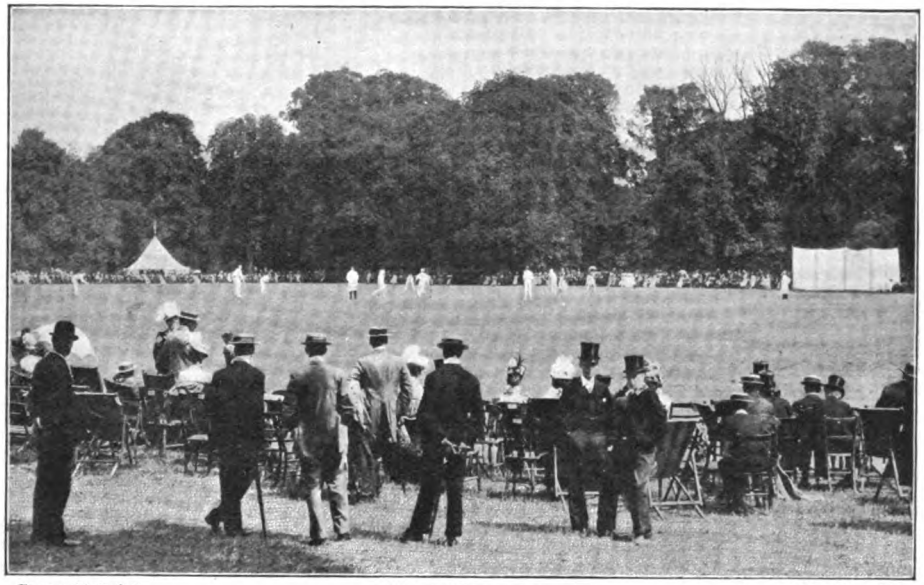
times a heterogeneous pack existed; but it was not supposed to be allowed, and, of course, it was out of bounds; but the institution has been for a long time recognised, and there is a very good pack of beagles which hunt in the Easter half. Nor must we omit the Eton College Volunteer Rifle Corps, of which at one time I was in command.

"There is one important point to which I refer with pleasure: the relation which exists between master and boy. In my young days there were very few masters. Indeed, there were under twenty in all, whereas now there are more than sixty. True, when I was a boy there were only about six hundred boys in the school, whereas now there are over a thousand, so that the average number of boys to a master is much smaller than it was. The result was that the masters in my time were really overworked, and so were kept much more aloof from the boys than they are now. The masters took very little interest in our games, and left us much to ourselves in our pursuit of them. Perhaps our sports were also rougher then, as society was, and coarser in expression. We had no doubt a compensating balance in the complete freedom which we enjoyed notwithstanding the system of 'shirking' which was then in vogue. That was abolished, if I remember right, under Dr. Balston, who was head master in the sixties. In old times, although the river was in bounds, and one was supposed to be allowed to boat, yet the approaches to the river were out of bounds, and to reach the river we had to break the rule of remaining in bounds. The same was true with regard to the Park and Windsor Castle, in which we were always allowed, and the precincts of which were technically in bounds. You ask me what shirking was. Well, if a boy was out of bounds and he saw a master coming, or one of the Sixth Form, he had to hide, and if in the town he would run into the first shop and take refuge until the coast was clear. If the master came into the shop, however, then the boy hid behind a counter in order that he might not be seen. Of course all this was eminently ridiculous, and the greater freedom which has come into vogue of late years has not made any practical difference as to discipline.



From a Photo. by] THE UPPER SCHOOL. *[Hills & Saunders.*

"As the number of masters increased, and the work of each thus became less severe, those who were distinguished for rowing and cricket used to be invited by the boys to help them. In this way I myself was often invited, but I took good care never to make the position a false one. Indeed, I never would coach the eight unless I was specially asked to do so for a particular day, and when the boys omitted to ask me, expecting me to come as a matter of course, they were sometimes surprised to find I did not put in an appearance. The same was true with regard to cricket. In that way the confidence of the boys has never been forfeited, because they have always felt that a master would not take part in their games unless invited. The relation between the master and boy has thus become a most wholesome one. There is a story that when Bishop Selwyn was out in Polynesia he met an Eton man, with whom he took his midday meal. In the course of conversation the man remarked, 'I'm afraid I didn't learn much at Eton. One thing,



From a Photo. by] THE PLAYING FIELDS. *[Hills & Saunders.*

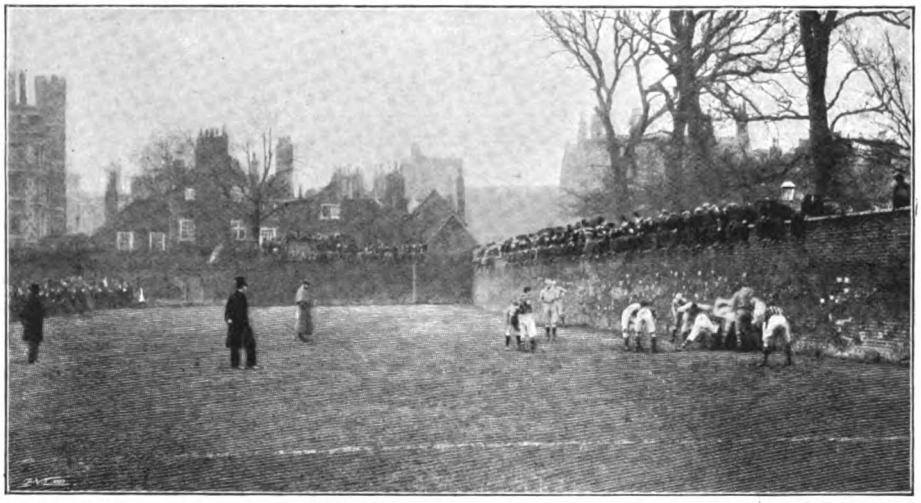
however, I did learn; that was to know my place and to keep it.' It was a very good thing to learn, and it is a lesson we all learn here.

"With regard to my schoolfellows, I do not remember anything particular of many of them in my time. I recall, however, as an eloquent speaker in Pop. (the name by which the Debating Society is always known), the Right Hon. Mr. E. R. Wodehouse, who has been M.P. for Bath for the last twenty years, and I remember, too, also as a good speaker, Mr. Reginald Yorke, who was at one time member of Parliament for Gloucester. They were the leading boys in the school in my time. At this moment, however, I confess that I do not remember any of those at school with me, with the exception, perhaps, of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, who have attained any great eminence as statesmen. Of those who have come to the front since I do not remember any particular legends to exist. This may seem strange to the outsider, but is quite within comprehension here, because the whole thing is on such a footing of equality, and anything like presumption of greatness would be resented. There is no place in the world where anything like what is popularly called 'side' would be so quickly put down. All the conditions here are decidedly democratic in that respect, so that even members of the Royal Family educated here are treated in every way just like ordinary boys."

It is part of a journalist's business to know everything, for which reason I suppose most journalists don't know more than they ought. I had heard, however, a little story of Dr. Warre's prowess at school. One day when he went up to the head master to receive a prize at the end of the half, Dr. Hawtrey, in presenting him with his book, said, with a kindly smile, "If you go on at this rate, you will ruin me in books."

I recalled this anecdote to Dr. Warre, and, if he will forgive my saying so in print, the diffidence of the head master in hearing it was as marked as if he had been a boy again. He shook his head. "There really was very little in it. Those prizes were for 'collections,' as they were termed. They were copied from Oxford, and were introduced when I was in the lower Fifth form, and lasted until the beginning of my head mastership, about 1885, when they were altered to 'trials.' Somehow or other I managed to win the 'collection' prize in my division every time, and that was how I came to the notice of Dr. Hawtrey in the way you mention.

"After Dr. Hawtrey became Provost, Dr. Goodford, one of the assistant masters, succeeded him. He was an excellent scholar and a good and painstaking teacher, though he had one curious characteristic, for he often seemed to be asleep in school. I need hardly say, however, he never really was so, for it was impossible for any of us to do anything that escaped his notice. Soon after he was appointed head master I left to go to Oxford."



From a Photo. by] FOOTBALL—OPPIDANS V. COLLEGERS. *[Hills & Saunders.*

"But first you took the highest honours, both in school and out, did you not?" I interjected.

"I certainly did win the Pulling, and I was lucky enough to get the Newcastle Scholarship in the year 1854. I was only seventeen at the time, and would have liked to have stayed on at Eton another year, but my father insisted on my going on to Oxford, where I won the Balliol Scholarship in the following year. At the scholars' table one became conscious of being with men who would be sure to do something in the world later on. Among them were Bowen, afterwards Lord Justice; Arthur Blomfield, afterwards Bishop of Colchester; Merry, now Rector of Lincoln, and Wright, now a judge, and many other able and gifted men, and among them Edward Herbert, my brother scholar from Eton, who was murdered by brigands in Greece.

"At the University the same sort of thing prevailed as here. The chief studies at that time were for the classical schools and mathematics. The other great schools, History, Law, etc., had not taken the position they have now. I went in for Moderations in Classics and Literæ Humaniores in the final schools. I naturally took to rowing at Oxford, and my time was divided between rowing and reading. Once you get into a groove life goes pretty smoothly at the University, and I do not think I ever did anything else until the Rifle Corps was established. I did not row in the inter-University boat race until 1857, although I might have done so in the previous year. In 1855 I remember the Thames was frozen from Oxford downwards, and skating was enjoyed for miles along the course of the river, so there was no boat-race that year. In 1857 I rowed six, and in that year we used the first keelless boat which was used in a University race. The President of the

From a Photo. by] THE ETON EIGHT OF 1900. *[Hills & Saunders.*

A. MOON, KEEPER OF THE RACQUET COURT.
From a Photo. by Alfred Kissack, Eton.

HON. G. W. LYTTELTON, KEEPER OF THE FIELD.
From a Photo. by Alfred Kissack, Eton.

G. B. LEE, CAPTAIN OF THE SHOOTING EIGHT.
From a Photo. by Alfred Kissack, Eton.

LORD DALMENY, PRESIDENT OF THE ETON SOCIETY, KEEPER OF THE FIELD, KEEPER OF THE WALL, AND KEEPER OF THE RACQUET COURT.
From a Photo. by Alfred Kissack, Eton.

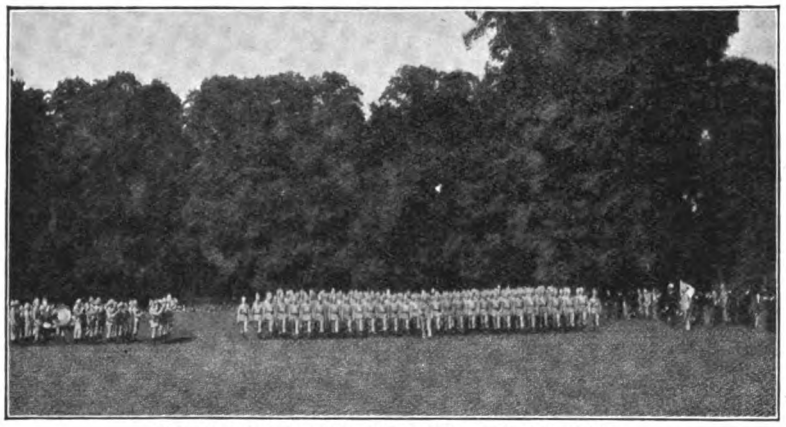
J. W. HELY-HUTCHINSON, CAPTAIN OF THE SCHOOL, KEEPER OF THE WALL, AND SEC. OF THE MUSICAL SOCIETY.
From a Photo. by Alfred Kissack, Eton.

J. EDWARDES-MOSS, CAPTAIN OF THE BOATS.
From a Photo. by Alfred Kissack, Eton.

M. F. BLAKE, CAPTAIN OF THE OPPIDANS.
From a Photo. by Alfred Kissack, Eton.

C. E. LAMBERT, CAPTAIN OF THE CRICKET ELEVEN.
From a Photo. by Alfred Kissack, Eton.

LEADERS OF ETON SPORTS.



INSPECTION OF THE ETON RIFLE CORPS—THE MARCH PAST.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.

Oxford University Boat Club at that time was an old Eton man, Arthur Heywood Lonsdale, who was a great benefactor of rowing, and it was he who introduced the keelless boat which had been seen at Henley in the previous year. It required some courage to introduce it for University rowing. In 1857 we won, but in 1858 we reverted to the old-fashioned boat, in which I rowed seven, and we were defeated, although the defeat must in part be attributed to the fact that a steam-tug bore down upon us just before the start, and the wash nearly upset us and bent the rowlock of the stroke oar, so that we practically rowed the race with seven men, and it was virtually all over at the start. In 1859 I was President of the Boat Club, but did not row at Putney that year as I reading for 'Greats.'

"The system of training was then much more unscientific than it is now. Our liquor was very carefully restricted in amount, and we used to eat a great deal of meat with few vegetables. The consequences were decidedly not good, and many of the men suffered a great deal from boils. Still we were young and strong, and had good digestions, so that no permanent harm ensued from the abnormal diet on which we were put.

"While at Oxford I took a great interest in the getting up of the Oxford University Rifle Corps, and I became its senior captain. In its formation many of the Dons took a great interest. Among them was the Provost of Queen's College, Dr. Thompson, who was afterwards Archbishop of York. He was Chairman of the Committee, on which also were Dr. Jeune, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, and Dr. Evans, afterwards Master of Pembroke. The Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire, the then Duke of Marlborough, as the scheme was being carried through in the county as well as at the University, invited our committeemen to attend the county meetings. In that way I learned a good deal about committee work, and had my reward in the experience which I gained in the work of organization, which has been of the greatest use to me in my subsequent career.

"As senior captain I was in command of the first review of the University Corps when the Prince of Wales came down to review it. Everybody was very nervous at the time, for, strange though it must seem to us now that the Volunteer movement has attained such remarkable proportions, very few people knew anything about rifles in those days. When the first volley was fired there was a great scare. Many horses on the review ground bolted in all directions, and two old ladies who were in a brougham were introduced rather unceremoniously to a neighbouring ditch. No great harm, however, was done, and the review did not a little to stimulate interest in the Volunteers, who at that time drilled in the grounds of Magdalen College."

"Of course you knew the late Professor Jowett well?" and I noticed on the mantelpiece of Dr. Warre's room a bust of the great Vice-Chancellor.

"Yes," replied Dr. Warre, "very well. Indeed, it is difficult for me to speak of him, as he was an intimate friend of many years' standing. He took a great deal of interest in me when I was at Balliol, and his kindness was never-failing, so that I entertain the greatest regard and reverence for his memory. His conversation was always worth hearing, but his powers of silence were very great, and he would sometimes walk with one for ten or fifteen minutes and never say a word during the whole time. His aim was always to help everyone with whom he came into contact, and he invariably gave a stimulus in

the right direction, while one was always certain to get the wisest counsel from him.

"You ask me about the stories concerning the master? Well, most of the many undergraduate stories told of Jowett had been just as glibly told of one of his predecessors, Dr. Jenkins; in fact, these stories become traditional, and are passed on to succeeding masters as fancy dictates. Of these stories I can recall two. One Sunday a scholar, for a joke, in his surplice after coming out of chapel climbed into one of the great elm trees in the quadrangle and sat down on a branch. The attention of the master as he was passing from the chapel to his lodgings was called to the fact, but the only remark he deigned to make was 'What a great white bird,' and so passed on.

"On another occasion someone had smashed a lot of windows in the front quadrangle. When the matter was brought to his attention the master after a moment's consideration replied, in an oracular voice, 'I rather think it is the effect of lightning.' This comic element was, however, a part of his wisdom in government, which was none the less successful because he refused to be drawn by either comedy or tragedy in academic life.

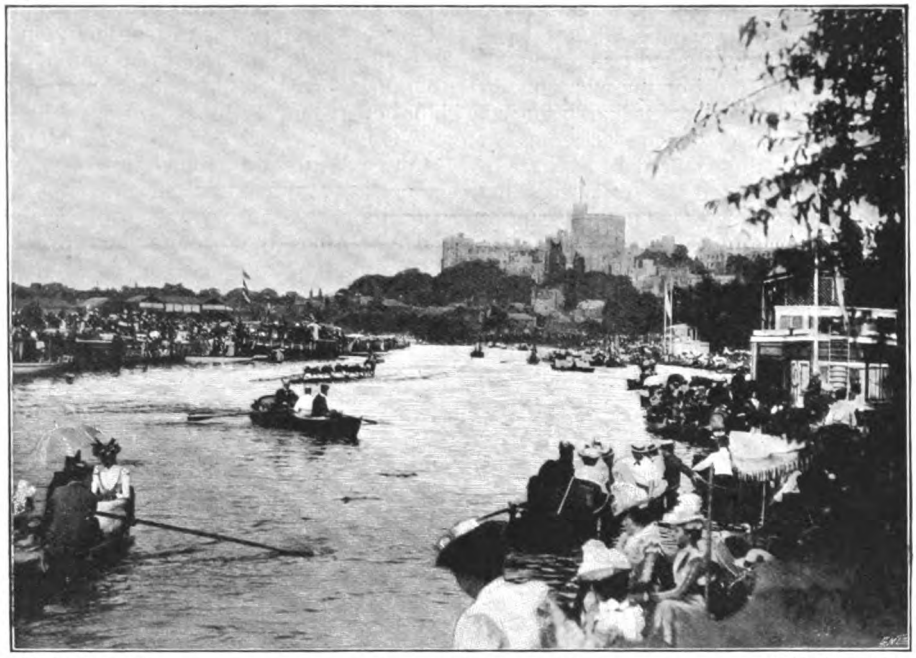
"PASSING"—THE EXAMINATION FOR PROFICIENCY IN SWIMMING AT CUCKOO WEIR.
From a Photo. by Hills & Saunders.

"Life at the University having run its usual course I was invited to return to Eton as an assistant master, and I came back in 1860. My interest in boating led me, on the invitation of successive captains of the boats, to coach the eight for the Westminster race and afterwards for Henley, and I continued this coaching until I became head master in 1884. At the very beginning of my assistant mastership I started the Volunteers, of which, as I have said, I was in command for a time. Even now, though I am no longer able to coach, boating and boat-building have a great fascination for me, and during the holidays I find a great deal of pleasure in designing racing eights and other river craft.

"Oh, yes," this in answer to a question I asked, "I knew Mr. Gladstone many years. He was always very kind to me. Everyone knows his memory was extraordinary, and the following fact will show even more vividly than most anecdotes that have been told of him how retentive it was.

"On one occasion he came down to Eton to lecture on Homer, and I may say, in passing, I was struck, as was everybody, with the extraordinary range of his knowledge. After the lecture was over Mr. Gladstone expressed a wish to see the old books of the Eton Society, of which he had been a member, and they were brought up for him. In his day it was the custom for a *précis* of the debates to be written in by the Vice-President of the Society. In turning over the leaves of the book he came upon a speech of his own, and looking at the writing he declared, 'That is not his writing,' meaning the Vice-President's of the week; 'that is Milnes Gaskell's writing,' yet it was sixty years, at least, since he had seen the writing in question. On that visit everyone remarked the extraordinary care Mrs. Gladstone took of her husband. Mr. Gladstone himself always appreciated that care, but he often humorously resented it. The story is told of him how that when he was walking in the garden one evening, and Mrs. Gladstone called to him to come in, he said, 'I shall take one turn more just to show my independence.'

"Yes, I also knew Lord Beaconsfield. I remember going down to Hughenden one day to arrange for a field day for our Volunteers, whom he had kindly invited, and I was greatly amused at the fact that on going



From a Photo. by] THE FOURTH OF JUNE AT ETON. *[Hills & Saunders.*

out to show us the grounds he took with him a little bill-hook. It was just at the time when Mr. Gladstone was being caricatured as a wood-cutter with an enormous axe. Lord Beaconsfield, however, did not say a single word that suggested there was any meaning in his action, so I must leave you and your readers to draw what inference you choose from the circumstance."

"It is a trite saying, I know, that 'the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton.' How many Etonians are now at the front?

"Altogether over 1,100 in various branches of the service. Sir Redvers Buller, Lord Methuen, General Pole-Carew, and many other general officers were at Eton, and, of course, everybody remembers that the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts himself, is an old Eton boy. He was at the school some years before I was, and, from what I have said, you will not be surprised at learning that there are, so far as I have been able to discover, no traditions preserved of him during the time he was here."

"Much has been heard from time to time about the evils of fagging. How far does your experience bear out this statement? What are the present services of the fag, and the relation between him and his fag master?"

"There is in reality very little fagging. It is restricted to Sixth and Fifth forms above Middle Division—that is, to boys who are, as a rule, about sixteen or seventeen years of age. A lower boy may be sent on a message, and in the houses there is a certain amount of fagging for breakfast and tea. But there is now much less of this than in former days. While a fag is supposed to owe these services to his master, the fag-master, on the other hand, has to befriend and protect his fag if he does his duty. It is very rare that any question as to misuse of the power of fagging arises. I do not believe that anything of the kind often occurs, or that it would be left unnoticed or unpunished by the boys themselves."

If the boys find a visit to the head master's room as pleasant an experience as I did, they must have a very happy life at Eton. There are, however, interviews and interviews —"illustrated interviews" and others—and the point of view of the interviewer is, as a rule, different from that of the interviewed. Still, I can regard an interview with Dr. Warre, even for a schoolboy, being robbed of much of its pain by reason of his sympathy of manner and broadness of view, which cannot fail to strike the most casual observer, in which category I will, for this occasion only, and without prejudice, set myself down.

Who Lives Next Door?

THE LEGEND OF A LONDON STREET.

By George Manville Fenn.

I.

"THE house is in thorough repair, sir, and the drainage has been carefully examined by our own man; and if I might advise, sir, I should say, buy the lease. Fifty years to run. It is a bargain."

"Not at that price," I said. "But tell me, what about next door?"

"Colonel Derrick, sir; old Indian officer."

"No, no; I mean that blank, bricked-up place. What is it—a workshop of some kind?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir; the gentleman at the next house but one is an artist, and I believe he uses the house between him and this as a studio. Windows on the other side face north."

We had a good look at the next house as we passed it once more, and again noticed that it looked very blank and grim, with the door and every window from basement to attic bricked up. In other respects it was exactly like the dwellings in the rest of the narrow street, one dating from the days of George II., and attractive to us from the fact that it was only a footway, posts and rails at either end putting a stop to all other traffic.

The result was that I bought the lease; we furnished the house, moved in, and congratulated ourselves more and more for what we called our luck in having procured a delightfully old-fashioned home in a quiet street—at least, in as quiet a street as can be obtained in the big City.

"It's almost as good as being in chambers in the Temple, dear. I am glad we came," said my wife, at breakfast one morning. "I like the house more and more. Why, it might be detached, for all we hear of our neighbours."

Only a few mornings later my wife returned to the subject.

"That studio next door doesn't belong to Mr. Delayne."

"What! How do you know?"

"Jane says Mr. Delayne's servant told her. She thought it was our place, and went with this house."

The time went on and we, being very quiet people, much engrossed in our own affairs and going about a good deal, gave no further thought to the blank house next door.

Naturally I had only the ground-rent to pay, and it was very light for such a dwelling; but this was made up for by the rates, which rather staggered me when they came due, being so heavy that I wrote an angry appeal to the parish authorities, pointing out that the demand was much in excess of what it should have been for such a place.

I waited then, but not long, before a business-like letter came from the collector to say that the previous holder of the lease had never made any demur, and that a little consideration must show me that the assessment was upon what in fact answered to two houses, although the studio or warehouse was not used as a dwelling.

"Whatever does the man mean?" said my wife, to whom I was reading the letter.

"Stop a moment," I said, "I don't understand myself."

"I do," cried my wife, quickly; "he has charged you rates for that blank place next door that must belong to the people in the next street."

"The idiot! I'll give him such a dose on paper!"

I sat down at the writing-table and wrote the note, and then I lit my pipe, to sit and think; and as I thought it began to seem very mysterious, and a whole train of strange ideas marshalled themselves and began to march through my brain.

"Here, I won't write to the man to-day," I said, at last.

"No; don't do anything rash, dear. It can only be a mistake," said my wife, sagely. "Wait."

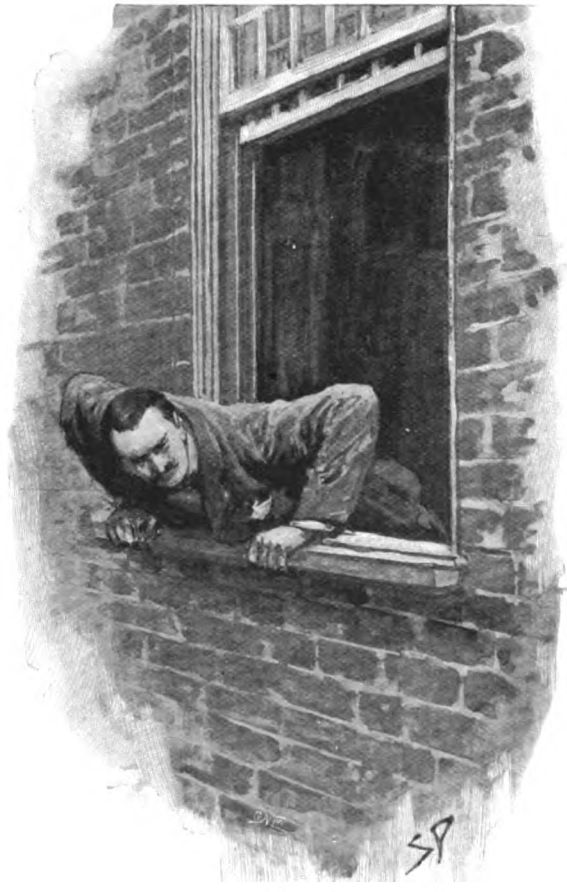
II.

I AGREED to wait, and that night I lay awake thinking about the house; but, all the same, I awoke early, dressed, and went to one of the back windows, leaned out as far as I could, and saw little enough—the back windows of a house that had not been cleaned or painted for years, the lower ones being covered with bars.

Then I looked down at the garden with growing interest, to see the great plane tree and plenty of grass where grass would grow.

My next movement was to the upper window, from whence I hoped to see the bottom garden wall. I was not disappointed. I could see it from end to end, and I made out that not only was there no door of communication with the garden on the other side, but no traces of a footpath anywhere; all was overgrown.

"The mystery increases," I said to myself, and I descended with the intention of going out into our own catwalk; but mystery begat mystery, for I could hear the maids about, and seeking a screen for my very unusual proceedings I went into my study and lit my pipe, going out smoking. Not that I could see much more than I had made out when leaning from the upper windows, and after a time I went in.



"'THE MYSTERY INCREASES,' I SAID TO MYSELF."

To my surprise I found my wife up and dressed.

"We are in luck's way, dear," I said. "Fate has left us a legacy, and I mean to take possession of that next house."

"But you have no key."

"Never mind that, I'll find a way in."

"I know it's perfectly absurd, dear," said my wife; "but somehow I can't help thinking about that dreadful place by day and dreaming about it at night, when all sorts of horrible ideas come to me."

"I'm just in the same boat," I said; "but don't call it a dreadful place. The house has been deserted or forgotten, that's all. Look here. As soon as the servants are gone to bed to-night I mean to take the steps, get over the wall, and see if there's a way in at the back."

It seemed as if the servants never would go to bed that night, but at last the coast was clear, and, leaving my wife pale and trembling, I sallied forth, raised my ladder, reached the top of the wall, drew up and lowered the steps on the other side, descended into a rustling mass of growth, and then stood listening and breathing hard, till the dark lanthorn in my coat-pocket I had provided myself with reminded me of the necessity for action by growing uncomfortably hot.

Upon drawing out the heated utensil, burning my fingers and spreading a peculiar odour of blistering japan, I turned on the light a very little, feeling sure that someone must be watching me, till, growing reckless, I took a few steps forward, and found that there was a narrow area choked up with growth, and windows belonging to the basement, but bricked up. Then I came to a door, likewise bricked up, and growing bolder and raising the rays of my lamp, I made them play upon the lower windows of the house, two on the left side of the doorway, one on the right.

There was nothing more to learn, so I returned as I had come, to find my wife

waiting, panting as if after exertion, and ready to greet me with:—

"Oh, my dear, how long you have been! Now I hope you are satisfied."

"Satisfied!" I cried. "Are you?"

III.

So far from being satisfied, our curiosity had only received a fresh whet, and as the days glided on and we continued our long discussions as to what could be the reason for the house being so strangely closed up, it dawned more and more upon me that I was not the most curious, for my wife ceased all opposition, only putting in a word when I made various proposals about getting into the place so as to solve the mystery.

So one night after all was still and I had taken my wife down into the wine-cellar, and was holding a flat candlestick into one of the empty arched bins, she said, rather doubtingly:—

"Yes, you could lock the cellar up afterwards every night, and the maids would never know what was going on if you wore a pair of goloshes and left them down here after you had done."

"Every night?" I said. "I could break through in one."

"Then I think I would try, dear," said my wife. "It will only be into the cellar, and if you found that there was anyone there you could easily brick the hole up again."

The next day, having arranged what I should require, I visited an ironmonger, to buy a couple of long chisels, a small crowbar, and a short-handled, heavy hammer.

That afternoon I busied myself covering the head of the hammer with thick leather, which I bound on with copper wire, and as soon as the maids were safely in their bed room that night my wife carried the lamp and a candlestick downstairs, while I followed with the tools.

The preparations were few. I borrowed a kitchen chair, and a stool from the scullery, upon which to stand the lamp, my wife insisting upon keeping me company, and saying that she would sit down and attend to the dark lanthorn so as to direct the rays from the bull's-eye well upon the bricks at the bottom of a narrow, doorway-like bin where I intended to work. Then, slipping off coat and waistcoat and turning up my sleeves, I began.

I did not get through the wall that night, but I perspired freely, and made a pretty good hole, wondering the while at the quality of the bricks and mortar used in the days of George II.

The next night I was at it again, finding the task harder and harder.

The third night came, and I was not through; but I had thoroughly realized what a bad workman I was by the time I left off, with my body terribly heated and my ardour much cooled.

"Look here," I said, "if I don't break through to-morrow night I shall give it up as a bad job, for I'm sick of it."

"Oh, my dear," cried my wife, excitedly, "you must go on now!"

Four hours' good work the next night upon brickwork two feet thick sufficed to make an opening amply large enough for me to pass through easily, and then I paused, covered with mortar dust, to wipe my face and think, listening the while, and not hearing a sound.

"Now, then," I said at last, "shall I take the lanthorn and go through?"

"Yes," said my wife, excitedly, and then—"No, no; don't go in yet; the place may be full of foul air."

"Very well," I said, giving up willingly, for I was very tired; and we returned upstairs, after carefully locking the cellar door.

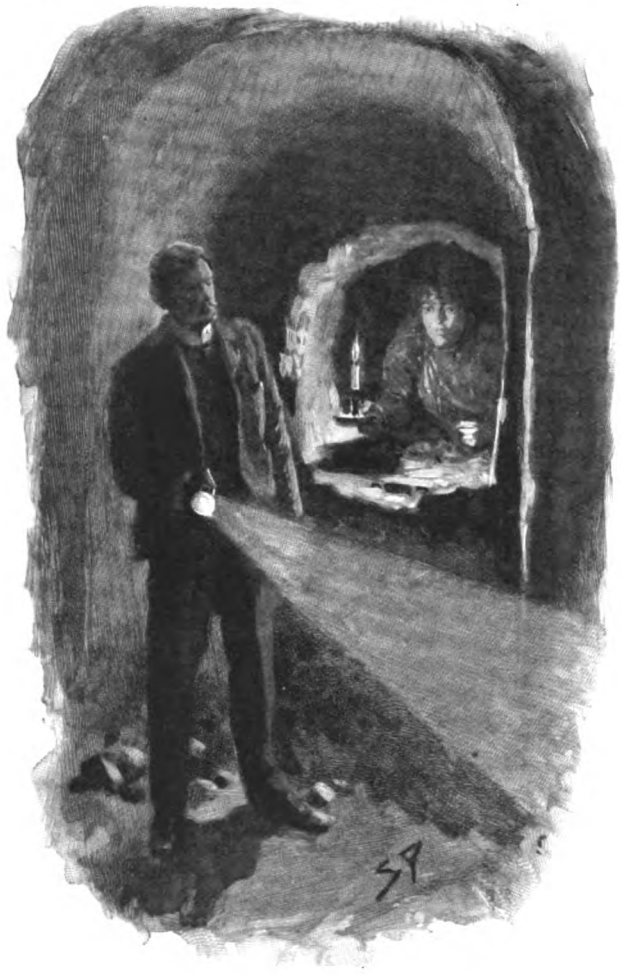
We neither of us slept much that night, and the next day was one weary time of suppressed excitement. When at last the hour came for descending to the cellar I found that my wife was as ready and eager as I was.

I must confess to a slight sense of shrinking when I closed and locked the cellar-door after us, for one of the neighbouring church clocks was just striking twelve, and I could see by the candle I carried that my wife was very pale. But her eyes met mine without shrinking, and, exchanging lights, I stepped into the tall, arched bin, rather encumbered with bricks, bent down close to the hole, thrust the turned-on lanthorn before me, held it at arm's length within the adjoining cellar, turning it in various directions for a minute, and crept through and stood up amongst the brick rubbish which had fallen. Then, with a strange, creepy sensation attacking my spine, I once more turned the light about, and ended by asking my wife to pass me the candle.

Taking it from her I set it upon the floor a dozen feet or so away, and returned.

"Give me your hand, dear."

I took it at once, and she passed through so quickly and nimbly that she was directly



"I TURNED THE LIGHT ABOUT."

after by my side, retaining her grasp, though, tightly.

"Well?" she said, in an awe-stricken whisper.

"Well," I replied, lightly; "here we are. Look," I continued, as I directed the rays from the bull's-eye in all directions, along bins and over ceiling and floor; "a cellar—a wine-cellar with no wine; nothing but dust and cobwebs."

"Except that it is so full of dirt, it is exactly like ours, dear," whispered my wife, huskily.

"Exactly; only that so far as I can see there is not a single bottle of wine. What are you looking at?"

"I was trying to make out whether there were any footsteps in the dust."

"Not a step, dear," I said, as I made the light play about. "Halloa, this seems to be a deep bin; it's almost like a passage. It goes in ever so far."

I advanced towards the centre opening on my left, and making the light play down it I saw, some ten or a dozen feet in, something which looked queer, and advancing I found that the tall bin—free from mid-division half-way up—seemed to be prolonged into a passage, probably leading into another cellar.

The object on the floor proved to be a board, upon which lay a hardened mass of mortar blackened with dust, and with a bricklayer's trowel nearly rusted away sticking in the top, while upon touching the handle with my boot toe it crumbled away.

"What does that mean?" whispered my wife, who had followed.

"I should say it was brought here to brick up some choice wine; but there is no closed-up bin visible. Let's see; that's the side facing the street. Come along, dear, let's look at the other cellars."

We passed out, to find a complete repetition of our own basement — two more cellars being quite empty; the last, which ran beneath the pavement, having still within it a dust-covered heap of coals.

I led the way up the broad flight of stone stairs, to find a glass door standing wide open and leading into a passage and hall exactly like our own in plan; but whether the floor had been covered it was impossible to say, for it was half an inch deep in a fine dust, over which I stepped gingerly for fear of raising a cloud.

"No steps," I said, cheerfully, "but the place has been, or is, furnished. Look; there's a hall-seat and a sideboard. You can see at a glance that no one can have been here for many years. I shouldn't be surprised if we find some fine old Georgian or Queen Anne furniture. No, we sha'n't," I added directly, as I made the light once more play about through a doorway; "this place is full of packing-cases."

There was no temptation to look farther, so I turned back and made for the front room, which in our house was my study.

The door was wide open, and at the first glance we could see that there were book-cases upon the walls, while a large table occupied the centre, covered with strange-looking, dust-covered objects that seemed like pieces of machinery. There was a tall stool or two, and a faint reflection from one of the cobwebbed windows showed that though bricked up on the other side the glazed sashes were still there.

We crossed the hall, to find that the dining-room door was also wide open; but it had evidently not been used for the same purpose as ours. There were the cobwebs and dust, and a massive dining-room table with extra leaves, but covered closely with what I now made out to be stands, bottles, chemical retorts, and receivers, in addition to various other objects apparently used for scientific purposes, while the fire place was bricked out to form a kind of furnace.

We left the blank-looking place after a vain effort to pass through into the back room looking on the garden by the great folding doors, which formed one end of the room, but they were fast, and we stepped out into the passage.

"Nothing very dreadful, dear," I said. "Now, then, what's here?"

I was opposite the drawing-room door as I spoke, just at the foot of the broad staircase.

Unlike the other rooms, this door was shut, and it was only with difficulty that the handle would turn. But when it did the door yielded grudgingly, and the hinges gave out a dull, creaking sound.

"Ah, now we come to the furnished room," I said, as I stepped in. "Here's a thick carpet under foot."

"Yes, and curtains," whispered my wife.

"Bureau, cabinets, table, and an old clock. Plainly but well furnished. Look; the fire has been left to burn out; there are cinders in the grate, and the poker is lying against the fender just as when it was last used."

There were the same dust and cobwebs, and in one corner a case or two; while in front of a chair standing close to the table there were a large book and an inkstand, the shape of both softened down by dust.

"By George!" I said; "there's an easy-chair, with what looks like a skin upon it."

"Look, dear, look!" cried my wife, in a hoarse whisper full of horror.

"What is it—a rat?"

"No, no—on that sofa. Oh, for Heaven's sake, come away!"

She made for the door, candle in hand, but I stood as if nailed to the spot for some seconds, before walking slowly forward as if drawn by some force along the ever-widening track of light emanating from the dark lanthorn, the widest portion of the rays throwing up a something extended upon the couch, whose outlines could only be those of a sleeping figure or a corpse.

IV.

A WILD, agonizing cry brought me to myself, and uttering a gasp I sprang back, just in time to catch my wife in my arms and save her from falling.

"I cannot bear it—I cannot bear it!" she moaned. "Take me away."

"Be a woman," I said, in an awe-stricken tone, and passing my arm round her waist. "Now try and walk," I said, "and we'll get out of this dreadful place."

She tottered along by my side as we passed out into the hall to the foot of the stairs, and just then a low, harsh, piteous groan came from the room we had quitted, sending an icy chill down my back, and making me almost drag my poor wife to the head of the cellar-stairs in my cowardly fear, as in imagination I saw the dreadful figure rising from the sofa where it lay, and holding out its hands.

But the strange cry ended with a soft tap as of metal against metal, and a feeling of shame brought me to my senses, realizing as I did that the old door had swung-to again on its creaking hinges, and the catch of the lock had gently touched the brass socket of the jamb.

"Come, come, my dear," I said, confidently; "there's nothing to fear.—Mind the steps.—Hold tight.—That's the way."

She did not seem as if she could stand, but she stepped forward and made her way through the opening quickly enough, and I followed with the light and had to lead her again through the cellar and up into the dining-room, where as soon as I had helped her into the easy-chair I flew to the cellarette and brought out the port wine and a glass.

I confess that we filled and emptied that glass twice before my wife exclaimed:—

"Oh, my dear, my dear! Why did we take this dreadful house?"

The next morning, with the frightful headache from which she suffered, my wife was all for leaving the place at once, and that night and

"FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, COME AWAY!"

the six following we slept at Brighton, where the tonic sea air, added to my wife's common sense, recovered her so that she was quite willing to see the folly of her dread, and we agreed to return home to run the mystery to an end.

By seven o'clock in the evening we reached home, which looked delightfully cosy, and we made a show of smiling at one another over the pleasant table with its simple, well-cooked dinner.

The servants were in bed by eleven, and we were dressed, ready to explore again, my wife being firm as a rock; and I complimented her on the way in which she was behaving.

For after we had descended to our own cellar with the dark lanthorn, and locked ourselves in, she followed me bravely through the hole and up into the mysterious house.

We both of us shuddered slightly as we entered the drawing-room, the light of the bull's-eye showing fantastically upon the wall; but I opened the lanthorn directly and lit the candle we had left amidst the dust upon the table.

I closed the bull's-eye again with a curious, half-fanciful idea that it would be safer to secure it from being blown out in case——

That was as far as I got, for my thought seemed to stop there. Then I took up the candlestick.

"What are you going to do, dear," whispered my wife.

"Be brave, and you'll see."

She followed me close up, and the next minute we were looking down at a skeleton, thickly covered with dust and some traces of the garments that had been worn. So deeply was it covered that the rather ghastly configuration of the skull was softened and robbed of much of its so-called horror, while, plainly seen beneath the soft, grey, impalpable powder, there were signs of an

abundant beard and long, flowing hair on either side of a bald crown.

There was no sign of violence, for the figure lay upon its back, stretched to its full length, and the bones of the hands stood out upon its chest, clasped together. Everything, in short—not to dwell upon a gruesome subject—suggested that the man, whoever he was, had lain down to sleep perfectly calmly, and in that sleep had died.

I said so in a whisper, but my wife demurred to my theory.

"I am right, I think," I replied. "If he had been laid out those who attended would have placed his arms by his side; if he had been murdered he could not have had his hands clasped like that. He must, as I said, have died in his sleep, and for all one could say to the contrary it may have been a hundred years ago."

"Yes," said my wife, softly, and there was a tremble in her voice as she clasped her own hands and gazed down at the remains. "I am not afraid now, dear, only pitiful. How sad to have died like this—alone."

"Perhaps," I said. "Let's see if we can read his story."

"Read his story?"

"Yes; by his surroundings," and treading softly, as it generally falls to human nature to do in the presence of the sacred dead, I began to look about the room. My first steps were to the table where the chair the dead might have used still stood. There were dust-covered glasses, alembics, and retorts, and what seemed to be a roughly-made object which I somehow associated with electricity; but what took my attention most was a large metal inkstand with quill pens stuck in it, and beside it the big ledger-like tome.

"Here we are," I said, as I set down the candlestick at the end of the table, close to the window, and carefully swept the thick dust from the cover of the book, which I opened, and saw that it was full of manuscript entries on one page, the opposite thick yellowish paper being blank, for the book had fallen open where a quill pen had been laid in after its owner had been writing and had closed it hastily for some reason which I could not for the moment divine.

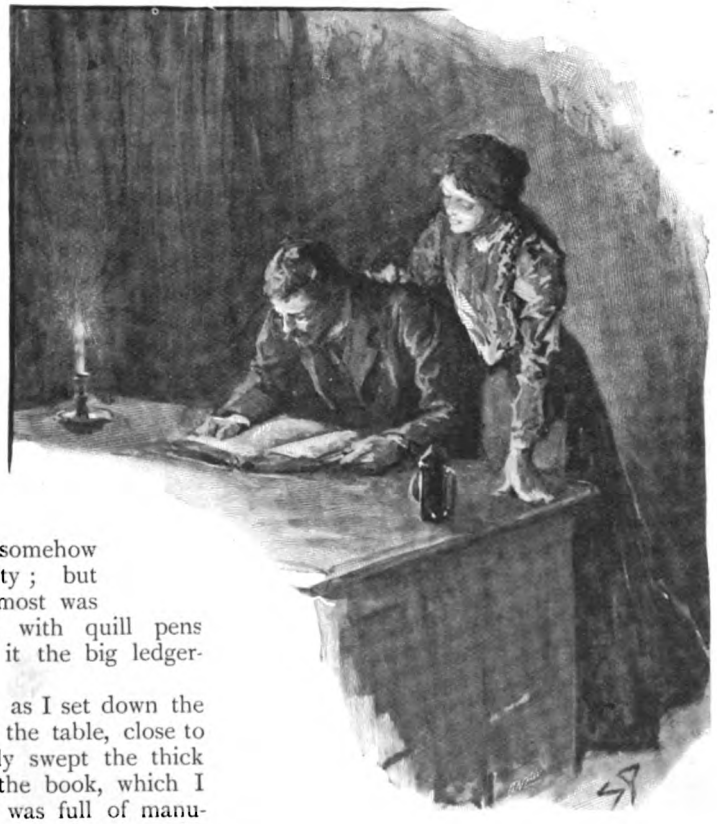
"Look here," I whispered, and I read the clearly written characters, beginning at the last paragraph, whose final words were written in a hand which grew more tremulous to the end, and words seemed to have dropped out of the writer's mind.

The last were:—

"*And to this lest any trouble should . . . . after my . . . . I herewith sign my . . . . H . . . .*"

That name had not been signed. There were a few scratches, and a blurring mark, a blotch as if the pen had fallen on the leaf, and then the book must have been hastily closed.

"Ha!" I exclaimed; "here is the key to the whole mystery," and I closed the book again and was in the act of placing it under my arm, when my wife uttered a cry of horror and a thrill ran through my frame.



"'LOOK HERE, I WHISPERED."

For suddenly there was a peculiar soft, rustling sound from the window, and a something came down like a black cloud over the end of the table right upon the candle, just brushing my head and shoulder as I involuntarily followed my wife's action and started away, to stand the next moment in the semi-darkness trembling from the shock and trying to recover my equanimity, so rudely assailed.

For the bull's-eye lanthorn, which I had closed and left standing at the other end of the table, sent its diverging rays directly over the dark object which had softly come down right over the candle and lay, a heap of dust, raising a second visible cloud which played in motes through the beam of lamplight and began to affect our nostrils and eyes.

"Only one of the old curtains," I said. "How fortunate it was that I shut the lanthorn door."

My wife did not speak, but I could hear her breath coming and going in a way which suggested that her firmness was at an end, and I dared put it to no further test.

"Take up the lanthorn, dear," I said, quietly, "and lead on. This is enough for to-night."

The lanthorn was lifted from the table and its light turned round towards the door, which had again swung-to, while, hugging the great ledger-like book to my side, I followed, seeing her right hand glide into the glow where the lanthorn's disc fell upon the lock. Then I heard the door creak a little, and the great round spot of light struck across the hall on to the wall upon the other side.

I paused for a moment or two, gazing back into the black darkness of the room, and then the door swung-to. We made our way in silence back through the hole, and, after re-locking our cellar-door, up to the dining-room, where, after listening for a few moments, my wife set down the lanthorn and I laid the old dusty book on the table, where the light from the bull's-eye fell.

"You've brought that book?" she said, huskily.

"Brought it?" I answered. "Of course. It is what I said—the key to the mystery, and may act as the title-deeds of that old house."

She said no more, but sank into a chair, and sat back watching me while I opened the lanthorn, took a couple of candles from the sideboard and lit them at the smoky flame.

"How stupid!" I muttered. "We've left the flat candlestick, but 'pon my word, when I stopped at the door I didn't feel ready to go and rake it out of that dusty old curtain."

"No," panted my wife; "it was horrid. Let's go to bed."

"Bed! Not yet," I said, excitedly. "I'm going to have a look first in this book."

My wife uttered a low, despairing sigh.

"I won't stop long," I said, opening the cover and looking for the owner's name, but finding none, though on one side of the first page the date, in a particularly clear, round hand, "March 20th, 1785."

"There," I cried; "that's something as to the time that house has been shut up. Wait a moment."

I turned over the leaves by scores till I reached the pen about three-parts of the way through, but there was no date visible till I turned back about a score of leaves, when I came upon one in the left-hand corner—"October, 1819."

Here my wife had quite recovered herself, and drew her chair up to mine, her curiosity mastering the effects of the shock from which she had suffered.

"I don't see any name," I said, as I turned over leaves at random; "but it's plain enough what it is—a physician's everyday book. Here they are, notes of the cases he has attended, with the names of patients and their ailments, and the prescriptions administered."

These, as it seemed by a rapid glance, went on for about ten years, when quite a change came over the little paragraphs, which, so far as I could make out, dealt with experiments in chemistry, one in a few words expressing disappointment at something which had been sought for not having been discovered.

"My word, this will be interesting!" I said; "but we must leave it to-night. Let's have a look at the last pages, though."

I turned to them, and we read several with increasing eagerness, dwelling long upon the last, which told of increasing weakness and the despair of a man who seemed to have given up the last years of his life to the experimental search for something which was to prove an infallible cure for certain of the ills of human nature, and the gradual awakening of the seeker to the fact that he had been a dreamer.

There it was, all recorded—I cannot recall the words—but the gist of it was that the writer had neglected his practice, which had dwindled to nothing, and in his infatuation forsaken friends and relatives, living almost entirely alone. We read, too, that, finding

the house opposite for sale, he had bought it for a laboratory, and quietly had it connected by a tunnel under the pathway from cellar to cellar, and then had the windows and door bricked up so that he could pursue his studies in complete seclusion, retiring whenever he liked.

Lastly, in the poor dreamer's own handwriting, was the record of his feeling that his life was nearly at an end, and of his preparations for the final act.

I cannot recall even the brief note which recorded this, but it was something like this. My wife says it was word for word, but I am not sure. However, here it is, as nearly as I can recollect :—

"To-morrow is my birthday—ninety-three; and it is forty years since I gave myself up to the pursuit of an alluring phantom, perhaps from vanity, but Heaven knows I had the welfare of the world at heart. I believe I shall have strength enough left to build up the wall again that I once had broken through, and for which I have nightly taken bricks and sand from the store brought in by the builder, who at my wish repaired the garden wall of my dwelling-house. The bag of cement I have ordered will suffice for that—if I have sufficient strength—if I have sufficient strength. It will not be noticed in the dark cellar perhaps when I am missing and they search, for they will see only a wine-bin with a rough wall at the back.

"Two days—but it is done. Sleep. How soon?"

"Ha!" I said, closing the book; "enough for to-night. Complete self-immolation."

"When he felt that the end was close at hand," sighed my wife. "How terrible! How strange!"

"Why, it is three o'clock!" I said, sharply, "and the candles are half burned down. Here, quick. Wait till I've locked up the lanthorn."

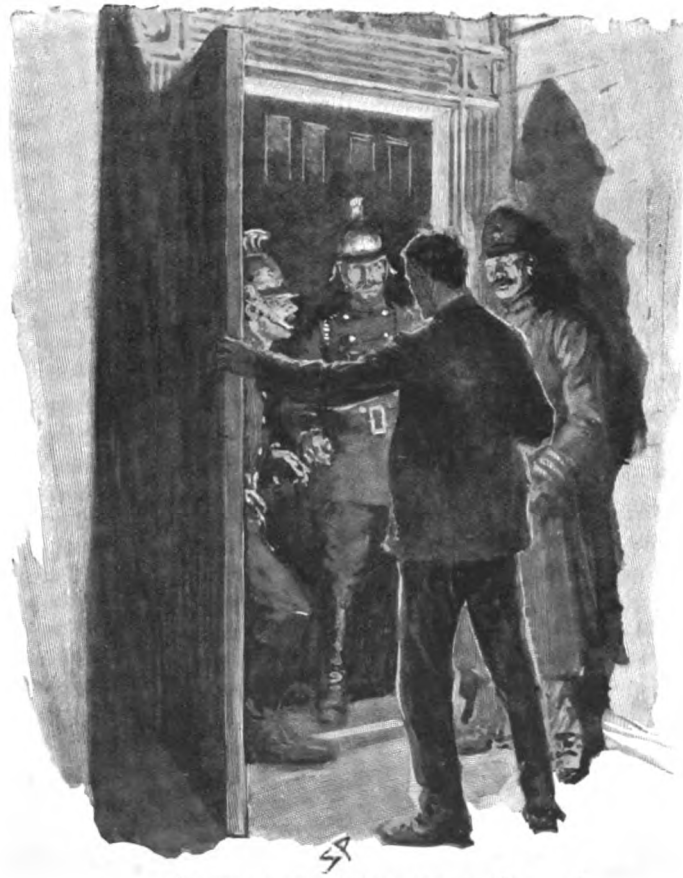
"You are not going to take that book up with you, dear?" said my wife, looking at me aghast as I lifted it from the table.

"Indeed, but I am," I said. "I shall put it in the deed-box."

"In our bedroom? No, no; don't, dear; it is too dreadful. Lock it up in the closet here."

"Very well," I said, and I locked the dusty old folio in the oak closet by the fireplace.

A very short time after we were in a deep sleep, and in dreams I was seeing a venerable, grey-bearded old man toilsomely building himself up as it were in what was to be his tomb. After that I seemed to see him go and lie down to take his final sleep, with his clasped hands upon his breast and



"I ADMITTED THE FIREMEN AND POLICE."

his dim eyes covered with dust, gazing blankly up towards Heaven, while he lay motionless, deaf to the clamour outside, the shouts, the rattle of wheels, and the roar of the mob who had come to break into the house to make a discovery of the murder said to have been done.

"Yes, yes!" I cried, excitedly, but without moving.

"Oh, pray, pray wake!" cried my wife. "Don't you hear? Can't you see? Fire! fire!"

I was awake now, to spring out of bed and, following my wife's example, hurry on some clothes. We needed no light, for a ruddy glow seemed to be coming down from above, and before I was half-dressed someone was thundering at our knocker.

I threw up the window, to find the passage filling, and a couple of engines were already at the end of the place against the posts and bars.

"Yes, yes!" I shouted. "Where is the fire?"

"Next door, sir," cried a man, upon whose brass helmet the glow was shining. "Come down; we must run the hose up on to your roof."

I hurried down and admitted the firemen and police, one, who seemed to be the leader, saying:—

"The place is going it like a furnace, and you'd better get out your plate and any valuables you want to save. The police will help you."

I was almost stunned by the news, confused as I was by being awakened from a deep sleep, and it was some minutes before I could realize that the blank house was on fire, apparently from top to bottom, and a great sheaf of flame and smoke roared out from the roof.

In less than an hour we were gazing at the fire from a house a few doors lower on the opposite side, where in a neighbourly way we had been taken in, to see that our place and the adjoining one beyond were all involved and our household goods were shrivelling up in the flames.

"It's horrible, dear," I said; "but don't fret. You have all our important papers and the insurance policies."

"Yes, dear; all in the deed-box. I saved it at once."

"Good girl!" I said; "and that book as well. Wify, that tindery old curtain must have ignited from the spark left upon the snuff when it fell and put the candle out. Then it must have slowly smouldered till it burst into flame. Never mind; we have saved the chronicle. I would not have lost that MS. book for a hundred pounds."

"Oh, my dear," sighed my wife, "I am so sorry! But don't you remember, I was afraid to have the book brought up to our room?"

Never mind what I said in my haste. However, if we had lost the key to the mystery, I had still the impression of its wards upon my mind, and I thought it better to keep my own counsel till one day, when turning over the pages of a magazine, I came upon an article headed, "Undiscovered Crimes."

The subject was suggestive, and I read on about people who had been murdered and whose assailants had never been detected, and towards the end the author introduced accounts of people who had been missed, never to be heard of more.

One of the last of these dealt with the mysterious disappearance of one Doctor Blank, of Wareham Place.

I was all excitement at once, and read on, with my pulses beating, of how, towards the end of his career, early in the nineteenth century, this distinguished man had become eccentric, living quite alone and giving himself up to occult studies, till, how and when it was not known, he disappeared. A neighbour recalled seeing him go out one day, but he was never known to return, and searches made in his house showed everything to be in order, but nothing more; so that it was concluded that the infirm, tottering old man must have been robbed and murdered.

"Certainly," the account concluded, "he had never returned to his house."

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LXIII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE QUEEN'S PRAYERS FOR PARLIAMENT.

TALKING about the literary composition of the Queen's Speech on the opening and the closing of a Parliamentary Session, one who has occasionally had something to do with its production tells me a curious thing. The successive paragraphs of the Speeches naturally vary in topic with the events of the day. But whatever happens the Speech must close with a brief prayer. It is a point of honour with the Minister drafting the document that this petition, always the same in purpose, shall never be identical in phrase. Curious to see how this worked out, I have looked up the Speeches from the Throne delivered through the life of the last Parliament, and find the tradition carefully observed.

As will be remembered, the concluding prayer was omitted in the Queen's Speech last Session. This is not the first case of the kind. In the Queen's Speech delivered under the guidance of the third Salisbury Administration the accustomed concluding prayer was forgotten. The Speech abruptly closed with suggestion that consideration of legislative measures, except those necessary to provide for the administrative charges of the year, should be deferred to another Session.

When that arrived Ministers came to the front with a Speech of terrible length, concluding, "I commend these weighty matters to your experienced judgment, and pray that your labours may be blessed by the guidance and favour of Almighty God." On the prorogation in the same Session Her Majesty is made to say: "In bidding you farewell I pray that the blessing of Providence may rest upon all your labours." The Speech on the opening of Parliament in January, 1897, was again very long, leaving room only for the somewhat brusque remark, "I heartily commend your important deliberations to the guidance of Almighty God." At the close of the Session, which counted among its accomplished works the dole to denominational schools, the Queen prays that "the fruit of your labours may be assured by the protection and blessing of Almighty God."

The next Session opens with the prayer, "I heartily commend your momentous deliberations to the care and guidance of Almighty God." "I pray that the blessing of Almighty God may attend you" is the Queenly benediction at the close of the Session. In February, 1899, the Queen, addressing my lords and gentlemen, prays "that Almighty God may have you in His keeping and guide your deliberations for the good of my people." At the end of the Session—the principal fruit whereof was the Clergy Relief Bill—prayer is offered "that the blessing of Almighty God may attend upon the fruit of your labours for the benefit of my people."

The brief War Session of 1899 was opened with the prayer that "in performing the duties which claim your attention you may have the guidance and blessing of Almighty God." At the prorogation the war in South Africa gave a special turn to the phraseology. "I trust," the Queen is represented as saying, "that the Divine blessing may rest upon your efforts and those of my gallant Army to restore peace and good government to that portion of my Empire, and to vindicate the honour of this country." At the beginning of last Session the Queen, addressing both Houses of Parliament, "commended their deliberations in this anxious time to the blessing and guidance of Almighty God." Her Majesty's last words to the fourteenth Parliament of her reign prayed "that Almighty God may have you in His keeping, and that His blessing may be with you."

It will be seen from this unresponsive litany that though it is mainly compiled from a narrow circle of words, their arrangement is always studiously varied.

MASTER ARTHUR WRITING A LETTER TO THE QUEEN.

"MA'AM."

When Mr. Arthur Balfour writes his letters to the Queen, giving a summary of proceedings at the current sitting of the House of Commons, he observes a formula of address consecrated by long usage. "Mr. Balfour,"

so the missive runs, "presents his humble duty to the Queen, and informs Her Majesty——." Here follows the narrative, which it is hoped the Leader of the House, in the dull times that prevailed at Westminster during the last five years, managed to make more sparkling than was possible to other Parliamentary summary-writers. This quaint form of address finds its parallel in the business or social communications of the Queen's *entourage*. In humbler domestic circles the old-fashioned word "Ma'am" is rarely heard. Servants and shopkeepers when they have occasion to approach its use go back to the more formal original. It is, "Yes, madam," or "No, madam." The Queen is still "Ma'am."

QUEEN ELIZABETH AND SIR ROBERT CECIL.

Lord Salisbury has good reason to know that in the spacious times of Queen Elizabeth the form of epistolary communication between her Ministers and Her Majesty was less formal than that in vogue with the Parliamentary letter-writer from the Treasury Bench to-day. The Premier is heritor of the correspondence of his great ancestor and namesake, Sir Robert Cecil. In the spring of 1598 Sir Robert was dispatched to the King of France on a diplomatic mission. Writing to the Queen under date 5th April of that year, he addresses her directly as "Most Gracious Sovereign," and throughout as "Your Majesty." In reporting his audience with the King—whom, by the way, "about three of the clock on Tuesday" the English Ambassador found in bed—the astute Cecil turns a pretty compliment. "We have," he writes, "thought it good to set down precisely the same language which I, the secretary, used, for we know your Majesty to be in all languages one of the *mieulx disans* of Europe, and most justly think that your Majesty had cause to be very jealous whether your meaning had been delivered in the French to the same sense which our English repetition should now express."

Here follows, in French of the sixteenth century, what Sir Robert said to the King, sitting down by his bedside, "where we warmed him so well as, whether it was his physic or our message, Monsieur le Grand was fain to fetch drink for him."

THE OLD DIPLOMACY.

There is in this letter delightful disclosure of the ways of the old diplomacy. Reporting the reading of what purported to be the text of an important secret document, Sir Robert says: "First we left out any of those articles which showed the King of Spain's readiness to yield him (the King of France) all his desires, because that would have made him proud and to raise himself towards us. For though we think he knows too well what he shall have of Spain, yet we would not have him think that we know it out of the Spaniard's mouth. Secondly we left out anything to him that might show to him that the Spaniards meant to offer any injurious conditions to England, for then he would also have thought your Majesty's state the more irreconcilable, and therefore only acquainted him with the reports of Villeroie's speeches, of the Legate's speeches, of Belliurs his speeches, and other things which we have further set down in the enclosed."

LORD SALISBURY AND HENRY IV. OF FRANCE.

Here is a picture for a painter in search of an historical subject. Henri Quatre, in bed at three o'clock on an April afternoon, alternating between the refreshment of medicine and strong drink; seated by his side the crafty English emissary, with innocent air, reading a carefully-trimmed document.

But if the English diplomatist had his secrets the French King had his. The

letter, now carefully treasured at Hatfield, is dated 5th April, 1598. Eight days later Henri Quatre promulgated the Edict of Nantes, with far-reaching consequences not only for the history of France but for the trade and commerce of England.

A NEW FIELD OF FICTION.

A notable thing in the candidature for election to the new Parliament was the rush of novelists into this new field of fiction. One remembers at least three—Conan Doyle, Anthony Hope, and Gilbert Parker. Mr. Barrie coquetted with a constituency, but came to the conclusion that he would bide a wee. Of the three first named, only Mr. Gilbert Parker was successful in securing one of the Seats of the Mighty. Mr. Conan Doyle was badly beaten, while Mr. Anthony Hope, like his acquaintance Quisanté, was, on the eve of the contest, attacked by illness. Unlike his hero, who struggled on and fell in the breach soon after it was won, Mr. Anthony Hope discreetly retired, regained his health, and lives to fight another day.

"THE REAL JAPAN"—MR. HENRY NORMAN.

Mr. Henry Norman does not rank as a romancist, though he has written "The Real Japan." But he is a man of letters who by sheer ability has made his way to the front rank of journalism. He has the advantage, rare among our councillors at Westminster, of having studied foreign affairs, Western and Far Eastern, on the spot.

LITERARY MEN IN PARLIAMENT.

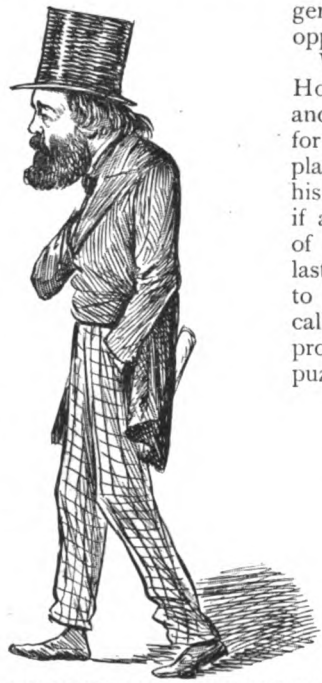
Whether Parliament is the best place for men of letters is an interesting question. If conspicuous success in a new walk be counted as essential to the affirmative, the yea will be uttered with diffidence. It is not necessary to go back to the case of Bulwer Lytton, or the more painful one of John Stuart Mill, to support the assertion that there is something in the atmosphere of the House of Commons uncongenial to the ascendency of the literary man.

One brilliant exception is found in the case of Lord Rosebery, who is equally in command of himself and the situation whether writing books in his library or making speeches in the House of Lords and on the public platform. But there is no other. Mr. John Morley will be known to fame as a literary man, not as a member of the House of Commons. If any man might be counted upon in advance to command the attention of the House of Commons it was Mr. Justin McCarthy. A man of wide reading, retentive memory, varied knowledge of the world, gifted with humour, a ready speaker, here seemed every quality to compel success. Yet the author of "Dear Lady Disdain," and a score of other popular novels, never reached that place in the House which his talents seemed to merit, and for which his friends confidently designated him.

On the whole journalists do better in the House of Commons than do those ranking as men of letters. Mr. Courtney instructed the world through the leader columns of the *Times* before, encouraged by his success, he stepped on to the more prominent platform of the House of Commons to carry on his beneficent work. Mr. Labouchere is one of the most entertaining journalists of the age, not laying aside the pen even while he was steadily making his way to a position of influence in the House of Commons. If Mr. T. P. O'Connor had given himself up entirely to Parliamentary work he would have taken high rank as a debater. But the House of Commons will have nothing to do with men who give it only the odds and ends of their time. After living laborious days in discharge of his journalistic work Mr. O'Connor sometimes scorns delights, and remains in his place long enough to catch the Speaker's eye. Even with this desultory habit he commands an audience for a vigorous speech. The general result is, however, confirmatory of the axiom that no man can serve two masters.

Mr. Gibson Bowles, perceiving this fundamental truth, has renounced journalism, in which profession he first made his mark, has

given himself up entirely to the House of Commons, and has made his way accordingly. It must not be forgotten that another member of Parliament, of almost equal knowledge of public affairs, followed the same course. Whilst the Marquis of Salisbury was still Lord Robert Cecil, he was a regular, even a struggling, journalist. His political career opening out, he gave up leader-writing, and devoted himself to the House of Commons. The advantage of his early training is felt and witnessed to this day in the exquisite perfection of the turn of his spoken sentences. The Premier is one of the very few of our public men whose political speeches have a subtle, indescribable, but unmistakable, literary flavour.



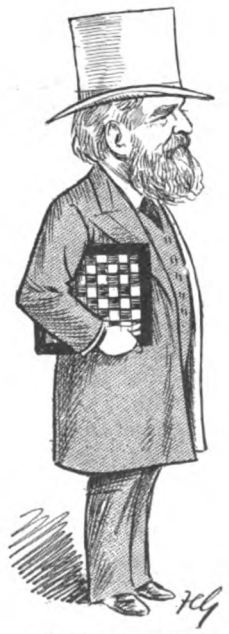
LORD ROBERT CECIL AS A STRUGGLING JOURNALIST.

THE PRESS.

The new Parliament shows a considerable advance in the number of members who in one way or the other are connected with the Press. Survivors of the last Parliament are Mr. Arthur Eliott, whose seat was saved from contest by the chance appearance in the Quarterly he edits of an article on the war; Sir John Leng, proprietor of the *Dundee Advertiser*, who does not often trouble the House with a set speech, has a searching way of putting questions which effects more practical good throughout a Session than the average of long speeches; Mr. Dalziel, who a dozen years ago entering the Lobby as a journalist, now sits for Kirkcaldy, holding it with increased majority, whilst all round him Liberals fell. His is another case of the not frequent incidence of equal facility with tongue and pen. He has the courage of his opinions, does not flinch from performance of what he regards as a public duty, and in a pleasant voice that adds to the aggravation "says things" that sometimes shock the sensibilities of the gentlemen of England seated opposite.

When he first entered the House he was unconsciously and undesignedly the occasion for embarrassment in high places. North of the Tweed his surname is pronounced as if all the letters had fallen out of it except the first and the last. When Mr. Gully came to the Chair he scrupulously called on "Mr. D L," the letters pronounced full length. The puzzlement displayed on the countenances of mere Southerners at sound of this unfamiliar name was embarrassing. To the Speaker, as to other Englishmen, the member for Kirkcaldy to-day is "Mr. Dal*zel*."

Other old members returned to the new Parliament are Mr. Scott, the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, and Mr. Willox, proprietor of the *Liverpool Courier*. Among new comers are Mr. Winston Churchill, who I venture to predict will make his mark in the House as he did in the armoured train; Mr. Cust, a former editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette;* Sir George Newnes, and Mr. Leicester Harmsworth, one of a notable band of brothers. The total of newspaper proprietors and journalists in the present House of Commons is thirty-three.



SIR GEORGE NEWNES.

TRADE IN PARLIAMENT.

Many years ago Mr. Gladstone, talking about the constitution of the first House of Commons in which he sat, told me there were in it not more than five members connected with trade and commerce. Things have in this matter considerably changed since that far-off day. Trade and commerce represent considerably more than half the muster of the fifteenth Parliament of the Queen. There are, to blurt out what the member of Parliament of the

mid-century would regard as the most appalling fact, thirteen who rank as shopkeepers and traders.

HOME FROM THE WAR.

In this the first regular Session of the new Parliament the attendance in both Houses will be appreciably greater owing to the return of members who volunteered for active service in South Africa. Whilst the House of Commons contributed twenty-seven members, the House of Lords sent thirty-six, including the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, Lord Kitchener, and Lord Methuen. Of the peers the Marquis of Winchester and the Earl of Airlie were killed on the field of battle. Lord Folkestone, who went out as major of the 1st Wiltshire Volunteer Rifle Corps, comes back Earl of Radnor, his father, once a well-known figure in the House of Commons, dying during his absence. This event removes a promising figure from the Commons. In the one or two speeches he made since his return for the Wilton Division in 1892, Lord Folkestone displayed a lively talent, which it is to be feared will be lost in the more languorous atmosphere of the House of Lords. He commenced his training for Parliamentary work by acting as assistant private secretary to Mr. Chaplin at the Board of Agriculture. Had it been possible for him to return to the new House of Commons he might have renewed his intimacy with his old chief on a back bench above the gangway.

ON A BACK BENCH—MR. CHAPLIN.

Other members who return to the familiar scene under altered circumstances are Lord Cranborne, who takes his seat on the Treasury Bench as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Lord Stanley, who has been promoted from the Whips' Room to the important post of Financial Secretary to the War Office.

In the last Parliament Lord Stanley acted as Chairman of the Kitchen Committee, gallantly bearing the brunt of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's frontal attacks in the matter of the illegal sale of liquor at the Lobby bars. Lord Cranborne's migration from below the gangway will leave his brother Lord Hugh Cecil in the position of principal defender of the faith as enshrined in the Established Church.

WESTMINSTER HALL.

It is to be hoped that whilst the new Parliament is fresh and vigorous it will see to the removal of the ridiculous regulations that bar the public out of their heritage, Westminster Hall. At the time of the Fenian scare, when outrages were perpetrated at the Home Office, the *Times* office, and elsewhere, precautions were wisely taken to safeguard this unique monument of early English history. The public were rigidly excluded, and since that time Westminster Hall has remained a wilderness, untrodden, save by the foot of officials, and of members electing to choose that approach to the House.

The Hall was built with special view to having its flags trodden by a multitude. In modern times it never looked so well as at the period when the Law Courts were still an adjunct of the Palace of Westminster, and at the luncheon hour the crowd of barristers, clients, witnesses, and spectators poured out from the Courts to pace up and down the splendid thoroughfare. There was a later time when from earliest dawn till the close at eve on a succession of May Days the people crowded in with reverent steps, approached and passed the bier on which rested the coffin in which Mr. Gladstone slept, full of rest from head to foot.

A FORGOTTEN POLICEMAN.

To-day, with a solitary policeman on guard by the members' entrance, the Hall looks like a great gloomy vault. There is not even pretence of cause for maintaining restrictions imposed in troublesome times. At the time Westminster Hall was made desolate the watchful eye of the police was flashed upon a narrow passage running between Birdcage Walk and Queen Anne's Gate. The Irish Office may be reached

through the same approach. A policeman was accordingly detailed to guard the passage and arrest any treasonable-looking men. Nearly twenty years have sped since, in the height of the Fenian scare, the policeman was placed on guard at this point. He may be there still; he certainly was at his post in the early part of last Session when I chanced to pass by this secluded entry. Nineteen years ago order was issued from Scotland Yard that night and day a policeman should patrol this otherwise neglected foot-passage. The order not having been withdrawn, night and day the policeman has been there, his not to wonder why.

On the same principle actuating the official mind, the public are to this day forbidden to enter Westminster Hall because eighteen years ago the Fenians attempted to blow up Sir William Harcourt in the Home Office.

SIR BENJAMIN STONE.

MEMORIAL BRASSES.

It will be remembered that when a few years ago the King of Siam paid us a visit he displayed curiosity far exceeding the habit of George III. He did not, so far as was known, come across an apple-dumpling. If he had he would not have sought his couch till he had mastered the mystery how the apple got in. On the night he visited the Houses of Parliament he passed out by St. Stephen's Chapel and Westminster Hall. Thanks to the reverential care of Sir Reginald Palgrave, long time Clerk of the House of Commons, the pavement is studded with small brasses, marking the precise spot where King Charles's chair was placed when he sat for his trial, where Perceval fell shot by Bellingham, and where other historical events in the history of Parliament took place. His Majesty of Siam, spotting the brass plates, ran about from one to the other wanting to know all about them.

There is obvious opportunity for extension of Sir Reginald Palgrave's pious purpose. When Mr. Gladstone's coffin was carried through a mourning nation from his hushed home at Hawarden to the scene of his more than sixty years' service to the State, it was set down on the flags of Westminster Hall, just opposite the door opening on the stairway that gives access to the House of Commons. Here it rested whilst the innumerable procession passed by to take a farewell look, and thence it was carried —political foeman and friend bearing the pall—on its way to Westminster Abbey. Surely the spot is worth marking among the rest.

AN HISTORIC SCENE.

Amonga rare collection of photographs taken by his own camera Sir Benjamin Stone, photographer extraordinary to the House of Commons, has none more interesting than one which presents the scene in Westminster Hall in the early morning of the 19th May, 1898. The vast Hall is empty save for the presence in the coffin lying on the bier. A striking effect is obtained by the morning light streaming in from the windows on the eastern side. There is something deeply touching in the loneliness and silence of the Great Hall. Nothing to disturb the last rest of the tired workman.

THE KING OF SIAM AND THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

The boyish curiosity of the King of Siam was embarrassingly developed during his visit to the House of Lords. His kingly state was evidenced by the chair set for him in front of the steps of the Throne just behind the Woolsack. The House chanced to be in Committee, necessitating the Lord Chancellor going through a series of manœuvres that would be trying even to the stately manner of Lord Peel, which elevated the dignity of the Chair in the House of Commons. Lord Halsbury invests it with superfluity of comicality.

The House being in Committee the Chairman presides at the table, the Lord Chancellor marking his temporary abrogation of the presidency by standing a pace to the left of the Woolsack. Here he remains whilst the Chairman rattles the Bill through Committee.

"The question is," says the Chairman, "that I report this Bill without amendment to the House."

Thereupon Lord Morley hops out of the Chair at the table, and simultaneously the Lord Chancellor skips back to the Woolsack and proceeds with the Orders of the Day. Another Bill getting into Committee he hops a pace to the left of the Woolsack, and the Chairman of Committees skips into the Chair at the table, rattles the New Bill through, puts the question about reporting it, and Lord Chancellor and Chairman repeat their *pas de deux*.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR AND THE CHAIRMAN REPEAT THEIR "PAS DE DEUX."

The movement is as automatic as that of the two figures in the mechanical weather indicator, one retiring to his box indicating rain, the other coming out to rejoice in fine weather.

The King of Siam, seated immediately behind the plump figure of the Lord Chancellor, watched the game with keenest interest. His big wig bobbing, his gown fluttering with the movement, there was about the Lord High Chancellor something reminiscent of John Leech's illustration to the "Christmas Carol," showing Mr. Fezziwig leading off the ball. If the King of Siam had been familiar with the masterpiece of Christmas stories he would have recalled the passage:—

"Hilli-ho," cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here. Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Unaided by association, His Majesty thoroughly entered into the fun of the thing. In full view of the shocked House of Lords he dug his finger in the ribs of his chaperon, Lord Harris. I am not sure he did not wink. I well remember how, his face glowing with laughter, he nodded towards the broad back of the ambulant Lord Chancellor, drawing Lord Harris's attention to the performance with another playful touch in the ribs.

If, following the example of the Shah, he writes a book on his visit to England, this episode is sure to have justice done to it. It will remain rooted in his memory as part of the process of legislation by the Mother of Parliaments.

The First Men in the Moon.

By H. G. Wells.

CHAPTER X.

LOST MEN IN THE MOON.

CAVOR'S face caught something of my dismay. He stood up and stared about him at the scrub that fenced us in and rose about us, straining upward in a passion of growth. He put a dubious hand to his lips. He spoke with a sudden lack of assurance. "I think," he said, slowly, "we left it' . . . . somewhere . . . . about *there*."

He pointed a hesitating finger that wavered in an arc.

"I'm not sure." His look of consternation deepened. "Anyhow," he said, with his eyes on me, "it can't be far."

We had both stood up. We made unmeaning ejaculations; our eyes sought in the twining, thickening jungle round about us.

All about us on the sunlit slopes frothed and swayed the darting shrubs, the swelling cactus, the creeping lichens, and wherever the shade remained the snowdrifts lingered. North, south, east, and west spread an identical monotony of unfamiliar forms. And somewhere, buried already among this tangled confusion, was our sphere, our home, our only provision, our only hope of escape from this fantastic wilderness of ephemeral growths into which we had come.

"I think, after all," he said, pointing suddenly, "it might be over there."

"No," I said. "We have turned in a curve. See! here is the mark of my heels. It's clear the thing must be more to the eastward, much more. No! the sphere must be over there."

"I *think*," said Cavor, "I kept the sun upon my right all the time."

"Every leap, it seems to *me*," I said, "my shadow flew before me."

We stared into one another's eyes. The area of the crater had become enormously vast to our imaginations, the growing thickets already impenetrably dense.

"Good heavens! What fools we have been!"

"It's evident that we must find it again," said Cavor, "and that soon. The sun grows stronger. We should be fainting with the heat already if it wasn't so dry. And . . . . I'm hungry."

I stared at him. I had not suspected this aspect of the matter before. But it came to me at once—a positive craving. "Yes," I said with emphasis, "I am hungry too."

He stood up with a look of active resolution. "Certainly we must find the sphere."

As calmly as possible we surveyed the interminable reefs and thickets that formed the floor of the crater, each of us weighing in silence the chances of our finding the sphere before we were overtaken by heat and hunger.

"It can't be fifty yards from here," said Cavor, with indecisive gestures. "The only thing is to beat round about until we come upon it."

"That is all we can do," I said, without any alacrity to begin our hunt. "I wish this confounded spike bush did not grow so fast!"

"That's just it," said Cavor. "But it *was* lying on a bank of snow."

I stared about me in the vain hope of recognising some knoll or shrub that had been near the sphere. But everywhere was a confusing sameness, everywhere the aspiring bushes, the distending fungi, the dwindling snow-banks, steadily and inevitably changed. The sun scorched and stung; the faintness of an unaccountable hunger mingled with our infinite perplexity. And even as we stood there, confused and lost amidst unprecedented things, we became aware for the first time of a sound upon the moon other than the stir of the growing plants, the faint sighing of the wind, or those that we ourselves had made.

Boom . . . Boom . . . Boom . . .

It came from beneath our feet, a sound in the earth. We seemed to hear it with our feet as much as with our ears. Its dull resonance was muffled by distance, thick with the quality of intervening substance. No sound that I can imagine could have astonished us more, or have changed more completely the quality of things about us. For this sound, rich, slow, and deliberate, seemed to us as though it could be nothing but the striking of some gigantic buried clock.

Boom . . . Boom . . . Boom . . .

Sound suggestive of still cloisters, of sleepless nights in crowded cities, of vigils and the awaited hour, of all that is orderly and methodical in life, booming out pregnant and mysterious in this fantastic desert! To the eye everything was unchanged; the desolation of bushes and cacti waving silently in the wind stretched unbroken to the distant cliffs; the still, dark sky was empty overhead,

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and the hot sun hung and burned. And through it all, a warning, a threat, throbbed this enigma of sound.

Boom . . . Boom . . . Boom . . .

We questioned one another in faint and faded voices. "A clock?"

"Like a clock!"

"What is it?"

"What can it be?"

"Count," was Cavor's belated suggestion, and at that word the striking ceased.

The silence, the rhythmic disappointment of the silence, came as a fresh shock. For a moment one could doubt whether one had ever heard a sound. Or whether it might not still be going on! Had I indeed heard a sound?

I felt the pressure of Cavor's hand upon my arm. He spoke in an undertone as though he feared to wake some sleeping thing. "Let us keep together," he whispered, "and look for the sphere. We must get back to the sphere. This is beyond our understanding."

"Which way shall we go?"

He hesitated. An intense persuasion of presences, of unseen things about us and near us, dominated our minds. What could they be? Where could they be? Was this arid desolation, alternately frozen and scorched, only the outer rind and mask of some subterranean world? And if so, what sort of world? What sort of inhabitants might it not presently disgorge upon us?

And then stabbing the aching stillness, as vivid and sudden as an unexpected thunderclap, came a clang and rattle as though great gates of metal had suddenly been flung apart.

It arrested our steps. We stood gaping helplessly. Then Cavor stole towards me.

"BOOM . . . BOOM . . . BOOM."

"I do not understand!" he whispered, close to my face. He waved his hand vaguely skyward, the vague suggestion of still vaguer thoughts.

"A hiding-place! If anything came——"

I looked about us. I nodded my head in assent to him.

We started off, moving stealthily, with the most exaggerated precautions against noise. We went towards a thicket of scrub. A clangour like hammers flung about a boiler hastened our steps. "We must crawl," whispered Cavor.

The lower leaves of the bayonet plants, already overshadowed by the newer ones above, were beginning to wilt and shrivel so that we could thrust our way in among the thickening stems without any serious injury. A stab in the face or arm we did not heed. At the heart of the thicket I stopped and stared panting into Cavor's face.

"Subterranean," he whispered. "Below."

"They may come out."

"We must find the sphere!"

"Yes," I said, "but how?"

"Crawl till we come to it."

"But if we don't?"

"Keep hidden. See what they are like."

"We will keep together," said I.

He thought. "Which way shall we go?"

"We must take our chance."

We peered this way and that. Then very circumspectly we began to crawl through the lower jungle, making so far as we could judge a circuit, halting now at every waving fungus, at every sound, intent only on the sphere from which we had so foolishly

emerged. Ever and again from out of the earth beneath us came concussions, beatings, strange, inexplicable, mechanical sounds, and once and then again we thought we heard something, a faint rattle and tumult, borne to us through the air. But fearful as we were we dared essay no vantage-point to survey the crater. For long we saw nothing of the beings whose sounds were so abundant and insistent. But for the faintness of our hunger and the drying of our throats that crawling would have had the quality of a very vivid dream. It was so absolutely unreal. The only element with any touch of reality was these sounds.

Figure it to yourself! About us the dreamlike jungle, with the silent bayonet leaves darting overhead, and the silent, vivid, sun-splashed lichens under our hands and knees, waving with the vigour of their growth as a carpet waves when the wind gets beneath it. Ever and again one of the bladder fungi, bulging and distending under the sun, loomed upon us. Ever and again some novel shape in vivid colour obtruded. The very cells that built up these plants were as large as my thumb, like beads of coloured glass. And all these things were saturated in the unmitigated glare of the sun, were seen against a sky that was bluish-black and spangled still, in spite of the sunlight, with a few surviving stars. Strange! the very forms and texture of the stones were strange. It was all strange: the feeling of one's body was unprecedented, every other movement ended in a surprise. The breath sucked thin in one's throat, the blood flowed through one's ears in a throbbing tide, thud, thud, thud, thud...

And ever and again came gusts of turmoil, hammering, the clanging and throb of machinery, and presently — the bellowing of great beasts!

CHAPTER XI.

THE MOONCALF PASTURES.

So we two poor terrestrial castaways, lost in that wild-growing moon jungle, crawled in terror before the sounds that had come upon us. We crawled as it seemed a long time before we saw either Selenite or mooncalf, though we heard the bellowing and gruntulous noises of these latter continually drawing nearer to us. We crawled through stony ravines, over snow slopes, amidst fungi that ripped like thin bladders at our thrust, emitting a watery humour; over a perfect pavement of things like puffballs and beneath interminable thickets of scrub. And ever more hopelessly our eyes sought for our abandoned sphere. The noise of the mooncalves would at times be a vast, flat, calf-like sound, at times it rose to an amazed and wrathy bellowing, and again it would become a clogged, bestial sound as though these unseen creatures had sought to eat and bellow at the same time.

Our first view was but an inadequate, transitory glimpse, yet none the less disturbing because it was incomplete. Cavor was crawling in front at the time, and he first was aware of their proximity. He stopped dead, arresting me with a single gesture.

A crackling and smashing of the scrub appeared to be advancing directly upon us, and then, as we squatted close and endeavoured to judge of the nearness and direction of this noise, there came a terrific bellow behind us,

"THERE CAME A TERRIFIC BELLOW BEHIND US."

so close and vehement that the tops of the bayonet scrub bent before it, and one felt the breath of it hot and moist. And turning about we saw indistinctly through a crowd of swaying stems the mooncalf's shining sides and the long line of its back looming out against the sky.

Of course it is hard for me now to say how much I saw at that time, because my impressions were corrected by subsequent observation. First of all impressions was its enormous size: the girth of its body was some fourscore feet, its length perhaps two hundred. Its sides rose and fell with its laboured breathing. I perceived that its gigantic flabby body lay along the ground and that its skin was of a corrugated white, dappling into blackness along the backbone. But of its feet we saw nothing. I think also that we saw then the profile at least of the almost brainless head, with its fat-encumbered neck, its slobbering, omnivorous mouth, its little nostrils, and tight shut eyes. (For the mooncalf invariably shut its eyes in the presence of the sun.) We had a glimpse of a vast red pit as it opened its mouth to bleat and bellow again, we had a breath from the pit, and then the monster heeled over like a ship, dragged forward along the ground, creasing all his leathery skin, rolled again, and so wallowed past us, smashing a path amidst the scrub, and was speedily hidden from our eyes by the dense interlacings beyond. Another appeared more distantly, and then another, and then, as though he was guiding these animated lumps of provender to their pasture, a Selenite came momentarily into ken. My grip upon Cavor's foot became convulsive at the sight of him, and we remained motionless and peering long after he had passed out of our range.

By contrast with the mooncalves he seemed a trivial being, a mere ant, scarcely 5ft. high. He was wearing garments of some leathery substance so that no portion of his actual body appeared—but of this of course we were entirely ignorant. He presented himself therefore as a compact bristling creature, having much of the quality of a complicated insect, with whip-like tentacles, and a clanging arm projecting from his shining cylindrical body-case. The form of his head was hidden by his enormous, many-spiked helmet—we discovered afterwards that he used the spikes for prodding refractory mooncalves—and a pair of goggles of darkened glass set very much at the side gave a bud-like quality to the metallic apparatus that covered his face. His arms did not project beyond his body-case, and he carried himself upon short legs that, wrapped though they were in warm coverings, seemed to our terrestrial eyes inordinately flimsy. They had very short thighs, very long shanks, and little feet.

In spite of his heavy-looking clothing he was progressing with what would be from the terrestrial point of view very considerable strides, and his clanging arm was busy. The quality of his motion during the instant of his passing suggested haste and a certain anger, and soon after we had lost sight of him we heard the bellow of a mooncalf change abruptly into a short sharp squeal, followed by the scuffle of its acceleration. And gradually that bellowing receded, and then came to an end, as if the pastures sought had been attained.

We listened. For a space the moon world was still. But it was some time before we resumed our crawling search for the vanished sphere.

When next we saw mooncalves they were some little distance away from us, in a place of tumbled rocks. The less vertical surfaces of the rocks were thick with a speckled green plant, growing in dense, mossy clumps, upon which these creatures were browsing. We stopped at the edge of the reeds, amidst which we were crawling, at the sight of them, peering out at them, and looking round for a second glimpse of a Selenite. They lay against their food like stupendous slugs, huge, greasy hulls, eating greedily and noisily, with a sort of sobbing avidity. They seemed monsters of mere fatness, clumsy and overwhelmed to a degree that would make a Smithfield ox seem a model of agility. Their busy, writhing, chewing mouths, and eyes closed, together with the appetizing sound of their munching, made up an effect of animal enjoyment that was singularly stimulating to our empty frames.

"Hogs!" said Cavor, with unusual passion. "Disgusting hogs!" and after one glare of angry envy crawled off through the bushes to our right. I stayed long enough to see that the speckled plant was quite hopeless for human nourishment, then crawled after him, nibbling a quill of it between my teeth.

Presently we were arrested again by the proximity of a Selenite, and this time we were able to observe him more exactly. Now we could see that the Selenite covering was indeed clothing, and not a sort of crustacean integument. He was quite similar in his costume to the former one we had glimpsed, except that ends of something like wadding were protruding from his neck, and

he stood on a promontory of rock and moved his head this way and that as though he was surveying the crater. We lay quite still, fearing to attract his attention if we moved, and after a time he turned about and disappeared.

We came upon another drove of moon-calves bellowing up a ravine, and then we passed over a place of sounds, sounds of beating machinery, as if some huge hall of industry came near the surface there. And while these sounds were still about us we came to the edge of a great open space, perhaps two hundred yards in diameter, and perfectly level. Save for a few lichens that advanced from its margin, this space was bare, and presented a powdery surface of a dusty yellow colour. We were afraid to strike out across this space, but as it presented less obstruction to our crawling than the scrub, we went down upon it and began very circumspectly to skirt its edge.

For a little while the noises from below ceased, and everything, save for the faint stir of the growing vegetation, was very still. Then abruptly there began an uproar, louder, more vehement, and nearer than any we had so far heard. Of a certainty it came from below. Instinctively we crouched as flat as we could, ready for a prompt plunge into the thicket beside us. Each knock and throb seemed to vibrate through our bodies. Louder grew this throbbing and beating, and that irregular vibration increased until the whole moon world seemed to be jerking and pulsing.

"Cover," whispered Cavor, and I turned towards the bushes.

At that instant came a thud like the thud of a gun, and then a thing happened—it still haunts me in my dreams. I had turned my head to look at Cavor's face, and thrust out my hand in front of me as I did so. And my hand met nothing! Plunged suddenly into a bottomless hole!

My chest hit something hard, and I found myself with my chin on the edge of an unfathomable abyss that had suddenly opened beneath me, my hand extended stiffly into the void. The whole of that flat circular area was no more than a gigantic lid, that was now sliding sideways from off the pit it had covered into a slot prepared for it.

Had it not been for Cavor I think I should have remained rigid, hanging over this margin and staring into the enormous gulf below until at last the edges of the slot scraped me off and hurled me into its depths. But Cavor had not received the shock that had paralyzed me. He had been a little distance from the edge when the lid had first opened, and, perceiving the peril that held me helpless, gripped my legs and pulled me backward. I came into a sitting position, crawled away from the edge for a space on all fours, then staggered up and ran after him across the thundering, quivering sheet of metal. It seemed to be swinging open with a steadily-accelerated velocity, and the bushes in front of me shifted sideways as I ran.

"CAVOR GRIPPED MY LEGS AND PULLED ME BACKWARD."

I was none too soon. Cavor's back vanished amidst the bristling thicket, and as I scrambled up after him the monstrous valve came into its position with a clang. For a long time we lay panting, not daring to approach the pit.

But at last, very cautiously, and bit by bit, we crept into a position from which we could peer down. The bushes about us creaked and waved with the force of a breeze that was blowing down the shaft. We could see nothing at first except smooth, vertical walls descending at last into an impenetrable black. And then very gradually we became aware of a number of very faint and little lights going to and fro.

For a time that stupendous gulf of mystery held us so that we forgot even our sphere. In time as we grew more accustomed to the darkness we could make out very small, dim, illusive shapes moving about among those

needle-point illuminations. We peered, amazed and incredulous, understanding so little that we could find no words to say. We could distinguish nothing that would give us a clue to the meaning of the faint shapes we saw.

"What can it be?" I asked; "what can it be?"

"The engineering! . . . . They must live in these caverns during the night and come out during the day."

"Cavor!" I said. "Can they be—*that*—it was something like—men?"

"*That* was not a man."

"We dare risk nothing!"

"We dare do nothing until we find the sphere."

He assented with a groan and stirred himself to move. He stared about him for a space, sighed, and indicated a direction. We struck out through the jungle. For a time we crawled resolutely, then with diminishing vigour. Presently among great shapes of flabby purple there came a noise of trampling and cries about us. We lay close, and for a long time the sounds went to and fro and very near. But this time we saw nothing. I tried to whisper to Cavor that I could hardly go without food much longer, but my mouth had become too dry for whispering.

"Cavor," I said, "I must have food."

He turned a face full of dismay towards me. "It's a case for holding out," he said.

"But I *must*," I said; "and look at my lips!"

"I've been thirsty some time."

"If only some of that snow had remained!"

"It's clean gone! We're driving from Arctic to tropical at the rate of a degree a minute. . . ."

I gnawed my hand.

"The sphere!" he said. "There is nothing for it but the sphere." We roused ourselves to another spurt of crawling. My mind ran entirely on edible things, on the hissing profundity of summer drinks; more particularly I craved for beer. I was haunted by the memory of an eighteen-gallon cask that had swaggered in my Lympne cellar. I thought of the adjacent larder, and especially of steak and kidney pie—tender steak and plenty of kidney, and rich, thick gravy between. Ever and again I was seized with fits of hungry yawning. We came to flat places overgrown with fleshy red things, monstrous coralline growths; as we pushed against them they snapped and broke. I noted the quality of the broken surfaces. The confounded stuff certainly looked of a biteable texture. Then it seemed to me that it smelt rather well.

I picked up a fragment and sniffed at it.

"Cavor," I said, in a hoarse undertone.

He glanced at me with his face screwed up. "Don't," he said. I put down the fragment, and we crawled on through this tempting fleshiness for a space.

"Cavor," I asked, "why *not*?"

"Poison," I heard him say, but he did not look round.

We crawled some way before I decided.

"I'll chance it," said I.

He made a belated gesture to prevent me. I stuffed my mouth full. He crouched, watching my face, his own twisted into the oddest expression. "It's good," I said.

"Oh, Lord!" he cried.

He watched me munch, his face wrinkled between desire and disapproval, then suddenly succumbed to appetite, and began to tear off huge mouthfuls. For a time we did nothing but eat.

The stuff was not unlike a terrestrial mushroom, only it was much laxer in texture, and as one swallowed it it warmed the throat. At first we experienced a mere mechanical satisfaction in eating. Then our blood began to run warmer, and we tingled at the lips and fingers, and then new and slightly irrelevant ideas came bubbling up in our minds.

"It's good," said I. "Infernally good! What a home for our surplus population! Our poor surplus population," and I broke off another large portion.

It filled me with a curiously benevolent satisfaction that there was such good food in the moon. The depression of my hunger gave way to an irrational exhilaration. The dread and discomfort in which I had been living vanished entirely. I perceived the moon no longer as a planet from which I most earnestly desired the means of escape, but as a possible refuge for human destitution. I think I forgot the Selenites, the mooncalves, the lid, and the noises completely so soon as I had eaten that fungus.

Cavor replied to my third repetition of my "surplus population" remark with similar words of approval. I felt that my head swam, but I put this down to the stimulating effect of food after a long fast. "Ess'lent discov'ry, yours, Cavor," said I. "Se'nd on'y to the 'tato."

"Whajer mean?" asked Cavor. "'Scovery of the moon—se'nd on'y to the 'tato?"

I looked at him, shocked at his suddenly hoarse voice and by the badness of his articulation. It occurred to me in a flash that

he was intoxicated, possibly by the fungus It also occurred to me that he erred in imagining that he had discovered the moon —he had not discovered it, he had only reached it. I tried to lay my hand on his arm and explain this to him, but the issue was too subtle for his brain. It was also unexpectedly difficult to express. After a momentary attempt to understand me—I remember wondering if the fungus had made my eyes as fishy as his—he set off upon some observations on his own account.

"We are," he announced, with a solemn hiccup, "the creashurs o' what we eat and drink."

He repeated this, and as I was now in one of my subtle moods I determined to dispute it. Possibly I wandered a little from the point. But Cavor certainly did not attend at all properly. He stood up as well as he could, putting a hand on my head to steady himself, which was disrespectful, and stood staring about him, quite devoid now of any fear of the moon beings.

I tried to point out that this was dangerous, for some reason that was not perfectly clear to me; but the word "dangerous" had somehow got mixed with "indiscreet," and came out rather more like "injurious" than either, and after an attempt to disentangle them I resumed my argument, addressing myself principally to the unfamiliar but attentive coralline growths on either side. I felt that it was necessary to clear up this confusion between the moon and a potato at once—I wandered into a long parenthesis on the importance of precision of definition in argument. I did my best to ignore the fact that my bodily sensations were no longer agreeable.

In some way that I have now forgotten my mind was led back to projects of colonization. "We must annex this moon," I said. "There must be no shilly-shally. This is part of the White Man's Burthen. Cavor—we are—*hic*—Satap—mean Satraps! Nempire Cæsar never dreamt. B'in all the newspapers. Cavorecia. Bedfordecia. Bedfordecia. Hic — Limited. Mean — unlimited! Practically."

Certainly I was intoxicated. I embarked upon an argument to show the infinite benefits our arrival would confer upon the moon. I involved myself in a rather difficult proof that the arrival of Columbus was, after all, beneficial to America. I found I had forgotten the line of argument I had intended to pursue, and continued to repeat "simlar to Clumbus" to fill up time.

"HE STOOD UP AS WELL AS HE COULD."

From that point my memory of the action of that abominable fungus becomes confused. I remember vaguely that we declared our intention of standing no nonsense from any confounded insects, that we decided it ill became men to hide shamefully upon a mere satellite, that we equipped ourselves with huge armfuls of the fungus—whether for missile purposes or not I do not know —and, heedless of the stabs of the bayonet shrub, we started forth into the sunshine.

Almost immediately we must have come upon the Selenites. There were six of them, and they were marching in single file over a rocky place, making the most remarkable piping and whining sounds. They all seemed to become aware of us at once, all instantly became silent and motionless like animals, with their faces turned towards us.

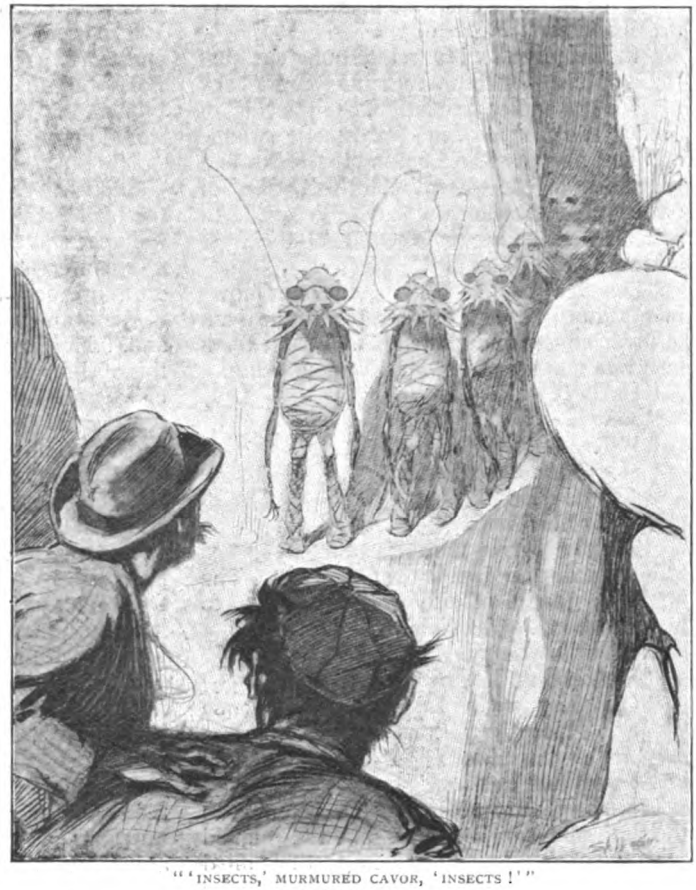
For a moment I was sobered.

"Insects," murmured Cavor, "insects!—and they think I'm going to crawl about on

my stomach—on my vertebrated stomach!

"Stomach" he repeated, slowly, as though he chewed the indignity.

Then suddenly, with a shout of fury, he made three vast strides and leapt towards them. He leapt badly, he made a series of somersaults in the air, whirled right over them, and vanished with an enormous splash amidst the cactus bladders. What the Selenites made of this amazing, and to my mind undignified, irruption from another planet, I have no means of guessing. I seem to remember the sight of their backs as they ran in all directions—but I am not sure. All these last incidents before oblivion came are vague and faint in my mind. I know I made a step to follow Cavor, and tripped and fell headlong among the rocks. I was, I am certain, suddenly and vehemently ill. I seem to remember a violent struggle, and being gripped by metallic clasps. . . . .



"'INSECTS,' MURMURED CAVOR, 'INSECTS!'"

My next clear recollection is that we were prisoners at we knew not what depth beneath the moon's surface; we were in darkness amidst strange, distracting noises; our bodies were covered with scratches and bruises, and our heads racked with pain.

CHAPTER XII.

THE SELENITE'S FACE.

I FOUND myself sitting crouched together in a tumultuous darkness. For a long time I could not understand where I was nor how I had come to this perplexity. I thought of the cupboard into which I had been thrust at times when I was a child, and then of a very dark and noisy bedroom in which I had slept during an illness. But these sounds about me were not the noises I had known, and there was a thin flavour in the air like the wind of a stable. Then I supposed we must still be at work upon the sphere, and that somehow I had got into the cellar of Cavor's house. I remembered we had finished the sphere, and fancied I must still be in it and travelling through space.

"Cavor," I said, "cannot we have some light?"

There came no answer.

"Cavor!" I insisted.

I was answered by a groan. "My head!" I heard him say, "my head!"

I attempted to press my hands to my brow, which ached, and discovered they were tied together. This startled me very much. I brought them up to my mouth and felt the cold smoothness of metal. They were chained together. I tried to separate my legs and made out they were similarly fastened, and also that I was fastened to the ground by a much thicker chain about the middle of my body.

I was more frightened than I had yet been by anything in all our strange experiences. For a time I tugged silently at my bonds. "Cavor!" I cried out, sharply, "why am I tied? Why have you tied me hand and foot?"

"I haven't tied you," he answered. "It's the Selenites."

The Selenites! My mind hung on that for a space. Then my memories came back to me: the snowy desolation, the thawing of the air, the growth of the plants, our strange hopping and crawling among the rocks and vegetation of the crater. All the distress of our frantic search for the sphere returned to me. . . . Finally the opening of the great lid that covered the pit!

Then as I strained to trace our later movements down to our present plight the pain in my head became intolerable. I came to an insurmountable barrier, an obstinate blank.

"Cavor!"

"Yes."

"Where are we?"

"How should I know?"

"Are we dead?"

"What nonsense!"

"They've got us, then!"

He made no answer but a grunt. The lingering traces of the poison seemed to make him oddly irritable.

"What do you mean to do?"

"How should I know what to do?"

"Oh, very well," said I, and became silent. Presently I was roused from a stupor. "Oh, *Lord!*" I cried, "I wish you'd stop that buzzing."

We lapsed into silence again, listening to the dull confusion of noises like the muffled sounds of a street or factory that filled our ears. I could make nothing of it; my mind pursued first one rhythm and then another, and questioned it in vain. But after a long time I became aware of a new and sharper element, not mingling with the rest, but standing out, as it were, against that cloudy background of sound. It was a series of relatively very little definite sounds, tappings and rubbings like a loose spray of ivy against a window or a bird moving about upon a box. We listened and peered about us, but the darkness was a velvet pall. There followed a noise like the subtle movement of the wards of a well-oiled lock. And then there appeared before me, hanging as it seemed in an immensity of black, a thin bright line.

"Look!" whispered Cavor, very softly.

"What is it?"

"I don't know."

We stared.

The thin bright line became a band and broader and paler. It took upon itself the quality of a bluish light falling upon a whitewashed wall. It ceased to be parallel sided; it developed a deep indentation on one side. I turned to remark this to Cavor, and was amazed to see his ear in a brilliant illumination — all the rest of him in shadow. I twisted my head round as well as my bonds would permit. "Cavor!" I said, "it's behind!"

His ear vanished—gave place to an eye!

Suddenly the crack that had been admitting the light broadened out and revealed itself as the space of an opening door. Beyond was a sapphire vista, and in the doorway stood a grotesque outline silhouetted against the glare.

We both made convulsive efforts to turn, and, failing, sat staring over our shoulders at this. My first impression was of some clumsy quadruped with lowered head. Then I perceived it was the slender, pinched body and short and extremely attenuated bandy legs of a Selenite, with his head depressed between his shoulders. He was without the helmet and body-covering they wear upon the exterior.

He was a blank black figure to us, but instinctively our imaginations supplied features to his very human outline. I at least took it instantly that he was somewhat hunchbacked, with a high forehead and long features.

He came forward three steps and paused for a time. His movements seemed absolutely noiseless. Then he came forward again. He walked like a bird—his feet fell one in front of the other. He stepped out of the ray of light that came through the doorway, and it seemed as though he vanished altogether in the shadow.

For a moment my eyes sought him in the wrong place, and then I perceived him standing facing us both in the full light. Only the human features I had attributed to him were not there at all! The front of his face was a gap.

Of course I ought to have expected that, only I didn't. It came to me as an absolute, for a moment an overwhelming, shock. It seemed as though it wasn't a face; as though it must needs be a mark, a horror, a deformity that would presently be disavowed or explained.

It was rather like a visored helmet . . . But I can't explain the thing. Have you ever seen the face of some insect greatly magnified? There was no nose, no expression, it was all shiny and hard and invariable, with bulging eyes—in the silhouette I had supposed they were ears . . . I have tried to draw one of these heads, but I cannot. The point one cannot get is the horrible want of expression, or rather the horrible want of change of expression. Every head and face a man meets with on earth in

the usual way resorts to expression. This was like being stared at suddenly by an engine. There the thing was, looking at us!

But when I say there was a want of change of expression I do not mean that there was not a sort of set expression on the face—just as there is a sort of set expression about a coal-scuttle, or a chimney-cowl, or the ventilator of a steamship. There was a mouth, downwardly curved, like a human mouth in a face that stares ferociously. . . .

The neck on which the head was poised was jointed in three places, almost like the short joints in the leg of a crab. The joints of the limbs I could not see because of the puttee-like straps in which they were swathed, and which formed the only clothing this being wore.

"THERE THE THING WAS, LOOKING AT US."

At the time my mind was taken up by the mad impossibility of the creature. I suppose he also was amazed—and with more reason, perhaps, for amazement than we. Only, confound him, he did not show it. We did at least know what had brought about this meeting of incompatible creatures. But conceive how it would seem to decent Londoners, for example, to come upon a couple of living things, as big as men and absolutely unlike any other earthly animals, careering about among the sheep in Hyde Park!

It must have taken him like that.

Figure us! We were bound hand and foot, fagged and filthy, our beards two inches long, our faces scratched and bloody. Cavor you must imagine in his knickerbockers (torn in several places by the bayonet scrub), his Jaeger shirt and old cricket cap, his wiry hair wildly disordered, a tail to every quarter of the heavens. In that blue light his face did not look red, but very dark; his lips and the drying blood upon his hands seemed black. If possible, I was in a worse plight than he, on account of the yellow fungus into which I had jumped. Our jackets were unbuttoned, and our shoes had been taken off and lay at our feet. And we were sitting with our backs to the queer, bluish light peering at such a monster as Dürer might have invented.

Cavor broke the silence, started to speak, went hoarse, and cleared his throat. Outside began a terrific bellowing, as if a moon-calf were in trouble. It ended in a shriek, and everything was still again.

Presently the Selenite turned about, flickered into the shadow, stood for a moment retrospective at the door, and then closed it on us, and once more we were in that murmurous mystery of darkness into which we had awakened.

(To be continued.)

How the Victoria Cross is Made.

With photographs taken by George Newnes, Ltd.

"COME see the *Dolphin's* anchor forged." That was the invitation of a poet. Mine, however, is for a subject of much less magnitude, yet of far greater value. I ask you to accompany me in your imagination to see made the little bronze cross which, insignificant in money worth though it be, is yet, in the estimation of the nation and of the world, the most priceless which the British Sovereign can bestow. No wealth can purchase it; no Prince of the most Imperial purple can, with all his pride of place, procure the privilege of wearing it suspended among the insignia of the orders which blaze upon his breast. It must be won as it is worn, worthily, and it marks the wearer as a king among his fellows though he be only a private in the Army, a bluejacket in the Navy, or the least considered of the non-combatants in the world. "For valour!" That is its motto. That is the inspiration of its award. It can only be won by him who is not merely not afraid to look on the face of death, but is willing to dare the King of Terrors and try a fall with him, with the odds in favour of the grim conqueror coming off victorious.

It is not yet fifty years old, for it was instituted, as anyone may see who cares to turn up the records, by a Royal warrant dated January 29th, 1856, at the end of the Crimean War, and its design is understood to have been made by no less a personage than the artist hand of the lamented Prince Consort.

Its object was, as everyone knows, "to place all persons on a perfectly equal footing in relation to eligibility for the decoration, that neither rank, nor long service, nor wounds, nor any other circumstance or condition whatever save the merit of conspicuous bravery shall be held to establish a sufficient claim to the honour" — qualifications which were, on April 23rd, 1881, more clearly defined as "conspicuous bravery or devotion to the country in the presence of the enemy' —the condition which makes the youngest private the equal of the Commander-in-Chief himself and binds them in the brotherhood of blood bravery when the bronze Cross hangs upon their breast.

Whenever occasion calls for the bestowal of the cross the War Office sends a written order to Messrs. Hancocks and Co., of New Bond Street, silversmiths to the Queen, for the number required. The order invariably states that they are to be made the "same as before," an almost superfluous instruction, one would think, for it is hardly within the region of speculative politics that any jeweller would be found bold enough to vary the pattern, least of all the firm which has always made the crosses and preserves all the traditions of the manufacture as carefully and as worthily as they deserve.

With the order for making crosses there is sent a supply of bronze which once formed part of some Russian guns taken in the Crimea. If, however, as sometimes happens,

THE BRONZE, TAKEN FROM RUSSIAN GUNS CAPTURED IN THE CRIMEA, IS SENT IN THIS FORM FROM THE WAR OFFICE TO THE MAKERS.

the jewellers have a supply of the metal left over, the War Office waits until that is used before sending another supply. Until the last time the metal has always been sent in rough lumps of various irregular shapes, but the last lot consisted of two cylindrical bars packed in a wooden box as represented in the illustration on the preceding page. These bars were, for some reason, covered with paint, one a very dark green and the other khaki colour, but the bright copper yellow lustre of the metal could easily be seen at the two ends, which were not painted.

The process of the manufacture of the Victoria Cross is entirely different from that of all other war medals and decorations. Although, therefore, their intrinsic worth is practically nothing, for the worth of the bronze would not exceed a few pence at the most, yet the cost of production is relatively considerable. Indeed, it has often happened that in the auction-room, to which necessity or some circumstance of another character has brought the bronze "badge of courage," the collector has willingly paid for the emblem which he is not privileged to wear a sum a hundred times greater than it originally cost to produce.

In the case of the ordinary medals, steel dies are made and the articles are stamped up complete with one blow of the press, so that they can be turned out by the hundreds and thousands with little or no trouble at all. For the Victoria Cross, however, no dies are in existence to produce them by the score, much less in larger numbers. Each one is, in fact, made separately and goes through a certain number of manual processes, which culminate in the production of what is really a work of art. This is as it should be to mark out its possessor as different from his companions who, without undervaluing in any way their services or their danger and devotion, have merely shared with all their other comrades the brunt of the campaign.

The bronze used is of a very hard quality, and as a record is kept by the Government of the quantity supplied and the number of crosses which are made, it has all to be accounted for, allowance being naturally made for the waste which is inevitable. For this reason the bronze is weighed out to the workmen with as much care as if it were one of the precious metals like gold or platinum.

The first operation in connection with the manufacture takes place in the foundry where the cross is cast. The first cross was modelled by the artist in a hard wax from which a model pattern was cast. This was preserved with great care, and from this pattern moulds are made in specially prepared sand, which is capable of retaining a good impression. These moulds, which, it need hardly be said, are made in two parts, are allowed to become thoroughly dry and hard, and the surfaces are prepared with plumbago to give them additional smoothness.

The sand is packed in a little iron case made in two halves interlocking very closely and accurately, and at the upper part of each half of the case is a semicircular hollow which, when the two halves are joined, forms a complete circle. When the mould is got ready a piece of wood is placed in the sand, and when the

CASTING A VICTORIA CROSS.

FILING AND DRILLING THE ROUGH CAST.

two ends of the case are brought together and joined the wood is removed, thus leaving a tube connecting directly with the mould of the medal so that the liquid metal may be poured into it.

Thus prepared, the mould is placed in a large iron bath, so that in case any of the metal is spilt in pouring it may be readily recovered. The bronze is melted in crucibles of clay or plumbago placed in a powerful draught furnace.

The temperature of this is somewhere about 2,000deg. Fahr., a heat almost intolerable for the ordinary individual even to come near. In spite of this, however, the operator watches carefully for the melting of the bronze. When it becomes liquid he withdraws the white-hot pot by means of a pair of long tongs, and pours the molten liquid into the moulds with as much dexterity and with, as a rule, as little loss as a lady pours out a cup of tea in the afternoon.

Although, to the untrained individual, it may seem quite easy, it nevertheless requires great judgment to get the metal at exactly the right temperature, and only practice does that. If the bronze is too hot it burns, and the zinc and tin evaporate, giving off noxious and dangerous fumes, at the same time altering the composition of the alloy. If, on the other hand, the bronze is not hot enough it does not flow readily, and so fails to fill up the interstices of the mould accurately. Even with the employment of workmen who have made the cross for many years, it often happens that when the metal is cooled and the moulds are broken many of the medals are found to be imperfect, and have to be re-melted and cast a second time over. The same is true with regard to the bar decorated with laurel leaves, to which the letter "V" is attached, and which is made in exactly the same way as the cross, but separately from it.

On taking the cross from the mould it is quite easy to see a thin, rough line along the edges where the two halves of the mould have joined. This is always intensified in places where the metal has run, and gives the medal a distinctly rough appearance at the edges. The design, too, is dull and flat, and is anything but sharp, while the colour is like that of a dirty penny. Each of these defects has to be remedied in turn. For this they are sent from the foundry to the factory, where they are examined carefully, and all the faulty places are repaired.

The first thing is to make the edges true and smooth. This is done by hand and with a file, but it is not easy work on account of the hardness of the metal. After the edges are smoothed the workman drills a hole at the top of the cross for the ring which connects it with the bar.

While now perfect as to shape, the surface still remains rough and entirely lacking in the detail of the finished cross. To produce this the medal is sent to the chaser, who embeds it in a ball of pitch on an iron bullet in order to keep it steady. With variously shaped punches and a small hammer he goes carefully over the whole surface, back and front, until all the detail is brought up and the design appears in bold relief from the matted ground-work.

In this process, too, the letters are brought into sharp relief, the tufts of hair on the mane and tail of the lion are engraved, and

CHASING THE CAST, WHICH IS EMBEDDED IN PITCH.

THE ROUGH CAST—REVERSE SIDE.

the effect of the different portions of the crown is heightened. By the time the cross leaves the chaser's hand it looks quite different from what it did when he received it, as will be seen by comparing the two illustrations showing the cross just after casting and when it is complete.

THE ROUGH CAST—FRONT VIEW.

This chasing process, insignificant though it may appear, is a matter of several hours' hard work to a good man, who dare not, even if he would, neglect his task, for each cross when it is finished has to be submitted to the War Office for its inspection. The same processes are gone through with the making of the bar, and when the chasing of both is entirely satisfactory they are sent to be bronzed by treatment with various acids until the uniformly dark tone so well known is given to them.

Then the top bar with its steel pins and connecting ring are put together; the ribbon, which is red for the Army and non-combatants and blue for the Navy, is attached, and the cross is ready for delivery to the War Office.

Even then, however, the jeweller's work is not finished, for each cross is sent back to Messrs. Hancocks and Co. in order to have the name of the recipient and the date on which he won it engraved upon it. The name and rank of the man are cut on one line on the bar and the name of the regiment in another immediately under it, thus :—

PRIVATE THOMAS ATKINS,
10th Hussars;

and in the semicircular part of the cross at the back are the day, the month, and the year of the deed of conspicuous bravery set out in three lines, as is seen in the illustration. As it hangs on the breast of the hero it adorns the cross, with ribbon, bar, and pin complete, weighs less than 1oz.: about 432grs., or ·9oz. to be accurate. Of this the cross itself takes as nearly as possible 240grs., the bar 72grs., and the ribbon and pin the remainder.

THE FINISHED CROSS—REVERSE.

THE FINISHED CROSS—FRONT.

The Pandora.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHARLES FOLEY. BY ALYS HALLARD.

YES, Jean Mirol certainly is a fine, kind-hearted fellow, said Chatry, after we had all been sounding the praises of the celebrated sculptor. All that you have just been telling about his early days and his heroic struggles to get on and to make a name proves his energetic character. I could tell you, though, an episode, simple enough certainly, but which shows how unselfish and noble he is in the midst of his present glory and success.

We became friends, thanks to several of my articles, in which I had expressed opinions with which he agreed. We lived quite near each other, and in the evenings he would often come in after dinner to have a chat with me. I used to walk back with him when he went home, and sometimes I would go up to his studio and we would continue our conversations on art until quite late in the night.

"SHE WAS ALWAYS GROPING ABOUT PICKING THINGS UP."

The studio was on the fifth story of the house, and adjoining it was the flat in which the sculptor lived with his mother. The poor old lady scarcely ever left the house, as she had become blind and was obliged to grope her way about, so that she was terrified when she went outdoors even with her son.

She was never happy or at ease anywhere except in this flat. She had lived there for years, and of course knew every nook and corner, and could lay her hand on anything she wanted. She would walk about backwards and forwards without knocking against the furniture, and was so brisk in her movements that one was apt to forget she had lost her eyesight. Like most blind people she was always groping about, picking things up and turning them over in her fingers, feeling the shape of them in order to get an idea of everything she could not see.

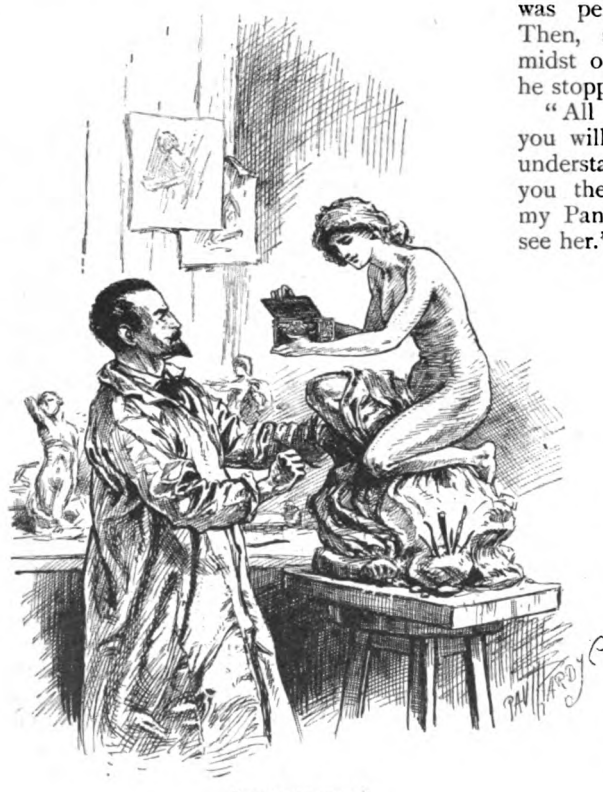
Nearly every day Jean used to bring back to his studio something that he had picked up at curiosity shops, and the room was so full of these things that it looked like a regular bric-à-brac warehouse with all the boxes and packing-cases about. Knowing his mother's habit of groping about, and fearing lest she might stumble over the cases, he begged her never to go into the studio when he was absent. This was not the only precaution he took for the sake of his poor old mother. When in her presence her son's friends spoke of Jean's works it always made her sad. "How hard it is," she would say, "that I cannot see my son's statues, when everyone else is admiring them." And then she would have a fit of profound silence and melancholy.

In consequence of this Mirol left off speaking of his work and his projects when his mother was present, and it was an understood thing with his intimate friends that the subject should be avoided. This constraint was nevertheless painful to the artist, and it was no doubt on account of it that he came so frequently to see me in the evenings. For several months he had been extremely absent-minded and pensive, haunted by an inspiration which had come to him and of which he gave me a vague idea. He was meditating on the expression for a Pandora, the attitude of which he had decided on. He had tried several models, had made a

hundred different sketches, and had thought it out carefully, but it was all in vain; he could not find the right expression for this complex character.

One evening he arrived in high spirits; perfectly exuberant, in fact.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, as he entered the room. "The inspiration has come to me at last. For the last eight months I have been longing for it, and all at once, quite suddenly, it came. I don't know how it was—but there it is . . . . finished . . . . I shall not touch it again . . . . I am so delighted about it—oh, so delighted, I could not even resist telling my mother . . . . I am positively suffocating with the joy of it . . . . Come out with me and let us have some fresh air."



"THE PANDORA."

He was in a perfect frenzy of excitement, just like some lover who had finally been accepted when he was on the brink of despair. I took my hat and followed him downstairs. When once we were in the street he put his arm through mine and hurried me along, telling me all the time how he had worked and waited, how he had hoped and despaired, going through a perfect torment until that day when the miracle had taken place, and the idea had been freed from the mist which surrounded it, so that he had seen clearly in a sudden ray of sunshine just what he had to depict—the glance, the smile, the whole face. And whilst under the intoxicating influence of his conception he had realized all this with a few touches to the clay.

"It is my masterpiece!" he exclaimed. "Yes, this time I can feel that it is my masterpiece!"

He spoke in the most excited way, wild with joy, giving vent all at once to what had been fermenting in his brain during eight months of silence and meditation. He went on walking, chattering as though he would never cease, until, simply with listening to him and endeavouring to keep up with his giant strides, I was perfectly breathless. Then, suddenly, in the midst of his enthusiasm, he stopped short.

"All that I have told you will never make you understand or even give you the faintest idea of my Pandora. Come and see her."

And in the same wild hurry he took me to his home.

Coughing and panting I followed him up the five flights of stairs, and when he reached the landing with the two doors I saw him bend forward in a listening attitude.

"I can hear my mother," he said, frowning with annoyance and anxiety; "what in the world is she doing here? I have asked her never to come here during my absence. It is to be hoped——"

He did not finish the sentence, but, taking his keys from his pocket, opened the studio door and entered. There was a noise of something being knocked down, a cry of anguish, and then perfect silence.

With a bound I sprang up the last few stairs and rushed into the studio.

Mirol, fearfully pale and completely overcome, was leaning against the wall. He could not find a word to utter in his intense grief. His poor old mother, her face as pale as his, was standing in the middle of the

room, trembling all over, her hands clasped in supplication. Between them, and just in front of the overturned stool, lay a lump of clay, a shapeless mass, completely flattened out in its wet clothes.

I understood at once this silent scene of a desolation of that poor old face, all wrinkled with grief, made a great effort, and shook off the nightmare-like torpor which had taken possession of him.

"No!" he exclaimed, in a voice that was so calm and good-tempered that I, too,

"IN FRONT OF THE OVERTURNED STOOL LAY A LUMP OF CLAY, A SHAPELESS MASS."

drama, which to anyone else would have seemed meaningless, but which appeared almost tragic to me, knowing, as I did, all that it involved.

On hearing her son coming in unexpectedly, conscious of having disobeyed him and of being caught satisfying her curiosity, poor Madame Mirol had completely lost her head and forgotten all precautions.

In her haste to escape, and to get out of the studio before her son should discover her, she had knocked against one of the stools and upset it.

The silence was poignant. The poor blind woman stood there, shivering in every limb with anxiety, her hands uplifted, her face haggard and so terribly pale in the shaded studio that even I felt an immense pity for her.

"Oh, Jean!" she said at last, in a changed voice—a voice tremulous with terror—"tell me quickly—tell me—it is not your Pandora, is it?"

And Jean, seeing the distress and utter felt immensely relieved. "Oh, no, thank Heaven, it is not Pandora—no, it is only a study in the rough—just a bust. But you did give me a fright, mother!"

The old lady's cheeks flushed with joy, and she let her arms fall, with a sigh of relief.

"Oh, how glad I am, how glad I am that it is not irreparable. Oh, Jean, I will never come into your studio again alone—I promise you that. Kiss me, my boy, to show me that you have forgiven me!"

The big, brave fellow stepped across the room to kiss her, and as he passed me he pointed to the crumbled clay and whispered:—

"Throw all that into the bucket, will you?—I should never have the courage to touch it—it would break my heart. Mind you never tell the poor old lady what it was, it would make her too unhappy."

He blinked as he spoke to keep two tears from falling, and I understood that he had not told her the truth, and that this was his Pandora.

A Campaign Against Avalanches.

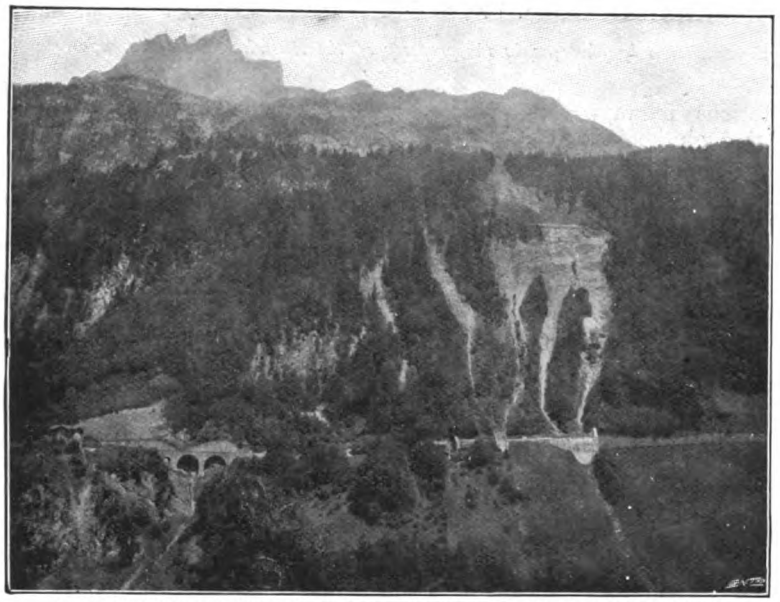
By A. De Burgh.

Illustrated by special permission by photographs the property of the Austrian State Railways.

OF the various railways constructed through the Alps none is more interesting, more picturesque, or more important than the Arlberg Railway, which forms a short connection between four countries, namely, Austria, Switzerland, France, and, *viâ* the Lake of Constance, South Germany. Starting from Innsbruck, and passing Landeck, St. Anton, and Bludenz, it reaches Feldkirch, where it divides into two branches—one to Zurich and one to Bregenz. It was opened to the public on September 20th, 1884, the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria performing the opening ceremony in person. Although it would be interesting to give a full description of this skilfully carried out work of engineering, of the tunnel over 30,000ft. long, of its many high and wide bridges and viaducts, it is not the purpose of the present paper to give a dissertation on railway building, and we will therefore only touch on such points as will assist our readers to grasp the serious difficulties and dangers which have had to be overcome outside the ordinary obstacles encountered in such undertakings as the construction of mountain railways. It will be necessary to show the great elevations attained by the track, and to point out that at such heights the snow-fall is absolutely phenomenal; and although snow-ploughs are constantly employed to keep the track itself clear for traffic, we shall show as we proceed with our paper how obstinate and terrible a foe snow is to encounter in mountain regions. At Innsbruck the elevation of the line above the level of the sea is about 1,750ft.; at Landeck, 2,350ft.; at St. Anton, nearly 4,000ft.; the highest point being reached inside the Arlberg, which is pierced by a long tunnel.

Everybody knows what avalanches are—falling masses of snow and ice which, beginning in insignificant quantities, increase in volume as they move, gathering strength with every foot of ground they pass in their downward path, till they become like wild torrents, tearing up and carrying with them in their destructive career trees, rocks, boulders, even huts and houses—in fact, all that lies in their way. Arrived at last in the valley they spread themselves out over large areas in masses of snow and *débris* 15ft. to 50ft. in height, containing the ruins of houses, stables, huts, and barns, and not rarely the carcasses of many animals and the corpses of men, women, and children who have been overwhelmed by them as they swept down the mountain-sides.

It was against these awful and appalling enemies that the railway company had to fight. So frequent were avalanches on this line that, although snow-sheds of a very substantial nature were erected all along the line where it appeared necessary, winter often saw the trains unable to proceed, and large parts of the permanent way either destroyed or entirely covered with snow and *débris*, and made impassable for many days. Various engineers were instructed to make observations on the spot, and they spent whole winters and springs in the mountain regions for the purpose, braving great dangers and undergoing severe privations. It was their object to study the matter fully, to learn where the avalanches originated, and to find, if possible, means of preventing their disastrous descent. After various winters so spent these outposts and pickets of the army of science became so familiar with the nature and peculiarities of avalanches that they could foretell almost to the hour when one was likely to descend. From the state of the snow on the mountain-sides and the existing temperature they could at last calculate exactly the time when the enemy might be expected. Had the railway servants always listened to the warnings of the engineers much less life would have been lost during the four or five years before the campaign against the terrible foe terminated. We heard of one case where, from the nearest station, an engine and truck were especially sent to one of the signal-houses occupied by a signalman, his wife, and three little children, to communicate the approaching danger. He was ordered to place all his belongings on the truck and return with his family to the station, as an avalanche was almost certain to descend upon his abode within a few hours. He laughed at the warning, and refused to leave his cosy home. He did not believe in these prognostications of the scientists. The engine returned for peremptory orders, but when arriving again at the site of the signal-house the latter was found to have been carried away with all its inhabitants. The five



1.—SCENE NEAR HINTERGASSE, SHOWING THE BARE TRACKS CUT BY AVALANCHES THROUGH THE WOODS.

bodies were discovered some days afterwards. There have been unfortunately some other fatal disasters among the railway servants owing to avalanches, but it speaks well for the care and precaution which were always taken by the administration that, during the sixteen years of the railway's existence, only one passenger was injured by them. This happened in 1885.

Under the leadership of the head of the Arlberg section of the Austrian State Railways, the Imperial Court Councillor, Wilhelm Von Drathschmidt - Bruckheim, and with the assistance of engineers and experts of high renown whom the Director had called around him, war was declared against the elements, which always seem hostile to the works of mankind. It was in 1890 that it was decided to spend the necessary sum of money in order to dissipate once and for ever this formidable danger, should it be possible to do so through human agency. In order that we may be able to show our readers the battlefield where defeats and victories followed each other for some time we give a series of photographs, the originals of which are the sole property of the Austrian State Railways, and have been kindly placed at the disposal of the writer of this paper.

The section of the railway depicted in illustration No. 1 is that near the station of Hintergasse. This district was particularly exposed to the danger of avalanches, and the tracks of such may be plainly seen about the centre of the photograph, a perfect clearing having been effected. Illustration No. 2 shows an avalanche which came down at the station of Flirsch, just passing the signal-house, which, however, had been abandoned,

2.—A FALLEN AVALANCHE NEAR THE STATION OF FLIRSCH.

3.—CLEARING AN AVALANCHE FROM THE LINE NEAR PIRKER MÄHDLE.

the fall of the avalanche having been fully anticipated. This happened in 1896, and it was one of the last which damaged the permanent way. This whole district is now absolutely free from danger, science, after long battling, having won a complete victory.

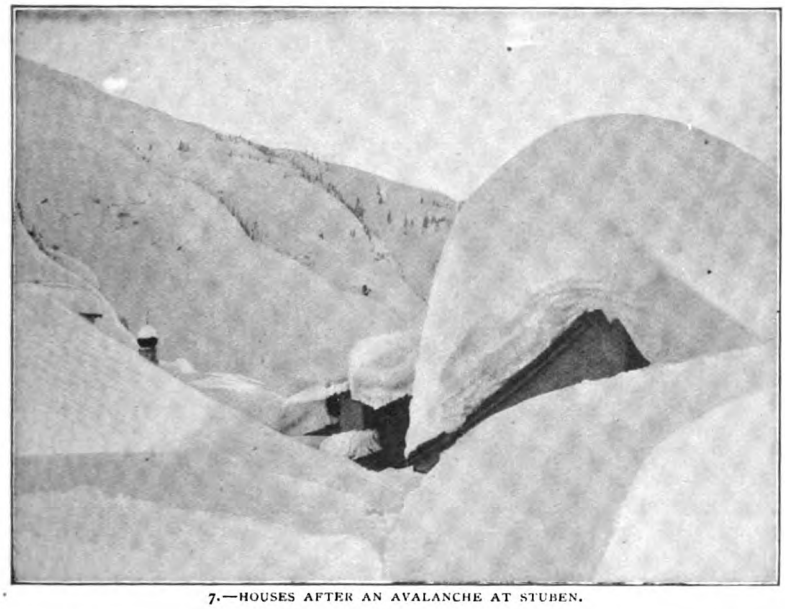
No. 3 again shows an avalanche, the snow and rubbish being just cleared off the track. The scene is near Pirker Mähdle; time, March, 1896. Illustration No. 4 shows an avalanche which also occurred in 1896. It fortunately passed under the iron bridge, but destroyed the track for some hundreds of feet at the side of the ironwork. The next illustration (No. 5) was taken a few minutes after the Glong-Tobel avalanche had descended into the valley with terrible effect. The iron bridge, over 50ft. long, was carried along nearly half a mile and was deposited amongst the snow and rocks on the farther side of the valley. No. 6 depicts the effects of an avalanche near Flirsch Station. The permanent way was entirely destroyed for some distance, and we see in the photograph the operation of constructing a temporary track. At the time this photograph was taken the snow had melted to a considerable extent, leaving behind it the rocks and boulders which the avalanche had carried down. In our next reproductions we have photographs of the village of Stuben, which was visited and partially covered by an avalanche. The photographs were taken

4.—BRIDGE AND LINE DESTROYED BY AN AVALANCHE.

5.—IRON BRIDGE SWEPT HALF A MILE BY AN AVALANCHE.

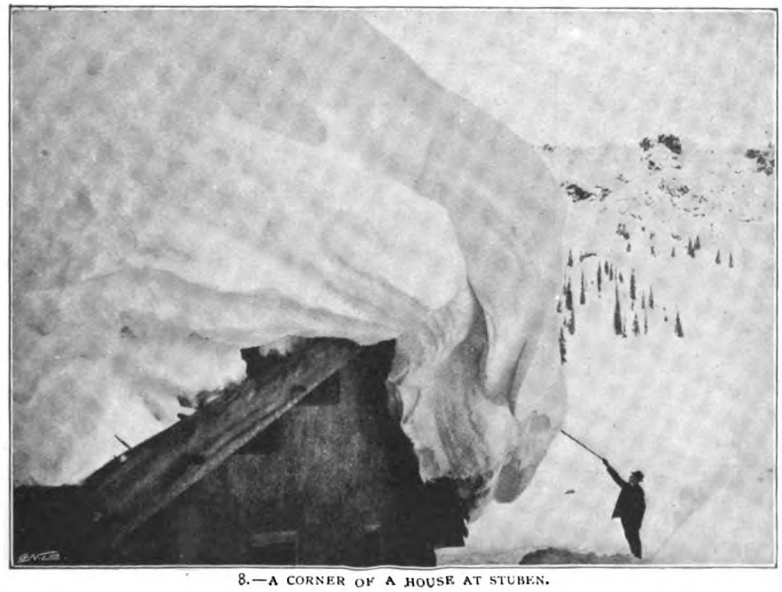
the day after it had descended. No human life was lost on this occasion, but many cattle were buried alive and some uninhabited huts destroyed. These pictures will give our readers a very true idea of the quantity of snow which an avalanche deposits when it finds rest. Illustrations Nos. 7 and 8 show single houses of Stuben, some of them completely covered. The people inside had to build tunnels through the snow in order to leave their houses, which were in very great danger of being crushed in by its weight. In illustration No. 9 we see an avalanche which entirely closed up the entrance to the long tunnel and caused an interruption to traffic lasting some days. Our next photograph (No. 10) shows an avalanche in motion — actually the picture of an avalanche descending! This was taken by a railway engineer from a good point of vantage, who "snap-shotted" it as it passed on its way. We are informed, and can well believe, that this photograph is unique, and the only one existing of an avalanche in actual motion.

6.—THE LINE AT FLIRSCH WIPED OUT BY AN AVALANCHE. A TEMPORARY TRACK BEING CONSTRUCTED.



7.—HOUSES AFTER AN AVALANCHE AT STUBEN.

The views which we are able to present to our readers will sufficiently show how hostile, subtle, and powerful a foe had to be grappled with by the engineers. It would almost seem as if the elements hate the handiwork of man ; but science is a power which seizes directly upon the weaknesses of its opponents, and with unerring calculation turns physical forces against each other, by this means achieving ends which it were otherwise impossible to attain, and we shall now see with what patience and perseverance her disciples carried on the campaign until they remained victorious in the field. There was a time when it was seriously thought that the Arlberg Railway would have to stop all traffic during the winter months. But the avalanches, beside endangering passing trains and doing great damage to the permanent way, were also most destructive to forests and woods, and the State Department which has charge of these willingly united with the railway authorities in the endeavour to find ways and means to prevent them from descending. Elaborate woodwork was constructed during the summer months which should stop the masses of snow on their way, and with grave anxiety the engineers awaited the result of their protective measures. In the following February an avalanche descended on the spot where the wood barriers were erected, and, alas, the snow masses passed unhindered on their career, even increasing their volume by adding to it the *débris* of the beams, rafters, and planks. It was soon found that it would be almost impossible to construct barriers strong enough to withstand the onslaught of such a charge as that of a descending avalanche. Observations led to the conclusion that the only way to overcome this tremendous power would be to prevent the accumulation of snow and formation of



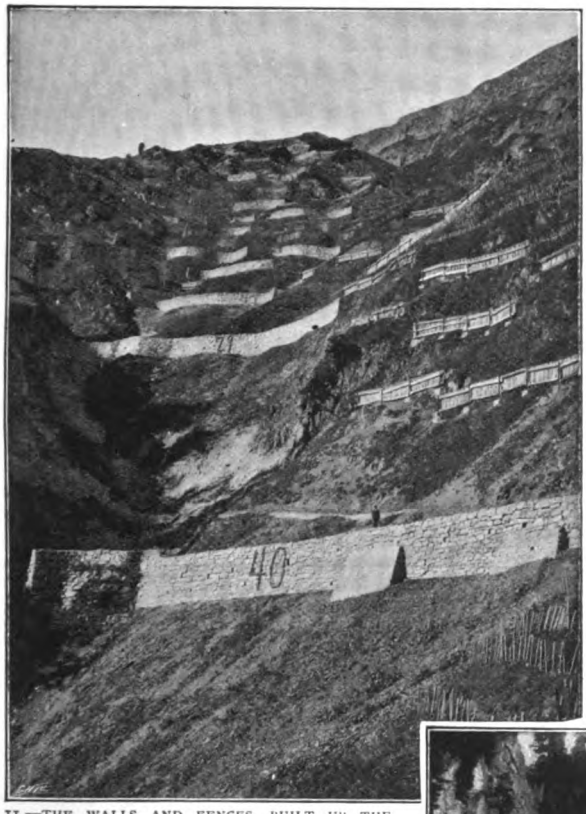
8.—A CORNER OF A HOUSE AT STUBEN.

9.—THE MOUTH OF A TUNNEL CLOSED BY AN AVALANCHE.

avalanches. It has ever been the endeavour of the strategist to divide, as much as possible, the forces of the opposing foe, and such was the policy now followed in this campaign. As we show in our illustration, No. 11, both stone and wooden walls were erected, starting quite at the tops of the mountains. Besides these obstacles, heavy posts were driven into the earth in clusters and rows, at various distances down the mountain-side. This scheme had the desired effect. Whenever masses of snow began to accumulate the obstructions were strong enough to divide them and break their power. Our next illustration (No. 12) shows two of the many walls which were erected, and there are also clearly visible the tracks of avalanches where in former years they used regularly to descend. Such tracks are now planted with young trees, and when these are grown up they will be no small assistance towards the permanent prevention of avalanches. These works of obstruction, for such they really were, formed at first a cause of great anxiety, for many were the misgivings as to their efficiency, so often had previous methods failed to be of use. Only those who had taken observations for several years on the spot, and had mastered the whole question to their satisfaction, felt secure and entertained no doubt as to the issue.

The winter of 1897 was a particularly severe one, and there were great snow-falls. Avalanches were reported from various parts; but on the so-called Benedict-Tobel, which was, so to say, the very head-quarters of the enemy, and the mountain first experimented

10.—THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH EVER TAKEN OF AN AVALANCHE ACTUALLY DESCENDING.

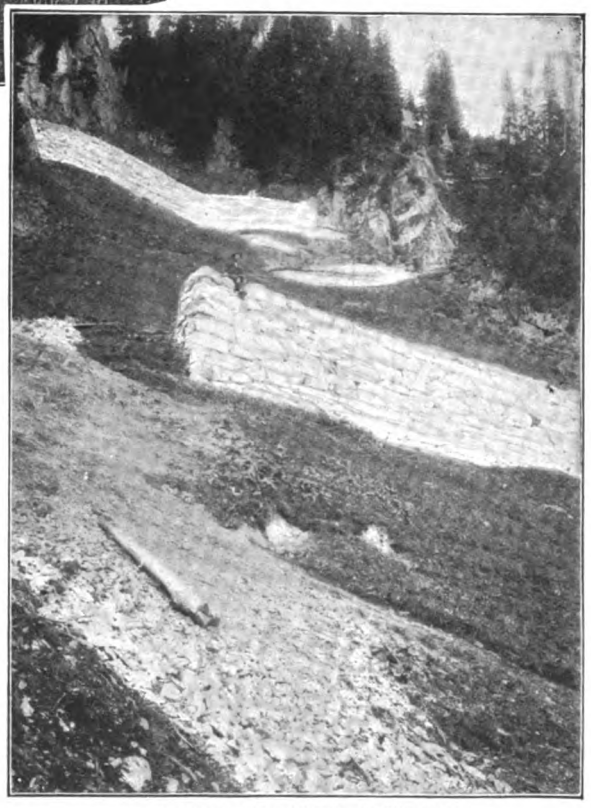


11.—THE WALLS AND FENCES BUILT UP THE MOUNTAIN-SIDES TO BREAK UP THE AVALANCHES.

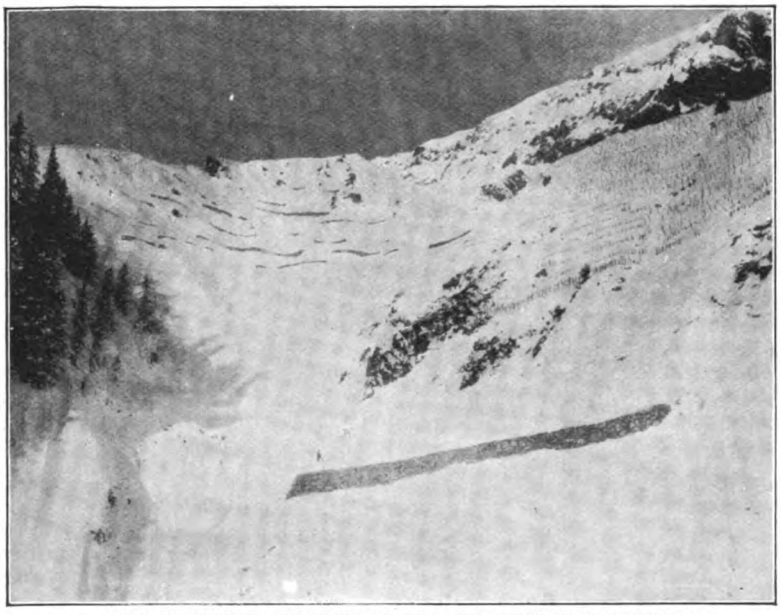
on, there was not a sign of any snow movement. In the illustration No. 13 we have a view after a heavy snow-fall. The summer of the same year saw these experimental constructions carried out on all those mountains adjacent to the railway track, and the method was proved perfect in 1898. Our final illustration (No. 14) gives a more detailed view of the obstructions as they appear after a heavy snow-fall. A railway engineer is depicted on his tour of inspection. The year 1899 passed without a day's interruption of the traffic. There were no avalanches reported, and the victory was proved to be complete, the foe entirely routed.

The dissipation of avalanches enables the Department of Woods and Forests to replant districts which heretofore were so frequently scoured by the enemy that any attempt to replant them had failed. Great results are expected from this work, for landslips which increase in frequency as the mountain-sides are denuded of trees will all soon become occurrences of the past.

The whole character of the Arlberg Railway, its geographical position and the climate, and also the peculiar nature of the mountains through which it passed, caused it to be specially liable to landslips and avalanches. As a matter of fact some of the valleys through which the railway wends its way have always been known to be frequently visited by them. The village of Stuben, which we already mentioned, and which is situated above the station of Langen, has been on various occasions almost entirely destroyed by falling snow masses, and terrible loss of life has from time to time taken place, until in 1849 the Government came to the rescue and caused buildings to be erected above the village in the shape of earthworks resembling redoubts, which were intended to at least partially break the force of the descending snow. Our illustrations



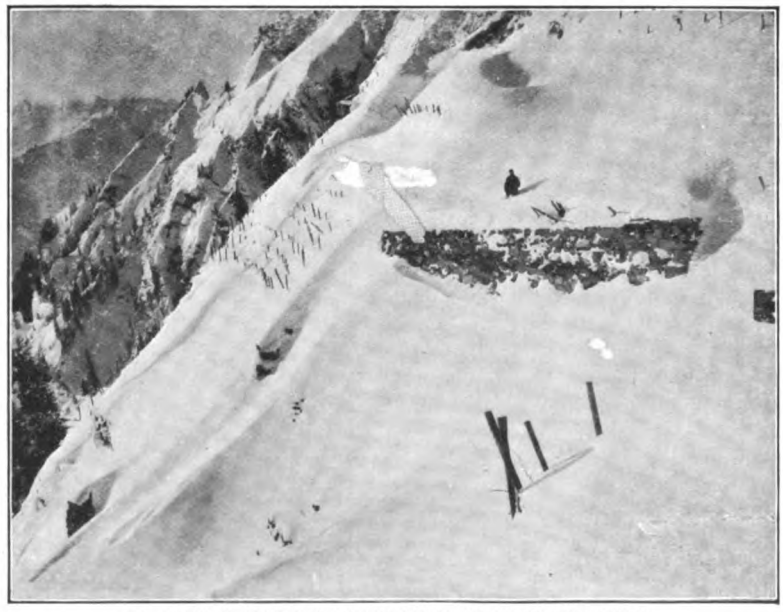
12.—A NEARER VIEW OF TWO OF THE WALLS.



13.—VIEW SHOWING AN AVALANCHE STOPPED AND BROKEN UP BY THE WALLS.

show of how little avail, however, were these obstructions. The work erected by the railway will doubtless prevent a repetition of the disastrous occurrences formerly so frequently reported. Stuben affords a special proof of the love of the Tyrolesè for the spot on which they were born, for in spite of the annual danger and of the many visitations, in spite even of the repeated destruction of their homesteads, they could not be prevailed upon to move from their beloved mountain-sides.

During our inquiries in the valleys through which the Arlberg Railway passes, namely, the Upper Valley of the Inn, the Stanz Valley and the Kloster Valley, we heard some sad and terrible stories of the disasters caused by avalanches, which made us the more rejoice that this danger is at least partly averted for the future. To mention only a few instances, it is on record that on one occasion a whole wedding procession, bride, groom, and sixteen other persons, were killed; at another time some children were carried to the church to be christened when a terrible avalanche came suddenly down the mountain, and ere the fathers, with the godfathers, friends, and children, could find a refuge they were overtaken by the terrific torrent of snow. The bodies were found long afterwards more than two miles distant. There are also on record some marvellous escapes, and one particular instance which came to our notice was that of a man and woman who were buried under the snow of an avalanche and who digged themselves out of it and rejoined their friends the day after. They found them bewailing the death of the arrivals.



14.—NEAR VIEW OF ONE OF THE WALLS AFTER AN AVALANCHE.

Election Bets in America.

By E. Leslie Gilliams.

NEVER before in the history of Presidential elections has that peculiarly American institution, the freak bet, attained such a widespread vogue as last year.

Now that the campaign is over, the election decided, and the victor determined, staid and respectable citizens all over the United States, who were betrayed by their enthusiasm for Bryan into the making of fantastic wagers, have been paying the penalty by the performance of grotesque and impossible feats, feats which under ordinary conditions would probably render necessary the services of insanity experts.

The variety of these bets and the ingenuity which has been expended in devising them are almost incredible. No eccentricity, no absurdity, has been too extreme. Losers have carted winners for miles in wheelbarrows, whiskers have been cut in all conceivable styles, heads shaved; stylish young men, dressed in their finest apparel, have worked as waiters and domestic servants, and have even dug ditches; while several losers have had to submit to mock funerals and actual burial alive. Business men have impersonated tramps, acted as clowns, and strolled along crowded thoroughfares carrying negro babies, while a brass band dispensed music and called attention to the extraordinary spectacle.

It is hard to determine to what this strange ebullition should be attributed, or why it reached such a climax last year.

In previous elections the excitement of the campaign has always given rise to many of these bets, but never to the number of last year. In the big cities, on November 7th, thousands of people lined the streets to watch the many strange sights, and the "Losers' Carnival" bids fair to become an important and inseparable phase of future American battles of the ballot.

Probably the most striking feature about these "freak" bets is the character of the people who make them. If the custom were confined to the lower and more ignorant classes it would not be so remarkable, but the fact that responsible business men, professional men, and leading citizens of wealth and standing are among those who so cheerfully sacrifice their dignity, and in full view of great street crowds perform the antics of clowns and idiots, greatly enhances the interest.

Reports of these bets, of all degrees of inanity, daring, and difficulty, have been coming in from all parts of the United States; at a moderate estimate, based on figures compiled from leading papers, it is

From a] BRYAN'S BACKER GIVING MCKINLEY'S A FREE RIDE. *[Photo.*

safe to say that there were fully a half-million such bets—about one to every thirty voters.

Judging from these reports it would seem that the favourite bet was the wheelbarrow, baby-coach, or push-cart wager. According to the terms of this, the loser is compelled to push the winner in some hand vehicle through the main streets at the busiest hour. This bet was especially popular throughout New York State, and reached its climax in Rochester, where during the entire day the principal street was constantly crowded with wheelbarrows, boys' express-carts, baby-carriages, etc.

In Philadelphia Elmer Gregg hauled one of his Republican friends, T. Sours, a man weighing over 200lb., a distance of half a mile up a steep hill, while a large crowd looked on and cheered.

Alfred Willis, a Democrat, of Reading, Pennsylvania, hauled Charles Whitman, a Republican, from the foot of Penn Square to the City Park and back again, as the result of a wager. The trip was made in a toy express waggon. Whitman, who weighs 200lb., sat contentedly in the little vehicle, waving a McKinley banner and shouting to the crowd to follow him. The distance to the park and back was more than a mile.

A WELL-KNOWN BUSINESS MAN OF PHILADELPHIA, HAVING BACKED BRYAN, IS REDUCED TO ORGAN-GRINDING.
From a Photo.

Most of these wheelbarrow processions were headed by brass bands and carried flags and banners with election inscriptions. It is a singular fact that the winners, as a rule, seemed oblivious to the fact that they were quite as much a part of the spectacle as the losers and were making themselves equally ridiculous.

The victorious Republicans seemed indeed to immensely enjoy the excitement and derisive cheers of onlookers.

Even women had a share in the wheelbarrow bets and figured in several of the more startling. For instance, Miss Anna Metz, of Columbus, Ohio, was wheeled in a barrow from Ninth Street to High Street, on Livingstone Avenue, one mile, by William Woelkert, as the result of an election wager. Miss Metz is an ardent admirer of McKinley, and predicted his election to her friend Woelkert, who is a Democrat. A wager was made by which, if McKinley were elected, he was to wheel her over this course, and if he should be defeated she should wheel him over half of the course. By blowing a horn Miss Metz attracted the attention of people to the spectacle.

A Chicago girl, Miss Ethel Elarton, cashier, and prominent in social circles, also enjoyed a similar ride in a wheelbarrow, propelled by William Breme, an ardent Bryan supporter.

Four times the clumsy vehicle with its laughing rider and puffing victim swung round the block, bounded by Forty second Street, Evans Avenue, Forty-third Street, and Langley Avenue, and on each trip the crowd, poking fun and cheering for McKinley, became larger. So great did the jam finally become that traffic was actually blocked for several minutes while the police endeavoured to restore order.

A bet of this same character, and intended to be ludicrous, has had a rather pathetic termination. It was made in Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, two months before the election, between Austin Gibbons, a Democrat, and John Rawlings, a Republican, the agreement being that the loser should give the winner a four-mile wheelbarrow ride. About a month before the election Gibbons had both hands blown off in an explosion. Of course, Rawlings wanted to call the bet off, but the loser insisted on paying, and as soon as hooks were made with which he could hold the barrow handles, when strapped to his shoulders, the ride was undertaken.

The "hand-organ" bet ran the "wheelbarrow" bet a close second in the race for popularity; the ranks of the humble organ-grinders received some notable accessions from the most exclusive circles of society.

The intersections of streets in the busiest sections were the favourite places for the payment of bets of this kind, the unfortunate victims industriously grinding the organ while their opponents collected and pocketed the coins donated by the crowds.

For four long hours two leading Philadelphia politicians, J. Morgan Sweeney and Samuel Mullen, made themselves conspicuous in this way. At seven o'clock in the evening they took their places in front of McBride's Pleasure Palace, a popular dancing-hall. Sweeney played the organ and Mullen collected the money. A placard was posted on the organ, reading :—

"I am Sweeney the Fool, Living at 1011, Morris Street, Who Had No Better Sense Than to Bet on Bryan and Then Go Vote for Him."

On the afternoon after election Charles Clouser, of Reading, a registry assessor in the Fourteenth Ward, played an organ several hours on the principal thoroughfares of the ward as the result of losing a bet with a Republican on McKinley. He wore a flag on his hat, and on his back was a card : "I lost my bet." Mr. Clouser borrowed the organ from an Italian, paying him five dollars. A number of people dropped money in a tin cup held by the loser. His collections paid for the organ.

From a] THE PEANUT AND TOOTH-PICK PENANCE. *[Photo.*

One of the most arduous of hand-organ bets was that paid by Joseph Fisher to Joseph Goodrick, both residents of Philadelphia. For eight hours Fisher, with an old-fashioned hand-organ strapped on his shoulders, was compelled to tour all the principal thoroughfares and make an entrance and play in banks, office buildings, and large business houses.

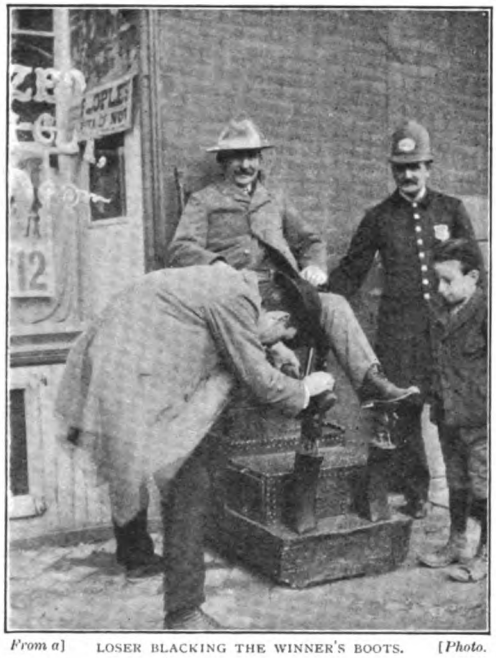
Naturally he was not received with much favour, for all these buildings have strict rules against the entrance of mendicants. In several instances he was roughly jostled out by janitors and watchmen, and in two cases only escaped actual violence through the intervention of friends.

The most popular betting novelty of the year was the "peanut and toothpick." This brand-new idea seemed to catch the fancy of those in search of freak bets, and every large city in the country reports the performance of this back-breaking feat. A hill is chosen, a peanut and a toothpick are the properties, and the loser is compelled to roll the little nut up the hill with the two-inch toothpick, not being allowed under any conditions to touch the peanut with his fingers.

Having been mistaken in his confidence in Bryan's election, one of Philadelphia's legislators, Councilman George Rummey, rolled a peanut up the steep Green Lane Hill. He started off laughing with a crowd following, and things went very well for half a square. But when the unfortunate loser's back began to ache, and the peanut was still several squares from the top of the hill, he began to lament. He reached the top during the afternoon, a sad and exhausted man.

The same performance was gone through by Charles Mackenthun, a prominent Baltimore business man. Also in Pittsburg, where Walter Rinehart and a crowd of shouting friends followed Edward Kirk, who laboriously rolled a peanut with a toothpick the entire length of Meyran Avenue. People hurled taunts at him from all sides, but Kirk kept steadily at work until he had passed out of the avenue, having gone a distance of 1,500ft.

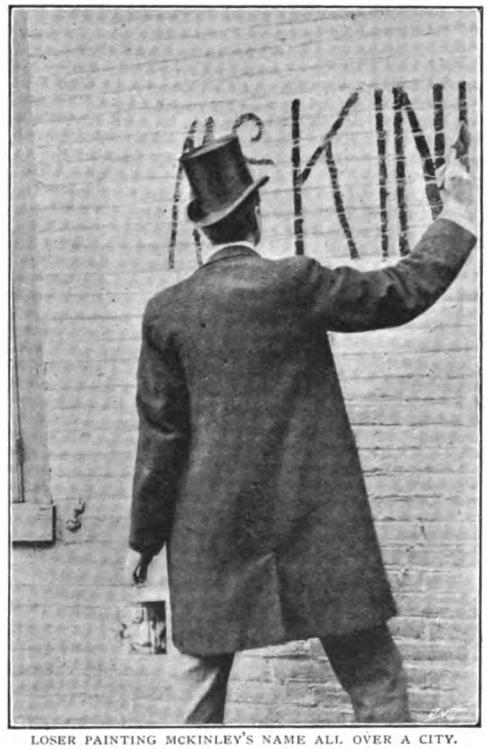
After these three principal bets came a multitude of smaller ones, which had a considerable following. Blacking the boots of the winning Republican was a great



From a] LOSER BLACKING THE WINNER'S BOOTS. *[Photo.*

favourite, and the street-arab proprietors of blacking kits reaped a rich harvest from the bettors who hired their outfits.

A. H. Thomas, of Rochester, New York, was among the most unfortunate losers, and spent the two most miserable days of his life on November 7th and 8th. Mr. Thomas bet with James Burke, loser to go to business for two days in a clown's suit. He lost, and, in consequence, was compelled to sit at his desk and manage the affairs of his publishing house in a rig which would have been eminently suitable for a masquerade party or a Christmas pantomime, but which looked wildly grotesque amid the sober surroundings of a typical business



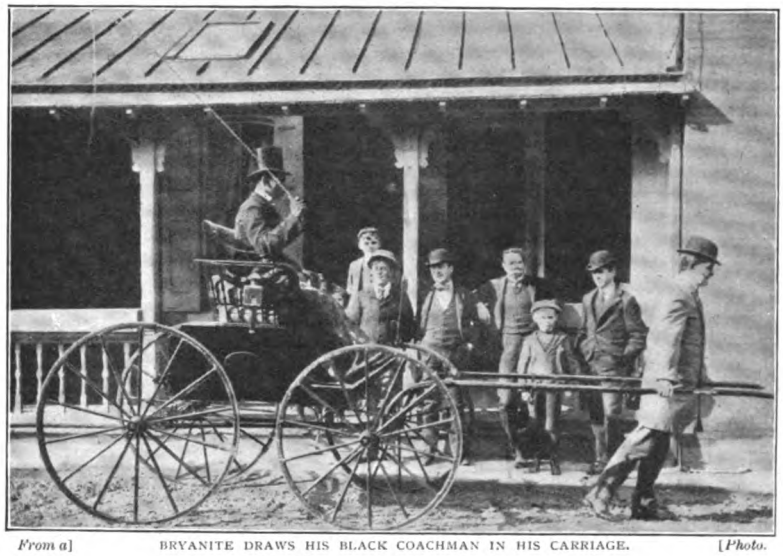
LOSER PAINTING MCKINLEY'S NAME ALL OVER A CITY.
From a Photo.

office. Mr. Thomas was unmercifully jeered at by all of his customers and his employés, and swore never to offend again by the placing of a fantastic election bet.

From a] BUSINESS MAN GOES TO HIS OFFICE ATTIRED AS A CLOWN. *[Photo.*

Compelled to paint the hated name of McKinley all over the walls of Jacksonville buildings was the reward which Mr. A. R. Howard of that city received for his faith in the Democratic standard-bearer's ability to win. Wearing a high silk hat and armed with brush and pot full of black paint, Mr. Howard sallied forth, and from early morning till nightfall spent his day tracing the

name of the successful candidate everywhere; yelled at, cheered, pelted, abused, and threatened with arrest, Mr. Howard was completely exhausted when his day's work was done, and could barely drag himself home.



From a] BRYANITE DRAWS HIS BLACK COACHMAN IN HIS CARRIAGE. *[Photo.*

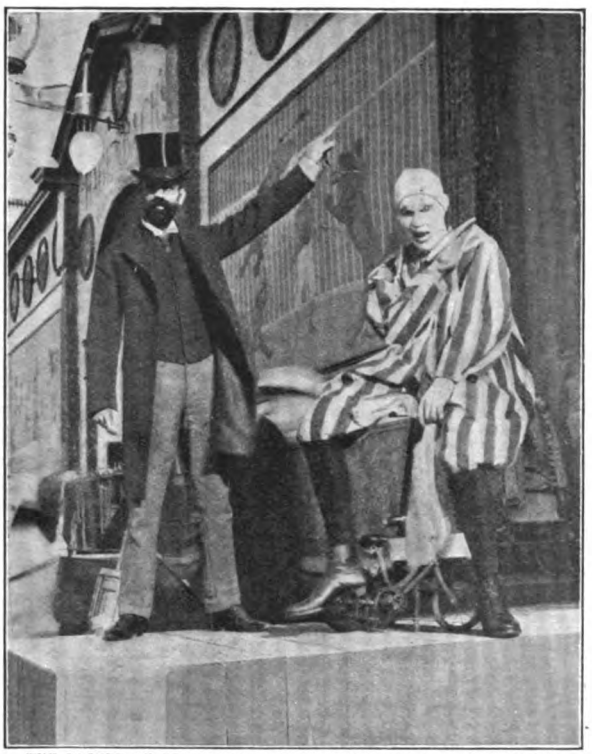
Another man who was placed in a very unpleasant position by the failure of Bryan to win was John W. Hamilton, of St. Paul, Minnesota. This Democrat has a coachman who is an enthusiastic Republican. As a result of an argument a wager was made, the agreement being that if Bryan won the coachman should pull Mr. Hamilton and a party of friends through the city in a carriage; while if McKinley won, the coachman was to take the place of honour and occupy the seat, while his employer stood between the shafts and pulled the carriage. As Bryan lost, Mr. Hamilton had to discharge his unique wager, which he did to the great delight of the coachman, who thoroughly enjoyed his brief term of mastery.

Even art entered into the wagers, and Frank R. Harris, of Cincinnati, Ohio, artist, is now working busily on a portrait of President McKinley. It is not to be sold, and Mr. Harris will never realize a penny for his pains; instead, he will have only the poor satisfaction of knowing that he has discharged a bad wager. Mr. Harris bet his friend, Albert Williams, that Bryan would win, and agreed if he was mistaken to paint a portrait of the successful Republican candidate, carry it to Washington, and present it to President McKinley himself.

BRYANITE ARTIST PAINTS PORTRAIT OF MCKINLEY TO BE PRESENTED BY HIMSELF TO THE PRESIDENT.
From a Photo.

Still harder to pay was the bet lost by Mr. E. M. Pought, of Arnold, Pennsylvania. For putting too much faith in Bryan Mr. Pought was compelled to exhibit himself as a museum freak for a whole week; while a Republican orator called attention to his peculiarities, he had to stand the withering stare of hundreds of pairs of eyes, including friends, family, and neighbours.

Frank Hansel, a society man of Pittsburg, dressed in a cutaway coat, knickerbockers, golf stockings, a very high collar, silk hat, and patent leather shoes, worked a whole day digging a ditch in Park Avenue. The hole was dug for



THE BACKER OF BRYAN HAS TO EXHIBIT HIMSELF AT A FREAK-SHOW DRESSED AS A CLOWN.
From a] [*Photo.*

the Pittsburg and Allegheny Telephone Company, and many members of the swagger set were present to see that the work was done well. Hansel did not mind the audience, but kept steadily on until the hole was the regulation depth.

The most gruesome and startling of all the bets occurred in Philadelphia, and Mr. George R. Williams was the chief figure. Mr. Williams is a loyal Democrat and did yeoman's work for Bryan. Among those whom he sought to convert was Henry Rudolph, a stalwart Republican, whose home is at the Falls of Schuylkill. His arguments, however, availed not, for Rudolph was loyal to his party, and could see no possibility of its candidate's defeat. As the election drew near the two men became more and more interested in the outcome, and finally, more fully to emphasize their faith in the success of their respective favourites, entered upon a novel wager. Williams predicted the election of Bryan, while Rudolph bet on McKinley, and it was solemnly agreed that the loser should permit the winner to bury him alive, the loser to pay all costs of the funeral. Bryan was defeated and Williams paid his wager in full.

Early in the evening Williams called at the rooms of the Wissahickon Republican Club, where he found all in readiness for his funeral. Crape streamed from the door, while in the parlour Rudolph and a score or more of his Republican friends were grouped about a plain deal casket. Into this Williams was placed, the lid put on, and carefully screwed down, after which the pall-bearers lifted the casket to their shoulders and bore it to a dense grove on "Buckeye" Hill, a short distance away. There the coffin, with its nearly smothered occupant, was carefully lowered into a grave, which had already been dug, and the Republicans returned to the club-house, leaving Williams to his fate.

It was then that the Democrat proved what a lively corpse he was. Exerting his strength to the utmost, he succeeded, after several trials, in forcing off the lid of the casket, and soon scrambled from the grave, after which he hurriedly made his way back to the club-house, where the entire party then sat down to an enjoyable lunch, the expenses of which were all paid by Williams.

In Boston two Englishmen, John J. Murray and John Berry, restaurant-keepers, lost on Bryan, and each was compelled to blow a feather a distance of half a mile.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, furnished many amusing freak bets, which kept the city in conversation matter for several days after the election.

Ex-Councilman Michael Hannan, Allegheny, carried a loaf of bread 14ft. long, baked by Gustave Hammier, and a band led the procession.

D. J. Dimes, Diamond Street restaurant-keeper, won fifty dollars from John Labror, who had to carry Dimes from Sixth Street Bridge to Smithfield Street, and to an hotel in the Diamond. Dimes was in evening dress.

John Willenpart played horse and hauled Charles Dittler about in a buggy up and down the hills and streets for an hour.

One fellow was seen standing in the gutter with toothpicks. Another washed the feet of a Republican on City Hall steps, and a dozen or more wheelbarrows were trundled about, decorated, carrying jubilant Republicans.

So confident was pretty Rhoda Williams, a Trenton society girl, that Bryan would be

elected that she offered to dance on the State House steps if he were defeated. Rhoda shed bitter tears, but about dusk, accompanied by some companions, she went to the State House and danced, to the great amusement of onlookers.

Miss Eva Howard and Miss Agnes Hobart paid an election bet by sawing a railroad tie into 2ft. lengths with a cross-saw, in the front yard of Miss Howard's residence. They had their hands badly blistered.

Michael Burns, an employé of the Hilton Bridge Construction Company, Albany, New York, bet on Bryan with Henry Baker, a fellow employé, the penalty being that the loser should stand before the winner as the target for twenty-four dozen eggs. Eight dozen eggs of all ages had already been laid by by Baker, and the throwing took place early in December.

Most of the bets, though ridiculous, were harmless, but in several cases serious danger was incurred by the losers, and in one instance death will probably result.

In spite of the cold, Isaac Brown, of Big Bend, Mercer County, Pa., attempted to swim across the Shenango River. He was almost drowned, and when rescued from his ice-bath developed pneumonia and is now hovering between life and death.

At Bridgeton, New Jersey, Tucker Vanleer hopped on one foot across a trestle bridge, 30ft. high, over the Cohansey River. A single misstep would have plunged him to certain death. He succeeded in making the dangerous journey in safety, but afterwards admitted that he would not repeat the exploit for a thousand dollars.

Among some other unfortunates who suffered in consequence of the necessity of paying off freak bets may be briefly mentioned a Philadelphia broker, who had to impersonate a tramp and sleep all night in a public square; Tim Johnson, a Chicago politician, who had to pay for all the liquor which Lew Dockstader, the well-known minstrel, could drink in two weeks; G. N. Weingart, a Denver Democrat, who had to ride through the streets of the city mounted on a burro and having his face covered with gold paint; a Democratic drug clerk in Baltimore, who had to drink a quart of cod-liver oil; Michael T. Fitzgerald, a Boston barber, who must shave several of his customers free of charge for a whole year; Archie Evans, of Westbro, who put on women's clothing and pushed through the streets a baby-coach containing two negro children; John P. Murphy, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, who walked through the Boston Chamber of Commerce barefooted; and Harry T. Cole, a 315lb. fat man, of Loganstown, Pa., who was forced to walk sixteen miles in four hours or forfeit twenty-five dollars, the feat being accomplished just four minutes ahead of time.

From a] A STOCKBROKER, WHO HAD TO LIVE TWO DAYS AS A TRAMP, ASLEEP IN A PUBLIC SQUARE. *[Photo.*

SEA STORIES No. 2. TOLD BY A TRADER.

By John Arthur Barry.

I.

PROMOTED, VICE "JACK THE WHALER"—DECEASED.

"NOW, does any man want a good billet — a real, rosy chance?" asked Captain Gower of the twelve seamen who constituted the crew of the schooner *Alert*, just then lying at anchor in a beautiful bay on the east side of Aoba, in the New Hebrides.

"There you are," continued the skipper, waving his arm comprehensively towards the shore, "a fine house to live in; wives by the dozen to pick an' choose from; nothin' much to do, an' a climate as can't be beat in the South Seas. Fifteen quid a month is the wages, and a percentage on every ton of stuff that's got in. An' what can the heart o' man desire more?"

"Christian burial, captain," replied a voice; "a thing which ain't to be found inside of a nigger."

"It was his own dashed fault entirely," retorted the captain. "If he'd kept off the grog he'd been alive and kickin' at this present minute. Any man as likes to live square and keep a sharp eye on the niggers can do as well—better a lot than I'm able to, even as master o' this craft."

"Then why don't you take the job, captain?" asked the same voice.

"Less jaw, Bill Jones," replied the latter, hotly. "You've got far too much o' what the cat licks her face with. Now, lads, I'll give twenty pounds! That's the last penny. Old Jack the Whaler was only gettin' the fifteen. But it's an important station, and I know the firm want to keep it going, so I'll spring the other fiver an' chance the row.

"That's right, *Mister* Scott," he continued, presently, and with emphasis on the handle, as after a pause I came out from the group of men gathered at the break of the little poop, and signified that I would take his offer. "You're just the man I was hopin' for. You've had a boat o' your own, an' ain't got no business here afore the mast in mine. Only a few months, an' with luck ye'll be able to start again."

"A lot o' luck!" croaked the irrepressible Jones, whilst the remainder of my shipmates looked at me much as they might at one about to commit suicide.

"WHAT CAN THE HEART O MAN DESIRE MORE?

But I cared little. I was fairly young, confident in an extensive knowledge of other islands, and thought it curious if I couldn't manage to rub along on Aoba, despite its bad name and the old sailor's blood not more than just dry on the veranda over yonder. Only a short time before this I had owned as fine a schooner as the *Alert*, with which I had been trading between Fiji and

the Solomons—some day I'll tell you how I lost her—and I felt it hard lines to have to begin again in the fo'c's'le. So, as you see, at the five-pound rise I accepted the post so lately vacated by Jack the Whaler, clubbed and eaten a few days previously. This had been the first news brought on board by old chief Teroa as we dropped anchor in the bay. And of course the store was looted—every article cleared out by those bad, wicked men from the interior. Luckily he, Teroa, had managed to save the building, for which he hinted we owed him something more than gratitude.

"As thick in it as the others," commented Gower to me, after ironically complimenting Teroa on his intervention. "Found poor old Jack tight I suppose, and the trade lying all about nohow, the niggers did, and weren't able to resist the temptation. Curse it, you couldn't expect anythin' else at the price! However, we've got lots of stuff, Scott, an' 'll soon set you up again. But you'll have to keep an eye liftin'. If they'll eat a tough, dry morsel like old Jack, they won't think twice about goin' for a young an' fat 'un like you. Hang me if I don't think Teroa's mouth's waterin' now!"

This was decidedly unkind of the captain after getting him out of his difficulty as I had done. And to punish him I affected to be frightened and to reconsider my decision. Nor would I finally make up my mind until he offered me as a parting gift a fine Tranter's revolver, with holster and belt, the possession of which I hinted might settle my doubts. After this he forbore chaff, and we loaded a boat with trade and pulled ashore, taking the precaution to have another one as a coverer full of armed men.

But nothing could have been more cordial than our reception at the beach by crowds of natives, who willingly assisted the crew to carry the cases and bales of stuff up to the store. Nor was anybody guilty of having the bad taste to refer ever so distantly to its late owner, now in all probability part and parcel of themselves. The building was of very thick slabs well fitted together, and provided with massive doors and shuttered windows, the whole surrounded by an old palisade of sharp-pointed saplings. A coat of whitewash made from coral lime gave the house the look of a birthday cake, and, so far, I was well satisfied with it. The situation, too, could not be better—on a sloping knoll commanding a fine view of the beach and the palm-fringed bay, whilst farther out still, like a dome of indigo, loomed lofty Aurora Island. Close by to the left, but invisible by reason of dense plantations of cocoa and sago palms and bananas, lay the native village. At the back gentle hills ran gradually up to the great mountain 3,000ft. high, and everywhere about the former one could see patches of taro, yams, etc., surrounded by woven pig-proof hedges and stone walls. Never, I thought, as I stood on the veranda and looked around, had I in my Pacific travels seen anything more beautiful. A creeper had overrun the palisade and poured perfume on the fresh morning air from millions of small, pink, trumpet-shaped blossoms; crotons, with leaves curiously striped in red, and black, and yellow, nodded to the sea-breeze; and just behind the house flamed a clump of scarlet hibiscus mingled with prickly pandanus.

Gazing at the peaceful scene and letting my eyes wander away to the deep blue of the water that kissed the snowy beach, both contrasting so sharply with the sombre background of natural forest, relieved here and there by the lighter green of cultivation, it was difficult indeed to believe that one stood in cannibal-land surrounded by fierce savages thirsting for blood, and only kept at bay by the hope of presently finding another victim unprepared. Hard indeed to realize all this, until my glance presently fell on the great broad patch of brown that marked where the people of this island paradise had so lately clubbed my predecessor.

"The brutes!" growled Gower, coming out of the store from which a door opened on to the two-roomed living-house, "they might ha' left the copra an' stuff. Not a scrap! Downright mean that, I call it. You'll have to buy it all over again, for, o' course, they'll come sneakin' back with it presently."

Around the fence sat rows of the peculiarly light-skinned Aobans, male and female, chattering away to each other, the former dressed chiefly around their wrists and ankles with boars' tusks and strings of shells; the latter wearing a double-tailed kirtle of plaited grass just big enough to swear by.

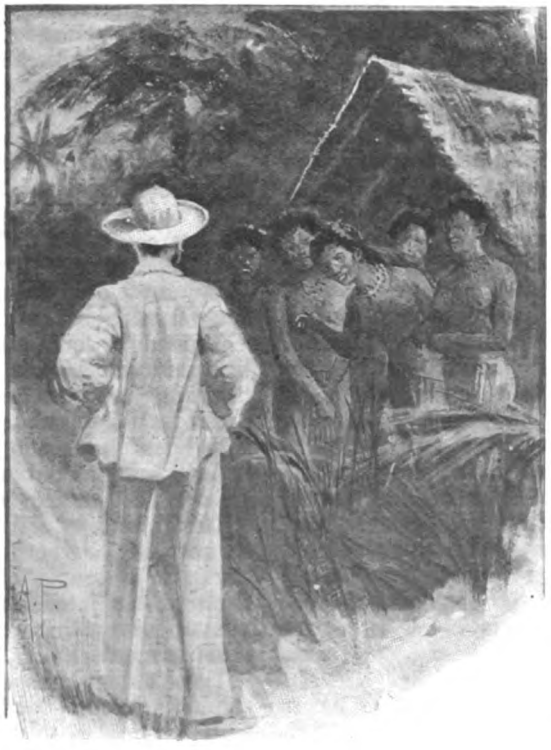
Gower was in a hurry to get away; so that evening he went on board, promising to return in a couple of months. Also, he declared his intention of asking the first warship he met to call and hold an inquiry into the murder of Jack the Whaler.

I won't deny that as the men, just about sundown, solemnly and silently shook hands with me and trooped off to the boat I felt lonely. But I wasn't going to show it, and said "good-bye" cheerfully enough.

Old Jack, it appeared, had been a confirmed bachelor and woman-hater, so that there was little show of comfort or cleanliness about the single room he made serve for all purposes. Except Teroa, all the natives had gone. But that grey old scamp hovered around cackling in "sandalwood" English about the wonderful things he was going to do for me presently; and, on the strength of them, begged first a stick of "bacca," then a pipe; then, unsatisfied, he took a fancy to a knife, at which imposition on good nature I drove him forth with profanity into the night. Evidently he was taking my measure in view of future operations. As to the length of his foot I was quite satisfied. In his younger days he had been "recruited" for Queensland, spent three years on the plantations, and learned more there than is fitting any savage should know and live. And when I noted how his bleary, bloodshot old eyes had snapped at sight of my well-stocked store-room I instinctively felt that the chances were he could, if he so pleased, tell a story in which those alleged hill-men who had swooped down on poor Jack would bear an extraordinary likeness to some of his subjects we had that day seen around us.

Yes, decidedly it was lonely. The place was so still; no noise on sea or land—there is no surrounding reef at Aoba. Absolute silence everywhere on this first night as I sat eating a supper of sardines and biscuits, washed down with gin and water, by the light of a couple of candles stuck in bottles. A rat ran across the floor and made me jump again as I caught its shadow. Decidedly this wouldn't do. I must have company. The place was too quiet altogether. After a while I went outside again and sat on the veranda and smoked and watched the *Alert's* riding light, and thought with something like regret of my vacant bunk in her snug fo'c's'le, of the fellows playing euchre and yarning, and of how Bill Jones was probably just now prophesying my speedy absorption into savage muscular and adipose tissue. Then I discovered that I was sitting nearly upon that dismal, dark-brown patch, and I shifted hastily away to the other end of the veranda, hating myself all the time for having to do so. In my ten years of life as a sort of second-class gentleman-adventurer I never remember my nerves being so much out of tune as they were that night. At last, getting sleepy, I went to bed, or rather lay down all standing, as we say at sea, on a pile of mats and rugs, with my two revolvers handy, and never woke till sunrise.

I knew the *Alert* was to have sailed that night. All the same, when I rose, the bay looked miserably empty, lacking the schooner. Throughout the morning I was busy unpacking cases of axes, tomahawks, mirrors, clocks, tobacco, beads, and all sorts of "Brummagem" stuff. Then I had a wash, put on a suit of white ducks, broad-leafed Panama hat, and canvas shoes, stuck a cigar in my mouth, and, quite tired of "baching," went down to the village to look for a housekeeper. The Aoban maidens are, perhaps, the prettiest and most graceful of all women in the Western Pacific. Thus it was presently quite a matter of embarrassment to pick and choose amongst the crowd of laughing, chattering, dark-eyed belles, who seemed to know intuitively what I wanted.



"ME WIFEE YOU?"

"Me wifee you? Missi make it all ee

same white Mary," said one of the prettiest of the lot, with fine, regular features, beautiful teeth and eyes, and a complexion not a bit darker than a Spaniard—nay, much less so than many.

"Halloa!" I said, rather taken aback, "is there a missionary here, then? And where did you learn to speak so finely, my pretty fair maid?"

Then I discovered that a missionary came over now and again from Espiritu Santo, twenty-five miles away, on a boat trip around these smaller islands. On one of these occasions he and his wife had taken Kuahua home with them, and she had stayed at the mission station for some time. Well, I cottoned to the girl at once, and all the more so when I learned that she had only one relative—an uncle—in the whole tribe. I had seen too many married traders eaten out of house and home by hordes of hungry hangers-on, all claiming kinship, until at last the luckless one had to take to the beach stone-broke. No, certainly, I had no mind for that sort of thing. Nor much, indeed, to be tied up hard and fast to any island girl, no matter how good-looking she might be. But I knew enough of "Missi" to be sure that, unless the thing was done properly and on the square, there'd be the deuce to pay. Some traders are always at loggerheads with the missionaries, not scrupling to tell them what they think of them in language more plain than polite. This I have found is a mistake. Missi—barring a few fads—is as often as not a real good sort, and when you've got him on your side you stand a better show to have your copra-house full than the other fellow who cuts up rough at religion.

As luck would have it, I could talk the Mota Island dialect pretty fluently; and as this is a sort of Pacific Volapuk—at least in many parts, of which I presently discovered Aoba to be one—I got on like a house afire.

And the more I yarned to Kuahua the more I was attracted by her. Not even when I discovered that the uncle in question was that cunning old badger Teroa was I to be choked off. And, on her part, the girl seemed to have taken an equal fancy to me. By this time all the others, thinking, I suppose, that the matter was settled, had drawn away, leaving me and Kuahua sitting together on a log lying upon what was really the central green of the village, although so shrouded were the huts in thick foliage that only a bit of thatch was visible here and there through the bananas and pandanus leaves. Still, everywhere around I could hear chucklings and low whisperings that assured me of many hidden watchers. You might think, perhaps, from her preliminary speech that Kuahua was a forward minx, and one only too apt to take the initiative. But when we dropped the "sandalwood talk" and started on Mota I found, on the contrary, that she was a modest little thing enough, and one, too, with an innate love of fun and chaff, that had prompted her to make that somewhat startling advance to the stranger. Well, I thought there was no use in beating about the bush. I looked forward presently to having a ship of my own again, and didn't see why, like so many other skippers, I shouldn't have a home and a wife and family to welcome me back after my trips. So I asked her to send her uncle up to the store, gave her a kiss in token of a bargain made, and strolled off again.

II.

I TAKE A PARTNER.

I DIDN'T know the etiquette of Aoba as regarded taking a wife from amongst the daughters of the land. But one thing I was sure of, knowing her precious uncle as I did, and that was that I should have to pay through the nose for her. And so it proved. Teroa was at the store nearly as soon as I was. And the airs the old villain gave himself were wonderful to witness. You'd ha' thought the place belonged to him. This wasn't good enough, and that wasn't of first quality, and so on till at last he got me wild, and I threatened to brain him with a tomahawk. Then he became a little more moderate, and at last the deal was concluded for some two pounds' worth of trade, which, of course, I debited to wages account in my books.

After he had been gone an hour a whole crowd of girls arrived with Kuahua. She had dropped the kirtle she wore when I first saw her and now, in honour of the occasion, sported an old, dirty print skirt, put on wrong side foremost, and a dungaree jumper that it struck me might well have been the property of the late whaler. Her long, black hair was stuck full of orchids and flame flowers, and looked just then the best part of her, for they'd painted one side of her nose red and the other white, and her cheeks were streaky with black and yellow. However, I took delivery; made a little speech, and handed out some two-pound tins of

"A WHOLE CROWD OF GIRLS ARRIVED WITH KUAHUA."

treacle and a score or so of ship's biscuits as my contribution to the wedding feast. And they all sat down in a circle and then and there started operations. First unscrewing the lid, one dipped her finger in the molasses and licked it clean, and by that time the tin was round again. They were all young things about the same age as Kuahua, fifteen or sixteen, and the noise they made was something astonishing, especially when one tried to come the double by dipping out of her turn. The biscuits they took away with them, and the empty treacle-tins I saw afterwards cut up for ornaments.

As soon as they were gone I got Kuahua to wash herself; and having some ready-made stuff amongst the trade, I rigged her out till she looked as nice and pretty as ever. I also changed her name to Alice, her own, so far as the pronunciation went, being too much like the call of a crow to suit my fancy. I didn't expect she could cook enough to keep herself warm—so very few native women can. But to my astonishment she fried a fish and some bacon and made some scones for dinner in a style that would have been hard to beat anywhere. And she bustled about, fixing things, and unpacking the bit of furniture and my few books like a born housewife, till I blessed Mrs. Missionary, whoever she might be, and realized that, apart from the question of looks, I had acquired a real treasure, and a dirt-cheap one at that. Nor did I think any the worse of her because more than once she returned to the question of our being properly married, "just like white people." And I promised faithfully that the first time "Missi" came around she should not only be married but christened into the bargain. At this she was so pleased that she came to me and put her arms about my neck and kissed me on the mouth, the first time she had done so of her own accord, and promised to be a good wife to me all the days of her life. And—well!—one can't knock about the Islands for years without meeting all sorts of women from fair to precious bad, but I never remembered coming across one before like Alice. And it seemed absurd to think that a few weeks at a mission station could have knocked all the savagery out of her. Of course, my being able to talk to her was a big pull. But I still fancy she must have been what scientists call "a sport"—must have thrown back to some remote ancestor—perhaps one of the crews of De Quiro's or Torres's ships.

Presently, taking a sharp, three-cornered scraper, I went on to the veranda and worked away at the nasty brown patch. But the wood was soft, and I found that, no matter how deep I went, the stain showed the same, nay, brighter. Rising from my knees, I met Alice's eyes fixed on me with a strange expression in them, and as they met mine the warm, rich blood rushed to her cheeks, and she turned abruptly away. But I said nothing. Only, oddly enough, it struck me for the first time that, if what I suspected were true, then my newly formed family connection was not of the most reputable.

That afternoon the stuff began to come in, and right up till dark there was a constant procession to and fro along the path from village to store. Much of the copra, tortoiseshell, etc., had, I was certain, been under my roof before, and was now being

repurchased. Still I made no remark, and took all that was offered—at my own price. And long ere we finished the Aobans were quite satisfied that, though fair as fair went in such matters, I was by no means a softy or a new hand at the game. Of course there were growlers. But I formulated my scale of barter, and told them to like it or lump it, because it was fixed and changeless, as the laws of the Medes and Persians we used to read about at school. Jack the Whaler, I soon found, had given them spirits in the shape of gin, and there were frequent calls for "Squareface" —so named from the square-sided bottles that the liquor is generally put up in. My firm, however, had set its veto upon both strong waters and firearms. Thus there was more grumbling. But, having a monopoly, I kept a tight hand on them all, and by sundown could say I had done a capital day's work, both for myself by getting married, and for my employers by recovering at a quarter of its original cost most of the stolen produce. And how comfortable the house looked! What a contrast to last night!

On the table a nicely-cooked meal ready on a snowy cloth, white curtains draping the windows and pretty mats the walls, a fine kerosene lamp showing plenty of light, and, last but not least, Alice, as clean and dainty as a brown pigeon, waiting to pour out the tea. Never for years had I felt so contented and comfortable as when, after supper, the pair of us lay outside on the long canvas lounge-chair whilst I smoked and listened to her prattle, some of it childish enough, but some of it full of grave matter concerning mainly our two selves and the prices of produce.

For a few weeks life was a pleasant dream, carrying only one trouble — old Teroa. For many reasons I did not wish to fall out with him: but felt that sooner or later we should come to loggerheads. And, one day, returning home from pigeon-shooting, and finding Alice in tears and her uncle, three parts drunk, rummaging in the store from which he had already helped himself to a liberal bundle of stuff, all tied up and ready to take away, I kicked him out of the yard and told him never to show his face near the place again. I also confiscated his plunder and the bottle of gin that he had abstracted from the single case I possessed. The old scamp, I found, had watched me off and then threatened to beat Alice and take her away from me. All this to make her give up the key of the store of which, at last, he possessed himself by main force. It was a great solace to me, as I listened, to think that only that very day I had put on a pair of heavily soled Wellington boots. But Alice was desperately uneasy, and insisted that I should never go abroad, even for my morning dip, unarmed.

Shortly after this we were fishing one moonlight night just outside the narrow opening that led into the bay, when a sound of loud singing fell on our ears, and a big double canoe came flashing along from the south'ard, a score of oars rising and falling as one, whilst the rowers sang, in Mota:—

> See, the Gospel ship is sailing
> Straight to Canaan's happy shore;
> Thousands she has safely landed,
> Still there's room for thousands more.

"Missi! Missi!" shrilled Alice, and the passing canoe stopped instantly, a few strokes sending our own alongside it.

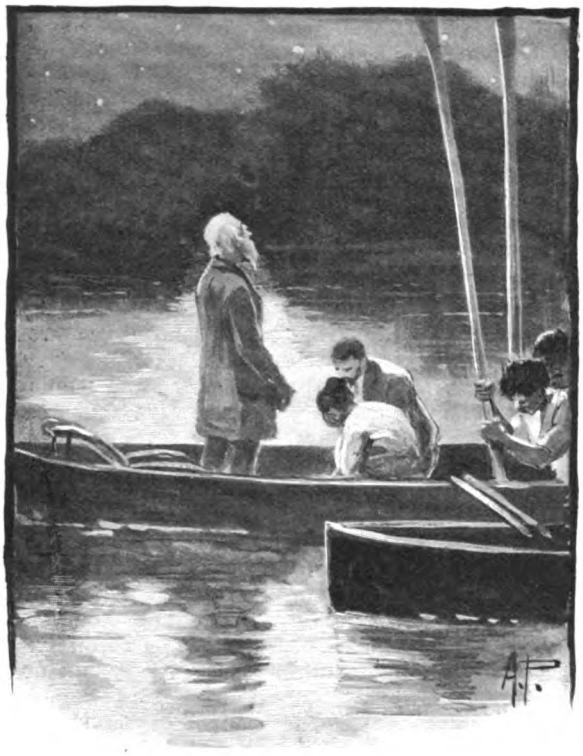
A tall, thin, grey-bearded white man rose from a lounge-chair in the stern and greeted us as Alice introduced me. At first his face was hard and stern, and he viewed me with marked disfavour. But as the girl finished a rapid explanation he thawed and shook hands. He was, it appeared, on his way from Pentecost to Santa Maria Island, some fifty miles distant. "I have been far from well of late, Mr. Scott," he said, "and perhaps may never return. So, if you'll come on board, I can marry you at once, as Kuahua—the best girl in this group or, I think, any other—tells me you are both anxious for a legal union."

This was a bit sudden, certainly. But as I never meant to back out, I came up to the scratch straightaway.

Everything was done in due form, even to the ring, I luckily happening to have a tortoise-shell one on my little finger that fitted. Then Missi prayed and the Santo boys sang a hymn, and then Missi (the Rev. George Cleveland was his name) at my request christened my wife—a ceremony that seemed to give her even more pleasure than the marriage one had done. Then the missionary, standing up, as we all knelt, solemnly blessed us, and fervently prayed that long life and happiness might be our portion. And although the whole business was altogether out of my line, I can assure you I was rather impressed, whilst Alice simply blubbered aloud.

We had by this time drifted well clear of the land; there was no breath of wind; the

full moon shone on us, making things as light as day where we floated in a sea of liquid silver; in front of us rose the great mass of Aoba silent, lofty, and mysterious-looking, its deep gullies shadowed in profound blackness, whilst, here and there, protruding spurs and shoulders stood out a shimmering maze of soft, pale, green woodland under the moon-beams—a scene I have never forgotten.



"THE FULL MOON SHONE ON US WHERE WE FLOATED IN A SEA OF LIQUID SILVER."

Now the missionary drew up a certificate of marriage, which Alice took with a pride there was no concealing, whilst the boys, many of whom knew her, offered their congratulations. And then, after some talk—during which Mr. Cleveland, who seemed one of the real good sort, and not too fond of preaching and advising at a fellow, as are so many of his cloth, promised to give us a call if he ever returned—the oars of the big canoe cut the water again, and the boys striking up "Jerusalem the Golden," off they went like a shot.

So I, Tom Scott, was married at last! And I swear to you that as I clasped my pretty little wife in my arms on the great, white, quiet sea and listened to the words of the old hymn, sung though they were in a strange tongue, yet coming sweetly enough to us across the water, I somehow felt better and happier than I had done since I heard them so many long years ago as a child at church far away in dear old England.

III.

THE FATE OF OPPOSITION.

BUT I soon had more stirring matters than my marriage to think about before the honeymoon was over. Coming out one morning I saw a schooner at anchor in the bay, and presently heard from a sub-chief named Matakisala — a good customer with whom I was on friendly terms—that she had landed a trader and stores. Teroa, it seemed, had promised the new arrival all sorts of fine things if he would only set up amongst his people. And, as earnest, the old villain had already with a gang of natives commenced to erect a house for the stranger. This was serious news for me, more especially when I discovered that the vessel belonged to a Sydney firm which was in direct opposition to ours, so far as the Island trade was concerned. My employers were Brisbane merchants, and had worked up a good business with much trouble and perseverance against these people, in spite of the latter's open disregard of the prohibition respecting drink, ammunition, and firearms which gave their agents a tremendous advantage over those of the more conscientious firm. So I well knew there were lively times ahead. Nor was I mistaken. Never a customer came near my store now. But all night long from the village proceeded the sound of drunken revelry and the discharge of guns. So, pocketing my dignity, I one morning strolled along the beach to the opposition shop, curious to see how matters were going.

To my astonishment I found that the trader was a rank new-chum—a big, fat, puffy-faced, helpless sort of creature. And he had been giving out goods *on tick*! No wonder I couldn't do any business! Cases of old muzzle-loading muskets, warranted to burst in a week; others of "Key" gin, kegs of gunpowder, together with all sorts of German-made rubbish, lay about in fine confusion. The

trader—Lawler was his name—couldn't speak a word of any of the ten thousand languages in the Islands. Nor had he even the cheap gift of "sandalwood" talk. So that a more poor lost sheep you couldn't well imagine—surrounded as he was by crafty and treacherous savages. What sort of bowels the schooner's captain must have had to go away and leave a man like that in such a position it beat me to conceive.

As I arrived, it appeared that Lawler had shut down on any further tick. He wanted copra and shell first. So far he hadn't got a pound of either. Old Teroa was bossing the show, sitting on the rough counter and demanding "Squareface." He was for buying a bottle at once, and proffered a bunch of bananas for it! But even Lawler wasn't that far gone, and refused his modest deal. Then Teroa got nasty, and, giving me a vicious look, seized a bottle out of one of the cases that had been opened, and cleared with it.

I expected to see Lawler pursue and recover the thing, if not thrash the thief into the bargain. But judge of my surprise when the fellow only smiled and said: "Well, I suppose it won't do to offend the chief. He'll settle for it and the other goods he's had all right. Treat 'em civilly. That's my plan. Kickin' don't pay hereabouts." And he sniggered in a style that at once showed me how the land lay. However, opposition or no opposition, I wasn't going to see him robbed right and left without making an effort to stop it. But I might as well have spared my breath.

He knew this and he knew that. I had been too hard and strict with the natives, therefore they were all coming to his store. I had kicked the chief, thus ruining all chance of business for my firm, and so on and so on.

"You come here givin' me advice," he concluded. "Well, if that ain't a good 'un! Why, look at these, an' then tell me as I ain't goin' the right way to work. The cheek o' some folks!" And the poor fool produced a bundle of sheets of foolscap covered with the names of natives set against the amounts debited to them, and all nicely titivated off by lines ruled in red ink. Well, he got my monkey up properly; and after letting him know in very forcible terms what his fate would presently be, I walked away home and told Alice all about it.

"They'll kill him, Tom, pretty soon, now he won't give them any more stuff," said she, calmly. "That's why Teroa persuaded him to settle here. Well, that'll be so much the better for you, won't it?"

"All very fine, Mrs. Scott" (she dearly loved the title), I replied. "But hang it, he's a white man! And you know we can't stand by and look on, although he is such a confounded fool!"

"Suppose we interfere," replied my wife, sagely shaking her head, "we'll get our own goose cooked too" (she had already picked up some slang from me, and could twist it into Mota quite easily). "And once they smell blood, one white man won't satisfy 'em. Bet your life on that, Tom! Then they'll go for us. Matakisala won't help us. He's just as bad as Teroa, although he seems so soft and nice that butter won't melt on his tongue. It was he who killed Jack on the veranda."

"Why, I always put that job down to Teroa," I said, surprised.

"Oh," she said; "Teroa held his arms whilst the other clubbed him. You never asked, or I would have told before. We girls heard all about it. This way it happened:—

"'Good day,' says Teroa, coming up where Jack sat over there peeling yams. 'I got fine lot shell; you come along down to my house and see.'

"'Oh, go to blazes!' says Jack, very cross. 'Your shell no good—all bad colour and cracked.' Then Teroa gammon to slip, and he fell on top of old Jack and held him tight. And then Matakisala come out of the bush, and one—two—poum! poum! all over!"

"Oh," I said, "that was it, was it?"

A couple of evenings after this, learning "from information received" that matters were coming to a crisis below there, I took one of the Winchesters, buckled on my revolvers and a belt of cartridges to fit the lot, and despite the entreaties of my wife went off like a silly ass to make one last attempt at saving my rival.

Rather to my surprise there wasn't a soul about the place.

"Halloa," said I, entering the store, "all your friends deserted you, eh?"

"Not much!" said he, with that aggravating snigger of his. "They've only gone to get themselves up for a grand dance they're to give me to-night."

"Oh!" said I, smelling a rat. "Now, you take my tip and come home with me, or you'll be dead meat before the morning."

"Garn!" he grinned, in his nasty, flash, Sydney fashion. "What yer givin' us? You're the sort as makes mischief, you are,

maskeradin' around, piled up to the teeth with guns an' pistols."

"You won't come?" I said, desperately.

"Not half a come," said he. "Think I'm scared, like you?"

"Then God help you," I replied, solemnly, "for I can't! Listen to the brutes howling, and the drums beating as a signal for your slaughter."

"Oh, give us a rest!" he exclaimed, impatiently. "They're only preparing for the dance."

But as he spoke he came to the door and looked out, and I thought I detected an uneasy note in his voice. It was nearly dark now. And from the village, about five hundred yards away, we could see advancing a yelling, dancing crowd, amidst which here and there glittered newly-lit torches, whilst ever the big upright drums before the council-house boomed monotonously.

"THE NEXT MINUTE THEY WERE UPON HIM."

"I must go an' meet 'em, I suppose," said Lawler, but in rather a doubtful tone.

"If you do you'll never come back alive," I replied.

"Won't you keep me company, too?" he asked, in a mocking sort of voice that yet held a tremor in it.

"Not to-night, thanks," I said. "However, there's still time for you to clear if you know when you're well off."

But he shook his head, and, diving into the store, returned with a bottle in each hand and advanced towards the mob, now lit up by dozens of torches, whilst I slipped into the scrub and peered from behind a tree. There was just a doubt, and I thought I'd like to make sure. Before, however, he got close up to the crowd he must have seen something that frightened him, for I saw him suddenly drop the bottles and run back towards the store. The next minute they were upon him; there was a shriek or two, and a scuffle as of a lot of dogs worrying a 'possum; then the crowd divided and disclosed something white that, even as I looked, writhed feebly along the ground.

The rifle was at my shoulder with finger pressing the trigger; and in another second I should have made a fool of myself, when I saw Matakisala rush up and drive a big spear clean through the prostrate body, pinning it to the earth. Then, whilst a mob of boys slung it to poles and carried it away towards the village, the rest with shouts of triumph rushed to the store. The tree behind which I stood was close to the end of the building that faced the bush. The house had been slung together in a hurry to protect the "trade," and was composed mainly of reeds and palm-leaves. And as I now ran past this end to gain the denser shelter of a big clump of bananas, and so by a roundabout route home, a thought struck me and, returning, I lit a match and applied it to the reeds. Already the interior I could hear was full of savages, and my heart leapt as I remembered the gunpowder and made hot-foot for cover. But so dry were the walls that they flamed up like kerosene, giving such a vivid and sudden light as disclosed me to some of the Aobans as they streamed out from the store in dismay. Yelling with rage, a score or so of them gave chase and, almost before I knew it, they were at my heels. The bush was thick, and, fearful of getting surrounded, I turned a little and steered for the beach. Here it was lighter, and soon arrows began to sing by

me, whilst presently what I had apprehended came to pass, and many black figures appeared on the beach ahead. Knowing the bush paths so well they had taken short cuts and were now between me and the station.

I didn't want to shoot. But, as I am a poor runner and was nearly winded, I saw there was no help for it. Already one arrow had grazed my shoulder in token that my pursuers meant business, and I could hear others, now with a bullet or two, coming thicker and thicker. So, turning, I fired a couple of shots at the nearest niggers. But the starlight was bad to aim by, and I missed. The crowd in front was approaching, and matters, I thought, looked none too well for trader number two. Just then the burning store flamed up fiercer than ever, and seizing my chance as the savages showed up against the red glow, I dropped on one knee and gave them half-a-dozen plumbers that made them scatter shrieking for the shelter of the scrub, whilst almost like an echo of my shots came a fusillade ahead. Flash after flash streamed from the dark belt of bush bordering the beach; and as I soon turned my fire on that mob they, too, presently broke and fled.

"Come along, Tom!" cried a well-known voice, as I toiled through the sand. "Get up here, and you'll run better."

"Why, Mrs. Scott," I panted, as, joining her, we both made tracks for the station, "what brought you out shooting on a night like this?"

"Good thing I did come, I think," replied Alice, skipping along in front. "If I hadn't you'd never have reached home."

"Tut, tut," I replied, severely, for it's bad policy to encourage any woman in too good an opinion of herself. "I was getting along nicely when you made all that noise."

She laughed, and was about to speak when a tremendous report, followed by another, seemed to shake the island to its foundations. My wife squealed and ran back to me, and I was pleased to be able to carelessly remark: "Only poor Lawler's powder, Mrs. Scott, and I hope some dozen or so of your gentle countrymen with it."

IV.

AN AOBAN HONEYMOON.

I WAS glad when at last, unmolested, we gained the house, for I felt weaker than I cared to admit, the arrow wound having bled freely. At first Alice turned a sort of nasty slate colour when she saw the ragged tear, and examined it eagerly and minutely for a minute or two. Then, as the blood came back to her face, she said: "My word, Tom! I thought for a bit it was dead-man-arrow. Suppose it was, you snuff out like a candle. But it's only a fish one—all right!"

The Aobans, it seems, lay their war arrows in a piece of putrid human body till the barbs get thoroughly impregnated with the poison. A scratch from a point so prepared is held to be venomous enough to insure a most painful death. Fishing arrows, such as Alice pronounced my wound to be made by, are of course innocuous, and as soon as it was dressed with Friar's balsam and bandaged, except for a slight stiffness it felt as right as ever.

Down in the village they were kicking up an awful row, yelling and wailing and drumming.

"I suppose we'll have 'em here presently," I said.

"Not to-night," replied Alice, unconcernedly getting tea ready. "Eat t'other fellow first. My people never like dark. Too many wicked spirits go about. Come early to-morrow morning. I think, Tom, we'd better get off in a boat. No use stopping here. We can take a canoe and go over to Missi's place. I know the way all right."

"And leave the store and trade and everything to those cannibals yonder? No, Mrs. Scott, I'm blowed if I do!" I replied, angrily.

"All ritee," said Alice, with resignation, and dropping into "sandalwood," which she knew I hated to hear her at. "Aoba mans kaikai (eat) us plenty morrow. Plenty angry Teroa. Matē, matē (kill), you—me. Burn Tomkotta—Alice all ee same rat!" And she pointed to the thatched roof. My face fell as I followed her uplifted finger. Decidedly she had put it on our weak point. Still, I couldn't make up my mind to abandon so much property without a struggle. And after a good deal of argument I brought Alice round to the same view of the question. At least she agreed with all I said. But I could easily see that she was quite hopeless. Still, she went to work willingly enough to help me strengthen the place to the best of our ability. That fatal mass of reeds and grass overhead, covering the whole building, dry as tinder, and resting on a network of split bamboo equally dry, appeared, however, to paralyze all our efforts. And her prediction as to the Aobans burning us out like rats and then killing and eating us seemed in a fair way of fulfilment. A single fire-stick thrown from the scrub that ran right up to

the back of the house would set everything in a blaze.

After we had done all we could by way of carrying water from the little spring, boring loopholes in the slabs, and strengthening bars and bolts, Alice went to bed and slept as calmly as a child. It was not so on my side. I knew that we could save our skins even now if I but said the word. There were lots of canoes on the beach, and nothing would be easier than to steal one whilst the savages were absorbed in their horrid ceremonies, whose wild accompaniments of yells and drummings fell on my ear throughout the night as I prowled about restless and uneasy, not at all appreciating this rude break in our honeymoon.

Just before sunrise the fun commenced with a volley of bullets and shot that rattled against the slabs and sent Alice flying for her rifle. Then a blazing lump of matting wrapped in a stone was flung on the roof. To our delight a very heavy dew had fallen over-night saturating the surface of the thatch, and the fire merely fizzled and went out. Of course we knew that this was only a respite till the sun grew stronger. Still it encouraged us. Another bit of good luck now happened. Seeing a suspicious shaking amongst the tall crotons that grew along inside the yard fence I, out of mere curiosity, took a snap-shot at the place. Whereupon out sprang that treacherous devil, Matakisala, stood upright for a moment, and then plunged over full length, pulling at the tough-stemmed weeds with his fingers, and sticking his toes in the soil till he dragged himself nearly to the spot on the veranda where he had clubbed the poor "Whaler." And just there he died, apparently in great agony, shot through the spine.

There was a tremendous lot of noise and smoke on their side, but no damage done except to themselves and the rotten old muskets into which they put half a fistful of powder for a charge, with, generally, the effect of sending the marksman head over heels. Three or four I picked off through exposing themselves in this way. Alice, too, at the front of the house potted others by firing at the smoke; and presently their first enthusiastic opening cooled down considerably. But they yelled and shrieked out threats to us in Mota of what they would do in the sweet by-and-by; and at intervals a flaming test-message dropped on the yet damp thatch. As for the round bullets, moulded out of soft lead, they simply flattened against the ironwood slabs like so many bits of dough. And to our delight the day kept dull and the sky overcast. Once or twice I caught a glimpse of Teroa and shot at him without effect.

"OUT SPRANG MATAKISALA."

They now set the low stockade on fire, and the palm palings burned away in no time, leaving only a line of smoking black embers in place of the beautiful flowering creeper. This was a foolish move on their part, destroying shelter from which they might have annoyed us. But they wanted to see something going, and their yells of delight at the achievement were deafening.

Matakisala lay stretched out face downwards, his brawny, tusk-banded arms extended, and the stiff ridge of hair the Aobans affect, reaching from brow to crown, sticking out like the old-fashioned pompon on a soldier's hat. From below his narrow girdle of matting a dark stream slowly oozed, and already the ants were busy with him. Particularly friendly he had seemed, all the time doubtless watching for a chance to work the "Whaler" oracle on me. Nor had I forgotten the way he skewered that poor fool Lawler.

At this moment I caught sight of a bit of Teroa's ragged, grey beard poking round the trunk of a hibiscus sapling. I was about to fire when a sudden idea struck me, and I called Alice across to my side.

"Mrs. Scott," I said, "you're not a very good shot, but do you think you could make a hole in that lovely uncle of yours if you got a chance?"

"I'd try hard, Tom," she said, indignantly. "He'd soon do the same for me. And you didn't say I couldn't shoot last night."

"All right, then, my dear," I replied, "you watch through that corner while I open the shutter so as to give my other voice a show. If I could only patter your lingo we'd have the old rat sure. Do you ever talk Mota amongst yourselves?"

"Very seldom, except to strangers," replied Alice; "Missi and a few of the ships' men and traders."

"Well," I replied, "I'm going to try what I can do, anyhow. Keep your eye on that lump of rock there. If I have any luck you'll see Teroa make a run for it presently, and then you pot him."

It was a long time since I had practised my ventriloquial powers, and by disuse one is apt to lose the hang of the thing altogether. But now, essaying a preliminary attempt, to my great satisfaction I found that I could throw my voice into the bedroom and round the house in such wise as startled Alice half out of her wits. But, when I rapidly explained, her admiration knew no bounds, although she still seemed to think there was something uncanny about the matter.

Then, opening the shutter very quietly, I sent a call from behind the rock, imitating Alice's voice as much as possible, and ending in the long-drawn, peculiar wail that with the natives is a sign of pain or trouble:—

"Uncle! Oh, my uncle, come and fetch me. I'm frightened and want to get away—O—oh!"

The old savage's head popped fully into sight at this, and I could distinctly make out his amazed look as he stared at the big boulder whence the voice seemed to proceed.

"Come, oh, my uncle," I wailed again. "My leg's hurt by a bullet and I can't walk—O—oh!"

"Where are you?" shouted Teroa, dropping on his belly amongst a lot of thick brush. Alice translated, and I quickly replied in Mota: "Here, here, behind the stone. Come and carry me away, oh, my uncle!"

"Yes, yes, I come," replied Teroa, this time in Mota, "not to carry but to kill, oh, wicked one!" And at that he crawled out of the bush on all fours, going rapidly, gripping a short, broad-bladed knife between his teeth, and looking for all the world like a big yellow pig with a white head and a bone in its mouth.

The distance might have been twenty yards; he was already more than half-way across, and I had caught up my own rifle, when bang went Alice's from the corner, and Teroa rolled over and over as does a rabbit shot at too short range.

"Well done, Mrs. Scott," I shouted, firing again as he rose to his knees and tried to make off on one leg, dragging the other after him in such fashion as showed a broken thigh-bone. The second shot hit him in the shoulder, and bowled him over motionless. Then there was a rush of a dozen men, who caught him up and carried him off, losing three of their number in doing so.

This business got the besiegers' backs up properly, and a regular hailstorm of bullets and arrows came at us, mingled with burning lumps of mat and sennit that stuck all over the roof. Suddenly I noticed a cloud of dark smoke float away over the tops of the trees.

"We're done, old woman!" I exclaimed, as wild yells of triumph emphasized the fact. "It's caught at last!"

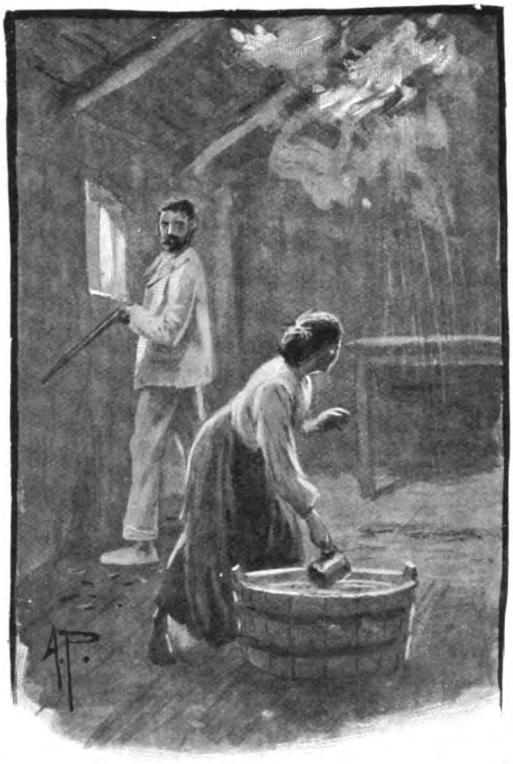
"Look! look, Tom!" shrilled Alice, in answer, from the front of the house. "There's a ship—a big, big one!"

Rushing across the room I peeped out and saw the finest and most tantalizing sight the world could show me just then—a British man-o'-war letting go her anchor in the bay, the red cross flag fluttering at her peak halliards. Directly I clapped eyes on her I knew her for the *Scylla*—a heavily armed cruiser sent out from England to take the place of an old-fashioned corvette, and a share in the dual control with France over the New Hebrides.

If they could only be brought to understand the extreme tightness of the hole we were in! But perhaps, and most likely, they, complete strangers as they were, would think that all the row was merely made by natives fighting amongst themselves. Had Gower and the *Alert*, I wondered, met the warship and, as he promised, sent her to inquire about the murder of Old Jack? But all that would take time, and we—Alice and I—had none whatever to spare. Already a large circular opening had burnt in the thatch and

was smouldering overhead, whilst thick smoke began to fill the house. And all around us the savages were yelling like demons, darting from tree to tree and firing incessantly.

"It's a case, Mrs. Scott!" I exclaimed to Alice, who was busy chucking at the fire ineffectual dippers of water, which returned on our heads in a black stream. "We'll have to run the gauntlet to the beach—make a bolt for it. And a jolly poor show we'll stand! You buckle on this revolver and take your rifle, and come when I give the word."



"WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A BOLT FOR IT."

Before opening the door, however, and venturing on our terribly forlorn rush down the half-mile of rough scrubby country between us and the sea, we commenced a heavy fusillade to clear, if possible, the dodging niggers in front of the house. Lumps of burning thatch were now falling plentifully into the living rooms, and I knew we could not delay much longer.

Suddenly, pausing for a minute to refill the magazine of my rifle, my gaze instinctively seeking the warship, I saw that she had her boats in the water; and even while I looked a cloud of white smoke curled from her bows, followed by a thunderous explosion louder than that of Lawler's gunpowder. The next minute I thought an earthquake had burst at the rear of the house, whilst a thick rain of rocks and branches and leaves and a human limb or two came showering down through the burning roof. Running to the back window I saw in place of the clumps of trees and underbrush that had offered such fine cover for our foes only the big pit that a 6in. shell makes at a mile range into soft soil.

It was a lovely bit of practice, indeed, and as I learned later was due to Gower—himself an ex-R.N. gunner—who, at once, guessing pretty nearly the state of affairs, had begged permission, and with his own hands laid the piece. He had, it seemed, left the *Alert* at Aneityum, and, at the request of the man-o'-war's captain, come along as pilot and prosecutor in one.

"Thank the Lord," said he, as ten minutes later he came charging up the hill with the *Scylla's* bluejackets. "Thank the Lord the store's safe, anyhow! But it was touch and go!"

So it was, without a doubt. The sailors, however, soon had the roof off, and a temporary one fixed of old sails and tarpaulins. Teroa was picked up still alive, but he died that night. And the Aobans had received a lesson that I don't think they'll ever forget. The little picnic I've been telling you about happened over seven years ago, but I've never had one of them look crossways at me since. People said I'd be sorry for staying and settling on the place. But I never have been. I'm my own boss now, with a couple of smart boats, each bigger than the *Alert;* no end of a plantation, a fine house (iron-roofed, though), the best wife in the Western or any other Pacific, and a family of youngsters all steps and stairs, and a shade lighter-coloured than myself. And sometimes Mrs. Scott remarks thoughtfully as she watches them — she speaks "real" English now, and only nags at the servants in "sandalwood": "Tom, my dear," she'll say, "that was a regular bobbydazzler of a honeymoon we had in the old house, wasn't it?"

Some Out-of-the-Way Records.

By Frederick A. Talbot.

THIS is the age of records. Scarcely a day passes but some new and startling achievement is accomplished, completely eclipsing any others that may already be extant in that particular line. Some individuals experience a great delight in establishing records in order to gain the widespread notoriety which generally results from the performance of such remarkable feats, while others become record-breakers unwittingly, though their efforts may often be quite as extraordinary and equally interesting.

MASTER ABEL ROBERTS, WHO HOLDS THE RECORD FOR SCHOOL ATTENDANCE.
From a Photo. by Lettsome & Sons, Llangollen.

It is an honourable achievement for a boy whose school life has extended over a period of nearly eleven years never to have missed a single attendance throughout the whole of that time. Yet this is the unique record possessed by Master Abel Roberts, of Llangollen. He was admitted into the infant department of the Board School in that town in 1888, when he was only three years of age. From the infants' school he duly passed into that of the seniors. Altogether for ten years and nine months he was present both morning and afternoon with unerring regularity and punctuality, not even being compelled to absent himself from his school duties on one single occasion through illness. Evidently great rivalry exists between the scholars of that school regarding their regular attendance, since another boy boasted a similar record for six years.

Many of our members of Parliament have occasionally treated the House to abnormally long discourses, but it is doubtful whether any constituent has yet rivalled the celebrated speech of Dr. Otto Lechter, a member of the Austrian Parliament, who on one occasion spoke for no less than twelve hours off the reel. Dr. Otto Lechter represents the constituency of Brunn, in Moravia, and his party, which comprises Progressive Germans, were in a large minority in 1897. An important subject was in debate, and Dr. Lechter rose to expound the views of his party thereon and to defend their interests. He commenced his speech at nine o'clock in the evening, and spoke to a full House throughout the whole night until nine o'clock the following morning. During the twelve

COUNT LECHTER BEFORE DELIVERING HIS SPEECH.
From a Photograph.

COUNT LECHTER, AFTER DELIVERING HIS RECORD SPEECH OF TWELVE HOURS.
From a] [Photograph.

MRS. ANNE FLETCHER, WITH HER HUNDREDTH GODCHILD.
From a Photo. by] [*Nainby, Alford.*

hours he was speaking he never once sat down or stopped, except to take, now and again, a sip of black coffee. His speech was one of the most brilliant that have ever been delivered in the Austrian Parliament, and was described as never once failing in interest or power throughout the whole time, neither did he repeat a single sentence.

In the little village of Langton Spilsby there resides a hale and hearty old woman whose matrimonial name is Mrs. Anne Fletcher, but who is familiarly known among the villagers as the "Century of Babies." That is not to say that Mrs. Fletcher is the happy possessor of such a huge colony of infants, but is due to the unique fact that she has carried over one hundred babies to be baptized. Curious to relate, not one of these children is her own progeny, since she is childless. She is passionately fond of children, however, and she somewhat atones for her own loss by becoming godmother to the little ones of her more fortunate neighbours. The baby she is shown nursing upon her knee in our illustration is her one-hundredth godchild.

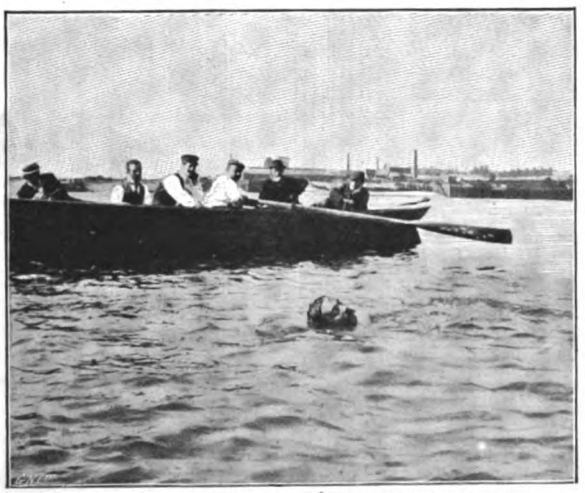
Captain John Whitmore Bennett has travelled 30,000 times across the English Channel. Until his recent retirement he was the oldest commander of the cross-Channel services from Folkestone and Dover, his term of service having extended over a period of fifty-three years. He first joined the fleet of boats sailing under the flag of the South-Eastern Railway Company between Ostend, Calais, and Boulogne. After sixteen years' connection with this company he relinquished his position to join the London, Chatham, and Dover Company, and initiated their steamboat service between Dover and the Continent. He can relate many interesting reminiscences, especially in connection with Royal personages travelling between this country and the Continent, and on one occasion he carried the German Emperor ashore when he was a little boy.

CAPTAIN JOHN WHITMORE BENNETT, WHO HAS CROSSED THE CHANNEL 30,000 TIMES.
From a Photo. by] [*Amos, Dover.*

Hans Angeli and Rittmeister Eugene Baron Forgatsch accomplished a notable feat in August, 1898, when they swam down the River Danube from Vienna to Presburg, in Hungary. The distance represents about thirty-eight English miles, and these two intrepid swimmers covered the journey in seven hours. They were unaccompanied; they never left the water; and neither did they take any refreshment in the way of food or drink from the time they plunged into the river at Vienna until they emerged again at Presburg. It would be almost impossible to devise a less expensive method of travelling than this, especially when one emulates the example of these two record-breakers, who carried their clothes on their backs in a patent waterproof bag invented by Angeli.

HANS ANGELI, WHO SWAM 38 MILES IN SEVEN HOURS.
From a Photograph.

Another swimmer who has probably achieved more wonders in the water than any aquatic champion since the days of the late Captain Webb is Montague A. Holbein, the famous long-distance cyclist. He scored first honours on July 25th, 1899, when he swam forty-three miles in the Thames in a little under twelve and a half hours. He entered the water at Blackwall Pier early in the morning, and, with the advantage of the strong ebb tide, swam down the river until he had progressed two miles beyond Gravesend. Taking advantage of the turn of the tide he swam on the flood back to Blackwall, but just failed to reach the pier owing to the unfortunate failure of the tide. Although he had been in the water for so many hours without a rest he was quite fresh and strong when he once more donned his clothes.



MR. M. A. HOLBEIN, WHO SWAM 46 MILES IN TWELVE HOURS.
From a Photograph.

A month later Holbein defeated his Thames record by another marvellous swim in the Solent, where he covered forty-six miles in twelve hours. He dived into the water near the Spit Fort at Portsmouth, at twenty minutes to eight in the morning, and although the water was choppy and a disagreeable wind was blowing against the tide the swimmer soon settled determinedly down to his task. Not once during the whole journey did he evince any signs of fatigue or exhaustion, and at the end of twelve hours his friends, who had accompanied him in the boat, had great difficulty to persuade him to leave the water. Had it not been for the rapidly approaching darkness Holbein undoubtedly would have continued on his way for another hour or two. His performances, however, in the Thames and the Solent rank as two of the finest feats in the annals of aquatics, while they are rendered still more remarkable by the fact that they are the longest distances ever covered by swimming. Holbein's *ultima thule* is to emulate Captain Webb in swimming across the English Channel from Dover to Calais; and judging from the wonderful stamina he displayed in the successful accomplishment of the foregoing efforts, there seems every possibility of the attempt being crowned with success, providing wind and weather are propitious to such an event.

Another traveller who aspires to make himself famous by creating the record of

MR. G. M. BOYNTON, WHO IS WALKING ROUND THE WORLD.
From a Photo. by Lafayette, Ltd., Dublin.

having walked round the world is George Melville Boynton. He started from San Francisco early on the morning of August 13th, 1897, and he is still tramping. He started attired in a paper suit of clothes and with no money in his pockets, his object being to live on the hospitality of the inhabitants of the various countries through which he passed. The estimated distance is 31,000 miles, and he is to accomplish the task within a stated time. This remarkable feat of pedestrianism is the outcome of a wager. If Boynton succeeds, a sum of 50,000dols. will be paid over to charities in San Francisco by the other parties to the wager. Boynton reached England some months ago, and, after touring the country, left for the Continent. Judging from the present rate of progress there seems every prospect of the globe-trotter fulfilling the wager. It is to be hoped that he will—for charity's sake.

Another young man who suddenly attracted public notice last year as the result of a remarkable achievement was Master A. E. J. Collins, who ruthlessly upset cricket records by scoring 628 runs not out in a single innings. This mammoth score was recorded in a school match at Clifton. Mr. A. E. Stoddart, the well-known Middlesex amateur, hitherto possessed the unique record of having scored the largest number of runs in one single innings, his contribution being 485 not out, scored for Hampstead against the Stoics in 1885. Great though this achievement was, it was completely eclipsed by young Collins's effort, and it will be a difficult record for any other cricketer to defeat. Altogether Collins, whose portrait we are enabled to reproduce through the kind permission of his mother, was batting seven hours, his rate of scoring therefore averaging about ninety runs per hour.

It is a moot point whether any pastime

MASTER A. E. J. COLLINS, WHO MADE THE RECORD SCORE OF 628 NOT OUT.
From a Photo. by W. H. Midwinter & Co., Bristol.

renders such opportunities to the record-breaker as cycling. One of the latest and greatest attempts to obtain distinction in this direction is the endeavour of Mr. Edward Hale, the veteran cyclist, who successfully achieved the task of riding one hundred miles every day for twelve months, Sundays excepted. Some little while ago an American essayed the task of riding fifty miles per day for the same period, but such a performance sinks into insignificance in comparison with this latest effort. Mr. Hale started on July 31st, 1899, and completed the twelve months on July 30th, having cycled over 30,000 miles on the various high roads of the United Kingdom—a quite unprecedented ride. Mr. Hale performed his task upon an Acatene chainless cycle, and the same machine fulfilled his requirements for the whole year. It will be observed in our photo. that the machine is fitted with two handle-bars; the upper one is for easy riding on good roads and with a back wind; while the other—the dropped pattern—is for fast work and hill-climbing. Mr. Hale experienced absolutely no ill-effects from his feat. As an example of physical endurance the ride is remarkable, while the high standard of excellence and durability of the cycle is apparent.

MR. EDWARD HALE, WHO RODE 30,000 MILES IN ONE YEAR.
From a Photograph.

We have heard of those zealous swimmers who, sooner than miss their morning dip in the Serpentine, have sallied forth in the depth of winter armed with pickaxes and similar weapons in order to break the ice, but it is doubtful whether their enthusiasm could equal that of the late Mr. Joseph Pollard, formerly swimming master of the South Shields Swimming Club. For more than nineteen and a half years he had indulged, with unerring regularity, in a morning bathe in the North Sea. He commenced his unique record on September 29th, 1877, and continued it till May 5th, 1897. This represents something like 7,119 dips, and during the whole of that time he only missed forty mornings, his absence on those occasions being due to illness, one attack of which he contracted in his attempt to swim from Newcastle to South Shields against a heavy wind, when he was fifty-three years of age. During one period of that time he held a record of over 3,000 consecutive bathes. His time for bathing from April 1st to October 31st was 6.30 a.m., and from November 1st to March 31st seven o'clock, so that, more often than not, in the winter he was bathing in the dark.

MR. JOSEPH POLLARD, WHO BATHED, SUMMER AND WINTER, 7,119 TIMES.
From a Photo. by J. Downey & Sons, South Shields.

THE "Terrace," consisting of eight gaunt houses, faced the sea, while the back rooms commanded a view of the ancient little town some half-mile distant. The beach, a waste of shingle, was desolate and bare except for a ruined bathing-machine and a few pieces of linen drying in the winter sunshine. In the offing tiny steamers left a trail of smoke, while sailing craft, their canvas glistening in the sun, slowly melted from the sight. On all these things the "Terrace" turned a stolid eye, and, counting up its gains of the previous season, wondered whether it could hold on to the next. It was a discontented "Terrace," and had become prematurely soured by a Board which refused them a pier, a band-stand, and illuminated gardens.

From the front windows of the third story of No. 1 Mrs. Cox, gazing out to sea, sighed softly. The season had been a bad one, and Mr. Cox had been even more troublesome than usual owing to tightness in the money market and the avowed preference of local publicans for cash transactions to assets in chalk and slate. In Mr. Cox's memory there had never been such a drought, and his crop of patience was nearly exhausted.

He had in his earlier days attempted to do a little work, but his health had suffered so much that his wife had become alarmed for his safety. Work invariably brought on a cough, and as he came from a family whose lungs had formed the staple conversation of their lives, he had been compelled to abandon it, and at last it came to be understood that if he would only consent to amuse himself, and not get into trouble, nothing more would be expected of him. It was not much of a life for a man of spirit, and at times it became so unbearable that Mr. Cox would disappear for days together in search of work, returning unsuccessful after many days with nerves shattered in the pursuit.

Mrs. Cox's meditations were disturbed by a knock at the front door, and, the servants having been discharged for the season, she hurried downstairs to open it not without a hope of belated lodgers: invalids in search of an east wind. A stout, middle-aged woman in widow's weeds stood on the doorstep.

"Glad to see you, my dear," said the visitor, kissing her loudly.

Mrs. Cox gave her a subdued caress in return, not from any lack of feeling, but because she did everything in a quiet and spiritless fashion.

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"I've got my Uncle Joseph from London staying with us," continued the visitor, following her into the hall, "so I just got into the train and brought him down for a blow at the sea."

A question on Mrs. Cox's lips died away as a very small man who had been hidden by his niece came into sight.

"My Uncle Joseph," said Mrs. Berry; "Mr. Joseph Piper," she added.

Mr. Piper shook hands, and after a performance on the door-mat, protracted by reason of a festoon of hemp, followed his hostess into the faded drawing-room.

"And Mr. Cox?" inquired Mrs. Berry, in a cold voice.

Mrs. Cox shook her head. "He's been away this last three days," she said, flushing slightly.

"Looking for work?" suggested the visitor.

Mrs. Cox nodded, and placing the tips of her fingers together, fidgeted gently.

"Well, I hope he finds it," said Mrs. Berry, with more venom than the remark seemed to require. "Why, where's your marble clock?"

Mrs. Cox coughed. "It's being mended," she said, confusedly.

Mrs. Berry eyed her anxiously. "Don't mind him, my dear," she said, with a jerk of her head in the direction of Mr. Piper, "he's nobody. Wouldn't you like to go out on the beach a little while, uncle?"

"No," said Mr. Piper.

"I suppose Mr. Cox took the clock for company," remarked Mrs. Berry, after a hostile stare at her relative.

Mrs. Cox sighed and shook her head. It was no use pretending with Mrs. Berry.

"He'll pawn the clock and anything else he can lay his hands on, and when he's drunk it up come home to be made a fuss of," continued Mrs. Berry, heatedly; "that's you men."

Her glance was so fiery that Mr. Joseph Piper was unable to allow the remark to pass unchallenged.

"*I* never pawned a clock," he said, stroking his little grey head.

"That's a lot to boast of, isn't it?" demanded his niece; "if I hadn't got anything better than that to boast of I wouldn't boast at all."

Mr. Piper said that he was not boasting.

"It'll go on like this, my dear, till you're ruined," said the sympathetic Mrs. Berry, turning to her friend again; "what'll you do then?"

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Cox. "I've had a bad season, too, and I'm so anxious about him in spite of it all. I can't sleep at nights for fearing that he's in some trouble. I'm sure I laid awake half last night crying."

Mrs. Berry sniffed loudly, and, Mr. Piper making a remark in a low voice, turned on him with ferocity.

"What did you say?" she demanded.

"WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO GO OUT ON THE BEACH A LITTLE WHILE, UNCLE?"

"I said it does her credit," said Mr. Piper, firmly.

"I might have known it was nonsense," retorted his niece, hotly. "Can't you get him to take the pledge, Mary?"

"I couldn't insult him like that," said Mrs. Cox, with a shiver; "you don't know his

pride. He never admits that he drinks; he says that he only takes a little for his indigestion. He'd never forgive me. When he pawns the things he pretends that somebody has stolen them, and the way he goes on at me for my carelessness is alarming. He gets worked up to such a pitch that sometimes I almost think he believes it himself."

"Rubbish," said Mrs. Berry, tartly, "you're too easy with him."

Mrs. Cox sighed, and, leaving the room, returned with a bottle of wine which was port to the look and red-currant to the taste, and a seed cake of formidable appearance. The visitors attacked these refreshments mildly, Mr. Piper sipping his wine with an obtrusive carefulness which his niece rightly regarded as a reflection upon her friend's hospitality.

"What Mr. Cox wants is a shock," she said; "you've dropped some crumbs on the carpet, uncle."

Mr. Piper apologized and said he had got his eye on them, and would pick them up when he had finished and pick up his niece's at the same time to prevent her stooping. Mrs. Berry, in an aside to Mrs. Cox, said that her Uncle Joseph's tongue had got itself disliked on both sides of the family.

"And I'd give him one," said Mrs. Berry, returning again to the subject of Mr. Cox and shocks. "He has a gentleman's life of it here, and he would look rather silly if you were sold up and he had to do something for his living."

"It's putting the things away that is so bad," said Mrs. Cox, shaking her head; "that clock won't last him out, I know; he'll come back and take some of the other things. Every spring I have to go through his pockets for the tickets and get the things out again, and I mustn't say a word for fear of hurting his feelings. If I do he goes off again."

"If I were you," said Mrs. Berry, emphatically, "I'd get behind with the rent or something and have the brokers in. He'd look rather astonished if he came home and saw a broker's man sitting in a chair——"

"He'd look more astonished if he saw him sitting in a flower-pot," suggested the caustic Mr. Piper.

"I couldn't do that," said Mrs. Cox. "I couldn't stand the disgrace, even though I knew I could pay him out. As it is, Cox is always setting his family above mine."

Mrs. Berry, without ceasing to stare Mr. Piper out of countenance, shook her head, and, folding her arms, again stated her opinion that Mr. Cox wanted a shock, and expressed a great yearning to be the humble means of giving him one.

"If you can't have the brokers in, get somebody to pretend to be one," she said, sharply; "that would prevent him pawning any more things at any rate. Why, wouldn't he do?" she added, nodding at her uncle.

Anxiety on Mrs. Cox's face was exaggerated on that of Mr. Piper.

"Let uncle pretend to be a broker's man in for the rent," continued the excitable lady, rapidly. "When Mr. Cox turns up after his spree, tell him what his doings have brought you to, and say you'll have to go to the workhouse."

"I look like a broker's man, don't I?" said Mr. Piper, in a voice more than tinged with sarcasm.

"Yes," said his niece, "that's what put it into my head."

"It's very kind of you, dear, and very kind of Mr. Piper," said Mrs. Cox, "but I couldn't think of it, I really couldn't."

"Uncle would be delighted," said Mrs. Berry, with a wilful blinking of plain facts. "He's got nothing better to do; it's a nice house and good food, and he could sit at the open window and sniff at the sea all day long."

Mr. Piper sniffed even as she spoke, but not at the sea.

"And I'll come for him the day after to-morrow," said Mrs. Berry.

It was the old story of the stronger will: Mrs. Cox after a feeble stand gave way altogether, and Mr. Piper's objections were demolished before he had given them full utterance. Mrs. Berry went off alone after dinner, secretly glad to have got rid of Mr. Piper, who was making a self-invited stay at her house of indefinite duration; and Mr. Piper, in his new *rôle* of broker's man, essayed the part with as much help as a clay pipe and a pint of beer could afford him.

That day and the following he spent amid the faded grandeurs of the drawing-room, gazing longingly at the wide expanse of beach and the tumbling sea beyond. The house was almost uncannily quiet, an occasional tinkle of metal or crash of china from the basement giving the only indication of the industrious Mrs. Cox; but on the day after the quiet of the house was broken by the return of its master, whose annoyance, when he found the drawing-room clock stolen and a man in possession, was alarming in its vehemence. He lectured his wife severely on her mismanagement, and after some hesitation announced his intention of going

through her books. Mrs. Cox gave them to him, and, armed with pen and ink and four square inches of pink blotting-paper, he performed feats of balancing which made him a very Blondin of finance.

"I shall have to get something to do," he said, gloomily, laying down his pen.

"Yes, dear," said his wife.

Mr. Cox leaned back in his chair and, wiping his pen on the blotting-paper, gazed in a speculative fashion round the room. "Have you got any money?" he inquired.

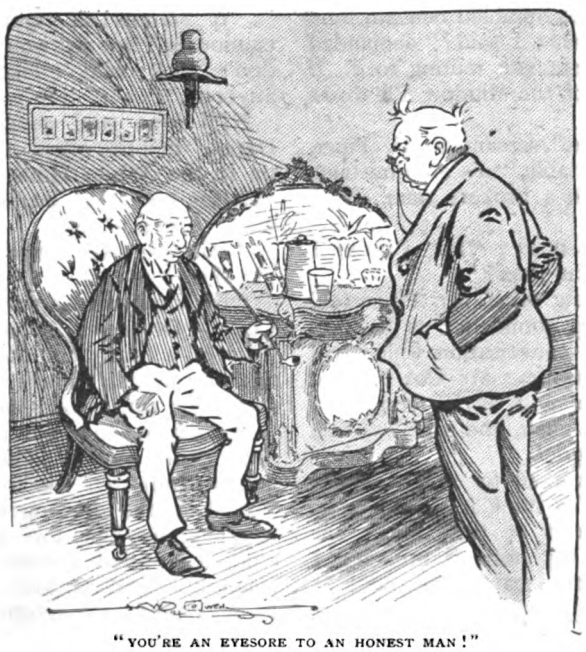
For reply his wife rummaged in her pocket, and after a lengthy search produced a bunch of keys, a thimble, a needle-case, two pocket-handkerchiefs, and a halfpenny. She put this last on the table, and Mr. Cox, whose temper had been mounting steadily, threw it to the other end of the room.

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Cox, wiping her eyes. "I'm sure I've done all I could to keep a home together. I can't even raise money on anything."

Mr. Cox, who had been glancing round the room again, looked up sharply.

"Why not?" he inquired.

"The broker's man," said Mrs. Cox, nervously; "he's made an inventory of everything and he holds us responsible."



"YOU'RE AN EYESORE TO AN HONEST MAN!"

Mr. Cox leaned back in his chair. "This is a pretty state of things," he blurted, wildly. "Here have I been walking my legs off looking for work, any work so long as it's honest labour, and I come back to find a broker's man sitting in my own house and drinking up my beer."

He rose and walked up and down the room, and Mrs. Cox, whose nerves were hardly equal to the occasion, slipped on her bonnet and announced her intention of trying to obtain a few necessaries on credit. Her husband waited in indignant silence until he heard the front-door close behind her, and then stole softly upstairs to have a look at the fell destroyer of his domestic happiness.

Mr. Piper, who was already very tired of his imprisonment, looked up curiously as he heard the door pushed open, and discovered an elderly gentleman with an appearance of great stateliness staring at him. In the ordinary way he was one of the meekest of men, but the insolence of this stare was outrageous. Mr. Piper, opening his mild blue eyes wide, stared back. Whereupon Mr. Cox, fumbling in his vest-pocket, found a pair of folders, and putting them astride his nose, gazed at the pseudo-broker's man with crushing effect.

"What do you want here?" he asked, at length. "Are you the father of one of the servants?"

"I'm the father of all the servants in the house," said Mr. Piper, sweetly.

"Don't answer me, sir," said Mr. Cox, with much pomposity; "you're an eyesore to an honest man, a vulture, a harpy."

Mr. Piper pondered.

"How do you know what's an eyesore to an honest man?" he asked, at length.

Mr. Cox smiled scornfully.

"Where is your warrant or order, or whatever you call it?" he demanded.

"I've shown it to Mrs. Cox," said Mr. Piper.

"Show it to me," said the other.

"I've complied with the law by showing it once," said Mr. Piper, bluffing, "and I'm not going to show it again."

Mr. Cox stared at him disdainfully, beginning at his little sleek grey head and travelling slowly downwards to his untidy boots and then back again. He repeated this several times, until Mr. Piper, unable to bear it patiently, began to eye him in the same fashion.

"What are you looking at, vulture?" demanded the incensed Mr. Cox.

"Three spots o' grease on a dirty weskit," replied Mr. Piper, readily, "a pair o' bow legs in a pair of somebody else's trousers, and a shabby coat wore under the right arm, with carrying off," he paused a moment as though to make sure, "with carrying off of a drawing-room clock."

He regretted this retort almost before he had finished it, and rose to his feet with a faint cry of alarm as the heated Mr. Cox first locked the door and put the key in his pocket, and then threw up the window.

"Vulture!" he cried, in a terrible voice.

"Yes, sir," said the trembling Mr. Piper.

Mr. Cox waved his hand towards the window.

"Fly," he said, briefly.

Mr. Piper tried to form his white lips into a smile, and his knees trembled beneath him.

"Did you hear what I said?" demanded Mr. Cox. "What are you waiting for? If you don't fly out of the window I'll throw you out."

"Don't touch me," screamed Mr. Piper, retreating behind a table, "it's all a mistake. All a joke. I'm not a broker's man. Ha! ha!"

"Eh?" said the other; "not a broker's man? What are you, then?"

In eager, trembling tones Mr. Piper told him, and, gathering confidence as he proceeded, related the conversation which had led up to his imposture. Mr. Cox listened in a dazed fashion, and as he concluded threw himself into a chair, and gave way to a terrible outburst of grief.

"The way I've worked for that woman," he said, brokenly, "to think it should come to this! The deceit of the thing; the wickedness of it. My heart is broken; I shall never be the same man again—never!"

Mr. Piper made a sympathetic noise.

"It's been very unpleasant for me," he said, "but my niece is so masterful."

"I don't blame you," said Mr. Cox, kindly; "shake hands."

They shook hands solemnly, and Mr. Piper, muttering something about a draught, closed the window.

"You might have been killed in trying to jump out of that window," said Mr. Cox; "fancy the feelings of those two deceitful women, then."

"Fancy *my* feelings!" said Mr. Piper, with a shudder. "Playing with fire, that's what I call it. My niece is coming this afternoon; it would serve her right if you gave her a fright by telling her you *had* killed me. Perhaps it would be a lesson to her not to be so officious."

"It would serve 'em both right," agreed Mr. Cox; "only Mrs. Berry might send for the police."

"I never thought of that," said Mr. Piper, fondling his chin.

"I might frighten my wife," mused the amiable Mr. Cox; "it would be a lesson to her not to be deceitful again. And, by Jove, I'll get some money from her to escape with; I know she's got some, and if she hasn't she will have in a day or two. There's a little pub at Newstead, eight miles from here, where we could be as happy as fighting-cocks with a fiver or two. And while we're there enjoying ourselves my wife'll be half out of her mind trying to account for your disappearance to Mrs. Berry."

"It sounds all right," said Mr. Piper, cautiously, "but she won't believe you. You don't look wild enough to have killed anybody."

"I'll look wild enough when the time comes," said the other, nodding. "You get on to the White Horse at Newstead and wait for me. I'll let you out at the back way. Come along."

"But you said it was eight miles," said Mr. Piper.

"Eight miles easy walking," rejoined Mr. Cox. "Or there's a train at three o'clock. There's a sign-post at the corner there, and if you don't hurry I shall be able to catch you up. Good-bye."

He patted the hesitating Mr. Piper on the back, and letting him out through the garden, indicated the road. Then he returned to the drawing-room, and carefully rumpling his hair, tore his collar from the stud, overturned a couple of chairs and a small table, and sat down to wait as patiently as he could for the return of his wife.

He waited about twenty minutes, and then he heard a key turn in the door below and his wife's footsteps slowly mounting the stairs. By the time she reached the drawing-room his tableau was complete, and she fell back with a faint shriek at the frenzied figure which met her eyes.

"Hush," said the tragedian, putting his finger to his lips.

"Henry, what is it?" cried Mrs. Cox. "What *is* the matter?"

"The broker's man," said her husband, in a thrilling whisper. "We had words—he struck me. In a fit of fury I—I—choked him."

"Much?" inquired the bewildered woman.

"*Much?*" repeated Mr. Cox, frantically. "I've killed him and hidden the body. Now I must escape and fly the country."

The bewilderment on Mrs. Cox's face increased; she was trying to reconcile her husband's statement with a vision of a trim little figure which she had seen ten minutes before with its head tilted backwards studying the sign-post, and which she was now quite certain was Mr. Piper.

"Are you sure he's dead?" she inquired.

"Dead as a door-nail," replied Mr. Cox, promptly. "I'd no idea he was such a delicate little man. What am I to do? Every moment adds to my danger. I must fly. How much money have you got?"

The question explained everything. Mrs. Cox closed her lips with a snap and shook her head.

"Don't play the fool," said her husband, wildly; "my neck's in danger."

"I haven't got anything," asseverated Mrs. Cox; "it's no good looking like that, Henry. I can't make money."

Mr. Cox's reply was interrupted by a loud knocking at the hall-door, which he was pleased to associate with the police. It gave him a fine opportunity for melodrama, in the midst of which his wife, rightly guessing that Mrs. Berry had returned according to arrangement, went to the door to admit her. The visitor was only busy two minutes on the door-mat, but in that time Mrs. Cox was able in low whispers to apprise her of the state of affairs.

"That's my uncle all over," said Mrs. Berry, fiercely; "that's just the mean trick I should have expected of him. You leave 'em to me, my dear."

She followed her friend into the drawing-room, and having shaken hands with Mr. Cox, drew her handkerchief from her pocket and applied it to her eyes.

"She's told me all about it," she said, nodding at Mrs. Cox, "and it's worse than you think, much worse. It isn't a broker's man—it's my poor uncle, Joseph Piper."

"Your *uncle!*" repeated Mr. Cox, reeling back; "the broker's man your *uncle?*"

Mrs. Berry sniffed. "It was a little joke on our part," she admitted, sinking into a chair and holding her handkerchief to her face. "Poor uncle; but I daresay he's happier where he is."

"STUDYING THE SIGN-POST."

Mr. Cox wiped his brow, and then, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, stared at her in well-simulated amazement.

"See what your joking has led to," he said, at last. "I have got to be a wanderer over the face of the earth, all on account of your jokes."

"It was an accident," murmured Mrs. Berry, "and nobody knows he was here, and I'm sure, poor dear, he hadn't got much to live for."

"It's very kind of you to look at it in that way, Susan, I'm sure," said Mrs. Cox.

"I was never one to make mischief," said Mrs. Berry. "It's no good crying over spilt milk. If uncle's killed he's killed, and there's an end of it. But I don't think it's quite safe for Mr. Cox to stay here."

"Just what I say," said that gentleman, eagerly; "but I've got no money."

"You get away," said Mrs. Berry, with a warning glance at her friend, and nodding to emphasize her words; "leave us some address to write to, and we must try and scrape twenty or thirty pounds to send you."

"Thirty?" said Mr. Cox, hardly able to believe his ears.

Mrs. Berry nodded. "You'll have to make that do to go on with," she said, pondering. "And as soon as you get it you had better get as far away as possible before poor uncle is discovered. Where are we to send the money?"

Mr. Cox affected to consider.

"The White Horse, Newstead," he said, at length, in a whisper; "better write it down."

Mrs. Berry obeyed; and, this business being completed, Mr. Cox, after trying in vain to obtain a shilling or two cash in hand, bade them a pathetic farewell and went off down the path, for some reason best known to himself, on tiptoe.

For the first two days Messrs. Cox and Piper waited with exemplary patience for the remittance, the demands of the landlord, a man of coarse fibre, being met in the meantime by the latter gentleman from his own slender resources. They were both reasonable men, and knew from experience the difficulty of raising money at short notice; but on the fourth day, their funds being nearly exhausted, an urgent telegram was dispatched to Mrs. Cox.

Mr. Cox was alone when the reply came, and Mr. Piper, returning to the inn-parlour, was amazed and distressed at his friend's appearance. Twice he had to address him before he seemed to be aware of his presence, and then Mr. Cox, breathing hard and staring at him strangely, handed him the message.

"Eh?" said Mr. Piper, in amaze, as he read slowly: "*No—need—send—money—Uncle — Joseph — has — come — back.* — BERRY." "What does it mean? Is she mad?"

Mr. Cox shook his head, and, taking the paper from him, held it at arm's length and regarded it at an angle.

"How can you be there when you're supposed to be dead?" he said at length.

"How can I be there when I'm here?" rejoined Mr. Piper, no less reasonably.

Both gentlemen lapsed into a wondering silence, devoted to the attempted solution of their own riddles. Finally Mr. Cox, seized with a bright idea that the telegram had got altered in transmission, went off to the post-office and dispatched another, which went straight to the heart of things:—

"*Don't—understand—is—Uncle—Joseph—alive?*"

A reply was brought to the inn-parlour an hour later on. Mr. Cox opened it, gave one glance at it, and then with a suffocating cry handed it to the other. Mr. Piper took it gingerly, and his eyebrows almost disappeared as he read:—

"*Yes—smoking—in—drawing-room.*"

His first strong impression was that it was a case for the Psychical Research Society, but this romantic view faded in favour of a simple solution, propounded by Mr. Cox with much crispness, that Mrs. Berry was leaving the realms of fact for those of romance. His actual words were shorter, but the meaning is the same.

"I'll go home and ask to see you," he said, fiercely; "that'll bring things to a head, I should think."

"And she'll say I've gone back to London, perhaps," said Mr. Piper, gifted with sudden clearness of vision. "You can't show her up unless you take me with you, and that'll show *us* up. That's her artfulness; that's Susan all over."

"She's a wicked, untruthful woman," gasped Mr. Cox.

"I never did like Susan," said Mr. Piper, with acerbity, "never."

Mr. Cox said he could easily understand it, and then, as a forlorn hope, sat down and wrote a long letter to his wife, in which, after dwelling at great length on the lamentable circumstances surrounding the sudden demise of Mr. Piper, he bade her thank Mrs. Berry for her well-meant efforts to ease his mind, and asked for the immediate dispatch of the money promised.

A reply came the following evening from Mrs. Berry herself. It was a long letter, and not only long, but badly written and crossed. It began with the weather, asked after Mr. Cox's health, and referred to the writer's; described with much minuteness a strange headache which had attacked Mrs. Cox, together with a long list of the remedies prescribed and the effects of each, and wound up in an out-of-the-way corner, in a vein of cheery optimism which reduced both readers to the verge of madness.

"Dear Uncle Joseph has quite recovered, and, in spite of a little nervousness—he was always rather timid—at meeting you again,

has consented to go to the White Horse to satisfy you that he is alive. I daresay he will be with you as soon as this letter—perhaps help you to read it."

Mr. Cox laid the letter down with extreme care, and, coughing gently, glanced in a sheepish fashion at the goggle-eyed Mr. Piper.

For some time neither of them spoke. Mr. Cox was the first to break the silence and—when he had finished — Mr. Piper said "Hush."

"Besides, it does no good," he added.

"It does *me* good," said Mr. Cox, recommencing.

Mr. Piper held up his hand with a startled gesture for silence. The words died away on his friend's lips as a familiar voice was heard in the passage, and the next moment Mrs. Berry entered the room and stood regarding them.

"I ran down by the same train to make sure you came, uncle," she remarked. "How long have you been here?"

Mr. Piper moistened his lips and gazed wildly at Mr. Cox for guidance.

"'Bout—'bout five minutes," he stammered.

"We were so glad dear uncle wasn't hurt much," continued Mrs. Berry, smiling, and shaking her head at Mr. Cox; "but the idea of your burying him in the geranium-bed; we haven't got him clean yet."

Mr. Piper, giving utterance to uncouth noises, quitted the room hastily, but Mr. Cox sat still and stared at her dumbly.

"Weren't you surprised to see him?" inquired his tormentor.

"Not after your letter," said Mr. Cox, finding his voice at last, and speaking with an attempt at chilly dignity. "Nothing could surprise me much after that."

"MRS. BERRY ENTERED THE ROOM."

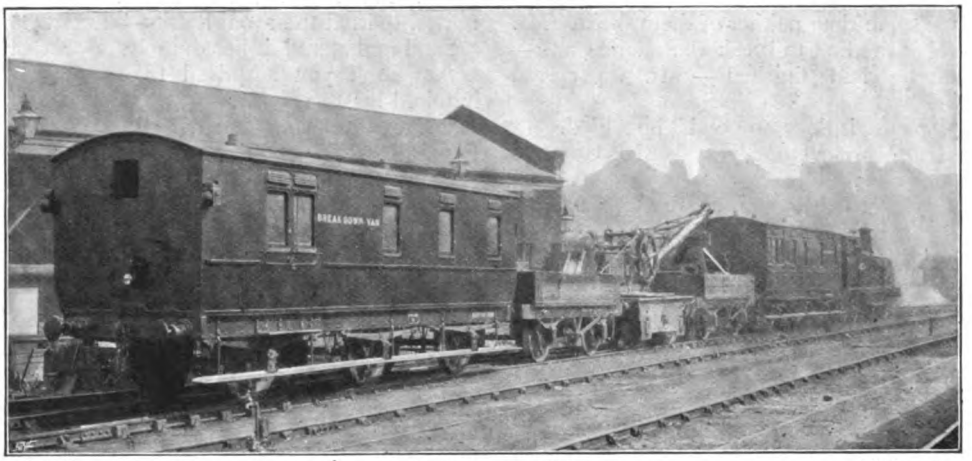
Mrs. Berry smiled again.

"Ah, I've got another little surprise for you," she said, briskly. "Mrs. Cox was so upset at the idea of being alone while you were a wanderer over the face of the earth, that she and I have gone into partnership. We have had a proper deed drawn up, so that now there are two of us to look after things. Eh? What did you say?"

"I was thinking," said Mr. Cox.

The Breakdown Train.

By E. S. Valentine.



From a] THE BREAKDOWN TRAIN. *[Photograph.*

UPON the great highways of transit in this kingdom, and indeed upon every important railway in the world, there runs from time to time a train which takes precedence of all other trains. Everything—even the Royal express—must give way to it, for without it, in the peculiar emergency by which it is called forth, all on the line would be chaos and confusion. It is called the Breakdown Train (or Wrecking Train), and it runs between its own head-quarters and the scene of an accident on the line. It is a combination of travelling workshop, store, and magazine of tools, as well as a travelling ambulance capable of affording first aid to the injured.

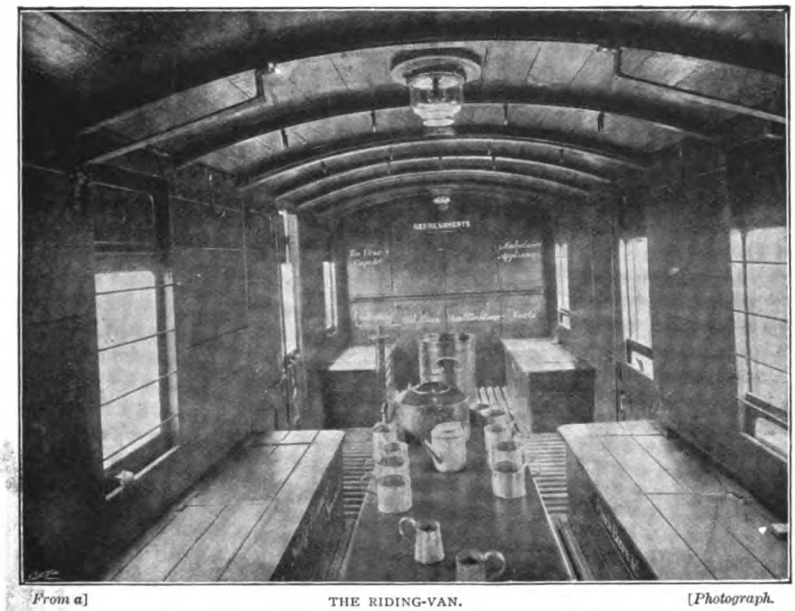
In this era of universal railway travelling a breakdown on a busy railway is little short of a public calamity, even though unaccompanied by serious loss of life and property. To the breakdown train belongs the function of repairing the calamity; it speeds to the rescue; every engine, every carriage, every truck, every item of rolling-stock is shunted to let it pass, because each minute that it is delayed adds to the twin streams of pent-up traffic which is disorganizing the railway.

In order to gain a glimpse of the working of the breakdown train let us suppose that one dark, stormy night there flashes into a large passenger station such a message as this:—

"Serious accident at Stark Junction. Locomotive 45 and five carriages down the embankment. Numerous passengers."

Two copies of this telegram are instantly sent, one to the locomotive superintendent or his foreman in charge of the "locomotive shed," and the other to the "traffic inspector" of the district. To the locomotive department of every large station are attached a breakdown train and gang, which are maintained in a constant state of efficiency. Provision is made for action at the briefest notice, day or night. A list of the names and addresses of the foreman in charge of the breakdown vans and of the skilled men, twelve in all, who constitute the breakdown staff, hangs up, framed and glazed, on the wall of the office. If a larger force is thought necessary it is made up from the ordinary staff connected with the locomotive department.

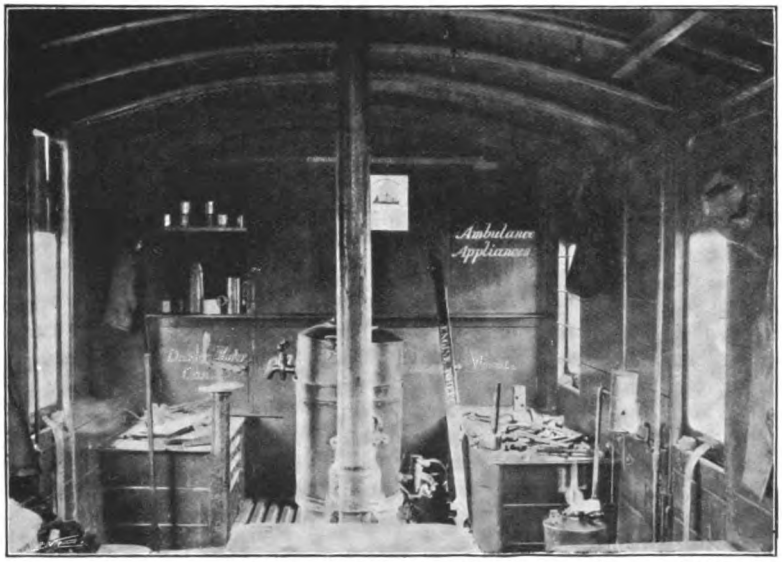
In a few minutes the men are summoned from their beds, and are seen hurrying towards the van, dressing as they run. The breakdown train is already prepared for the journey. Sometimes it consists of seven vehicles, but never under five, the fewer the better, so long as it is replete with equipments. In the former case the train is made up of two tool-vans, one riding-van, one



From a] THE RIDING-VAN. *[Photograph.*

laden with wood "packing," the breakdown crane, and two "runners" or waggons which are employed to protect each extremity of the crane, one supporting the "jib," while the other is burdened with the "balance-blocks."

And now to the rescue! We are already at full speed down the line, and the riding-van, wherein the wreckmen are congregated sipping coffee, presents an animated scene. In a corner sits a young surgeon drinking coffee with the rest, and discussing with the foreman the probable cause of the accident, whose character can as yet only be approximated from the brief despatch in the foreman's hands. In the old days the breakdown gang had no riding-van; they had to ride on the trucks or on the engine or hang on how and where they could. The present van is capable of holding forty men. One end is fitted with cupboards, which when opened disclose flags, fog-signals, signal and roof lamps used for lighting and protecting the train, as well as train signal-lamps, ready trimmed for lighting, and four train-lamps. A stove occupies the centre of the van, to which an oven is attached, so that, if necessary, the men may cook their food. "Box-seats" are constructed around the sides of the riding-van, which serve as receptacles for various tools, such as wood "scotches," small "packing" shovels, hammers, bars of many kinds, and a large variety

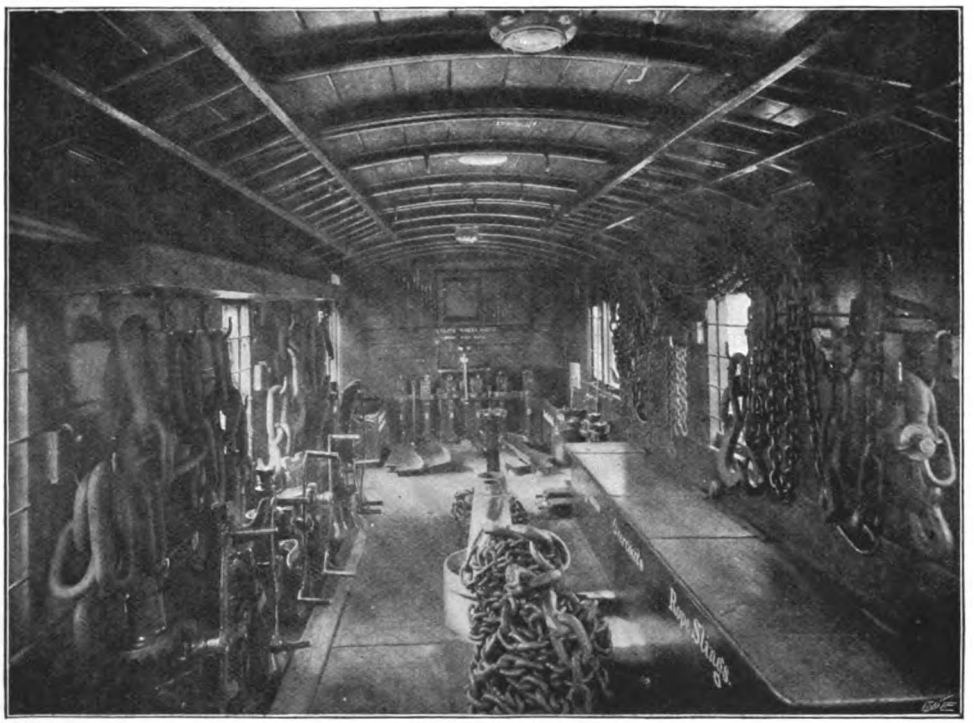


From a] THE RIDING-VAN—AMBULANCE SECTION. *[Photograph.*

of what our mentor describes as "sets." This "set" plays a very important part in the labour of clearing the line or rescuing imprisoned victims of a railway disaster. It is used for cutting shackles or bolts, and is a piece of sharpened steel resembling the head of an axe without the handle, from one to three pounds in weight. A piece of hazel, commonly called a "set-rod," is wrapped round it, and the two ends form the handle. The set is held on anything which it is required to cut, and with the blows of a heavy hammer in the hands of those accustomed to such work it will quickly sever any bolt or shackle. Shovels, hammers, chisels, bars, and other implements are also ready to hand in this van. One cupboard contains the hand-lamps needed by the official staff, each lamp having the name or the initials painted thereon. Still another cupboard is labelled "Ambulance." The foreman opens the doors and reveals two tourniquets, half-a-dozen compressor bandages, scissors, forceps, adhesive plaster, lint for dressing, splints for broken limbs, antiseptic fluids, sal volatile, needles, sponges, basins, while an ambulance-stretcher is folded away in one of the lockers.

Another locker contains the necessary food and provisions, bread, butter, tea, coffee, sugar, and last, but not least, tobacco. This hasty inventory omits many articles of importance, but we must move rapidly on to the next van, merely noting the curious fact that the greater number of the tools which have handles are painted a bright vermilion, so as to be easily distinguishable in the dark or in the confusion which attends a wreck on the line.

By the light of a powerful lantern we examine the tool-van, passing through, in order to do so, a small compartment at the end of the riding-van, which forms a great contrast to the body of the vehicle. It is reserved for the directors or officials of the road who may wish to proceed to the scene of the breakdown, but at present it is devoid of occupants, owing to the lateness, or rather earliness, of the hour. The breakdown train cannot stop even for a director, but officials have often been known to leap aboard at the last moment on the occasion of some important mishap.



From a] INSIDE THE TOOL-VAN. *[Photograph.*

The tool-van glitters and bristles like an armoury. The floor is divided into little streets and squares, as may be seen by the accompanying illustration, formed by rows of

jacks, ramps, and pyramids of chains, each placed with due regard to neatness and to prevent confusion and intermingling. The upper portion of the sides of the van is looped around with strong cables of rope or chain for haulage purposes, and is also arranged and fastened with occasional lashings to be easily loosened ready for use.

A couple of sets of strong ladders are lashed to the roof. These are fitted with socket ends, and when, in event of a collision, waggons are piled up to a height of twenty or thirty feet, they are of the utmost service in scaling the wreck. The lower sides of the van are devoted to an array of single and double hooks, and huge iron loops for the jacks. The remaining space in the van is filled up by bars, levers, and other appliances, all arranged in an orderly fashion. Order seems to be the guiding motto in the breakdown train. There are in this van no lockers, for the reason, as your guide informs you, miscellaneous articles get out of ken when hurriedly thrown in, and are afterwards urgently needed. At one end of the van there is an 8in. vice, secured to a bench, specially constructed, so as to be portable if required; and a tool-rack, containing files, chisels, and hammers, every article being within easy reach. Before taking leave of this section of the breakdown train let us not fail to notice the hue of the paint on the inside of the van. It is a clear white, the object being to throw every article into greater relief, for every jack, every lever or wrench, is painted of a ruddy vermilion. The object is, of course, to indicate its locality when in a half-buried state. Otherwise after the confusion and strenuous toil of a breakdown, especially at night, a number of the tools would be lost or mislaid.

The next vehicle carries the 15-ton steam crane with which, at some point or other, most railways in this country are now equipped, although the hand-crane is more generally employed. A properly-designed breakdown crane is the most suitable, and probably the most powerful, appliance known for clearing away obstacles with dispatch. The crane may not be of more than six or eight tons' lifting capacity, but the class of lifting usually dealt with does not exceed this weight, 90 per cent. of the work on English railways being under five tons. The hand-cranes are simply constructed with single and double motions, jibs capable of elevation to a moderate extent, and with a radius of about 20ft.

The many purposes to which they can be so readily applied render them, within their own limits, more popular than the larger cranes. The balance-box of the crane is movable, and when in use is heavily weighted with a number of blocks of cast-iron. In addition to this, when a heavy weight is being raised, the crane is secured to the permanent way by means of four clips, which are attached to each corner of the crane and clip the head of the rails. The crane itself is commonly worked by five men. The frame of the crane is iron, and the waggon which supports it is also of iron, weighing altogether from fifteen to thirty tons. Next to the crane is another runner on which rests the jib of the crane. The latest form of the crane is a combination with the locomotive, such as is in use by the North London Railway.

Having thus described, in a somewhat imperfect fashion, the breakdown train and its principal contents, let us hasten on to the scene of the disaster. The waving of red lanterns and the explosion of fog-signals apprise us that we are approaching the fatal spot. Scarcely has the riding-van sufficiently diminished its speed than, lanterns and torches in hand, the breakdown gang is swarming along the metals, the foreman at their head. This personage, who is also an official of the line, is a heavy-set, intelligent man of fifty. In railway circles he is credited with being a specialist in breakdowns, and to his ingenuity and skill are due many of the technical improvements which have in recent years marked this important branch of the service. Whether the accident be a collision, a derailment, or due to damaged machinery, however dense the wreckage or appalling the results, he is said never to lose his head or fail to accurately gauge the disaster, and instantly sets to work to apply a remedy. "Nothing," he remarks, "is so requisite as a cool head." His first idea is to clear one road; he attacks with discretion at one point to ease another.

We will pass over the pitiful human details of the accident which has occurred. It will be enough to say that in the present instance a locomotive and five carriages have plunged headlong down a steep bank, leaving three other carriages derailed close to the main line. The blackness of the night, the howling of the tempest mingling with the groans of the wounded and dying, the shouts of the workmen, the dark forms rushing hither and thither, women wringing their hands in an agony of supplication for help to those who are unable to render any—this is but a

rough picture familiar to the average breakdown gang. With their advent come lights; flaming, spluttering torches are set up on the summit of the *débris*. A number of the wreckmen immediately attack the work of extricating the survivors from the wreck, while others bend their trained energies to the clearing of the line. The foreman makes room to get his crane, jacks, and ramps at work. In event of a collision he makes huge bonfires of the matchwood; some of

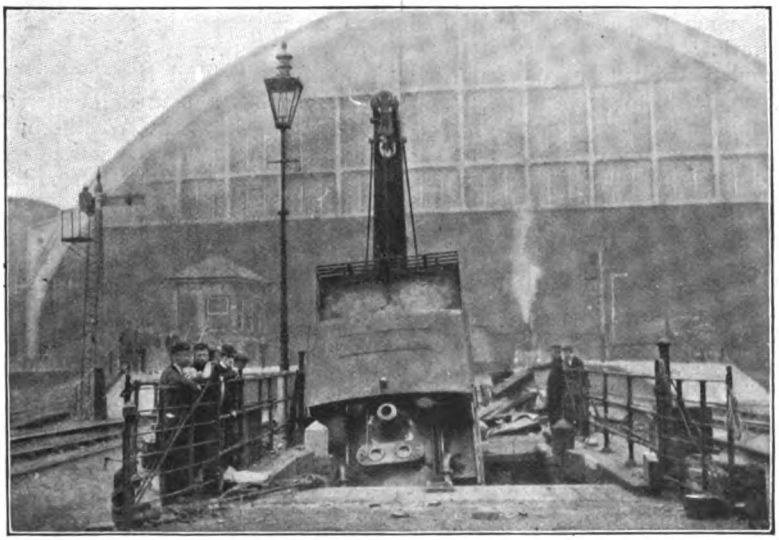
From a] THE BREAKDOWN GANG AT WORK AFTER THE SLOUGH ACCIDENT. *[Photograph.*

the crippled waggons he replaces on the line, bandaging them together to make them fit for travel. Such vehicles as can no longer travel he pitches to one side to deal with them at a more convenient time. If the waggon has become partially embedded he raises it by means of the jack; and if not too far distant from the rails replaces it by means of the ramp. In such manner does the master railway wreckman fight and bore his way through the outer mass of ruin until he reaches the heart of the difficulty, sparing neither himself nor his men until the line is clear.

The breakdown gang is under his sole charge, and he will brook interference from no one, and rightly so. With more than one person giving orders confusion becomes worse confounded, and grave risk is run of adding to the effects of the disaster by killing or maiming some of the breakdown staff, whose work, as it is, is often of a sufficiently dangerous character. As an instance of this, some years ago, while one goods train was running over a junction, the driver of another goods train, approaching the same junction from the other line, ran past the distant and home signals set to protect the first train, cutting right through the latter. Waggons from both trains—overturned, upturned, on their sides, mounted upon one another—lay in a great heap, blocking all lines. As a preliminary step the foreman decided to pull the heap apart. While he was getting the engine in position and having his favourite hauling-chain affixed thereto he directed two of his gang to go in amongst the waggons and undo any couplings they could find. The men crawled in out of sight; but no sooner was the chain fixed than someone (not the foreman, you may be sure) told the driver to go ahead. The men inside heard the order given, and shouted out in terror, "Let us get out of this first." The order to the driver was, of course, promptly countermanded, or the two men would have stood little chance among the plunging waggons and the crashing timber when once the engine began to pull on the hauling-chain.

It is wonderful to observe the special

faculties developed by the expert. At a single glance the expert in railway breakdowns recognises precisely what tools or appliances will be required in the case of each defaulting vehicle. There were said to have been experts in the old coaching days, before the advent of railways, whom a "spill on the road" made masters of the situation. A certain coachman, in the early days of steam locomotion, is said to have thus drawn the line between coach and railway accidents. "It is this way, sir," said he. "If a coach goes over and spills you in the road, why—*there you are!* But if you goes and gets blown up by an engine—*where are you?*" And occasionally there are accidents so disastrous in their results as almost to baffle the eye even of the expert, and make it



[*From a*] RAISING AN ENGINE WHICH HAD PLUNGED THROUGH A LIFT-WAY. [*Photograph.*

puzzling to know how to begin to extricate order out of chaos.

In the present instance, however, after the work of rescuing life and limb from the carriages which have been precipitated down the embankment, putting out the engine fires, and removing the glass and splinters, for every window-pane has been broken, the duties of the wreckmen are immediately concerned in replacing the three derailed vehicles on the line. A screw-jack is employed to lift up the end of each waggon separately, after which the principal implement is the ramp. The ramp is constructed to fit the rail at one end and the sleeper at the other. It has two spikes or claws at the end which is affixed to the sleeper, which are immediately in front of the wheel of the waggon which it is intended to replace on the rails. Either two or four of these ramps can be used at the same time for a waggon, according as may best suit its position on the road. As soon as the weight of the carriage gets upon the lower end of the ramp it presses the teeth into the sleeper and so compels it to keep its position. If the waggon has overturned the "snatch-block" is the most useful appliance. A third implement is the "clip," which fits on the rail. The rail, indeed, is the great fulcrum and base for the operations. The waggons and engine at the base of the embankment are pulled back to the line by means of two snatch-blocks, one secured to the waggon and the other fastened to the draw-bar of the crane, which is firmly secured to the rails. The rope passing through both blocks draws the waggon within reach of the jib of the crane, which takes the waggon up bodily and places it on the rails.

In all this work, varied and intricate, laborious and often exciting, each master wreckman has his favourite appliances, jacks, hauling-chains, ropes, etc., whose special virtues he extols, often at the expense of the apparatus in use on rival lines. But however it is done, the line, in nearly all wrecking cases, is cleared in what seems to an outsider an incredibly short space of time. The traffic is resumed; day breaks upon a peaceful landscape. We revisit the scene of last night's disaster, but the rays of

the morning sun reveal no indication of anything unusual having occurred. Of the wreck, ruin, and confusion not a trace now is to be seen, so thoroughly have the wreckmen accomplished their task. The huge engines pitched over like child's toys, their plates rent and torn asunder, revealing the very bowels of each iron monster; carriages reduced to flimsy matchwood, weakly strung upon a quivering metal harness; twisted ironwork and bent axles—of all this and more, if there has been a collision of the "telescope" variety, there remains now only the recollection.

The valiant breakdown gang has gone home to bed, after a hard night's work. In winter each member of the gang dons a top-coat provided by the company, and in addition to "what time they may make" a bonus of two shillings is given to each on every occasion he is called upon to perform "main line breakdown work."

Some singular accidents occur from time to time, but railway history repeats itself, and each extraordinary mishap serves as a precedent, and furnishes its own moral to the professional wreckman. For example, a few years ago at Kelthorpe sidings two engines collided, and became so involved and wedged together that it required the strength of two others of even greater strength and size to pull them apart. The Farlingham Tunnel was once blocked up from rail to roof by a collision. While trying to find a path through the wreckage the foreman and several of the breakdown gang were nearly choked with pepper. It appeared that this condiment had been spilt from the broken casks which held it, until it lay ankle deep on top of the *débris*, like snow crowning an Alpine summit.

A curious accident, and one not easy to manage, happened two or three years ago right before the eyes, so to speak, of the breakdown gang. A large locomotive at St. Pancras suddenly took it into its head to plunge down a lift-way into an adjacent subterranean workshop. It was, in the strictest sense, a clean dive, and there the locomotive lay, literally wriggling on its buffer, until the breakdown gang, with the aid of their steam cranes, hauled it out hind-foremost.

From America the most astonishing and appalling accidents are constantly reported. In that country of magnificent distances the wrecking train plays an even more important part than it does with us. But the work is the same; and in their appliances and equipments they differ but little from us. And it is doubtful if they have on any of their railways a man of greater ability and experience than Mr. Weatherburn, of the Midland Railway, to mention only one of the veterans of whom our railway system may well be proud.

In conclusion it may be remarked that the crew of the wrecking train bear a close analogy to our firemen on land and the lifeboatmen of our coasts.

It is, in brief, the Railway Salvage Corps; upon its courage, industry, celerity, and judgment depend not only human life and property, but the free current of commerce and business communication in which millions of money may be, and often are, closely involved.

MR. ROBERT WEATHERBURN, HEAD OF THE BREAKDOWN DEPARTMENT OF THE MIDLAND RAILWAY.
From a Photo. by Arthur Weston.

What became of Cinderella's Slipper.

A FAIRY TALE FOR CHILDREN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

BY CHARLES SMITH CHELTNAM.

YEARS and years after the charming young Prince married Cinderella his father died, and he became King and she Queen, and the two reigned long and happily, her first sorrow coming upon her when he, too, died. Nothing could induce her to marry again, and she lived to be very, very old—so old that all who knew of her wonderful adventure with the little glass slipper had either become too old to remember it, or were no longer living. And then, at last, it came to be her turn to die.

Something occurred at the moment of her death which spread alarm through the palace. Hovering about her bed, a dark and vaporous figure was seen. Those who should have watched by her side through the night fled from the room in terror, to gather together in a remote part of the building to talk of the phantom, as they conceived it to be, that was haunting the chamber of their departed mistress.

What they had seen was, in truth, the shadowy form of Orientalla, a fairy, who had taken under her protection the Queen who was to succeed Cinderella, and to whom she purposed giving the little glass slipper which had brought so much good fortune and happiness to her predecessor. As soon as the affrighted servants were all out of the room she opened a splendid coffer that stood near the bed, and soon found what she was seeking—the beautiful little fairy slipper of glass which Cinderella had dropped from her foot when escaping from the ball at which the charming young Prince had fallen in love with her, and by the aid of which he was enabled to recover her and make her his wife.

But, by some unaccountable lapse of memory, the fairy Orientalla had forgotten that the Princess she wished to favour had feet far too large to be contained in Cinderella's tiny slipper, and she was extremely vexed with herself for her oversight. She determined, however, that the trouble she had taken should not be fruitless, and at once set off to scour the world in search of somebody, Princess or peasant, whom the slipper would fit.

East, west, north, and south she journeyed during a whole year, exploring even China unsuccessfully, though there, as everybody knows, ladies' feet are made small, because a tiny foot is regarded as an essential to beauty.

At last she grew so tired of her vain search that she took her way back home. She was quite disheartened and felt almost inclined to destroy the glass slipper as no longer of any use; in fact, she was only restrained from doing it by the reflection that such a proceeding would have been nothing else than an admission of her weakness as a fairy.

One day, as she was going to see the new Queen, whom, of course, she had no reason for neglecting, she noticed, on the side of a grassy hill, not very far from the palace, a small cottage, sheltered from the winter winds and rain by the wide-spreading boughs of some very aged oaks—the dwelling-place of a poor girl of fifteen, who had neither mother nor father and lived there quite alone. She was very pretty and modest, was this poor girl, and passed her time in spinning flax, which she cultivated and prepared with her own little brown hands—rising with the dawn and going to bed as soon as the evening star, after casting on her a friendly look, said "Good night" to her through her rose-garlanded casement.

She associated very little with girls of her own age, rarely quitting her cottage—indeed, was hardly ever seen abroad, if it was not at the village fountain. It was not because she was ashamed to show her face that she led this retired life; for not a girl in all the country round was prettier than she, with her eyes the colour of the summer sky, and her hair in which the sun seemed to have lost some of his golden rays.

As Orientalla approached the cottage she was seized with intense thirst, for the day was hot and the hill steep from which she had descended. On the threshold of the little house she found its little mistress—"Susanne of the Poppy-fields," as she had come to be called, because, in the season when the fields in front of her home were scarlet with the glowing hues of that gorgeous flower, she loved to be in the midst of them, clothed as it were in their splendour.

"Can you give me something to quench my thirst, my dear?" asked the fairy.

"I have no water that is quite fresh, for I have not yet been to fill my pails at the fountain, my good woman," replied Susanne; "but if you will come with me into my little fruit-garden I will pluck for you the most beautiful peach that ever grew on an espalier."

"Oh, yes, I will come with you," said the fairy, resting on her little guide's arm—for she had made herself to appear quite like a very old and infirm woman that day. "Your fruit-garden is a very small one, my dear," she added, on reaching it.

"It's large enough for me, as there's nobody else here to eat the fruit that grows in it," Susanne said, cheerfully.

"But you have only one peach hanging on your tree!"

"To that you are quite welcome," replied Susanne, plucking the juicy fruit and holding it to the fairy's mouth.

Never did lips taste a more delicious peach. The fairy ate it with delight, promising herself to pay for it with more than its weight in gold; but no thought of staying at the cottage to try on the glass slipper entered her mind until, with the passing of a light gust of wind, she suddenly caught sight of Susanne's foot—a foot of ideal grace—the foot of a peri—the foot of a fairy: the foot of a second Cinderella!

Throwing herself on her knees on the grass, she produced the little glass slipper from her pocket with

"SHE PLACED THE SLIPPER ON SUSANNE'S TINY FOOT."

one hand and with the other placed the slipper on Susanne's tiny foot. The slipper fitted it as perfectly as if it had been made for it!

"My pretty maiden," she said, "keep this little shoe, and every year, on the return of this day, if you put it on, thinking of me, every wish of yours shall be gratified all through that day."

Saying that, the fairy kissed her on the forehead and disappeared, leaving her in doubt as to whether all she had heard and seen was more than a dream. But when she looked down at her feet and saw on one of them the beautiful little slipper she ceased to doubt, and walked about her fruit-garden thinking—thinking of what she could desire to have.

"I know," she said to herself, at last. "I wish I had a pretty ribbon to tie up my hair."

She had hardly done speaking ere a beautiful poppy-coloured ribbon fell upon her arm. Delighted, she hurried indoors and bound up her golden-hued hair with it; but when she had done this, and saw the effect it produced, she said, sadly:—

"I look better with a rose from my garden or some poppies from the hillside. I should have done more wisely to have wished for something more useful—a cow, for instance, to stand in my empty stable."

Turning her eyes to the window as she spoke, what was her astonishment at seeing the most beautiful cow imaginable, with silky coat and great, soft velvet eyes, cropping the green sprays of the creepers that covered the front of her cottage! She hastened to receive her guest—the best cow in the world—and, talking kindly to it and caressing its shining neck, led it gently to its stall.

"But, dear me!" she meditated, "now that I have a cow, I ought to have a big field of clover for it to feed in."

And the wished-for field of clover, all green and rose, lay stretched in the sunlight before her.

"Oh, it's enchantment!" she cried, clapping her hands with delight. "How happy I shall be when, little by little, with the sale of the milk of my beautiful cow, I am able to buy myself a shelf-ful of pretty painted plates and dishes, to ornament my dresser, and some nice linen, smelling of lavender, to fill my wardrobe, and frocks of many colours to go to church in on Sundays and to dance in of an evening at fair-time. And when my backyard is filled with fowls and ducks and pigeons I shall feel as proud—as much a Queen—as the farmer's wife of Bois-au-Loup! And when my friend Jacques, the schoolmaster's son, comes to see me in the midst of all this, shall I not be the happiest girl in the world?"

Wonder upon wonder! On going back into her cottage she found the shelves of her dresser laden with beautiful Delft-ware and

"WONDER UPON WONDER!"

dishes and plate of glittering pewter. Her wardrobe was filled with sweet-smelling linen and dresses of every sort for all times and seasons.

While she was examining her treasures she was attracted by unusual sounds at the back of her house—to discover there a crowd of fowls of all kinds, clucking and quacking their astonishment at finding themselves so suddenly brought together! She called them about her with petting cries and

scattered handfuls of barley amongst them.

At the same moment her friend Jacques, the schoolmaster's son—who was making holiday—appeared, having come to enjoy a pleasant chat with her; that being his idea of spending his holiday in the most agreeable way possible. He was a very sensible as well as a learned youth—and one of the best-hearted in the world, into the bargain; but all his learning, added to all his other good qualities, did not prevent him from being dumfounded by the sight that met his eyes. Wholly bewildered and just a little alarmed, he hesitatingly asked her the meaning of the great change that had come to her.

"All has come from the good fairy!" she cried, falling on her knees in gratitude.

And then she spent all the rest of that, to her, most precious day in relating to him the circumstances of the fairy's visit, and all that had come of it.

"Heavens!" she cried, at last, on seeing the sun go down, "you have made me forget! One year must pass now before I can get anything more I may wish to have!"

"Well," he said, after a moment's consideration, "I don't know what more you can want."

On thinking over all that had come to her she clearly saw that she already had a hundred times more than she had ever, before that day, dreamed of possessing.

"Nothing is worth having that does not bring us happiness we have not, or that does not add to happiness we already possess," said her friend Jacques, who was wise beyond his years. "Contentment is better worth having than millions," he added, "and he who wishes for nothing more than he has got is as rich as a King."

The year passed delightfully for her, all her thoughts given to the smiling task of deserving the happiness promised by her friend Jacques.

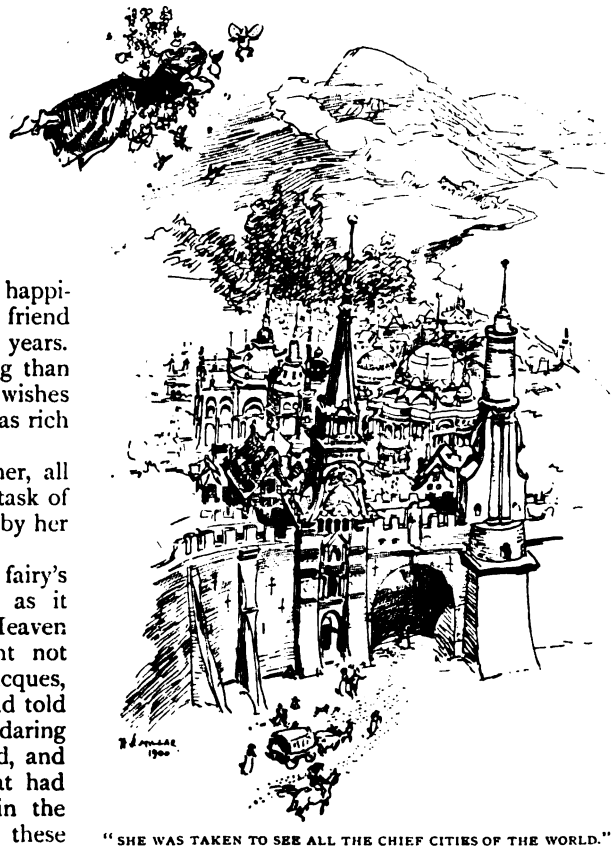
When the anniversary of the good fairy's eventful visit came round, as soon as it was dawn she earnestly prayed to Heaven to inspire her, so that she might not express any but good wishes. Jacques, who had read many, many books, had told her about wonderful countries that daring travellers had explored or discovered, and of amazing sights and adventures that had rewarded them. And sometimes, in the excitement which the recital of these things caused him, he had been prompted to exclaim:—

"Ah! travellers have great advantages over us home-stayers!"

"Yes!" she cried, sharing his enthusiasm, "I should like to travel and see some of the wonderful sights about which you have told me—great cities, thronged with people, mountains so high that they touch the sky, forests filled with birds that flash in the air like flowers with wings!"

Hardly were the words out of her lips than she was suddenly carried away into space by a multitude of tiny-winged fairies and laughing elves, who promised her a thousand joys only known to travellers and never thought of by her. So sudden was her carrying off that she had not time to put on either her hat or cape. She even let her Cinderella slipper fall from her foot; but her attendant elves picked it up and brought it with her, respectfully packed in a magnolia-blossom, which held it nicely.

First of all she was taken to see all the chief cities of the world, where, naturally,



"SHE WAS TAKEN TO SEE ALL THE CHIEF CITIES OF THE WORLD."

everything appeared marvellous to her inexperienced eyes; but she speedily grew oppressed — and just a little frightened, perhaps—by the hurry and noise with which the life of the crowding populations was carried on, so different from the peaceful methods of living with which only she had till then been acquainted.

So she desired to be taken elsewhere; and, in a breathing-space of time, her fairy attendants transported her to China, to India, to Africa, as she changed her wishes. But her impressions of these lands were not, upon the whole, delightful—the peoples she saw in them for the most part repelled and terrified her; and, as the sun declined, she was overtaken by an unendurable dread of finding herself at night in some dark, fear-inspiring part of the world, and, with all her heart, wished herself safe back in her own secure cottage. In a moment she found herself there!

"Ah!" she said, "when this day which I have so stupidly wasted comes round again I shall know better than to wish to be taken so far from my pleasant little home."

Jacques, as I have said, was wise beyond his years, but his experience of life did not go beyond that of the villagers amongst whom he had lived from the hour of his birth; hence he was led, quite naturally, to accept the general belief that the expressions "Happy as a King," "Happy as a Queen," were perfectly correct; and Susanne believed it as much as he.

So, when the next day for wishing arrived the wish she formed was to be made a Queen, with Jacques to be with her as King, though she hardly expected it to be realized.

Realized her wish was, however, and instantly she found herself with Jacques, both crowned monarchs, on a splendid double throne in the midst of a resplendent Court—crowned, not with fresh-gathered roses

"UTTERLY BEWILDERED."

or daisies, but with heavy diadems of gold and glittering jewels that weighed oppressively upon their brows.

Susanne's first experience of Court life was the passing of two hours in being dressed by twenty ladies, who wrangled all the time over their rights to do this or that portion of the dressing, and all wanting to make out that she owed her beauty entirely to their taste and skill. Whether it was to make her look better, or to make her look less well, she could not discover—she was made to wear a trained dress that entirely hid her pretty feet and caused her infinite discomfort by squeezing her waist. Then her arms were so loaded with jewellery as to prevent her raising either of her hands to her head; while she who was used only to smell the scents of the fields—of wild thyme, sweetbrier, or lavender—was so drenched with perfumes as to make her almost faint.

When she asked to see her friend Jacques she was told that he was presiding at a council of Ministers, or giving audience to foreign Ambassadors, or otherwise engaged in State affairs.

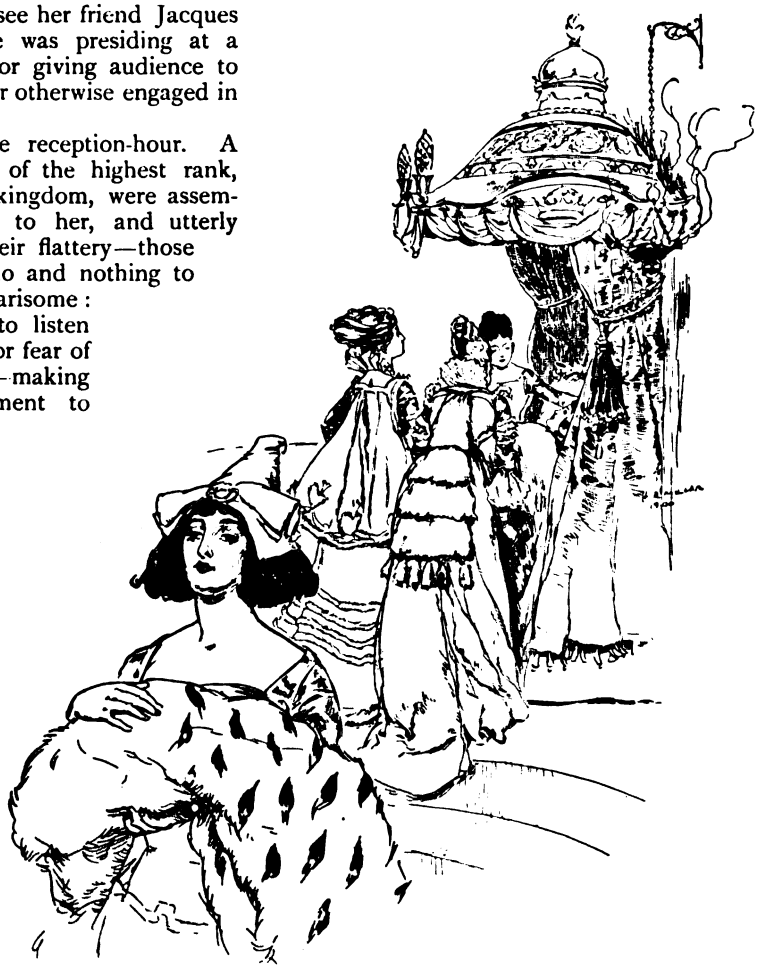
At length came the reception-hour. A crowd of her subjects of the highest rank, from all parts of the kingdom, were assembled to pay homage to her, and utterly bewildered her by their flattery—those who had nothing to do and nothing to say being the most wearisome: and to all she had to listen and smile graciously, for fear of giving them offence—making promises of advancement to some who had no need of any more than they already possessed, and doing nothing for others who needed all the assistance they could get.

It was past six o'clock before Jacques could come to see her—by which time she had been thrice dressed and re-dressed; but, even then, he had barely time to kiss the tips of her fingers before he, too, was hurried away, to be got into another suit of clothes to dine in.

At the gorgeous dinner-table there was a great crowd, but neither gaiety nor charm. Seated far apart, both Susanne and Jacques were obliged to say to their neighbours what they did not think, and listen to what they did not want to hear. It was a real punishment, and not the first or last they had to endure.

After dinner there was an official reception, at which the chief talk referred to rumours of war and rebellion—terrifying to both Susanne and Jacques. What was worse was that the rumours were well-founded, and it was not long before Susanne learned that everybody in her kingdom was discontented—even the Queen.

"Ah," she sighed, as she lay down in a magnificent bed, raised upon a daïs of gold and hung with velvet curtains lined with satin, "why cannot I go to rest on my rustic bed of sweet-smelling broom-twigs?"



"SHE LAY DOWN IN A MAGNIFICENT BED."

But her sigh was uttered too late, and she could do nothing but resign herself to bear her troubles as well as she could during the year that was before her.

A terrible year for her it proved to be, every day of it filled with mortifications and disappointments—the crown she was compelled to wear, a veritable crown of thorns!

She had to witness with terror three or four rebellions of a starving people. She was forced to sell her jewels to pay the cost of a foreign war. She trembled every hour for the life of Jacques; for she had learned that, in a kingdom such as hers, there is always in the mind of the people an insane idea that when the King is assassinated or driven out of his country the people have nothing more to do than to cross their arms to earn their living.

Poor Susanne had to the full realized the vanity of human wishes, and that being "happy as a King" was nothing but the idle notion of poor, ignorant people, who think that if they were only richer everything in the world would be delightful to them. As to her golden crown, it so fretted her forehead that she would joyfully have given twenty such, had she had them, for one made of roses out of her own little garden, or for a circlet of the wild poppies that made the fields so gay on which her cottage window looked out in the bright summer-time.

So she counted every day—every day—till the happy one arrived when she could break away from the oppressive grandeur of her queenly state, by once more wishing for something she had not. At the first gleam of dawn she sprang from her great, unrestful bed, and raising her little glass slipper to her lips, kissed it with all her heart before putting it on her foot. And then she wished, with a longing more intense than she had ever felt before:—

"Oh, that I were, once more, in my lovely cottage on the hill-side with my friend Jacques to come and talk with me as often as he is able—and my beautiful cow—and my yardful of pretty fowls and ducks and pigeons — my gay field of sweet-smelling clover—my flowers and my fruits—my vine and my bubbling spring!—there only I wish to be a queen!"

In a moment her wish was realized, and she found herself in the midst of the only happiness which, she now knew, was worth having, her brow invisibly circled by the only diadem of abiding brightness in the world—contentment. Then Jacques, who had been transported home with her, said:—

"What a fine school we've been in. Its teaching is a vast deal more instructive than any to be had at my father's, though his is the best in all the country. I had always been wanting to see the world, as it is called, and I've seen it. A lot of things I didn't know a year ago I now know better than I could have learned them from books—that grandeur is oftener pleasanter to see than to bear; that the cottage in which one is happy is better than the palace in which one is miserable. So, I am sure, I can ask for no greater good fortune than to be permitted to live quietly here in my village with you, my beautiful Susanne."

"Oh, how happy I am to see you so wise," she cried, throwing her arms about his neck.

"I congratulate you, my dear children," said the fairy Orientalla, appearing to them at that moment. "You could not possibly have better used the power I gave you. Cinderella's slipper, for which you have now no further need, I take back for the use of others, who probably will not get so much good from it as you have derived."

In all the country round there was not a soul who did not rejoice in the happiness of Susanne and Jacques when their wedding-day came; telling plainly of the esteem in which they were held by all who knew them, including even the girl with the largest feet in the village.

The Complete Art of Barrel-Rolling.

By Alder Anderson.

THERE was once a traveller, if a certain well-known history is to be credited, who entered in his journal the fact that the majority of the inhabitants had red hair, because the first person he met on entering the town had auburn locks. Reasoning from analogous premises, it is not impossible that more than one visitor to Paris last autumn may have carried away the impression that the art of trundling a barrel was held in higher esteem there than any other. If of a sour disposition, and inclined to philosophize out of season, such a person would probably fortify his impression by sundry profound reflections on the egregious folly of a crowd that could find amusement in so ridiculous a spectacle, and would think how much cleverer the folk were in the particular little corner of the world he came from. Oh, those frivolous Parisians!

As a matter of fact, barrel-rolling has only just been granted the freedom of the corporation of French sportsmen, or, rather, has been admitted on probation. The recognition of its merits it owes to so-called mere chance. It came about in this wise.

The principal annexe of the Paris Exhibition, at Vincennes, failed to attract the public that brings the golden manna to expectant showmen. In despair, and to avert black ruin, the exhibitors put their heads together and argued late and long. They must find something to "draw." Necessity, the mother of Invention, was present, and thus did the sport of barrel-rolling see the light of day. It may be said at once that it gives every indication of growing up to be a healthy, vigorous man.

To trundle an empty barrel, tipped at an angle, as shown in the illustration, may appear to you the simplest feat in the world until you try it. You then discover that in this, as in most other things, there are *finesses* you would never have suspected. Once started on its career—its mad career, to use an unhackneyed expression—by a vigorous hand, there is nothing like your barrel for giving a practical demonstration of the law of inertia, which says that a body in motion will move for ever unless checked. Mr. Pickwick's hat in a gale of wind was as nothing to it. Woe betide anything that gets in the way of the rolling barrel and rashly tries to check its movement. It leaps, it dances, it almost seems to fly—it frequently seems to be trying to roll the roller. If left to itself, however, entirely, it falls ignominiously on its side, and is thereupon at once disqualified.

To adequately describe such a race, not only has the entire vocabulary of queer terms possessed by the sporting reporter to be drawn upon, but many new expressions must be coined to render the impressions experienced by the spectator, as man and barrel in unison come bounding down the straight together.

After the race was over I engaged one of the champions in conversation, but he was flushed—with success doubtless—and the explanations he gave me were for the most part couched in language that was more forcible and picturesque than polished or precise. Thus much was clear, however. He looked upon that day's performances as likely to mark an epoch in history, and was convinced that the eyes of all lovers of sport in Europe were at that moment fixed on Vincennes. He showed me the peculiar turn of the wrist necessary, and if he had been able to employ English would doubtless have added that only a hand of steel in a velvet glove could keep a barrel in the path it should go. When I left him he shook me so vigorously by the hand that I distinctly felt the steel, though I cannot conscientiously say I detected the slightest trace of velvet on the palm that pressed mine.

But barrel-rolling is not merely a sport; it is learnt, in the first place, as a matter of business. A day or two after the race I set out on an expedition, for it well merits the name, to visit the barrel-rollers in their home. The haunts of the tourist have to be left far behind and the Paris of play exchanged for the Paris of work, honest toil that broadens the back and hardens the muscles.

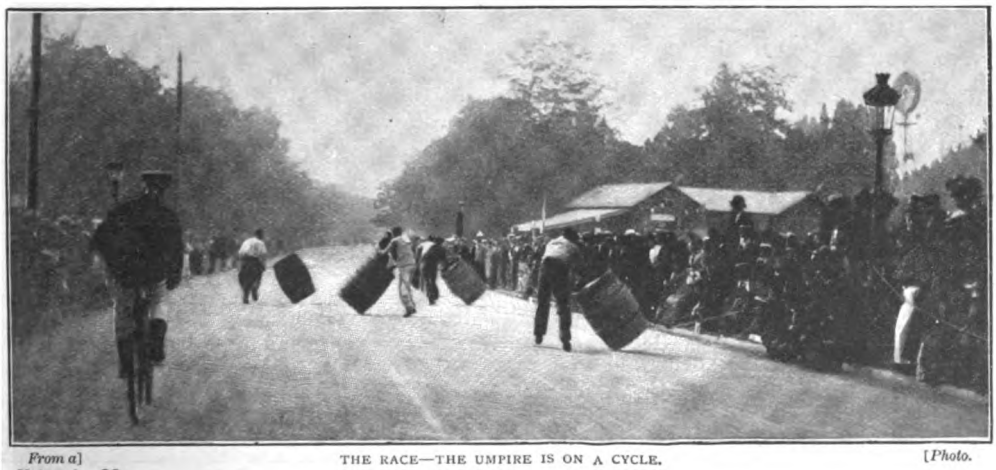
Not unnaturally the barrels of Paris group themselves round the terminus of the line of railway that leads to Bordeaux. On the quays down by the river-side they lie by the hundred, and barges are ceaselessly adding to their number, though the enormous warehouses on the other side of the roadway seem to be audibly complaining that they are already as full as they can hold. Barrel-laden drays clatter noisily over the cobbles, one after the other. The whole neighbourhood literally reeks of barrels. If the poets

From a] READY FOR THE START. *[Photo.*

be not rank impostors, here or nowhere Bacchus and his merry train should hold high revel.

But these are not the barrels we saw capering at Vincennes. These barrels are full, and no more staid object in creation is to be found than a full barrel. A barrel, paradoxical as it may seem, is really full of spirits only when it is empty. A little farther away from the river we shall come on the true racing barrel in endless variety. Large barrels, medium barrels, and small barrels; new barrels and old barrels; barrels that are fat-paunched, and barrels long and lean; high-priced barrels, low-priced barrels, and barrels that look as if they might be dear at any price. It would be difficult to meet more accommodating people than the owners. If you cannot afford, or do not want to purchase a barrel, you can hire it by the day, week, or month, or on the three years' system. What, perhaps, will strike you as more wonderful than anything else is the fact that there are actually people here ready and eager to buy barrels from *you*. Last year, for instance, there was so much wine in the South of France that, for a time, it seemed there would not be barrels enough to contain it, and the price of hire went up from a farthing to a penny a day. Should you, however, possess a barrel and wish to receive money for it, you need not take so long a journey to effect your purpose. When barrels do not come to him, Mahomet, the buyer, goes to them.

Like all the peripatetic professional men



From a] THE RACE—THE UMPIRE IS ON A CYCLE. *[Photo.*

From a] THE UMPIRE STOPS A MAN WHO HAS LET HIS BARREL FALL. *[Photo.*

and dealers in odds and ends who perpetuate the customs of the past in Paris streets, the barrel-buyer has his special chanting cry. Sooner or later you are sure to hear his rather plaintive wail, modulated on two notes only, "*Tonneaux ; des tonneaux, des tonneaux ! Marchand de tonneaux.*" He is frequently a man of a certain commercial status, may own a horse and cart, has his name and address possibly printed in the Paris Directory, pays cash for his acquisitions, and is of a well-fed, sleek appearance that augurs well for the profit he makes on his dealings. As soon as you or your deputy have agreed with him on the price he whips the barrel up from the cellar and has it roped on to his cart in a trice. Upon his dexterity in effecting this operation he prides himself not a little, and it really is surprising to see the address with which he will guide a heavy cask through a crowd, now fast, now slow, now coming suddenly to a dead stop to avoid a catastrophe. These are the men with whom barrel-rolling is a matter of their daily occupation.

"Can you tell me where I can find the champion of the world of barrel-rollers?" I asked, politely, entering a barrel-maker's.

"Never heard of him. No time to think of nonsense like that. We have only time to work here."

Such, in slightly varying terms, was the answer I received in half a score of similar establishments. One stout fellow asked me to look at him and say whether I did not think he could roll a barrel as well as any man living if he chose to make a public exhibition of himself. There was a bitterness in his tone I was at a loss to account for at the moment.

I had more success with two men who stopped the cart they were driving in order to rearrange its load of casks. "My friend," I said to one of them, with as much suavity as a person of British blood and breeding can honestly muster, "I am looking for a needle in a haystack—in plain words, for one of the champion barrel-rollers. Can you tell me where to find him? If so, I shall be eternally grateful." The man looked at his colleague and his colleague looked at me. "Evidently an eccentric, harmless, necessary *Anglîche*," their eyes said as clearly as eyes

From a] THE WINNER PASSES THE POST. *[Photo.*

can. "Why not humour him and earn his gratitude?"

"You have been hunting in the wrong places. Look among the *chineurs* who deal in old barrels, not among the men who make new ones."

Then I understood the reason of my previous insuccess. I had inadvertently run into the lion's den. Every old barrel put into circulation again means a new barrel the less sold. New barrels and old barrels are mortal enemies.

"Take the first turning on the right, the second on the left, the third on the right again, and then go down a passage you will see in front of you. It will take you right among the *chineurs*."

I warmly thanked the good Samaritan, compounded my eternal gratitude by a present modest payment in cash, and, by dint of much asking, eventually found myself in the promised land. But, alas! the whole adult male population was absent, pursuing its daily avocations. There was a large crop of children that showed me the race of *chineurs* is not likely to die out; but the children's guardians, the wives of *chineurs* to a woman, could give me but scant information beyond each expressing the loyal conviction that her own particular "man" was as good a barrel-roller as was to be found in the world.

I wanted something more precise than this, and in my perplexity a man at last appeared, a true *chineur* every inch of him, I felt assured. Unfortunately he wanted to get information from *me*, and I could not persuade him that my visit had not something to do with a twenty-four hours' barrel race from Paris to Melun, rumour of which had agitated the whole district. "Think, then," he said, with unnatural solemnity, "Paris to Melun! Twelve leagues, twenty-four hours! Something like a race, that! What is the racing in the Exhibition to that? It is in the street, in the road, you can see what a man is worth."

From a] THE CHAMPION BARREL-ROLLER. [*Photo.*

As by a refrain, each phrase was punctuated by "Paris to Melun! Twelve leagues, twenty-four hours!"

"Tell me, my friend, what are the qualifications of a good barrel-roller? It takes long practice to become proficient, no doubt?"

"Never become proficient if you have not got it in you," was the curt answer.

"You mean that the good barrel-roller, like the poet and the dramatist and other transcendent geniuses, is born, not made?"

"I say that he must have the vocation. *Voilà!*"

A dog-shearer by the Seine bank once gave me exactly the same answer to a similar question. It is clearly as hopeless for the ordinary man to dream of ever emulating a roller of barrels or a clipper of poodles as it is for him to write sonnets.

Another career closed for the ambitious!

*Curiosities.**

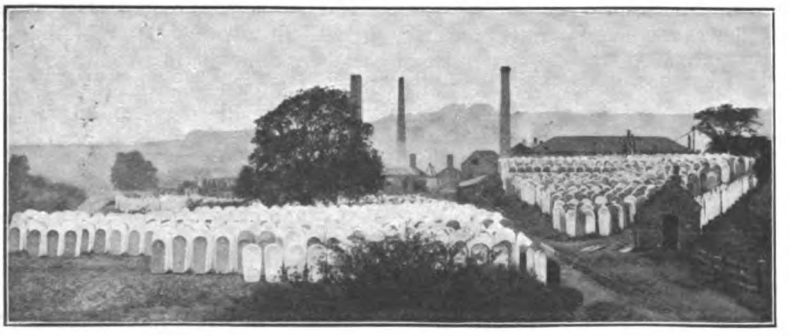
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

THE RED INDIAN AND "THE STRAND."

Mr. Colin M. Black, of Bankhead, Balerno, Midlothian, writes: "I send you a small photograph I took of a North American Indian reading a copy of THE STRAND MAGAZINE while lunch was being prepared. I don't know whether it is any use as a 'Curiosity,' the words of the magazine not being properly legible. The photograph, which is genuine, however, was taken up the Winnipeg River, a considerable distance from bookstalls!"

WHAT ARE THEY?

This is not a Turkish cemetery or a collection of sentry-boxes; neither does it represent the seaside seats of a Continental watering-place, stored for winter. It is merely a stock of earthenware baths at the place of manufacture, ready for dispatch. If there be truth in the saying that "cleanliness is next to godliness," then this Midland bath-factory may be said to contemplate the improvement of public morals. We are indebted to Mr. C. S. Sargisson, "Glenthorn," Strensham Road, Moseley, Birmingham, for this interesting contribution.



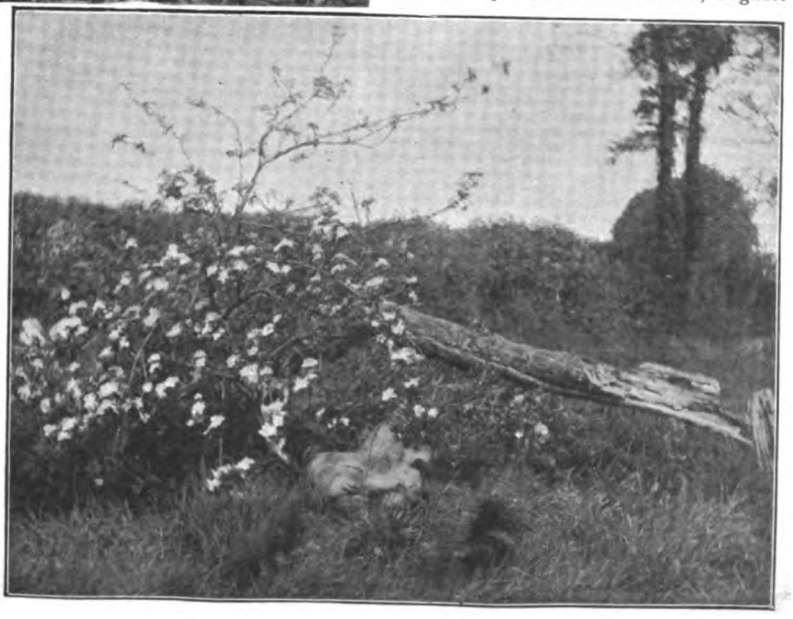
A BUILDING MADE OF SOAP.

Messrs. Edward Cook and Co., Ltd., the well-known soap specialists, send a photograph of one of their exhibits, which, contrary to all custom, took the shape of a house entirely made of soap. The main structure of the building is made of the firm's well-known "Mottled Soap," the fire stove of "Primrose Soap," the very window-panes being composed of Transparent Glycerine Soap. The building, which is

26ft. long by 13ft. high, is a copy of King John's Palace at Old Ford. This historic building remained until 1867, when it was destroyed by fire. Its replica in soap was exhibited in London at the Grocers' Exhibition of 1900. When all the parts of this marvellous building had been carefully prepared and fitted at the factory it took fourteen men fifty-five hours to build the completed castle *in situ*.

PATHOS IN POTS.

It is a far cry from an East Indian village to the yard of a Birmingham dealer in old metal, and the battered pots of brass—crushed flat for easier stowage—now lying in bales or in confused heaps, as in the illustration, have travelled long over burning plain and wide sea to find a strange resting-place, before being passed on to be re-melted and re-wrought into a thousand different shapes for ten thousand different purposes. The illustration shows a heap of Indian cooking-pots and other domestic utensils, made of brass of a poorer quality than it is possible to cast in this country; but it speaks of suffering indescribable and destitution in its profoundest degree. All over the famine-stricken portion of our East Indian dominion the starving and destitute villagers have been compelled to sell their meagre possessions, even to their very cooking-pots, in order to buy such small quantities of rice as the price of their household utensils would fetch; and hundreds of tons of this brass-ware have found their way into the English old-metal market. Threepence a pound is the outside of what the original sellers would obtain for their pots and other common metal-ware, including the ankle and wrist bangles which formed such poor ornament as their women-kind could afford. Hence the photograph, which at first sight is neither picturesque nor otherwise interesting, must be recognised by the thoughtful and sympathetic observer as representing one of the most pathetic sights in this country at the present time. To Mr. Darby Stafford, of "Glenthorn," Strensham Road, Moseley, Birmingham, we are indebted for this very interesting photograph.

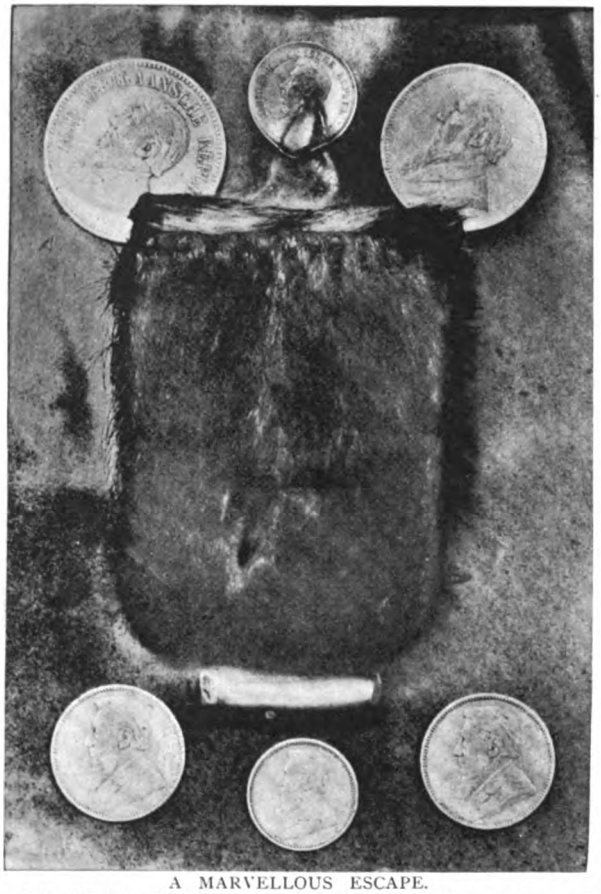


A SIGNBOARD WITH A MORAL.

The above photograph is that of a notice-board in the garden attached to "The Woodenbridge Hotel," Woodenbridge, Co. Wicklow, and the wording of same is decidedly unique. The inscription reads as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen will not, and others must not, pull the flowers in this garden." Mr. Charles Warren Russell, of 39, Mountjoy Square, Dublin, kindly sends this interesting curiosity.

A REMARKABLE APPLE TREE.

"I send you a photograph of an apple tree, blown down in a gale of wind, which bloomed and bore fruit for three years, being only attached to the stem or trunk by a piece of bark. The tree was subsequently removed to make room." Thus Mr. L. A. Simpson, of London Road, Bognor.



A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

The following is an extract from a letter received from Corporal F. Bly, of the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, and explains the remarkable photograph reproduced above: "As I was advancing with my company over some rocky ground I felt a sudden sharp pain in my stomach, as if I had been struck with a hammer. For a moment I thought I was wounded, and said so to a comrade near me. I looked about me, but could find nothing. We lay down and the pain soon ceased, and in the excitement of the battle I soon forgot all about it. Early next morning I was surprised to discover a small hole in the lower left-hand pocket of my jacket, and, upon looking further, was astonished to find my purse had a bullet sticking in it. I was surprised, I can tell you, and thankful too, for had my purse not been where it was, that Mauser would have let daylight into my stomach, and the medical officer says it would undoubtedly have proved fatal." The photograph submitted shows the purse and coins (Kruger money). The half-sovereign that was struck by the bullet is plainly distinguished at the top of the purse, and beneath is the well-aimed Mauser bullet. The half-crown, two shilling-pieces, and the sixpence were untouched, but the edge of the two-shilling piece on the right-hand corner of the photograph is slightly battered. We congratulate Corporal Bly on his narrow escape, and thank Mr. H. J. Porter, of the Post Office, Bury St. Edmunds, for sending the photograph.

"IT PUZZLED HIS FRIENDS."

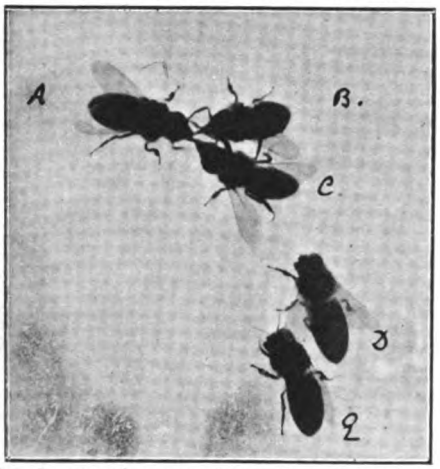
"Inclosed is a photo. of something I took while out for a walk. It has so puzzled my friends that I thought I might send it to you for 'Curiosities.' When I saw it in the distance I could not make out what it was. It is really nothing more than a tree blown down by the wind, and is more than 10ft. high. The photo. shows the base of the trunk with only the roots exposed to view, the trunk itself lying hidden in a straight line directly behind." From the Rev. C. W. Millard, Laurel Cottage, Ashbourne.

A FOE TO PORCUPINES.

Mr. Byron Harmon, of 1,318 So. 1st Street, Tacoma, Wash., U.S.A., sends an amusing yet pathetic photograph of a dearly loved pet that has recently met with an untimely end through its unaccountable hatred of porcupines. It will be seen in the adjoining photograph that the dog's jaws and nose literally bristle with the quills of a porcupine he has just been fighting with, and it is a remarkable fact that, though the animal had met with similar receptions on previous occasions, he was not in the least deterred from fighting his dangerous enemies again. Not long ago, however, the quills thus acquired were so numerous and dense that it was found impossible to withdraw them, and the plucky fighter has since departed to a land where quills and porcupines alike are unknown.

A BEE STOMACH-PUMP.

The next photograph was taken inside the bee-house in our contributor's garden. The bees are on the window-pane. The bee A has over-eaten itself with honey; the bees B and C have thrust their probosces, or rather tongues, down A's throat, and are sucking out honey; D and E are looking on. A

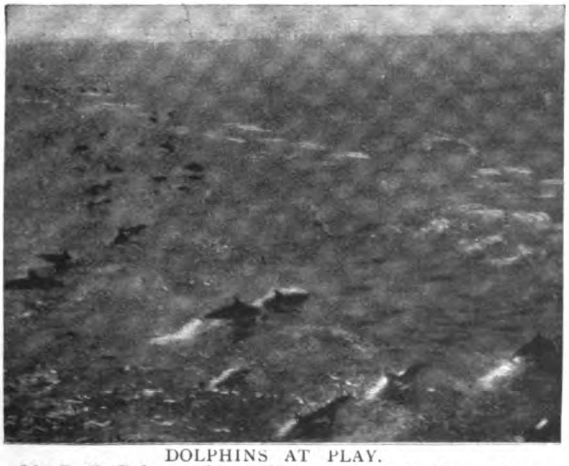


takes the operation very calmly. It must be left to our readers to decide whether kindness or greediness prompted this action on the part of the relieving bees. Naturalists will probably incline to the latter notion. We are indebted for this extremely interesting photograph to the Rev. R. W. Oldham, of Martinhoe Rectory, Barnstaple.

the squadrons chosen for active service, and made the campaign in the officers' waggon. Afterwards she was taken to Natal, and eventually returned home safe with the regiment in November, 1898. The photograph shows her wearing the D.S.O. and the Mashona medal, to which honours she is no doubt fully entitled. We are indebted for this photo. to Mr. Oliver Grey, 3, Pump Court, Temple, E.C.

A MONUMENT TO DEPARTED TEETH.

Mr. J. E. Dawson, of 149, Machon Bank Road, Sheffield, says: "I send you an original photo. of an obelisk of extracted teeth, which I saw exhibited in a chemist's window, and by whose permission was allowed to take a photo. of it. It is made up of 1,838 separate teeth which have all been extracted by the same hand, and on the shield the inscriptions are: "In Memory of Old Akers," "Wearied Grinders at Rest," "Not Lost, but Gone," "Left with Wood," "Anno Domini 1900." The pedestal is painted to imitate red granite. It stands 4½ft. in height.

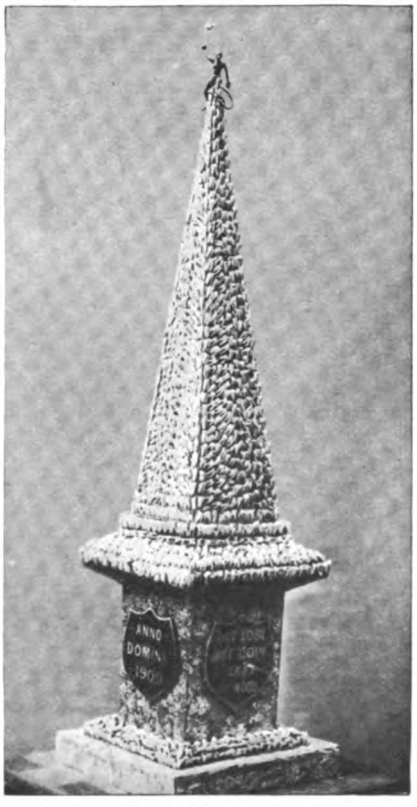


DOLPHINS AT PLAY.

Mr. J. F. Baker, of 134, Hampton Road, Forest Gate, sends a pretty snap-shot of dolphins at play. The sight is by no means a rare one to travellers on the ocean, but it is not often that so excellent a snap-shot is obtained of the graceful creatures as they gambol in their native element.

THE PET OF THE 7TH (QUEEN'S OWN).

Most regiments have their pet animals. The 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars are the proud possessors of a fine tortoiseshell cat. It was during the rains of December, 1896, that Snowball strayed into the officers' mess near Buluwayo. She had evidently belonged to some white man who had been killed by the natives or had fled at the coming of the enemy. In the following year, when the Hussars went to assist the B.S.A. Police against the Mashonas, Snowball accompanied

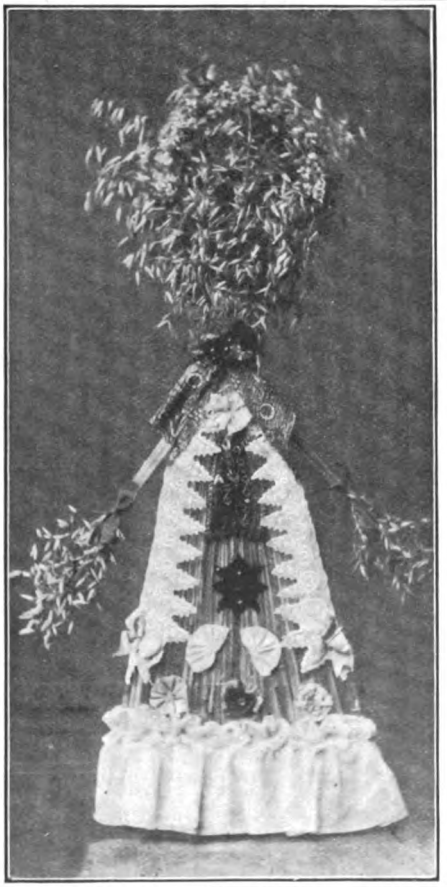


THE CARVED ROCKS OF ST. MALO.

These curious rocks form part of the coast-line of Brittany, a few miles beyond St. Malo. The carvings, which cover the face of the rocks for a space of about a hundred yards, are the work of a priest, who has operated upon his rugged material with brush and knife and produced a result little short of marvellous. The snap-shot shows two of his most elaborate achievements—a trio of figures representing "La France et l'Ange et l'Ennemi," and an altar-shaped tomb upon which a monk lies in state. An inscription above a small door let into the rocks solicits contributions "for a good work." Miss H. M. Glover, of 31, York Street Chambers, Bayswater Square, W., sends this photograph.

A SCOTTISH "KERN DOLLY."

This photograph represents the curious effigy known as the "kern dolly," which was once invariably conspicuous at Scottish harvest festivals, and is still to be seen where old customs are valued. According to strict tradition, the "kern dolly" was made from the last handful of corn cut on the farm, which was reaped by the harvesters throwing their sickles at it; the winner presented it to one of his girl friends. The women then "dressed" it, spreading and tying it as shown to represent a female figure—possibly the goddess Ceres if it is, as claimed, a survival of Pagan custom—decorating it with gay ribbons, lace, and any brilliant material. It figured thus at the harvest feast, or "kern" supper, and was afterwards hung up in some house to be kept until next harvest came round. This photo. was kindly supplied by Miss A. Swan, Market Square, Duns, N.B.



A CHARGER'S GRAVE.

The next photo. is that of the grave of the Earl of Warwick's horse, Black Saladin, which the Earl killed with his own hand during the Battle of Barnet, April 14, 1471, so as to give his followers courage to continue fighting. Lord Sython, describing the scene, says: "The Earl kissed the destrier on his frontal, and Saladin, as if conscious of the coming blow, bent his proud head humbly and licked his lord's steel-clad hand. And when, covering the charger's eyes with one hand, the Earl's dagger descended bright and rapid, a groan went through the ranks. But the effect was unspeakable! The men knew that to them and them alone their lord intrusted his fortunes and his life, and they were moved to more than mortal daring." This grave may be seen at any time in the grounds of the Warwick Hotel, East Barnet Road, New Barnet, Herts. The photo. is sent by Mr. W. B. Finchett, New Barnet.

"AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE."
Painted by Marcus Stone, R.A.
Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Goupil & Co.,
25, Bedford Street, Strand.

Painted by] "AN OFFER OF MARRIAGE." *[Marcus Stone, R.A.*

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxi. MARCH, 1901. No. 123.

The Most Popular Pictures.

By Rudolph de Cordova.

WHAT is the quality which gives a picture its popular value? For anyone who can answer that question with absolute certainty there is a fortune waiting to be picked up, for though pictures increase yearly in number, those that acquire popularity form but a small percentage of the number. The most popular artists are by no means sure of the effect their pictures will produce, and the most experienced publishers make mistakes. The publishing of pictures is, indeed, quite a different thing from the publishing of books, for, by reason of the difference in price, the appeal which pictures make is of necessity to a different public than that which buys books. For this reason it is impossible to compare the success of a plate with the success of a novel. Owing to the enormous range of the subject, however, this article is by no means exhaustive, but if it finds favour with the readers of The Strand I hope to return to the subject by the kindness of the publishers, to whom I desire to make public acknowledgment for the courtesy with which they have supplied me with the information contained in this article.

Painted by] "THE SOUL'S AWAKENING." *[James Sant, R.A.*

By permission of Messrs. Henry Graves & Co., Ltd., owners of the Copyright.

Though renowned for engravings of a military character which their house has published, notably subjects by the great French painters De Neuville and Détaille, Messrs. Goupil and Co. have had not a few successes with English pictures, among which may be mentioned "The Sea Hath its Perils," after Mr. W. H. Margetson, the original canvas of which is now in one of the public galleries in Australia; "The Valley Farm" and "Corn Field," after Constable; "The Italian Flower Girl," after Mr. Luke Fildes, to say nothing of the many reproductions of the pictures of Mr. Marcus Stone, several of which appeared in the Illustrated Interview which was published with the popular artist in The Strand Magazine in August, 1899. To these must be added "Wild Flowers" and "Garden Flowers" and "A Prior Attachment," originally called "Il y en a Toujours un Autre," and "An Offer of Marriage." It is not often that the work of an artist undergoes any modification after it has been engraved, and therefore it is worth noting that the first plate made of "An Offer of Marriage" represented the girl with eyes so downcast that only the lids were visible. Subsequently, however,

Mr. Stone changed this, and the heroine was represented looking straight in front of her, as is shown in the frontispiece to this article.

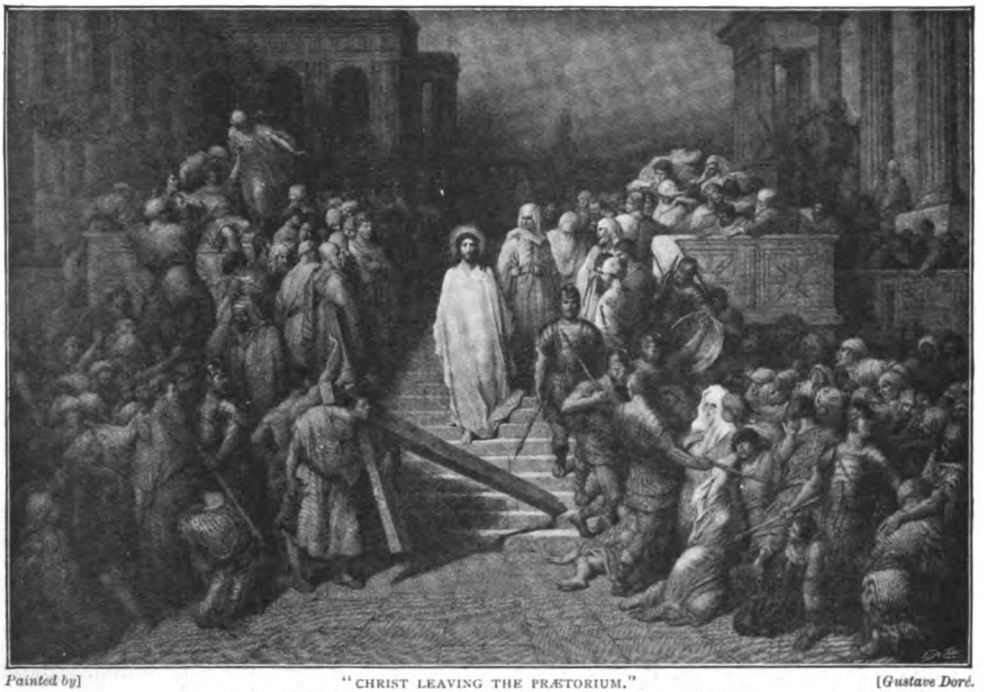
Of the many plates of popular pictures published by Messrs. Graves, Landseer's "Monarch of the Glen" undoubtedly takes the first place by reason of the number of impressions which have been sold, but it has been closely followed by the entirely different "Soul's Awakening," by James Sant, R.A., to which Samuel Cousins's engraving of the same artist's "Infant Samuel" runs an excellent third.

The popularity of Landseer with his own generation and with ours has been little short of phenomenal. The great animal painter derived a fortune from his publishers, for Messrs. Graves paid him no less than £50,000 altogether for the copyright of his pictures. One day some ten or twelve years ago several Landseers were put up for auction at Christie's, and on the catalogue were some examples of Rosa Bonheur. The prices fetched by the canvases of the great Frenchwoman actually overtopped those of the English painter, though this striking testimony of woman's value in art has hitherto received little or no attention in the frequent comparisons of the works of men and women.

It was a real incident which furnished Mr. George A. Holmes with the subject of "Can't You Talk?" He heard a little child ask a big dog that very question one day and determined to reproduce the scene. So "taking" was it that the picture was actually sold for a large sum at the private view of the Academy where it was first exhibited. So great was the run on the reproductions that frame-makers were kept constantly at work night and day in order to endeavour to keep pace with the demand. Even the dog which was used for the model acquired a value in the eyes of the publisher beyond its worth, and he actually offered the owner £50 for it, but the sum was refused. The picture is one of those with a legal history, for the Law Courts have, on more than one occasion, had to decide questions involving the infringement of the copyright of what has been a most valuable property. The prints themselves have increased enormously in price, for not very long ago an artist's proof was sold for £40.

Painted by] "CAN'T YOU TALK?" (COPYRIGHT.) [*G. A. Holmes, R.B.A.*

By permission of Messrs. B. Brookes & Sons, 115, Great Portland Street, London, W., the publishers of the large engraving.



Painted by] "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM." *[Gustave Doré.*

Copyright, by permission of the Proprietors of the Doré Gallery.

Conspicuous in the history of popular reproductions — the more remarkable as purely religious subjects rarely acquire a widespread vogue—is that of Gustave Doré's "Christ Leaving the Prætorium," which forms one of the series of eighteen plates now being issued by Messrs. George Newnes, Limited, on the instalment system.

Painted by] "THE VALE OF TEARS." *[Gustave Doré.*

Copyright, by permission of the Proprietors of the Doré Gallery.

It was "Christ Leaving the Prætorium" which gave Doré the supreme importance he enjoyed as *the* religious painter of his day, and the popularity of his picture is attested by the way in which the new issue of the plates is being ordered, not only in the United Kingdom, but also by the receipt of orders from the Continent and the more distant countries of the world.

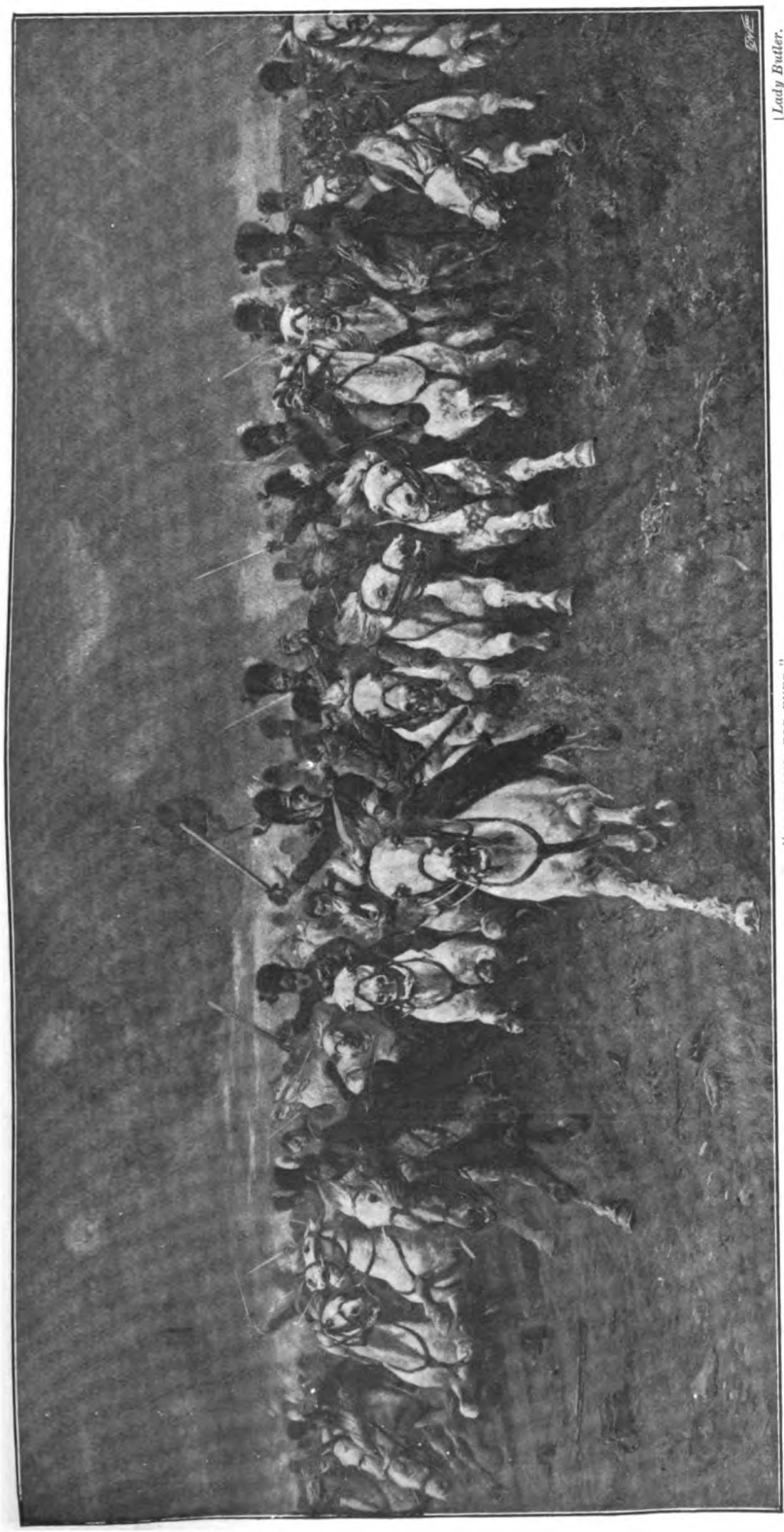
The original picture has a unique history, for it is probably the only one in the world which has been buried. This occurred at the time of the Franco-German War, when Doré had to give up his work in order to take his part in the defence of his country. The great canvas, measuring 30ft. by 20ft., was taken down from the easel, rolled up and put into a great tin case which had been made for it, and was then buried deep in the earth that no stray shot or shell might injure it. When peace was restored and the painter could go back to his beloved occupation the grave was opened and the canvas set up again in its place, to be worked on until the spring of 1872. Then Doré threw open the doors of his studio, and Paris crowded to look at this effort of his genius, of which the *Morning Post* said it is "doubtless the finest pictorial illustration of the ineffable tragedy of the Redemption that art has produced in modern times."

Great though the success of the "Prætorium" has been, it has not by any means overshadowed that of the other plates, notably that of "The Vale of Tears," which runs it close in popularity. This picture, painted while his heart was aching at the death of his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached, has in it the personal note which gives the vital reality and the compelling appeal to all art, the artist seeking solace for his own grief as one among the figures which crowd the canvas. The popularity of "The Vale of Tears" compared with that of the "Prætorium" is also interesting, because as the one was the first, so the other was the last, of Doré's completed works, his "swan song" as he called it, but its vogue is closely followed by many of the others, like the "Christian Martyrs."

To the two pictures published by Messrs. S. Hildesheimer and Co., Limited, which we reproduce, "Scotland for Ever," by Lady Butler, and "When the Heart is Young," by Miss Maude Goodman, must be added a third, the well-known "Devotion," which at the time when chromolithographs were so much in vogue had an enormous circulation in that form of reproduction alone. "Scotland for Ever" is regarded as a picture whose engraving furnishes a regular income, for it is one of the most popular of Lady Butler's many popular war pictures.

Painted by] "WHEN THE HEART IS YOUNG." *[Miss Maude Goodman.*

By permission of Messrs. S. Hildesheimer & Co., Ltd., owners of the Copyright.



[Painted by] [Lady Butler.

"SCOTLAND FOR EVER."

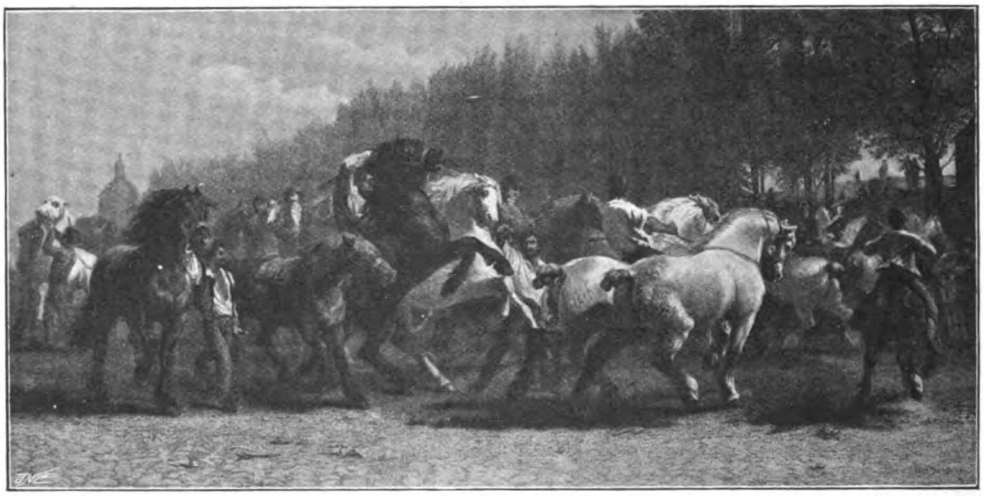
By permission of Messrs. S. Hildesheimer & Co., Ltd., owners of the Copyright

The copyright alone cost £3,000, so that it has had to be published in very large numbers to get back the first cost, which did not include the picture, as it had been promised to the Corporation of Leeds. It represents the charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo under the command of Captain Barward, whose figure is the chief one in the picture. He is represented as shouting "Charge," to which the men answer, "Scotland for Ever," the war-cry of the regiment, as it hurled its overwhelming weight against the enemy.

The house of Messrs. L. H. Lefèvre and Son is noted throughout the world for its association with the reproductions of the famous pictures of Rosa Bonheur and Mr. Holman Hunt, as well as of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R.A. Of the

thirty-six successful engravings after Rosa Bonheur it is by no means improbable that "The Horse Fair," which dates back to 1854, has had the widest sale. When the history of the enormous increase in value of pictures comes to be written a place will assuredly be found for this. When it was painted the artist offered it to the French Government for the modest sum of £400. The Government, instead of jumping at the chance, delicately refused to accept the offer, and "The Horse Fair" was sent to the exhibition at the Salon. There the critics soon discerned its merits, and Mr. Gambart, the predecessor of Messrs. Lefèvre, bought it, gladly paying exactly double what the French Government had refused to give. It was exhibited in Pall Mall in 1855, and after creating no little excitement it was put into the hands of an engraver, who took two years to make the plate. The picture itself was then sent to New York, as it had been sold to an individual, who, however, omitted to pay for it. Eventually it was owned by the late Mr. A. T. Stewart, at that time the proprietor of one of the great emporiums of New York, and one of its most noted art patrons. In his collection it remained, and when at his death the canvas was put up to auction it was bought by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt for no less a sum than £10,000, and was by him presented to the National Museum of New York.

There is, as most people are aware, another "Horse Fair" in the National Gallery. This is a second picture which was painted by Rosa Bonheur for Mr. Jacob Bell and was by him given to the National Gallery. The original paintings of Rosa Bonheur have all, it is interesting to note, realized very high prices, and especially the series of Scotch pictures, which she painted during the course of her two visits to England and Scotland. "A Scotch Raid" sold in 1887 for £4,095; "Denizens of the Highlands," in 1887, brought £5,827 10s.; while "Changing Pasture," in 1892, fetched £3,150; and for the head of the lion, known as "The Old Monarch," Mr. Vanderbilt willingly paid 2,000 guineas.



Painted by] "THE HORSE FAIR." *[Rosa Bonheur.*

By permission of Messrs. L. H. Lefèvre & Son, proprietors of the Copyright.

Of the Holman Hunt pictures, "The Light of the World" has probably been reproduced more frequently than any of the others, and it would be hard to say what its circulation has been in the various forms in which it was issued.

Sir L. Alma-Tadema's connection with the house dates back thirty years and, therefore, to the period when he painted "The Vintage," all the plates of which have long since been sold out. It was "The Roman Emperor," his first important picture exhibited at the Royal Academy in April, 1871, which made his name, and it was etched by Paul Rajon, the greatest man of his day. With its usual pertinacity for acquiring great works of modern masters America secured this, so that those who are not content with an engraving of it, but would feast their eyes on the picture in its original cover, must travel to Baltimore in order to gratify their desire.

It is questionable whether any plate has, in the same time, had a greater vogue than

that of "His Majesty the Baby"; the last of the series of which "Bobs and the Baby" bids fair to rival its popularity, not only on account of the interest attaching to the Commander-in-Chief, but also because it is the representation of an incident of real life which occurred in Johannesburg. The series, which also includes "The Queen's Birthday," "A Regal Gift," and "The King's Courtship," is published by Messrs. Cadbury-Jones and Co., Limited, after pictures by Mr. Arthur Drummond. His success has been the more conspicuous by reason of the fact that painting with him is more a pastime than a profession, as he is the head of the well-known engineering firm of Drummond Brothers, whose interests are world-wide. The sentiment which governs the whole of these exquisite pictures of child-life is that "Baby is the king of the household"—a fact no one who lives in a house graced by the presence of a child will question, unless it be to suggest that for "King" the title of "Emperor" or "Autocrat" should be substituted.

The scene represented in "His Majesty the Baby" is the corner of Piccadilly where Old Bond Street runs into it, and it is a faithful presentation of the spot. In order to make his sketches Mr. Drummond used to dress as little conspicuously as possible, and the rough garments he wore made some people believe that he was an Anarchist who had ulterior objects of a violent nature in the use for which he designed the sketches he was doing. His artistic eye observed one fact which will probably be new to most people, though they have seen it every day of their lives. It is that, whatever may be the colour of the omnibus, its wheels are always yellow. When "The Baby" was first issued Messrs. Cadbury-Jones believed that the sale would be limited to London by reason of the peculiarly local nature of the scene. They have found, however, that, babies being the most popular institution in the world, the sentiment of the engraving has appealed far beyond the radius of the Metropolis, for the plate has been ordered in large numbers not only in the provinces, but by every country in Europe, by the United States and Canada, and by that Greater Britain which lies beyond the seas.

Painted by] "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD." [*Holman Hunt.*
By permission of Messrs. L. H. Lefèvre & Son, proprietors of the Copyright.

"The First Easter Dawn," which has been one of Mr. Arthur Lucas's popular successes, has a singularly curious history. It was sent by the painter for six years running to the Academy before it was hung. Even then it only found a place on the fringe, for it achieved the doubtful distinction of being "skied." At the close of the exhibition Mr. Lucas asked the painter to send it to him, as he would like to consider it at his leisure. It had a Greek title when exhibited, and therefore when, in due course, Mr. Lucas had evolved the present name, he asked the painter his price for the picture and copyright, subject to the rechristening of the picture. Having purchased it, he then had it reproduced, with the result that it has been selling largely from that time to this, and has been legitimately published in five distinct editions, besides having been extensively pirated in the United States.

Painted by] "HIS MAJESTY THE BABY." *[Mr. Arthur Drummond.*

By permission of Messrs. Cadbury-Jones, Ltd., owners of the Copyright.

With regard to "The Drums of the Fore and Aft," which illustrates Kipling's immortal story of Lew and Jakin, Mr. Lucas has an interesting story to tell. Walking through the galleries at Burlington House at the private view a military friend came up and took him by the arm, saying, "Come along with me; there is one picture which I want to show you; and you must publish." Mr. Lucas looked up and smiled. "I think I know that picture," he replied: "Matthew Hale's 'Drums of the Fore and Aft.'"

"That's the very one," replied the other. "How did you know?"

"Because it is one of the cleverest things of its kind in the whole show," said the publisher, "and I spotted it on my first hurried look round."

Mr. Lucas bought the copyright and had the plate published. Then he sent a prospectus to every mess in the British Army—officers' and sergeants'—and, incredible as it may seem, not a single order was received for it. When, however, the picture came before the notice of the public it quickly made up for the Army's indifference by the avidity with which it ordered the prints.

Mr. Lucas has also produced many of Mr. Marcus Stone's most successful pictures,

Painted by] "THE DRUMS OF THE FORE AND AFT." *[Matthew Hale.*

By permission of Mr. Arthur Lucas, art publisher and owner of the Copyright.

whose popularity is in part accounted for by the completeness of the story told in the composition, a factor on which Mr. Stone lays great stress, as readers of THE STRAND Interview already referred to will recall.

Among the great successes published by Mr. Thomas McLean, of the Haymarket, a foremost place belongs to Sir Edwin Landseer's "Dignity and Impudence." This was one of the most successful plates ever known, yet the price asked for the copyright by the painter was only £20. Mr. McLean, however, sent a cheque for £25. So struck was Sir Edwin by this that he actually wrote a letter of four pages in order to express his gratitude for the liberality with which the publishers treated him. Soon after this Sir Edwin placed his affairs in the hands of the late Mr. Jacob Bell, of Oxford Street, who, later on, bequeathed his art collection to the nation. When the "Stag at Bay" was painted Mr. McLean was anxious to get the copyright of it, and his application had, therefore, to go to Mr. Bell. Instead of paying £25 this time, however, Mr. Bell, who was a decidedly better business man than Sir Edwin, demanded 800 guineas for the privilege—and he got it. Mr. McLean had, however, no reason to regret the bargain.

Painted by] "DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE." [*Sir E. Landseer, R.A.*

By permission of Mr. Thomas McLean, owner of the Copyright.

Since the early days of "Dignity and Impudence" the artist's proofs have appreciated remarkably in value. They were originally published at five guineas, and Mr. McLean took one for his own house. A friend paying a visit one day saw the engraving, admired it, and expressed a desire to have it, offering ten guineas for it. Mr. McLean sold it, and some time after he actually bought back that same proof for £75!

As a series, the reproductions of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pictures have had an undoubted vogue. Most of them were the work of Samuel Cousins, R.A., who charged a thousand guineas for making a plate, while an ordinary engraver would have worked for a hundred guineas. "Don't you think it is a great deal?" Mr. McLean asked Mr. Cousins one day when they were discussing the terms of a proposed plate. "How would you like to have your hand on a piece of cold steel all the winter?" complained the artist in reply, ignoring the direct answer. That settled the matter, and the artist got his usual fee.

Not less successful has been "The Mazarin Library," after the well-known painting by Fortuny. The original work sold for £600, and some time ago the purchaser told Mr. McLean that he had been offered and had refused a cheque for 8,000 guineas for it. "The Young Dauphin," "Playmates," "When the World was Young," "The Queen of Sheba's Visit to King Solomon," now the property of the Australian Government, and "His First Birthday" have all been great successes of the house which issued "Cherry Ripe," Sir John Everett Millais's famous picture of childhood, for the copyright of which 1,000 guineas was paid after the *Graphic* had printed some 300,000 copies of it in colour as a supplement to the Christmas number. So extraordinary was the popularity that Mr. McLean has had every reason to congratulate himself on the acumen which induced him to make the purchase.

Strange Studies from Life.

By A. Conan Doyle.

[*The cases dealt with in this series are studies from the actual history of crime, though occasionally names have been changed where their retention might cause pain to surviving relatives.*]

I.—THE HOLOCAUST OF MANOR PLACE.

IN the study of criminal psychology one is forced to the conclusion that the most dangerous of all types of mind is that of the inordinately selfish man. He is a man who has lost his sense of proportion. His own will and his own interest have blotted out for him the duty which he owes to the community. Impulsiveness, jealousy, vindictiveness are the fruitful parents of crime, but the insanity of selfishness is the most dangerous and also the most unlovely of them all. Sir Willoughby Patterne, the eternal type of all egoists, may be an amusing and harmless character as long as things go well with him, but let him be thwarted—let the thing which he desires be withheld from him, and the most monstrous results may follow. Huxley has said that a man in this life is for ever playing a game with an unseen opponent, who only makes his presence felt by exacting a penalty every time one makes a mistake in the game. The player who makes the mistake of selfishness may have a terrible forfeit to pay — but the unaccountable thing in the rules is that some, who are only spectators of his game, may have to help him in the paying. Read the story of William Godfrey Youngman, and see how difficult it is to understand the rules under which these penalties are exacted. Learn also from it that selfishness is no harmless peccadillo, but that it is an evil root from which the most monstrous growths may spring.

About forty miles to the south of London, and close to the rather *passé* watering-place of Tunbridge Wells, there lies the little townlet of Wadhurst. It is situated within the borders of Sussex at a point which is close to the confines of Kent. The country is a rich pastoral one and the farmers are a flourishing race, for they are near enough to the Metropolis to take advantage of its mighty appetite. Among these farmers there lived in the year 1860 one Streeter, the master of a small homestead and the father of a fair daughter, Mary Wells Streeter. Mary was a strong, robust girl, some twenty years of age, skilled in all country work, and with some knowledge also of the town, for she had friends up there, and above all she had one friend, a young man of twenty-five, whom she had met upon one of

"HER BUNDLE OF LOVE-LETTERS UPON HER LAP."

her occasional visits, and who had admired her so that he had actually come down to Wadhurst after her, and had spent a night under her father's roof. The father had expressed no disapprobation of the suitor, a brisk, masterful young fellow, a little vague in his description of his own occupation and prospects, but an excellent fireside companion. And so it came about that the deep, town-bred William Godfrey Youngman became engaged to the simple, country-bred Mary Wells Streeter, William knowing all about Mary, but Mary very little about William.

July the 29th of that year fell upon a Sunday, and Mary sat in the afternoon in the window of the farm-house parlour, with her bundle of love-letters upon her lap, reading them again and yet again. Outside was the little square of green lawn, fringed with the homely luxuriance of an English country garden, the high hollyhocks, the huge nodding sunflowers, the bushes of fuchsia, and the fragrant clumps of sweet William. Through the open lattice came the faint, delicate scent of the lilac and the long, low droning of the bees. The farmer had lain down to the plethoric sleep of the Sunday afternoon, and Mary had the room to herself. There were fifteen love-letters in all: some shorter, some longer, some wholly delightful, some with scattered business allusions, which made her wrinkle her pretty brows. There was this matter of the insurance, for example, which had cost her lover so much anxiety until she had settled it. No doubt he knew more of the world than she, but still it was strange that she, so young and so hale, should be asked and again asked to prepare herself for death. Even in the flush of her love those scattered words struck a chill to her heart. "Dearest girl," he had written, "I have filled up the paper now, and took it to the life insurance office, and they will write to Mrs. James Bone to-day to get an answer on Saturday. So you can go to the office with me before two o'clock on Monday." And then again, only two days later, he had begun his letter: "You promised me faithfully over and over again, and I expect you to keep your promise, that you would be mine, and that your friends would not know it until we were married; but now, dearest Mary, if you will only let Mrs. James Bone write to the insurance office at once and go with me to have your life insured on Monday morning next!" So ran the extracts from the letters, and they perplexed Mary as she read them. But it was all over now, and he should mingle business no longer with his love, for she had yielded to his whim, and the insurance for £100 had been duly effected. It had cost her a quarterly payment of 10s. 4d., but it had seemed to please him, and so she would think of it no more.

There was a click of the garden-gate, and looking up she saw the porter from the station coming up the path with a note in his hand. Seeing her at the window he handed it in and departed, slily smiling, a curious messenger of Cupid in his corduroys and clumping boots—a messenger of a grimmer god than Cupid, had he but known it. She had eagerly torn it open, and this was the message that she read:—

"16, Manor Place, Newington, S.E.

"Saturday night, July 28th.

"MY BELOVED POLLY,—I have posted one letter to you this afternoon, but I find that I shall not have to go to Brighton to-morrow as I have had a letter from there with what I wanted inside of it, so, my dear girl, I have quite settled my business now and I am quite ready to see you now, therefore I send this letter to you. I will send this to London Bridge Station to-morrow morning by 6.30 o'clock and get the guard to take it to Wadhurst Station, to give it to the porter there, who will take it to your place. I can only give the guard something, so you can give the man who brings this a small sum. I shall expect to see you, my dear girl, on Monday morning by the first train. I will await your coming at London Bridge Station. I know the time the train arrives—a quarter to ten o'clock. I have promised to go to my uncle's to-morrow, so I cannot come down; but I will go with you home on Monday night or first thing Tuesday morning, and so return here again Tuesday night, to be ready to go anywhere on Wednesday; but you know all that I have told you, and I now expect that you will come up on Monday morning, when I shall be able to manage things as I expect to do. Excuse more now, my dearest Mary. I shall now go to bed to be up early to-morrow to take this letter. Bring or burn all your letters, my dear girl. Do not forget; and with kind love and respects to all I now sum up, awaiting to see you Monday morning a quarter to ten o'clock.—Believe, me, ever your loving, affectionate,

"WILLIAM GODFREY YOUNGMAN."

A very pressing invitation this to a merry day in town; but there were certainly some curious phrases in it. What did he mean by saying that he would manage things as he

expected to do? And why should she burn or bring her love-letters? There, at least, she was determined to disobey this masterful suitor who always "expected" in so authoritative a fashion that she would do this or that. Her letters were much too precious to be disposed of in this off-hand fashion. She packed them back, sixteen of them now, into the little tin box in which she kept her simple treasures, and then ran to meet her father, whose step she heard upon the stairs, to tell him of her invitation and the treat which awaited her to-morrow.

At a quarter to ten next morning William Godfrey Youngman was waiting upon the platform of London Bridge Station to meet the Wadhurst train which was bringing his sweetheart up to town. No observer glancing down the straggling line of loiterers would have picked him out as the man whose name and odious fame would before another day was passed be household words to all the three million dwellers in London. In person he was of a goodly height and build, but commonplace in his appearance, and with a character which was only saved from insignificance through the colossal selfishness, tainted with insanity, which made him conceive that all things should bend before his needs and will. So distorted was his outlook that it even seemed to him that if he wished people to be deceived they must be deceived, and that the weakest device or excuse, if it came from him, would pass unquestioned. He had been a journeyman tailor, as his father was before him, but aspiring beyond this, he had sought and obtained a situation as footman to Dr. Duncan, of Covent Garden. Here he had served with credit for some time, but had finally resigned his post and had returned to his father's house, where for some time he had been living upon the hospitality of his hard-worked parents. He had talked vaguely of going into farming, and it was doubtless his short experience of Wadhurst with its sweet-smelling kine and Sussex breezes which had put the notion into his Cockney head.

But now the train rolls in, and there at a third-class window is Mary Streeter with her pink country cheeks, the pinker at the sight of her waiting lover. He takes her bag and they walk down the platform together amongst the crinolined women and baggy-trousered men whose pictures make the London of this date more strange to us than that of last century. He lives at Walworth, in South London, and a straw-strewn omnibus outside the station conveys them almost to the door. It was eleven o'clock when they arrived at Manor Place, where Youngman's family resided.

"THEY WALKED DOWN THE PLATFORM TOGETHER."

The household arrangements at Manor Place were peculiar. The architect having not yet evolved the flat in England, the people had attained the same result in another fashion. The tenant of a two-storied

house resided upon the ground-floor, and then sub-let his first and second floors to other families. Thus, in the present instance, Mr. James Bevan occupied the ground, Mr. and Mrs. Beard the first, and the Youngman family the second, of the various floors of No. 16, Manor Place. The ceilings were thin and the stairs were in common, so it may be imagined that each family took a lively interest in the doings of its neighbour. Thus Mr. and Mrs. Beard of the first-floor were well aware that young Youngman had brought his sweetheart home, and were even able through half-closed doors to catch a glimpse of her, and to report that his manner towards her was affectionate.

It was not a very large family to which he introduced her. The father departed to his tailoring at five o'clock every morning and returned at ten at night. There remained only the mother, a kindly, anxious, hard-working woman, and two younger sons aged eleven and seven. At eleven o'clock the boys were at school and the mother alone. She welcomed her country visitor, eyeing her meanwhile and summing her up as a mother would do when first she met the woman whom her son was likely to marry. They dined together, and then the two set forth to see something of the sights of London.

"SHE SAT IN THE CROWDED PIT WITH HER SILENT LOVER AT HER SIDE."

No record has been left of what the amusements were to which this singular couple turned: he with a savage, unrelenting purpose in his heart; she wondering at his abstracted manner, and chattering country gossip with the shadow of death already gathering thickly over her. One little incident has survived. One Edward Spicer, a bluff, outspoken publican who kept the Green Dragon in Bermondsey Street, knew Mary Streeter and her father. The couple called together at the inn, and Mary presented her lover. We have no means of knowing what repellent look mine host may have observed in the young man's face, or what malign trait he may have detected in his character, but he drew the girl aside and whispered that it was better for her to take a rope and hang herself in his skittle-alley than to marry such a man as that—a warning which seems to have met the same fate as most other warnings received by maidens of their lovers. In the evening they went to the theatre together to see one of Macready's tragedies. How could she know as she sat in the crowded pit, with her silent lover at her side, that her own tragedy was far grimmer than any upon the stage? It was eleven o'clock before they were back once more at Manor Place.

The hard-working tailor had now returned, and the household all supped together. Then they had to be divided for the night between the two bedrooms, which were all the family possessed. The mother, Mary, and the boy of seven occupied the front one. The father slept on his own board in the back one, and in a bed beside him lay the young man and the boy of eleven. So they settled down to sleep as commonplace a family as any in London, with little thought that within a day the attention of all the great city would be centred upon those two dingy rooms and upon the fates of their inmates.

The father woke in the very early hours, and saw in the dim light of the dawn the tall figure of his son standing in white beside his bed. To some sleepy remark that he was stirring early the youth muttered an excuse and lay down once more. At five the tailor rose to his endless task, and at twenty minutes past he went down the stair and closed the hall door behind him. So passed away the only witness, and all that remains is conjecture and circumstantial evidence. No one will ever know the exact details of what occurred, and for the purpose of the chronicler it is as well, for such details will not bear to be too critically examined. The motives and mind of the murderer are of perennial interest to every student of human nature, but the vile record of his actual brutality may be allowed to pass away when the ends of justice have once been served by their recital.

I have said that on the floor under the Youngmans there lived a couple named Beard. At half-past five, a little after the time when the tailor had closed the hall door behind him, Mrs. Beard was disturbed by a sound which she took to be from children running up and down and playing. There was a light patter of feet on the floor above. But as she listened it struck her that there was something unusual in this romping at so early an hour, so she nudged her husband and asked him for his opinion. Then, as the two sat up in bed, straining their ears, there came from above them a gasping cry and the dull, soft thud of a falling body. Beard sprang out of bed and rushed upstairs until his head came upon the level of the Youngmans' landing. He saw enough to send him shrieking down to Mr. Bevan upon the ground-floor. "For God's sake, come here! There is murder!" he roared, fumbling with his shaking fingers at the handle of the landlord's bedroom.

His summons did not find the landlord entirely unprepared. That ill-boding thud had been loud enough to reach his ears. He sprang palpitating from his bed, and the two men in their nightdresses ascended the creaking staircase, their frightened faces lit up by the blaze of golden sunlight of a July morning. Again they do not seem to have got farther than the point from which they could see the landing. That confused huddle of white-clad figures littered over the passage, with those glaring smears and blotches, were more than their nerves could stand. They could count three lying there, stark dead upon the landing. And there was someone moving in the bedroom. It was coming towards them. With horror-dilated eyes they saw William Godfrey Youngman framed in the open doorway, his white nightdress brilliant with ghastly streaks and the sleeve hanging torn over his hand.

"Mr. Beard," he cried, when he saw the two bloodless faces upon the stairs, "for God's sake fetch a surgeon! I believe there is some alive yet!" Then, as they turned and ran down stairs again, he called after them the singular explanation to which he ever afterwards adhered. "My mother has done all this," he cried; "she murdered my two brothers and my sweetheart, and I in self-defence believe that I have murdered her."

The two men did not stop to discuss the question with him. They had both rushed to their rooms and huddled on some clothes. Then they ran out of the house in search of a surgeon and a policeman, leaving Youngman still standing on the stair repeating his strange explanation. How sweet the morning air must have seemed to them when they were once clear of the accursed house, and how the honest milkmen, with their swinging tins, must have stared at those two rushing and dishevelled figures. But they had not far to go. John Varney, of P Division, as solid and unimaginative as the law which he represents, was standing at the street corner, and he came clumping back with reassuring slowness and dignity.

"Oh, policeman, here is a sight! What shall I do?" cried Youngman, as he saw the glazed official hat coming up the stair.

Constable Varney is not shaken by that horrid cluster of death. His advice is practical and to the point.

"Go and dress yourself!" said he.

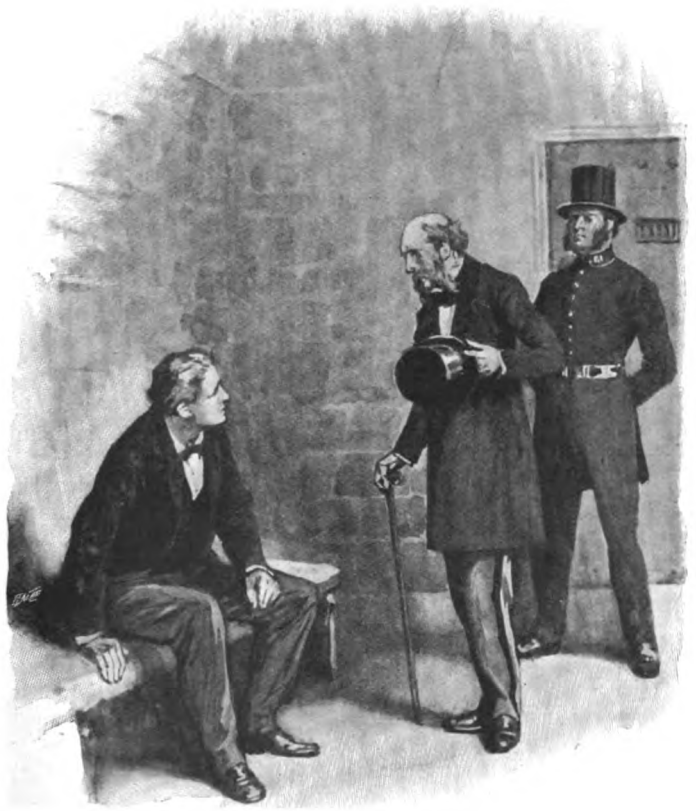
"I struck my mother, but it was in self-defence," cried the other. "Would you not have done the same? It is the law."

Constable Varney is not to be drawn into

giving a legal opinion, but he is quite convinced that the best thing for Youngman to do is to put on some clothes.

And now a crowd had begun to assemble in the street, and another policeman and an inspector had arrived. It was clear that, whether Youngman's story was correct or not, he was a self-confessed homicide, and that the law must hold her grip of him. But when a dagger-shaped knife, splintered by the force of repeated blows, was found upon the floor, and Youngman had to confess that it belonged to him; when also it was observed that ferocious strength and energy were needed to produce the wounds inflicted, it became increasingly evident that, instead of being a mere victim of circumstances, this man was one of the criminals of a century. But all evidence must be circumstantial, for mother, sweetheart, brothers—the mouths of all were closed in the one indiscriminate butchery.

The horror and the apparent purposelessness of the deed roused public excitement and indignation to the highest pitch. The miserable sum for which poor Mary was insured appeared to be the sole motive of the crime; the prisoner's eagerness to have the business concluded, and his desire to have the letters destroyed in which he had urged it, forming the strongest evidence against him. At the same time, his calm assumption that things would be arranged as he wished them to be, and that the Argus Insurance Office would pay over the money to one who was neither husband nor relative of the deceased, pointed to an ignorance of the ways of business or a belief in his own powers of managing, which in either case resembled insanity. When in addition it came out at the trial that the family was sodden with lunacy upon both sides, that the wife's mother and the husband's brother were in asylums, and that the husband's father had been in an



"HIS FATHER VISITED HIM."

asylum, but had become "tolerably sensible" before his death, it is doubtful whether the case should not have been judged upon medical rather than upon criminal grounds. In these more scientific and more humanitarian days it is perhaps doubtful whether Youngman would have been hanged, but there was never any doubt as to his fate in 1860.

The trial came off at the Central Criminal Court upon August 16th before Mr. Justice Williams. Few fresh details came out, save that the knife had been in prisoner's possession for some time. He had exhibited it once in a bar, upon which a bystander, with the good British love of law and order, had remarked that that was not a fit knife for any man to carry.

"Anybody," said Youngman, in reply, "has the right to carry such a knife if he thinks proper in his own defence."

Perhaps the objector did not realize how near he may have been at that moment to getting its point between his ribs. Nothing serious against the prisoner's previous character came out at the trial, and he adhered steadfastly to his own account of the tragedy. In summing up, however, Justice Williams pointed out that if the prisoner's story were true it meant that he had disarmed his mother and got possession of the knife. What necessity was there, then, for him to kill her—and why should he deal her repeated wounds? This argument, and the fact that there were no stains upon the hands of the mother, prevailed with the jury, and sentence was duly passed upon the prisoner.

Youngman had shown an unmoved demeanour in the dock, but he gave signs of an irritable, and occasionally of a violent, temper in prison. His father visited him, and the prisoner burst instantly into fierce reproaches against his treatment of his family—reproaches for which there seem to have been no justification. Another thing which appeared to have galled him to the quick was the remark of the publican, which first reached his ears at the trial, to the effect that Mary had better hang herself in the skittle-yard than marry such a man. His self-esteem, the strongest trait in his nature, was cruelly wounded by such a speech.

"Only one thing I wish," he cried, furiously, "that I could get hold of this man Spicer, for I would strike his head off." The unnatural and bloodthirsty character of the threat is characteristic of the homicidal maniac. "Do you suppose," he added, with a fine touch of vanity, "that a man of my determination and spirit would have heard these words used in my presence without striking the man who used them to the ground?"

But in spite of exhortation and persuasion he carried his secret with him to the grave. He never varied from the story which he had probably concocted before the event.

"Do not leave the world with a lie on your lips," said the chaplain, as they walked to the scaffold.

"Well, if I wanted to tell a lie I would say that I did it," was his retort. He hoped to the end with his serene self-belief that the story which he had put forward could not fail eventually to be accepted. Even on the scaffold he was on the alert for a reprieve.

It was on the 4th of September, a little more than a month after the commission of his crime, that he was led out in front of Horsemonger Gaol to suffer his punishment. A concourse of 30,000 people, many of whom had waited all night, raised a brutal howl at his appearance. It was remarked at the time that it was one of the very few instances of capital punishment in which no sympathizer or philanthropist of any sort could be found to raise a single voice against the death penalty. The man died quietly and coolly.

"Thank you, Mr. Jessopp," said he to the chaplain, "for your great kindness. See my brother and take my love to him, and all at home."

And so, with the snick of a bolt and the jar of a rope, ended one of the most sanguinary, and also one of the most unaccountable, incidents in English criminal annals. That the man was guilty seems to admit no doubt, and yet it must be confessed that circumstantial evidence can never be absolutely convincing, and that it is only the critical student of such cases who realizes how often a damning chain of evidence may, by some slight change, be made to bear an entirely different interpretation.

A Russian Girton.

By Alder Anderson.

"IT was now a common thing to see young virgins so trained in the study of good letters that they willingly set all other vain practices at naught for learning's sake." Thus wrote Mr. Udall, a famous master of Eton, nearly four hundred years ago, in a preface to a work written by the Princess Mary before she came to the throne.

Between the years 1500 and 1600, indeed, to whatever cause attributable, there arose in England a perfect galaxy of women who, without abdicating a single one of the prerogatives of their sex, rivalled, sometimes even surpassed, on their own ground, the most learned men of the age. "The times are topsy-turvy," exclaimed Erasmus—the most learned man who ever lived. "Monks now know nothing of letters, while women dote on books."

From a] THE UNIVERSITY FOR WOMEN AT ST. PETERSBURG. *[Photograph.*

Good ground had the author of the "Praise of Folly" for wonder. The celebrated daughters of Sir Thomas More, Lady Jane Grey, Mary of Scotland, and Mary of England, Lady Burleigh, Lady Bacon, and many another, including the greatest of them all, that bright Occidental star, Queen Elizabeth, were all nearly contemporaneous.

"God's death, my lords! I have been forced this day to scour up my old Latin that hath long lain rusting," said the Queen, apologetically, to her courtiers, when, her fiery spirit roused by the insolent attitude of the King of Poland's Ambassador, she fell back on the language of Cicero, as better suited to express the indignation that was boiling in her breast. The audacious envoy winced and blanched as he listened to the scathing, voluble denunciation from the lips of the woman he had ventured to insult.

In spite of the raillery of the wits, in which there may just have been a *soupçon* of jealousy, the traditions of that sixteenth century have never been entirely lost in England. Neither the bright shafts of Molière's irony nor the vicious stabs of the little humpbacked genius of Twickenham could kill the movement so auspiciously inaugurated. "Artemisia," who, though "she talks by fits of councils, classics, fathers, wits, reads Malebranche, Boyle, and Locke," yet neglects to keep either her nails or her dresses clean, was never typical, but of the parasites that must invariably accompany every movement good or bad. A race of gentlemen from Hanover, who liked neither "boetry" nor "bainting" in man, much less Latin or Greek in woman, occupied the throne that had once been Elizabeth's, but they, too, one after another went their way. All the time there was someone to carefully trim and hand on to trusty hands the sacred lamp, until, about three decades since, women students were for the first time admitted to attend lectures in Cambridge University. The event created furious discussion at the time, but, in reality, the chief point remarkable about it was, perhaps, that it had

been so long in coming to pass. Men had been encroaching more and more without apparent shame on woman's domain. A writer on sociology in the earlier part of the century just ended stigmatized the ousting of women from drapers' shops as one of the most reprehensible customs of our times. "It is really humiliating," he says, "to see young men, in the prime of life, engaged in selling tapes, caps, and ribbons, and bestowing as much consideration on the shades and shapes of one of these articles as a statesman would on framing an Act of Parliament." Even yet, Girton and Newnham Colleges are quite inaccessible to slenderly-garnished purses, the idea that a good education must necessarily be a costly luxury dying hard in democratic England.

The nation seems to be, at last, awakening to the conviction that it may possibly be living in a fool's paradise, a fact long distressingly apparent to many not hypnotized by a glorious past and its idols. We have practical proof before our eyes of what follows the application of more liberal ideas, in the prosperity of men of our own race in America. The writer of an official report of last year on female education in the United States attributes "the phenomenal industrial progress" of the country to the fact that "the men of the poorer classes have had, as a rule, mothers as well educated as their fathers; indeed, better educated. Our commercial rivals," he goes on to say, "could, probably, take no one step that would so tend to place them on a level with American competition as to open to girls without distinction all their elementary and secondary schools for boys."

It is interesting to see the steps by which the same problem has been solved in Russia, the Russia which inspired Elizabeth with such horror, when the question was mooted of her sojourning there; the Russia of which Elizabeth's successor, James I., was so ignorant, that he did not even know the proper title of the Czar; the Russia where women, barely a century and a half ago, had less opportunity for culture than have the women of Turkey to-day.

In 1861 the first formal request was made by a Russian woman for admission to follow the medical course at a University. Contrary to what took place in England, the proposal encountered practically no opposition, either from the profession or the public, and by the following year the sight of women attending lectures in the St. Petersburg Academy of Medicine and Surgery had ceased to be a novelty for anyone. Since then the privilege has, for various reasons, been temporarily withdrawn once or twice, but the medical education of women in Russia is now so firmly established that one of the largest hospitals in St. Petersburg, containing more than 600 beds, has just been opened for the instruction of the students. At the beginning of 1900 there were 500 students attending the Women's Institute of Medicine, a large proportion of whom look with confidence to find an outlet for their energies in the Asiatic provinces of the Empire. In 1899 a residential college was completed, at a cost of nearly £30,000, to accommodate 117 students.

The first idea of founding a special University for Women, apart from the study of medicine, dates from 1866. It originated

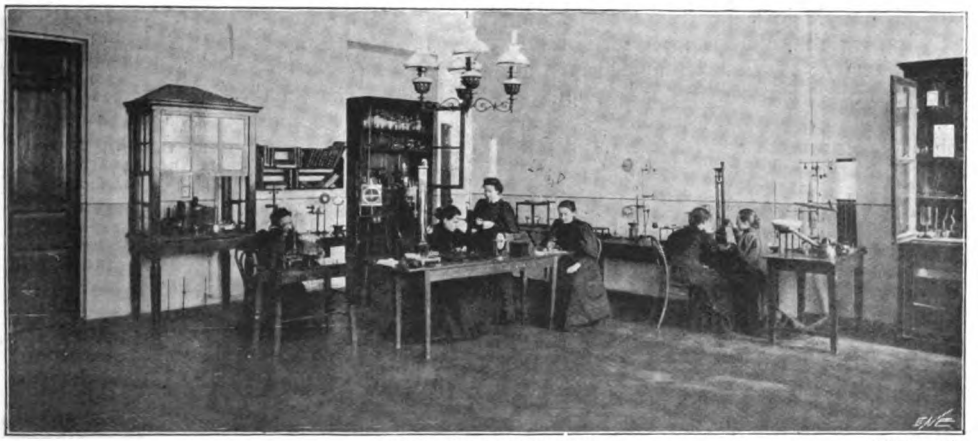
From a] STUDENTS AT BREAKFAST. *[Photograph.*

in a circle of literary women in St. Petersburg, the chief initiative being taken by Mrs. Konradi, the editress of an admirably conducted weekly paper *Nedelia*. In May, 1868, a petition signed by 400 of the leading ladies in the capital was presented to the rector of the St. Petersburg University, begging for his aid in favour of the establishment of a University for Women. Not only did the rector give the project his hearty support at once, but public opinion adopted it without hesitation as if it had been the most natural proposition in the world. One of the first letters of congratulation received by the promoters from abroad was written by John Stuart Mill.

A committee set about organizing the affair without delay. All the most eminent professors at the University put their services at the committee's disposal, and by the end of a few weeks various series of lectures for women in literature, science, and mathematics were arranged and numerously attended. A few months later women were admitted to follow the lectures given in various educational establishments, in company with students of the opposite sex. In many of the American States the system of co-education of the sexes has been in operation with the most satisfactory results for three-quarters of a century, and, however galling it may be to male *amour propre*, it has actually been established beyond cavil that the *average* woman is intellectually slightly superior to the *average* man.

This was not what Russian women wanted, however; they had set their hearts on having a regular separate University for Women, and it is noticeable that, in the United States also, any objections to co-education come, not from men, but from women. By January, 1870, they had so far succeeded as to have secured the use of certain class-rooms for evening lectures, and from that first year the students numbered over 900. The fees were fixed at only £2 10s. for the half-year. Just at the same time Girton was making a somewhat painful beginning with five pupils in a house at Hitchin. Newnham dates from 1871.

To return to Russia, however. After a lapse of a few years it became clear that, if the new teaching was to bear as good fruit as it should, some pains would have to be taken with its organization. The lectures were suspended for three years therefore, from 1875 until 1878, when they were recommenced on a different footing. There were three faculties—literature, science, and pure mathematics. Candidates for admission had to prove that they had finished a course of education at a gymnasium or its equivalent. The fees were now £10 annually; and within a year or two the revenue amounted to nearly £6,000, exclusively from this source.



From a] THE PHYSICAL LABORATORY. *[Photograph.*

The Women's University had still no capital and no house it could call its own, the lectures being held, on sufferance only, in the class-rooms of a school lent for the evening by the Government. To remedy this, a number of sympathizers with the movement formed themselves into a Society for the Protection of Higher Studies for Women, each member subscribing 10s. annually. Subscriptions and donations poured into the hands of the treasurer, Mrs. Barbe de Tarnovsky, one of the principal promoters of the movement from the first. First the Government accorded an annual subsidy of £300 yearly, then the Municipality of St.

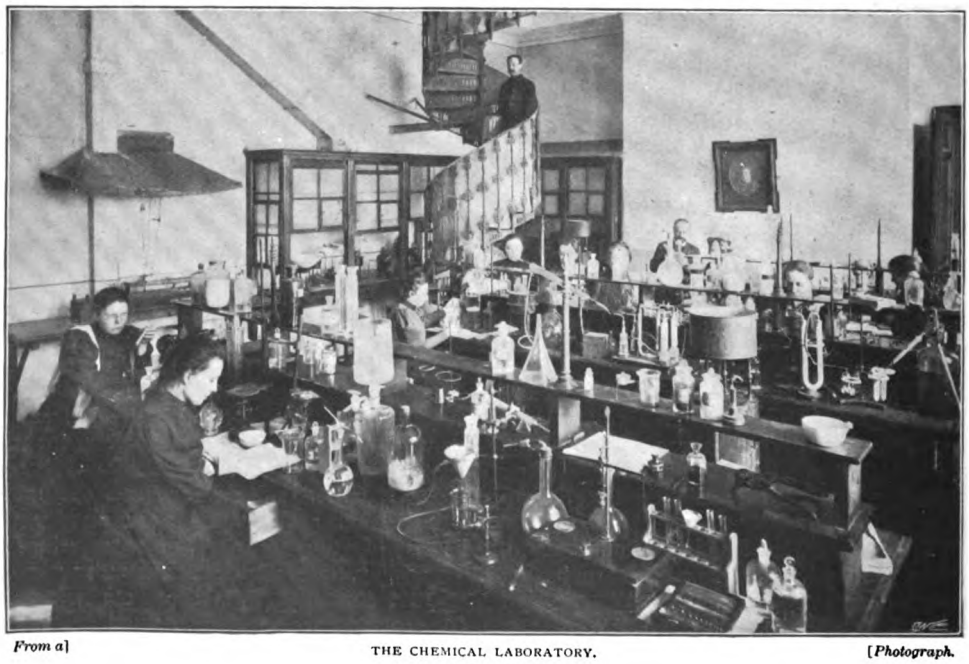
Petersburg did the same, and at the end of a year or two, with no more official help than this, a large University for Women, costing, with the ground, nearly £25,000, had been erected in close proximity to the University and other principal educational establishments of the capital.

Before she is allowed to attend the University the Russian girl must furnish a great variety of what the French term *papiers*. In addition to a certificate of ability, she must produce birth and baptism certificates, the written consent of her parents or guardians, several photographs of herself, proof that she has sufficient means to live decently during the continuance of her studies, and, finally, a testimonial as to her morality, which she must obtain from the head of the police. There is no entrance examination, but the candidates who possess the best testimonials are selected first. The college fees amount to £10 annually, payable in two half-yearly instalments in advance.

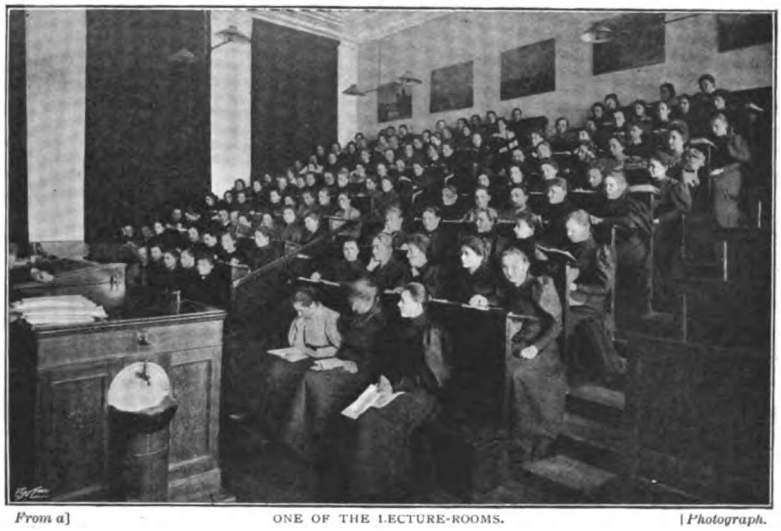
There are two faculties, the exact equivalent of those in men's Universities: one the historical-philological faculty — by far the most popular; the other the physical-mathematical faculty; Latin, German, French, theology, and choral singing are taught in both.

The Government at first limited the number of students to 400, but the applications were so numerous that the maximum had very soon to be raised to 600, and subsequently increased, until last year there were no fewer than 960 students. It was stipulated by the Government that students must either live with their parents or with near relatives, or else in quarters under the supervision of the "Society." Young ladies living free and unfettered were not to be tolerated, a restriction for which there are many very valid reasons.

This made it naturally indispensable, if the University was to open to students without relatives in St. Petersburg, that lodgings of some kind should be provided. At first several houses were rented for the purpose; but by 1895 a large residential building adjoining the University had been erected, at a cost of about £17,000, with accommodation for eighty-five pupils. They are each charged £30 annually, which sum covers their board, lodging, lights, and washing, just a trifle over what they actually cost. When the balance-sheet is made up at the end of the year the difference between the exact cost and the sum paid is returned to the pupils. On one occasion this amounted to nearly £4 each. From this it will be seen that £40 a year covers both the college fees and all other expenditure, apart from dress. First year's students share a room between two; senior students have a room for themselves. A feature of every Russian bedroom



From a] THE CHEMICAL LABORATORY. *[Photograph.*



From a] ONE OF THE LECTURE-ROOMS. *[Photograph.*

may be seen in the little pile of pillows, without which no Russian bed would be considered complete.

The public rooms, such as the recreation-room and dining-room, are open both to resident and non-resident students. The latter can have any meals they may require at prices which are phenomenally low: fourpence for breakfast, sixpence for lunch, and sevenpence halfpenny for dinner.

The teaching is given, as in the Men's University, exclusively by means of lectures, examinations being held at the end of the year and on the conclusion of the course of study, which is of three or four years' duration. The girls are expected to take notes of the lectures, and frequently, though for the most part guiltless of any knowledge of shorthand, acquire a dexterity in the task that would put to the blush many a so-called reporter.

If the final examination be passed satisfactorily a certificate is given to testify to the fact, just as a man receives on terminating his University career. Neither one nor the other has degrees conferred as in England in exchange for what, to a poor man, may be a prohibitory cash payment. The Russian University girl has not, therefore, the same grievance as her Girton sister, who complains sometimes that, after passing the same examination as the men, she is not allowed to purchase the right to use a few mysterious letters which would look so well after her name. The intelligent foreigner pokes a good deal of sly fun at us for this national foible, just as we are inclined to laugh at the Frenchman who decorates every button-hole he can with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour.

The University contains a most complete series of laboratories, for physics, botany, zoology, mineralogy, physiology, and chemistry. The last-named is particularly well fitted up, and provided with every description of apparatus for research. It was the gift of a private donor, Mrs. O. N. Roukavichnikova. This is but one out of many noble donations from Russian ladies.

The library, which is constantly growing, as all libraries should, contains already over

From a] THE PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AND HIS PUPILS. *[Photograph.*

From a] THE LIBRARY. *[Photograph.*

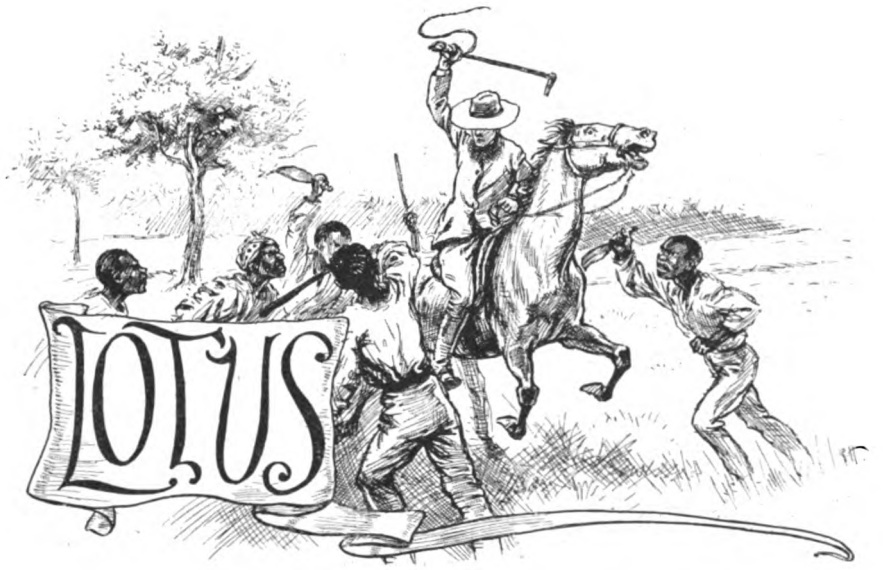
24,000 volumes. As is the case with the other Universities, the Women's University is allowed to procure any books or manuscripts it may want from abroad, without having to pay any import duties and without asking the approval of the Government censor. This, it need hardly be said, is a privilege most keenly appreciated in Russia. The three librarians are all women. Of the forty-seven professors, however, who form the principal teaching staff, three only are women.

In 1897 a second residential house was bought for £8,000, in which forty pupils can be lodged, and at the present moment a new University building is almost completed, the bill for which comes to £18,500. In the first fifteen years of existence the Society for the Protection of Higher Studies for Women has expended in buildings over £60,000. In one single year its income from every source has amounted to as much as £20,000.

Old students are already to be found in almost every profession to which women have as yet access, though, just as is the case with old Cambridge students, the majority of those obliged to gain their livelihood adopt teaching of one kind and another. It is interesting to note that, in America, considerably over 50 per cent. of all the teachers in secondary schools, whether public or private, are women: in speaking of a teacher, the average American instinctively employs the feminine pronoun "she." Journalism and literature—not always synonymous terms—have gained fifty-seven recruits, while three students have been stage-struck. Nearly one-half of the students have married either before or after the termination of their studies.

The Russian Women's University is but one phase of the extraordinary educational activity which is one of the most noticeable features of the Russia of the present day. Without a proper equipment of knowledge the modern Russian, male or female, finds all avenues to advancement absolutely closed.

From a] THE STUDY AND BEDROOM OF TWO STUDENTS. *[Photograph.*



A TALE OF THE WEST INDIES.

By Basil Marnan.

I.

EVERYONE in Trinidad agreed that the name suited her. Even in her cradle the dreamy, wide blue eyes suggested recollections of the far-off Eastern flower. A few sour-faced Spanish survivals curled their thin lips and made rude remarks. But if they reached Mrs. Devaine she only smiled, regarding complacently her own unwrinkled loveliness. Armand Devaine was by descent a Frenchman, and had brought his wife home to his plantations in Trinidad from the banks of the Nile. Among his friends in the Western world none had ever known the history of his marriage. But in Cairo the story of his escape with the daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants had been a nine days' wonder. And as he was one of the richest sugar-planters in the West Indies the island accepted his lovely wife as a pleasant surprise.

When, after the birth of Lotus, the years went by without giving Devaine an heir, the interest of everyone with a marriageable son centred zealously round the girl. By the time she had reached the age of seventeen Lotus Devaine was a name to conjure by.

Between her coquetry and the adamantine refusal of her father to accept any suitor, one and all of her swains had a very hard time of it. Mrs. Devaine had been brought up in a habit of passive obedience, and in exchanging a father for a husband she merely changed masters. She never dreamt of questioning his decisions, yet she wondered more than once why her husband rejected so uncompromisingly so many offers to all appearances suitable.

The girl herself revelled in the power of it. Spoilt and petted from her earliest days, she was a very tyrant of coquetry. Yet withal she had the depth and intensity of her father's mind, and something of his obstinacy, too, and in her heart was the same still capacity for enduring love and passion that had made her mother the idol of her father's heart, even after twenty years of marriage. She was amused at the fierce frenzies of her lovers, the heat of their jealousies, the tragedy of their despairs. She had a dramatic mind, quaintly practical, ever searching the humorous side of things. The tropical fervours of the young men who wooed her fitted in so beautifully with the yellow glare of the sun on the drooping canes, with the great arched reaches of the cocoa-nut palms, the flaming of flowers whose life was measured by a week.

She was the more amused because, deep in her heart, she held the shield of a secret that rendered impossible the surrender of herself to another. Like most girls, she valued manly strength higher than finesse in words or wit in compliment, and her warm, passionate heart had ever guarded a particular shrine for hero-worship. And in front of this shrine there had glowed for three years a fire of devotion for Larry Tighe, her father's sub-manager. Its origin was simple enough.

When Lotus was little over fourteen Larry had been sent by her father to bring her back from the school at San Fernando. The coolie rebellion was just over and the roads were not over-safe. Some ten miles out from the town, as Larry and his charge were cantering gently along, they were suddenly surprised by a party of eight or nine coolies, armed with machetes and sticks. Mr. Devaine had taken a prominent part in squashing the rebellion, and a gang of refugees, having got word of his daughter's home-coming, had determined to capture her and hold her to a heavy ransom.

Larry found himself in a grave position. There was no mistaking the evil intentions of the encircling gang. The road, flat and straight, showed no help was in sight. On one side extended a half-burnt cane-brake offering no cover; on the other a stretch of marshy flats, lined on the roadside by a few straggling trees. Larry's eyes regarded the trees dubiously. In three minutes the coolies would rush them.

"Quick, Miss Lotus!" he said, catching her bridle-rein and drawing her horse alongside one of the trees. "Stand on your saddle and climb up into the branches. There! Splendid!" he shouted, as the girl swung herself nimbly up. "Now, take my revolver, and if any of them try and get up, don't be afraid, but shoot straight at them. And for the love of Heaven, Miss Lotus, don't shut your eyes when you shoot."

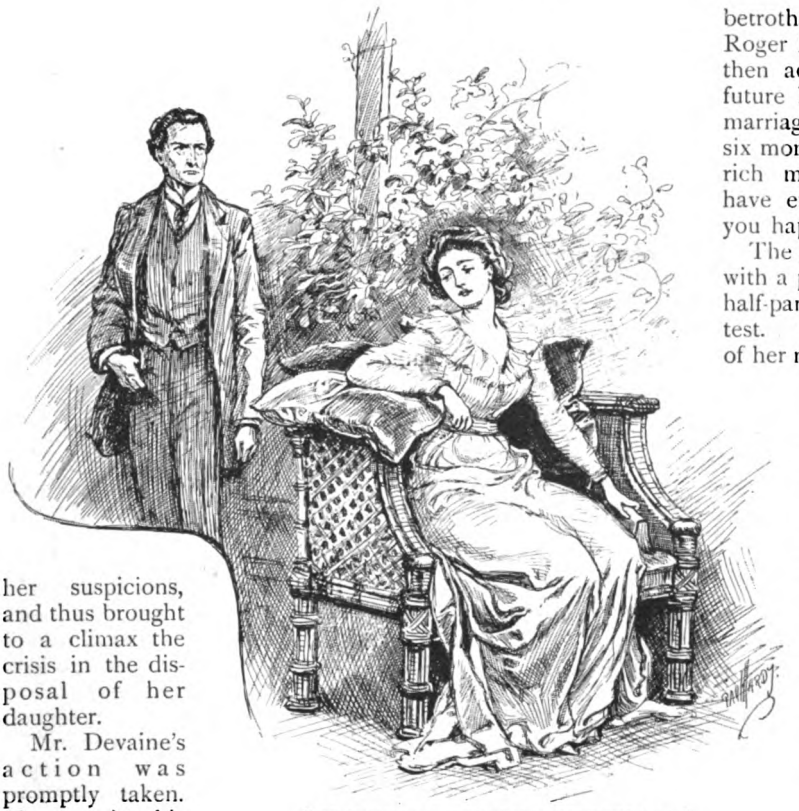
Then, shifting the thong of his loaded crop over his wrist, and grasping the supple cane lightly, he turned and rode on the coolies. They had watched the previous proceeding with surprise, and as he charged they closed up. Lotus, peeping through the foliage, with flushed face and eager, luminous eyes, watched him, fascinated.

Larry had not much notion of what exactly he was going to do when he charged. But as he dashed on to the scattering group, and his eyes caught the gleam and whirl of the machetes, he swung his crop right and left, feeling a sweet sensation of satisfaction as it thudded singing on to head or arm or shoulder. Then his horse gave a great stagger as one of the coolies deftly houghed it, and he was just in time, as it fell heavily to the ground, to leap free of its agonized plungings, and turn to meet the rush. He was facing the girl now, and she felt a thrill of fear as she noted the hot light in his grey eyes, the close, trap-like setting of his lips. With wild yells the coolies rushed on, crouching and leaping like cats. But even as they came the deadly crop launched out, swinging right and left and laying two forms motionless on the ground. It was enough for the rest. They turned and fled, scattering in the cane-brake.

It was with a heavy heart that Larry turned to put his mustang out of its misery. When he had finished he found Lotus at his side, her eyes gazing on him with a half-adoring directness that brought the blood to his cheeks and made him notice for the first time in his busy existence that his master's daughter was bewitchingly beautiful. His ride home was a kind of tingling dream. For the girl, pleading her fear of further pursuit, insisted on his mounting her mustang, while she, riding behind, clung on to his waist. It was not a comfortable position for either of them, but they were both blissfully unconscious of the ridges of the saddle.

From that day Lotus had given her heart to the gay Irishman—and, all unknowingly, had stolen his. Yet Larry had all the honour of his race and all its pride. As far as was possible he avoided his master's daughter, telling himself that he was a "poor divil" on a hundred a year, and she the heiress of as many thousands. Yet he had, too, the sanguine temperament of the Celt, and on all his excursions was for ever poking his nose into out-of-the-way places in the hope of finding fortune in mother-earth. And just about the time that Lotus was approaching her seventeenth birthday it was noticed by many that Larry had suddenly grown less shy of the bungalow, and that his manner towards Mr. Devaine was much more self-assured and independent than had hitherto been his wont.

Mrs. Devaine, with a woman's intuition, divined at once that he was in love with Lotus, and—what gave her more anxiety—that Lotus showed herself extraordinarily susceptible when the manager was discussed disparagingly. Even more desirous than her husband that Lotus should make a good marriage, she instantly acquainted him with



"HE SOUGHT HIS DAUGHTER ON THE VERANDA."

her suspicions, and thus brought to a climax the crisis in the disposal of her daughter.

Mr. Devaine's action was promptly taken. He sought his daughter in her favourite nook on the veranda, when the balcony was shaded by a subdued blaze of colour from orchids and vines and hanging ferns.

"What is it, little father?" she said, looking up at him lovingly. He was a handsome man, slender in build, with black, crisp hair, clean-shaven, scholarly face, prominent chin, long, straight nose, an inflexible curve about the lips, and eyes of a deep, luminous black—in every way a striking contrast to his daughter. Lotus, for all her frank love of him, ever stood in no little awe of him. Perhaps the unswerving obedience of her mother to his slightest wish had really lent him a somewhat despotic manner which his daughter grew to exaggerate, never having questioned it. And during the last few years this feeling in her had been intensified by a habit of moody irritability that had frequently fallen on him. Now, seeing his grave face and drawn brows, she rose and moved a chair towards him.

"In a few days," he said to her, going straight to the point, "you will be seventeen. On that day I have arranged for your betrothal to my old friend Roger Drayton. You will then accept him as your future husband, and your marriage will take place six months later. He is a rich man, and you will have everything to make you happy."

The girl listened to him with a paling face and lips half-parted in dumb protest. The mutinous set of her mouth as he finished brought a sort of wonder to his eyes.

He had all the French idea of a father's right to arrange the marriage of his daughter, and never for a moment had it occurred to him that Lotus would prove untractable. Her very conduct hitherto in laughingly supporting his rejection of suitors she had apparently liked had only served to intensify his opinion.

"Don't let me have any scenes, I beg you," he said, anticipating her outburst. "My mind is quite made up; everything is arranged; and my will and the care I have had for your interests should be sufficient for you."

"But Mr. Drayton, father!" she gasped, an indignant look flushing her eyes. "He is so old!—and so very ugly. Why, he must be as old as you are."

"I am not aware that I am so very old," he answered, stiffly, rising. "However, the matter is settled, and when Drayton arrives I trust your common sense will have returned—and your courtesy."

Lotus watched him stalk solemnly away, then, dropping into the great arm-chair, she curled herself up and fell into a reverie. At the end of half an hour her face was a little more flushed, and round the dimpling, curving lips a tender smile, half-shy, but wholly resolute, was playing.

"Mañana! Mañana!" she whispered, slowly. "To-morrow the betrothal—but to-day——"

Then she tripped gaily off in search of her old coolie nurse and confidante, whom all the world called Coco by reason of her resemblance to an aged paroquet.

II.

THE day of the betrothal came, finding Lotus in a mood of flippant obedience that taxed her father's patience sorely. She went through the public betrothal ceremony with a mock air of roguish coquetry that made her mother blink and her father mutter strange French oaths. Drayton, however, found her enthralling, and Larry, who had purposely been invited by Devaine, witnessed the affair with a stolid imperturbability that utterly discounted Mrs. Devaine's suspicions.

Roger Drayton, however, as he stood behind a large palm at the doorway, watching Lotus bid the guests farewell after the *déjeuner*, received a sudden check to his bliss.

For as Larry clasped the girl's hand he distinctly saw her pass a note to him, and heard the words, "Five o'clock, waterfall!"

The suddenness of the shock took his breath away, and he stood for some moments gazing vindictively after the swinging, youthful figure of the Irishman. He looked at his watch and found it was just on four. He knew the waterfall well; it was a half-hour's ride, and he had just resolved to be a party to the rendezvous when Mr. Devaine, touching him on the arm, remarked, "We'll get our little business over now, Drayton, if you don't mind."

For a moment he was tempted to recount what had passed, but he thought better of it. He was of a suspicious nature, and he thought he could manage a little eavesdropping without Devaine's assistance. He followed his friend into his study, and, with ill-concealed impatience, listened to the planter's prosings over the day's events.

He was a small, corpulent man, with a hard, legal-looking face, rather thick lips, round, bald skull, a short nose, and large, fierce moustache. His eyes were small, keen, and shifty as a ferret's, and in manner he had all the aggressive pomposity of a successful insurance agent. He had long discarded sugar for cacao, with the result that while his neighbours were being ruined he was making money, and lending it at heavy interest to meet their needs. Yet he came of one of the oldest families in the island, and in his way was a genial enough companion. Being shrewd, he had never disturbed Mr. Devaine's egoistic complacency of superiority. Consequently the latter liked him, and when year after year the price of sugar fell and new economizing engines became a vital necessity, Devaine had accepted the other's proffered loans with the easy assurance of a spendthrift receiving an advance from a Jew, never dreaming that the Jew would have the logical impertinence of considering him a fool. In this way, little by little, Devaine's whole estates had glided under mortgage, till he found, by the time Lotus was fifteen, that he owed Drayton some forty thousand pounds, with practically no chance of ever being able to do more than pay the interest.

It was then that Drayton suggested that an alliance would unite the estates, cancel the bonds, and put his daughter in the position she had a right to expect. Devaine did not like it at first, but two bad seasons and the constant recurrence of the idea accustomed him to the thought of it. He felt a considerable delicacy, however, in approaching the subject this afternoon, and for a long time beat about the bush.

Drayton, however, was finely unconscious of such susceptibility. He had bought Lotus and looked to pay the price, and being no niggard considered he had his bargain.

"You want to speak about the mortgages, man!" he said, bluntly, at length. "Well, I'll send them up to my lawyer this week, and you can tie them on to your girl as fast as you like. I'm not the man to do a thing half-way. And now I'm off for a ride. I saw your daughter go off a while ago, and I may as well do a bit of courting, now everything's above-board."

Devaine had, however, kept him a long time, and it was after five before his horse was brought round.

The planter's estates were large, extending almost from the sea some three miles inland to a spur of broken hills, thickly wooded, in the east. The road to the hills lay between the sugar-canes, which stretched away to the left, and the long avenues of cocoa-nut palms, which made on the right a pleasant contrast. The road was very sandy, the glare of the sun coppery and oppressive, and Drayton had drunk many healths that day. By the time he reached the hills he was irritable, and inclined to be aggressive.

Meanwhile Larry and Lotus had been having a cool talk in the shade at the foot of a silvery fall of water—that, blue, sparkling, and tinkling, made a pleasant undertone of music as it fell into a fair-sized pool and trickled slowly away into the forest depths.

For two days before, as Larry had been sitting at the door of his hut, he had been startled by the sudden appearance of a coolie-woman whom he at once recognised as Coco, Lotus's nurse.

She approached him mysteriously, salaaming with one hand, with the other holding her mouth.

"The sahib," she said, as she arrived close to him; "the sahib thinks much of love?"

She was a wizened, curious old woman, with deep, burning eyes, wrinkled face, hooked nose and chin, and in her linen garb and bright-coloured shawl and profusion of silver bangles she made a quaint, half-mad picture in the dim light.

Larry laughed genially, striving to rebut the sudden tingling at his heart.

"Perhaps," he said, "Coco! But why do you ask?"

"There is a mem-sahib," replied the old woman, "who also thinks much of love when she sits all alone and sighing under the trees where the waters fall."

"When does she sit there?" said Larry, his eyes shining and his heart thumping now imperiously.

"When the dawn has not yet dried the dew," replied Lotus's nurse, and then, without another word, glided away.

But it had been enough, and the next morning he had found Lotus by the waterfall—a shy, half-ashamed look in her eyes, but an air of sweet expectancy about her timid greeting that changed to one of wholly blushing surrender before the impulsive ardour of his wooing.

It had taken Larry some time to persuade the girl into going through the semblance of a betrothal to Drayton. But he at length prevailed.

"Sure, darling," he had said, "it is just buying you, he is. Not that he wouldn't, the beast, be glad to have you for nothing. But he has your father under his thumb, and he dare not say 'no.'"

The suggestion of being sold roused Lotus to a fierce revolt, and she gave in, relying on Larry's promise to her. For he had said to her, "The very day of the betrothal, my darling, I will have the money and pay off those same mortgages myself. No! I won't tell you a word about it till then—but my luck's turned at last, and it'll not be a poor man you'll wed."

When Larry met her at the tryst he was as good as his word. She listened with breathless interest as the manager told her how, nearly twelve months ago, he had stumbled on an almost land-locked cove whose waters, heavy and glistening with oil, had attracted his attention. After a minute search he had borrowed from Mr. Devaine enough money to buy up the surrounding land, experts had confirmed his suspicions, and the day before he had sold his land, which was literally soaked with petroleum, to a company, and had £75,000 now in the bank at San Fernando.

"HE FOUND LOTUS BY THE WATERFALL."

In the blissful content of the news the two were sitting on the trunk of a great tree, gazing silently into the pool. Larry's arm was round the girl's waist, her face was resting on his shoulder, upturned in a fearless gaze of worship. Roger Drayton, picking his way stealthily through the bushes, stood arrested at the sight. Naturally it did not seem to him

that the two made a delightfully Arcadian picture. Yet they were perfectly suited.

Larry was a long, supple-limbed, square-shouldered Celt, with a true Hibernian face, oval, quizzical, serious, with a wide, laughing mouth, deep, quick grey eyes, and hair of a crisp, tawny yellow. With his white coat buttoned to the throat, his half-tops and spurs, his topee pushed back from the brow, he looked more like an Indian cavalry officer taking it easy than a hard-worked sugar-overseer.

And Lotus certainly was sufficient excuse for his idling. Her eyes were of that deep velvety blue which in the sunlight seems violet, at night sloe-black. Her face was of that round contour, so soft, fugitive, and bewitching, which is the chief beauty of the fairest Eastern girls. A small, rather impertinent, nose; lips that in the drawing of a breath could be at once mocking, seductive, languorous, and mutinous, or as now, with

"HE HURLED HIM STRAIGHT INTO THE CENTRE OF THE POOL."

their pretty scarlet curves rippling to a smile of utter content; tiny, shell-like ears; a mass of red-gold hair waving back from a brow white and broad, and gathered in a knot low on the neck; a form slender, girlish, but exquisitely moulded, with the tiniest of hands and feet; a frock of delicate clinging white, distractingly low at the round, smooth throat: this form and that face nestling into the pervading embrace of the Irishman: such was the picture that Roger Drayton looked upon from his covert in the jungle.

Not for long, however! His sense of possession had ever been keen. With a yell he dashed forward, and before Larry could recover his surprise he had sent him hurling backwards over the log. Next moment he had seized Lotus by the wrist.

"You'll come home with me," he said, in a grimly snarling tone. "We'll see what your father says to my promised wife philandering with a penniless jackanapes like that. I'll cure you of that, my mistress, when we're married."

"Larry!" called Lotus. "Larry! Don't you see he is hurting my wrists horribly?"

Larry had just picked himself up, and was staring somewhat stupidly at the two. The words electrified him, however. With a bound he cleared the tree, and, as Drayton, with uplifted crop, turned to meet him, Larry dived under the blow, caught the man by his capacious middle, and, swinging him clear above his head, hurled him straight and plumb into the centre of the pool.

Lotus, frightened, clung trembling on to his arm.

"Oh, Larry," she said, "have you killed him?"

"Devil a bit!" replied Larry, with a grin. "He could never drown with his circumference."

They waited till they saw Drayton floundering to the bank. His bald head, with its few erect hairs, his spluttering expression of impotent, uncomfortable malevolence, his fierce eyes blinking and winking furiously, and, above all, the ludicrous wobbling of his body as he struck out for the side, were too much for the gravity of the girl.

Larry only grinned. He was rather ashamed of himself and sorry for Drayton. But Lotus went into peals of uncontrollable laughter.

"The ugly duckling!" she gasped. "Isn't he funny?"

Her merriment was checked, however, as Drayton, reaching the bank, gave them a look of menace that for all his ridiculous appearance struck sudden fear to the girl's heart.

He regarded them, silently, a few moments, then in a strained, rasping voice, hoarse with the passion of outraged vanity, he said to Lotus:—

"If your father could give with you a hundred sovereigns to each hair of your empty head I would not take you now. But I'll make you and yours repent this day's work. And when you and your dainty mother and vain peacock of a father are out in the street——"

"Clear!" interrupted Larry, sharply, with an imperative gesture.

Drayton gave him a malignant glance, swung on his heel, and disappeared into the bush.

III.

WHEN, an hour later, Larry and Lotus entered the bungalow it was with no little trepidation, in spite of their heroic resolves. They did not become more reassured by meeting Mrs. Devaine crossing the long dining-room on her way from her husband's study. "Oh, Lotus," she said, tearfully, "you have ruined your father. He is waiting for you—you had better go in."

"Wait for me, darling," said Larry, suddenly, and dived in alone. The interview was a long one. It began stormily, as Lotus could hear; then she heard Larry's voice, excited and rich in brogue.

"Wad you give your daughter, sorr, to a man who called you yourself a vain peacock, and took hould of the swate child's wrists like an eliphant trying to tear up a tree with both its hands, whatever?"

After this eloquent outburst the voices lowered, and Lotus heard no more. But within half an hour Larry and Mr. Devaine emerged from that door arm-in-arm, Larry having much that air of complacent mastery of the man who leads round the bear at the Zoo.

"Lotus, me darlin'," he said, "your father has consented, and you may embrace us both, beginning with meself."

Then, as Devaine, with a smile and a nod, passed on, leaving the two alone, Larry burst out again:—

"Such a job as I had of it with him. Buther wouldn't melt in his mouth till he heard Drayton had called him a vain peacock. Then he got very red and began to listen, and when I showed him my bank-book he dropped the misther and called me Larry. And when I tould him how I would pay off the mortgages he was fatherly as a hen over a basket of eggs. But thin he went all pale and pulled out a note. Now what do you think that blackguard Drayton has done? It appears your father never bothered to pay the last interest of the mortgage, and your father has lost his right to redeem. That old Jew can foreclose at any blessed minit, and has written a note to say he'll send his solicitors down in two or three days to take possession."

"Oh, Larry, shall we really be turned out?" cried Lotus.

"Your father thinks so," he replied; "but I have got a notion of how I can make that fellow sell me the mortgages. I have all the particulars here, and I am off to San Fernando straight away."

It was late that night when Larry arrived in the township and sought the house of Devaine's solicitor. From him he learnt that Drayton could undoubtedly take possession of Devaine's estate, and, so aided, utterly beggar him.

"He will never consent to sell now," said the lawyer, after hearing the account of all that had happened.

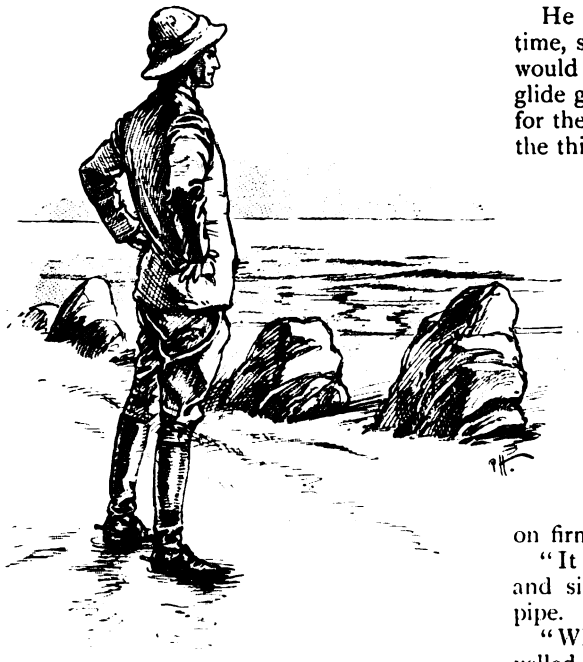
"There is persuasion and persuasion," said Larry, oracularly. "Anyhow, just draw me a regular release of all these mortgages in proper form and a receipt for the money."

"You will have to be quick if you are going to catch Drayton to-morrow," said the solicitor, as he parted from Larry an hour later. "His lawyer sent round to me to-night to ask me to confer with him and his client to-morrow at ten. I daresay he'll be bringing up the deeds."

"Thanks," said Larry, cheerfully, "I'm not intending to lose any time."

He knew the way to Drayton's estate, and, taking it, rode hard for a couple of hours. Then, leaving Devaine's plantations to the left, he followed the road on to the beach. After passing along this for nearly a mile he dismounted, tethered his horse, and looked carefully around. For a mile either way he commanded a perfect view of a flat, mud-coloured beach: on one side the sea oily and sluggish, on the other a brake of reed and tangled bush and bog. About twenty yards from this brake a number of large white boulders marked the limits of a deadly, bottomless quicksand, which ran out to nearly low-water mark.

Larry regarded these stones carefully. No



"LARGE WHITE BOULDERS MARKED THE LIMITS OF A DEADLY, BOTTOMLESS QUICKSAND."

one used that path save Drayton or the whites staying with him. The natives had a holy horror of it. Then for a few minutes Larry went to work, and moved the corner stone of the row which marked that border to which Roger Drayton must approach ten yards farther out to sea. He then disappeared into the bush, and in two hours reappeared dragging after him six or seven bamboo saplings whose length could easily cover the angle Drayton would probably cross. By the time he had arranged everything to his satisfaction the dawn was breaking. A dip into the sea refreshed him, and then, perceiving in the distance the figure of a horseman advancing, he crouched low behind a boulder and watched.

Drayton rode straight for the stone nearest the brake of bush, utterly unsuspecting. For a moment the speed of his horse carried him well into the dangerous sands before he noticed it. He was busy reading, and it was not till he heard the thud and wrenching squish of the horse's hoofs as it attempted to drag its feet free of the sucking sand that he realized what had happened. He glanced round wildly, helplessly. Not a soul was in sight—nothing save the long green roll of the sea, the sickly, sweet smell of the swamps, the "suck-suck" of the sand, and the strong tremors of the panting horse.

He knew perfectly well that in an hour's time, should no help arrive, no trace of him would be left. As a last hope he let himself glide gently off his horse and made a dash for the firm ground. It was no good. At the third step he stuck. He felt an irritable sense of mortification as he saw his horse, released of its load, with a valiant effort gather itself together, buck, twist, and with a bound scramble into safety.

Suddenly, as though starting from the earth, a man appeared, drawing after him a bundle of bamboos, lashed raft-wise. As he approached nearer Drayton recognised him as Larry Tighe, and yelled aloud in sheer relief.

"Thank God you've turned up so luckily," he cried, as the other stood on firm ground ten paces away.

"It is lucky," replied Larry, laconically, and sitting on the sand he began to load his pipe.

"What the deuce are you doing, man?" yelled Drayton. "Run the bamboos across. Can't you see I'm sinking?"

"Perfectly! I want a little conversation with you!" replied Larry, and taking no notice of the other's blasphemous and frenzied comments he pulled out from his pocket a fountain pen and a packet of papers.

"See these?" he went on, phlegmatically, with stony disregard of the other's dumb look of rage. "No. 1: Release of all the mortgages you hold over Devaine! No. 2: Receipt for the money. No. 3: My cheque in full for the amount. When you have signed the first two, I'll pass you the third and help you out. Will you sign?"

"I'll see you hanged first," roared Drayton, his face purple with fury.

"Then you will be sucked slowly into that hungry, black ooze," said Larry, with a gruesome, relishing lingering over each word.

For some minutes the silence reigned unbroken. Larry sat motionless, the blue smoke ascending from his pipe in long, spiral curves, watching through half-closed lids the sinking man. He wondered whether he would have the obstinate courage to compel him to get him out, his aim unattained. But he allowed no shadow of such a thought to appear on his face. Meanwhile, Drayton had sunk almost to the knees. His face was twitching, alternately flushed with rage and paled in fear.

"You're a scoundrel!" he screamed, at length, as Larry's impervious, complacent, patient regard met his.

"I know it!" replied the other, in tones studiously humble. "But are you going to sign or be sucked down and down among the little worms?"

The suction was gaining in strength. Drayton could hardly keep his balance. He raft along the surface of the quicksand, so that either end of it rested on the firm ground.

"Clasp the poles," he called. "Bend forward! Get your knees on to the cross work! That's right. Now you have only got to crawl along and pick the mud off yourself, and in an hour you'll be none the worse. I'm sorry to have inconvenienced you. You'll find the cheque all right."

"'YOU'RE A SCOUNDREL!' HE SCREAMED."

was afraid every moment of falling on his face.

"Steady me with a pole, for the love of Heaven!" he gasped.

Larry held out a tough sapling—just beyond his touch.

"Sign?" he asked again, in the same even, callous tone.

"Curse you! Yes!" screamed Drayton, as, swaying forward, he clutched the pole.

"Sensible man!" replied Larry. "Don't be in a hurry. You shall sign first and get out afterwards. I will pass them to you with this forked slip. You will sign and pass them back. Fooling only spells delay."

Drayton received them with a livid face and trembling fingers. As he passed them back and pocketed the cheque an exulting smile lurked round the corners of his mouth.

Larry gave him a peculiar grin. "No witnesses you think, eh?" he remarked, quizzingly. "Now, please, you'll throw the mortgage deeds right out into the sands. Then we shall not want any."

Drayton sullenly obeyed. He had no choice, and he was getting terribly afraid. The heavy bundle sucked in by the ooze was out of sight in three minutes. Then with dexterous rapidity Larry ran out the bamboo

Then, while Drayton climbed fearingly out, Larry sped round the angle, replaced in its position the corner stone he had moved, and regained his horse tethered near the bush.

By the time Drayton recovered his temper and his mustang Larry was a speck in the distance.

That evening there was joy in the bungalow. For Larry, being master of the situation, was formally accepted as master of Lotus, and joint owner with her father of the Devaine estates. But neither then, nor when three months later he and Lotus were safely married, would he ever divulge the means by which he had persuaded Roger Drayton to yield his mortgages. "I set a trap, and he walked right into it," he said; but beyond that he would give no explanation.

As for Drayton, he never told anyone, save his solicitor, and that astute man was so touched by the picture of his rotund client in such a predicament that he indulged in a fit of laughter, which so offended the irate little man that he transferred his affairs to another office. And I believe it was in a momentary fit of malice that that same amiable, yet jealous, attorney related the story to me.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LXIV.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE QUEEN AND PARLIAMENT.

FOR many years following on the death of the Prince Consort the Queen was an unfamiliar figure at Westminster. Members of reasonably long tenure of their seats never had opportunity of joining in the rush following the Speaker when he was bidden to the House of Lords to hear the Queen deliver her Speech. It was her personal esteem for Mr. Disraeli that, in 1876, when he, mounted on his horse, Spirited Foreign Policy, was in the flush of power and popularity, led her to break through her seclusion.

THE OPENING CEREMONY.

I was privileged to be present on the four occasions when the widowed Queen appeared at Westminster. Considering the brevity of the proceedings, preparation for due effect was made with infinite care. On such occasions only the peers wore their scarlet gowns. In order to make room for the peeresses, to whom the Opposition Benches were for the sitting allotted, benches were temporarily laid across the breadth of the floor. Another innovation was the mustering of Foreign Ministers on the Front Bench below the gangway to the right of the Woolsack, where in ordinary times the Bishops congregate. In addition to ladies on the floor of the House others garlanded the long lines of the side galleries. The Throne, which through the Session is jealously draped, was uncovered, a chair being placed to the left for the occupation of the Prince of Wales. The Princess of Wales sat on a bench at the back of the Woolsack facing the Throne. When the Queen was seated Black Rod was dispatched to bring the Commons. Soon was heard a tramping as if once more "armed men marched down the glen." As on the crest of a wave the Speaker, the Mace-Bearer, Black Rod, and the Chaplain were borne in and left stranded at the Bar. Behind them stood the Commons, wedged in tight as herrings in a barrel, only much more restive under the painful conditions. The Speech read, the Queen, saluting the spectators, withdrew, the whole business being over within the space of twenty minutes.

OMINOUS.

In 1876 there befell an incident which in earlier times might have been regarded as ominous. When the Queen took her place on the Throne she nearly lost the Crown of England. The long white strings which fell backward from the white cap, familiar in many portraits, caught under her dress as she seated herself, jerking cap and Crown on one side. Princess Beatrice, in watchful attendance, put matters right, and, the Lord Great Chamberlain humbly arranging a footstool, *petite* Majesty was made moderately comfortable on the high chair.

GREAT SEAL OF QUEEN VICTORIA—OBVERSE.

BENJAMIN EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

The most striking scene of the series was in 1877, when the Queen again opened Parliament in person. The special reason for this added grace was the fact that Mr. Disraeli had been raised to the peerage. On a night in the summer of 1876 he, without sign of anything unusual being to the fore, walked out of the House

of Commons never more to pace its floor. When the Queen entered the House of Lords she was always accompanied by one peer carrying the Sword of State in front, another walking behind bearing the Cap of Maintenance. It was known that the first Minister of the Crown, the newly created Earl of Beaconsfield, would at the opening of the Session of 1877 perform the former function. It is not too much to say that interest in his appearance exceeded even that which surged round the coming of the Queen.

Never will fail from memory the sight of Dizzy's face as, robed in the unaccustomed crimson gown, slashed with ermine, denoting the Earl's rank, he marched before the Queen, holding aloft a sword whose scabbard was jewelled after a fashion his soul loved. One of Tenniel's most famous cartoons in *Punch* portrayed Dizzy in the likeness of the Sphinx that looks out across the boundless desert of Egypt. That was the expression, or, to be precise, the lack of expression, he now assumed. He was conscious that all eyes were bent upon him — by his peers on the benches, by the Foreign Ministers, by the ladies in the gallery, by the Commons cooped in at the Bar, probably amongst them — who should say? — Mr. Gladstone. With measured pace Dizzy moved along, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, his countenance inscrutable as the carved stone-work in the desert. If he had been wound up, interior arrangements of springs duly made in order to regulate his motion, he could not have advanced with more automatic step or with less expression on his face.

"HE MARCHED BEFORE THE QUEEN."

THE QUEEN'S LAST VISIT.

The last time the Queen opened Parliament was on the 21st of January, 1886. The circumstances were peculiar. Again, as on the three earlier occasions, a Conservative Ministry was in office. Lord Beaconsfield was dead and Lord Salisbury reigned in his stead. He was at the head of what Mr. Chamberlain in those unregenerate days called "The Stopgap Government." At the General Election, completed just before Christmas, Mr. Gladstone had obtained a majority within two of the combined forces of Conservatives and Irish Nationalists. Instead of forthwith resigning, Lord Salisbury elected to meet the new Parliament. The Leader of the Opposition held the Ministry in the hollow of his hand. At any convenient moment he might turn them out and take their places. The moment was seized during debate on the Address. Mr. Jesse Collings moved the amendment known to history in connection with three acres and a cow. On a division the Ministry were wofully beaten.

It was whilst this inevitable blow was pending that the Queen paid the falling Minister the compliment of appearing by his side on the opening day of the Session. Not since, though the Conservatives have meanwhile enjoyed the longer lease of power, has Her Majesty been seen in the House of Lords. Growing age and physical debility would have precluded desire even had it taken this direction. When in order for Her Majesty to reach the level of the floor of the House of Lords the building of a lift would be necessary there was an end of further conjecture as to her appearance on the opening day.

THE QUEEN'S SUMMARY WRITER.

Although the Queen's personal participation in the business of Parliament was thus intermittent she up to the end showed the keenest interest in its proceedings. Within the last twenty-five years the Parliamentary Summary, the bare skeleton of the older fashion more or less picturesquely clothed, has become a prominent and attractive feature in the morning newspapers. The first Parliamentary Summary writer was Lord North, some time Leader of the House of Commons during the reign of George III. At that epoch Parliamentary reporting, though considerably advanced beyond the stage reached in Dr. Johnson's time, was in an elementary condition. It is

doubtful whether King George had his morning paper on his breakfast-table. However it be, he commanded the Premier to write him a letter towards the close of each sitting of the House, summarizing the proceedings.

The practice thus established was observed by Lord North's successor, and existed to the last day of the nineteenth century. Newspapers grew and multiplied. Parliamentary reports were, on suitable occasion, extended the full breadth of a page. Summaries of the debate, pictures of the scenes accompanying it, were prepared for readers who had not time or inclination to trudge through the long columns of verbatim report. Just the same, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Stafford Northcote, Sir William Harcourt, Mr. W. H. Smith, and Mr. Arthur Balfour, when the long night was drawing to a close, began to write their letter to the Queen, presenting a summary of the night's proceedings.

THE LETTER TO THE QUEEN.

A peculiarity of the anachronism is that the letter shall be written on the Treasury Bench in full view of the House. How this custom was established is evident. In days not more remote than those in which Mr. Disraeli lived, the Leader of the House of Commons was in his place on the Treasury Bench practically from the time the Speaker took the Chair till the cry, "Who goes home?" rang in the outer lobby. If he had letters to write he must pen them there. Accordingly, he took a blotting-pad from the table, laid it on his knee, and proceeded to write with one ear open to the hon. or right hon. gentleman at the moment on his legs.

These letters are bound up with other pages of history written by other makers of it, and preserved in the library at Windsor Castle. Amongst the contributors are Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Sir Stafford Northcote, Mr. W. H. Smith, Lord Randolph Churchill—what a bracketing!—Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Balfour. Presumably, as in the case of Sir Theodore Martin, these living records of Parliamentary episodes are, by special permission, open to the inspection of the historian. Some day, not in ours, they may leap into the light of print for the delight and instruction of the nation.

THE 9TH OF JUNE, 1885.

One of peculiar interest will be found under date the 9th of June, 1885. If precision were observed to the last point it would be marked "2 a.m." On the previous afternoon the House met for discussion of the Budget introduced by Mr. Childers. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach moved an amendment aimed against the increased duties on beer and spirits. He further protested against a slight increase of those death duties, upon the fuller extension of which by Sir William Harcourt he and his colleagues in Lord Salisbury's Fourth Administration are able to build ships and marshal armies. For some hours the proceedings were dull, neither Sir M. Hicks-Beach nor Mr. Childers being orators of the class that thrills a popular assembly. There was no apprehension of a defeat of the Government. The Irish members, a well-disciplined body under the dictatorship of Mr. Parnell, were, largely owing to Lord Randolph Churchill's generalship, in league with the Conservative Party. Still, the Ministerial Whips counted upon a majority of at least a score.

For some hours the House was only half full and altogether listless. Urgent whips were out on both sides. Members trooping down after dinner, the aspect of the Chamber began to change. Towards midnight a whisper went round that the Government were not so safe as they reckoned. At ten minutes to one, cheered by a new crowded and excited House, Mr. Gladstone threw himself into the fray. He delivered a magnificent speech. When at half-past one in the morning he resumed his seat the division bell clanged through all the rooms and corridors. For a while the Premier sat with folded arms and flushed brow. Then he suddenly remembered something. His letter to the Queen!

Members were already streaming forth into the division lobby. The Premier snatching a blotting-pad off the table and taking up a square sheet of letter-paper hurried out into the lobby and, seating himself at a table in one of the recesses, rapidly wrote. The passage of the Ministerial host did not afford time sufficient to finish the missive. When the Leader returned to the House he still held the blotting-pad and unfinished letter. Then followed the memorable scene watched with marvel by the admiring throng. The Chamber was full of the bustle and movement, the excited conversation that preludes the announcement of a critical division. It was a quarter to two, and members were still pouring in from either lobby. Ministers on the Treasury Bench and right hon. gentlemen on the Front Bench opposite anxiously looked for sign of cessation at one doorway or the other. Upon the issue depended the fate of the Ministry, in degree

the destiny of the Empire. The man most nearly concerned, the one with the largest personal stake, went on writing, steadily, rapidly, as if he were seated in his study in the quietness of a summer morning.

Everyone knew he was writing to tell the Queen what was taking place at the sitting. How far in the narrative had he got at the moment when, amid a buzz of sharpened excitement, the Ministerial and the Opposition Whips were observed almost simultaneously making their way through the crowds on either hand? Evidently it was a neck-and-neck race. Which had won? No one could know till, the tellers having handed their record of figures to the Clerk standing at the end of the table, he, on comparing them, would hand the paper back to the Whip whose forces were in the majority.

DELIGHT OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

A loud shout of triumph broke the moment's stillness. Mr. Gladstone looked up from his blotting-pad and saw Lord Randolph Churchill standing on his seat at the corner bench below the gangway wildly waving his hat. The Clerk had handed the paper to Mr. Rowland Winn, the Opposition Whip. Sir M. Hicks-Beach's amendment had been carried, and the Government, defeated on their Budget scheme, must needs resign.

Mr. Gladstone's letter was not finished yet. He had at least to add the figures of the division, notifying to Her Majesty the momentous fact that her Ministers had been routed. He went on quietly writing while the Clerk ran through the Orders of the Day. Then, with the letter and blotting-pad in his left hand, the pen in his right, he quietly moved the adjournment of the House — a step preparatory in such circumstances to announcement on the following day of the resignation of Ministers.

"HE WENT ON QUIETLY WRITING."

KING EDWARD IN OTHER DAYS.

It is probable that with a new century and a new King the Leader of the House of Commons may be relieved from this archaic duty. Even in ordinary times it imposes useless labour on an overworked Minister. In critical epochs, such as that just described, it fulfils the function of the proverbial last straw.

King Edward VII. comes into his new estate with an intimate personal knowledge of Parliamentary life possessed by none of his predecessors. For fully twenty-five years it has had a powerful fascination for him. For ten years following 1875 it was the House of Commons that proved the more attractive for the Prince of Wales. During the turbulent times of Irish obstruction, varied by Mr. Bradlaugh's incursions, his pleasant presence viewing the scene from the seat over the clock in the Peers' Gallery was almost nightly familiar.

He was seated there when Mr. Biggar achieved a Parliamentary feat, exceeding even his memorable performance when, with the assistance of a Blue-book, he made a speech four hours long by Westminster clock. It was on a Wednesday afternoon in the early part of the Session of 1875. Mr. Chaplin had secured the first place on the Orders for a motion dealing with the breed of horses. It excited a good deal of interest in the

neighbourhood of Epsom and Newmarket. The Prince of Wales came down to hear the debate, accompanied by a retinue of peers. Among other strangers in the diplomatic gallery was the German Ambassador.

It was a great day for Mr. Chaplin, and he was prepared to fill it. Called on by the Speaker, he rose, produced with a flourish from his breast-pocket a roll of manuscript, fixed his eye-glass, complacently surveyed the crowd of listeners, and said, "Mr. Speaker." That was as far as his speech went at this particular stage. From the Benches below the gangway immediately opposite a shrill voice was heard, exclaiming, "Mr. Speaker, sir, I believe there are strangers in the House." The Speaker went as far as was possible to him to evade noticing the interruption. But Mr. Biggar was master of the situation, and few human faces offer an opening exceeding the breadth of his smile as he surveyed it.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE PEERS' GALLERY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

At that time there was in operation the ancient order of a House jealous of its privileged sanctity that upon any member, however insignificant, calling attention to the presence of strangers the Speaker must forthwith, without question put, order their withdrawal. There was nothing for it but that the Prince of Wales, the representative of the German Emperor, the belted earls and barons in the Peers' Gallery, should file forth at the bidding of a gentleman who, when not assisting in the Government of the Empire, was engaged in the pork and bacon business in Belfast.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE LORDS.

Of late years, the House of Commons falling upon dull times, the Prince of Wales was rarely seen in the gallery. But he was the more constant in his attendance on the business of his own House. Whenever an important debate came on in the Lords His Royal Highness was sure to be found at the corner seat of the Front Cross Bench. That is a quarter naturally resorted to by peers of judicial mind. Hence Lord Wemyss affects it, from time to time delivering tremendous tirades from the bench immediately behind that on which the Prince of Wales and the Royal Dukes sit.

THE KING AND PARLIAMENT.

The Prince of Wales absolutely preserved the character of what Lord Granville happily designated the Cross Bench mind. He took no part in debate, and, with one exception, abstained from the division lobby. The exception was found on occasions when the Deceased Wife's Sisters Bill came to the fore. The Prince of Wales frequently presented petitions in favour of the measure. When the motion for its second reading was divided upon he invariably went out in the lobby in support of it, counting as an item in the number of peers who vote "content."

We shall probably never again see in the House of Commons the once familiar figure whose presence used to brighten the Peers' Gallery. Last time a King of England entered the House of Commons was on the 4th of January, 1642. William Lenthall was in the Chair, and Charles I.'s interview with the Speaker was not so satisfactory that His Majesty showed desire to revisit the scene. The Cross Bench in the Lords will never again be occupied by the illustrious person who is now King of Great Britain and Emperor of India. But Edward VII. is not likely to cut himself entirely adrift from the scenes and associations which for a quarter of a century drew him to Westminster as with a magnet. It is probable that for many Sessions to come the barren ceremony of opening Parliament by Royal Commission will give place to the transformation wrought by the living presence of the King.

The First Men in the Moon.

By H. G. Wells.

CHAPTER XIII.

MR. CAVOR MAKES SOME SUGGESTIONS.

FOR a time neither of us spoke. To focus together all the things we had brought upon ourselves seemed beyond my mental powers.

"They've got us," I said at last.

"It was that fungus."

"Well, if I hadn't taken it we should have fainted and starved."

"We might have found the sphere."

I lost my temper at his persistence and swore to myself. For a time we hated one another in silence. I drummed with my fingers on the floor between my knees and gritted the links of my fetters together. Presently I was forced to talk again.

"What do you make of it, anyhow?" I asked humbly.

"They are reasonable creatures—they can make things and do things. Those lights we saw . . . . "

He stopped. It was clear he could make nothing of it.

When he spoke again it was to confess. "After all, they are more human than we had a right to expect. I suppose——"

He stopped, irritatingly.

"Yes?"

"I suppose, anyhow—on any planet, where there is an intelligent animal, it will carry its brain case upward, and have hands and walk erect. . . ."

Presently he broke away in another direction.

"We are some way in," he said. "I mean—perhaps a couple of thousand feet or more."

"Why?"

"It's cooler. And our voices are so much louder. That faded quality—it has altogether gone. And the feeling in one's ears and throat."

I had not noted that, but I did now.

"The air is denser. We must be some depth—a mile even we may be—inside the moon."

"We never thought of a world inside the moon."

"No."

"How could we?"

"We might have done. Only——one gets into habits of mind."

He thought for a time.

"*Now*," he said, "it seems such an obvious thing. Of course! The moon must be enormously cavernous with an atmosphere within, and at the centre of its caverns a sea. One knew that the moon had a lower specific gravity than the earth; one knew that it had little air or water outside; one knew, too, that it was sister planet to the earth and that it was unaccountable that it should be different in composition. The inference that it was hollowed out was as clear as day. And yet one never saw it as a fact. Kepler, of course——" His voice had the interest now of a man who has discovered a pretty sequence of reasoning.

"Yes," he said, "Kepler, with his *sub-volvani*, was right after all."

"I wish you had taken the trouble to find that out before we came," I said.

He answered nothing, buzzing to himself softly as he pursued his thoughts. My temper was going. "What do you think has become of the sphere, anyhow?" I asked.

"Lost," he said, like a man who answers an uninteresting question.

"Among those plants?"

"Unless they find it."

"And then?"

"How can I tell?"

"Cavor," I said, with a sort of hysterical bitterness, "things look bright for my Company . . . ."

He made no answer.

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "Just think of all the trouble we took to get into this pickle! What did we come for? What are we after? What was the moon to us, or we to the moon? We wanted too much, we tried too much. We ought to have started the little things first. It was you proposed the moon! Those Cavorite spring blinds! I am certain we could have worked them for

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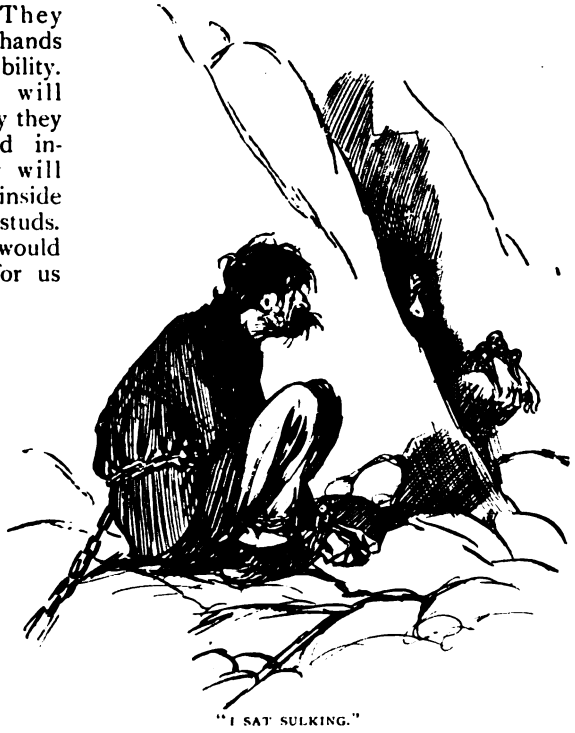
terrestrial purposes. Certain! Did you really understand what I proposed? A steel cylinder——"

"Rubbish!" said Cavor.

We ceased to converse.

For a time Cavor kept up a broken monologue without much help from me.

"If they find it," he began; "if they find it. . . . what will they do with it? Well, that's a question! It may be that's *the* question. They won't understand it, anyhow. If they understood that sort of thing they would have come long since to the earth. Would they? Why shouldn't they? But they would have sent something—— They couldn't keep their hands off such a possibility. No! But they will examine it. Clearly they are intelligent and inquisitive. They will examine it—get inside it—trifle with the studs. Off! . . . That would mean the moon for us for all the rest of our lives. Strange creatures, strange knowledge . . . ."



"I SAT SULKING."

"As for strange knowledge——!" said I, and language failed me.

"Look here, Bedford," said Cavor. "You came on this expedition of your own free will."

"You said to me—'call it prospecting.'"

"There's always risks in prospecting."

"Especially when you do it unarmed and without thinking out every possibility."

"I was so taken up with the sphere. The thing rushed on us and carried us away."

"Rushed on *me*, you mean."

"Rushed on me just as much. How was *I* to know when I set to work on molecular physics that the business would bring me here—of all places?"

"It's this accursed Science," I cried.

"It's the very Devil. The mediæval priests and persecutors were right, and the Moderns are all wrong. You tamper with it and it offers you gifts. And directly you take them it knocks you to pieces in some unexpected way. Old passions and new weapons—now it upsets your religion, now it upsets your social ideas, now it whirls you off to desolation and misery!

"Anyhow, it's no use your quarrelling with me now. These creatures—these Selenites—or whatever we choose to call them, have got us tied hand and foot. Whatever temper you choose to go through with it in, you will have to go through with it . . . . We have experiences before us that will need all our coolness."

He paused as if he required my assent. But I sat sulking.

"Confound your Science!" I said.

"The problem is communication. Gestures, I fear, will be different. Pointing, for example. No creatures but men and monkeys point."

That was too obviously wrong for me. "Pretty nearly every animal," I cried, "points with its eyes or nose."

Cavor meditated over that. "Yes," he said at last, "and we don't. There's such differences! Such differences!

"One might . . . . But how can I tell? There is speech. The sounds they make, a sort of fluting and piping. I don't see how we are to imitate that. Is it their speech, that sort of thing? They may have different senses, different means of communication. Of course they are minds and we are minds—there must be something in common. Who knows how far we may not get to an understanding?"

"The things are outside us," I said. "They're more different from us than the strangest animals on earth. They are a different clay. What is the good of talking like this?"

Cavor thought. "I don't see that. Where there are minds, they will have something

similar—even though they have been evolved on different planets. Of course, if it was a question of instinct—if we or they were no more than animals——"

"Well, *are* they? They're much more like ants on their hind legs than human beings, and who ever got to any sort of understanding with ants?"

"But these machines and clothing! No, I don't hold with you, Bedford. The difference is wide——"

"It's insurmountable."

"The resemblance must bridge it. I remember reading once a paper by the late Professor Galton on the possibility of communication between the planets. Unhappily at that time it did not seem probable that that would be of any material benefit to me, and I fear I did not give it the attention I should have done—in view of this state of affairs. Yet . . . Now, let me see!

"His idea was to begin with those broad truths that must underlie all conceivable mental existences and establish a basis on those. The great principles of geometry, to begin with. He proposed to take some leading proposition of Euclid's, and show by construction that its truth was known to us; to demonstrate, for example, that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal, and that if the equal sides be produced the angles on the other side of the base are equal also; or that the square on the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares on the two other sides. By demonstrating our knowledge of these things we should demonstrate our possession of a reasonable intelligence. . . . Now, suppose I . . . I might draw the geometrical figure with a wet finger or even trace it in the air . . ."

He fell silent. I sat meditating his words. For a time his wild hope of communication, of interpretation with these weird beings, held me. Then that angry despair that was a part of my exhaustion and physical misery resumed its sway. I perceived with a sudden novel vividness the extraordinary folly of everything I had ever done. "Ass!" I said, "Oh, ass, unutterable ass . . . I seem to exist only to go about doing preposterous things. . . . Why did we ever leave the thing? . . . Hopping about looking for patents and concessions in the craters of the moon! . . . If only we had had the sense to fasten a handkerchief to a stick to show where we had left the sphere!"

I subsided, fuming.

"It is clear," meditated Cavor, "they are intelligent. One can hypotheticate certain things. As they have not killed us at once they must have ideas of mercy. Mercy! At any rate of restraint. Possibly of intercourse. They may meet us. And this apartment and the glimpses we had of its guardian. These fetters! A high degree of intelligence. . . ."

"I wish to Heaven," cried I, "I'd thought even twice! Plunge after plunge. First one fluky start and then another. It was my confidence in you. *Why* didn't I stick to my play? That was what I was equal to. That was my world and the life I was made for. I could have finished that play. I'm certain . . . . it was a good play. I had the scenario as good as done. Then . . . . Conceive it! Leaping to the moon! Practically—I've thrown my life away! That old woman in the inn near Canterbury had better sense."

I looked up, and stopped in mid-sentence. The darkness had given place to that bluish light again. The door was opening, and several noiseless Selenites were coming into the chamber. I became quite still, staring at the chitinous impassiveness of their faces.

Then suddenly my sense of disagreeable strangeness changed to interest. I perceived that the foremost and second carried bowls. One elemental need at least our minds could understand in common. They were bowls of some metal that, like our fetters, looked dark in that bluish light; and each contained a number of whitish fragments. All the cloudy pain and misery that oppressed me rushed together and took the shape of hunger. I eyed these bowls wolfishly, and, though it returned to me [illegible] at that time it seemed a small matter that at the end of the arms that lowered one towards me were not hands, but a sort of flap and thumb, like the end of an elephant's trunk.

The stuff in the bowl was loose in texture and whitish-brown in colour—rather like lumps of some cold soufflé, and it smelt faintly like mushrooms. From a partially-divided carcass of a mooncalf that we presently saw I am inclined to believe it must have been mooncalf flesh.

My hands were so tightly chained that I could barely contrive to reach the bowl, but when they saw the effort I made two of them dexterously released one of the turns about my wrist. Their tentacle hands were soft and cold to my skin. I immediately seized a mouthful of the food. It had the same laxness in texture that all organic structures seem to have upon the moon; it tasted

rather like a *gauffre*, or a damp meringue, but in no way was it disagreeable. I took two other mouthfuls. "I *wanted*—foo'!" said I, tearing off a still larger piece. . . . .

For a time we ate with an utter absence of self-consciousness. We ate and presently drank like tramps in a soup kitchen. Never before, nor since, have I been hungry to the ravenous pitch, and save that I have had this very experience I could never have believed that a quarter of a million of miles out of our proper world, in utter perplexity of soul, surrounded, watched, touched by beings more grotesque and inhuman than the worst creatures of a nightmare, it would be possible for me to eat in utter forgetfulness of all these things. They stood about us, watching us, and ever and again making a slight elusive twittering that stood them, I suppose, in the stead of speech. I did not even shiver at their touch. And when the first zeal of my feeding was over I could note that Cavor too had been eating with the same shameless abandon.

"I EYED THESE BOWLS WOLFISHLY."

CHAPTER XIV.

EXPERIMENTS IN INTERCOURSE.

WHEN at last we had made an end of eating the Selenites linked our hands closely together again, and then untwisted the chains about our feet and rebound them, so as to give us a limited freedom of movement. Then they unfastened the chains about our waists. To do all this they had to handle us freely, and ever and again one of their queer heads came down close to my face, or a soft tentacle-hand touched my head or neck. I don't remember that I was afraid then or repelled by their proximity. I think that our incurable anthropomorphism made us imagine there were human heads inside these crustacean masks. The skin, like everything else, looked bluish, but that was on account of the light, and it was hard and shiny, quite in the beetle-wing fashion, not soft or moist or hairy as a vertebrated animal's would be. Along the crest of the head was a low ridge of whitish spines running from back to front, and a much larger ridge curved on either side over the eyes. The Selenite who untied me used his mouth to help his hands.

"They seem to be releasing us," said Cavor. "Remember, we are on the moon! Make no sudden movements!"

"Are you going to try that geometry?"

"If I get a chance. But, of course, they may make an advance first."

"THE SELENITES STOOD BACK FROM US, AND SEEMED TO BE LOOKING AT US."

We remained passive, and the Selenites having finished their arrangements stood back from us, and seemed to be looking at us. I say seemed to be, because as their eyes were at the side and not in front one had the same difficulty in determining the direction in which they were looking as one has in the case of a hen or a fish. They conversed with one another in their reedy tones that seemed to me impossible to imitate or define. The door behind us opened wider, and glancing over my shoulder I saw a vague large space beyond in which quite a little crowd of Selenites were standing.

"Do they want us to imitate those sounds?" I asked Cavor.

"I don't think so," he said.

"It seems to me that they are trying to make us understand something."

"I can't make anything of their gestures. Do you notice this one, who is worrying with his head like a man with an uncomfortable collar?"

"Let us shake our heads at him."

We did that, and finding it ineffectual, attempted an imitation of the Selenite's movements. That seemed to interest them. At any rate, they all set up the same movement. But as that seemed to lead to nothing we desisted at last, and so did they, and fell into a piping argument among themselves. Then one of them, a little shorter and thicker than the other, and with a particularly wide mouth, squatted down suddenly beside Cavor, and put his hands and feet in the same posture as Cavor's were bound, and then by a dexterous movement stood up.

"Cavor," I shouted, "they want us to get up!"

He stared open-mouthed. "That's it!" he said.

And with much heaving and grunting, because our hands were tied together, we contrived to struggle to our feet. The Selenites made way for our elephantine heavings, and seemed to twitter more volubly. As soon as we were on our feet the thick-set Selenite came and patted each of our faces with his tentacles, and walked towards the open doorway. That also was plain enough, and we followed him. We saw that four of the Selenites standing in the doorway were taller than the others, and clothed in the same manner as those we had seen in the crater, namely, with spiked, round helmets and cylindrical body-cases, and that each of the four carried a goad, with spike and guard made of that same dull-looking metal as the bowls. These four closed about us, one on either side of each of us, as we emerged from our chamber into the cavern from which the light had come.

We did not get our impression of that cavern all at once. Our attention was taken up by the movements and attitudes of the Selenites immediately about us, and by the necessity of controlling our motion, lest we should startle and alarm them and ourselves by some excessive stride. In front of us was the short, thick-set being who had solved the problem of asking us to get up, moving with gestures that seemed, almost all of them, intelligible to us, inviting us to follow him. His spout-like face turned from one of us to the other with a quickness that was clearly interrogative. For a time, I say, we were taken up with these things.

But at last the great place that formed a background to our movements asserted itself. It became apparent that the source of much at least of the tumult of sounds which had filled our ears ever since we had recovered from the stupefaction of the fungus was a vast mass of machinery in active movement, whose flying and whirling parts were visible indistinctly over the heads and between the bodies of the Selenites who walked about us. And not only did the web of sounds that filled the air proceed from this mechanism, but also the peculiar blue light that irradiated the whole place. We had taken it as a natural thing that a subterranean cavern should be artificially lit, and even now, though the fact was patent to my eyes, I did not really grasp its import until presently the darkness came. The meaning and structure of this huge apparatus we saw I cannot explain, because we neither of us learnt what it was for or how it worked. One after another, big shafts of metal flung out and up from its centre, their heads travelling in what seemed to me to be a parabolic path; each dropped a sort of dangling arm as it rose towards the apex of its flight and plunged down into a vertical cylinder, forcing this down before it. And as each of these arms plunged down there was a clank and then a roaring, and out of the top of the vertical cylinder came pouring this incandescent substance, that lit the place and ran over as milk runs over a boiling pot and dripped luminously into a tank of light below. It was a cold blue light, a sort of phosphorescent glow, but infinitely brighter, and from the tanks into which it fell it ran in conduits athwart the cavern.

Thud, thud, thud, thud, came the sweeping arms of this unintelligible apparatus, and the light substance hissed and poured. At first the thing seemed only reasonably large and near to us; and then I saw how exceedingly little the Selenites upon it seemed, and I realized the full immensity of cavern and machine. I looked from this tremendous affair to the faces of the Selenites with a new respect. I stopped, and Cavor stopped, and stared at this thunderous engine.

"But this is stupendous!" I said. "What can it be for?"

Cavor's blue-lit face was full of an intelligent respect. "I can't dream! Surely these beings——. Men could not make a thing like that! Look at those arms: are they on connecting rods?"

The thick-set Selenite had gone some paces unheeded. He came back and stood between us and the great machine. I avoided seeing him, because I guessed somehow that his idea was to beckon us onward. He walked away in the direction he wished us to go, and turned and came back, and flicked our faces to attract our attention.

Cavor and I looked at one another.

"Cannot we show him we are interested in the machine?" I said.

"Yes," said Cavor. "We'll try that." He turned to our guide, and smiled, and pointed to the machine, and pointed again, and then to his head, and then to the machine. By some defect of reasoning he seemed to imagine that broken English might help these gestures. "Me look 'im," he said; "me think 'im very much. Yes."

His behaviour seemed to check the Selenites in their desire for our progress for a moment. They faced one another, their queer heads moved, the twittering voices came quick and liquid. Then one of them, a lean, tall creature, with a sort of mantle added to the puttee in which the others were dressed, twisted his elephant trunk of a hand about Cavor's waist, and pulled him gently to follow our guide, who again went on ahead.

Cavor resisted. "We may just as well begin explaining ourselves now! They may think we are new animals, a new sort of mooncalf, perhaps! It is most important that we should show an intelligent interest from the outset."

He began to shake his head violently. "No, no," he said; "me not come on one minute. Me look at 'im."

"Isn't there some geometrical point you might bring in *àpropos* of that affair?" I suggested, as the Selenites conferred again.

"Possibly a parabolic——" he began. He yelled loudly and leaped six feet or more!

One of the four armed moon-men had pricked him with a goad!

I turned on the goad-bearer behind me with a swift, threatening gesture and he started back. This and Cavor's sudden shout and leap clearly astonished all the Selenites. They receded hastily, facing us with their stupid, unchanging stare. For one of those moments that seem to last for ever we stood in angry protest, with a scattered semi-circle of these inhuman beings about us.

"THEY RECEDED HASTILY, FACING US WITH THEIR STUPID, UNCHANGING STARE."

"He pricked me!" said Cavor, with a catching of the voice.

"I saw him," I answered.

"Confound it!" I said to the Selenites; "we're not going to stand that! What on earth do you take us for?"

I glanced quickly right and left. Far away across the blue wilderness of cavern I saw a number of other Selenites running towards us. The cavern spread wide and low, and receded in every direction into darkness. Its roof, I remember, seemed to bulge down as if with the weight of the vast thickness of rocks that prisoned us. There was no way out of it—no way out of it. Above, below, in every direction, was the unknown, and these inhuman creatures with goads and gestures confronting us, and we two unsupported men!

CHAPTER XV.

THE GIDDY BRIDGE.

JUST for a moment that hostile pause endured. I suppose that both we and the Selenites did some very rapid thinking. My clearest impression was that there was nothing to put my back against and that we were bound to be surrounded and killed. The overwhelming folly of our presence there loomed over me in black, enormous reproach. Why had I ever launched myself on this mad, inhuman expedition?

Cavor came to my side and laid his hand on my arm. His pale and terrified face was ghastly in the blue light.

"We can't do anything," he said. "It's a mistake. They don't understand. We must go—as they want us to go."

I looked down at him, and then at the fresh Selenites who were coming to help their fellows. "If I had my hands free——"

"It's no use," he panted.

"No."

"We'll go."

And he turned about and led the way in the direction that had been indicated for us.

I followed, trying to look as subdued as possible, and feeling at the chains about my wrists. My blood was boiling. I noted nothing more of that cavern, though it

seemed to take a long time before we had marched across it, or if I noted anything I forgot it as I saw it. My thoughts were concentrated, I think, upon my chains and the Selenites, and particularly upon the helmeted ones with the goads. At first they marched parallel with us, and at a respectful distance, but presently they were overtaken by three others, and then they drew nearer until they were within arms' length again. I winced like a spurred horse as they came near to us. The shorter, thicker Selenite marched at first on our right flank, but presently came in front of us again.

How well the picture of that grouping has bitten into my brain: the back of Cavor's downcast head just in front of me, and the dejected droop of his shoulders, and our guide's gaping visage, perpetually jerking

Clang, clang, clang, we passed right under the thumping levers of another vast machine, and so came at last to a wide tunnel, in which we could even hear the pad, pad of our shoeless feet, and which, save for the trickling thread of blue to the right of us, was quite unlit. The shadows made gigantic travesties of our shapes and those of the Selenites on the irregular wall and roof of the tunnel. Ever and again crystals in the walls of the tunnel scintillated like gems, ever and again the tunnel expanded into a stalactitic cavern, or gave off branches that vanished into darkness.

We seemed to be marching down that tunnel for a long time. "Trickle, trickle," went the flowing light very softly, and our footfalls and their echoes made an irregular paddle, paddle. My mind settled down to

"'TRICKLE, TRICKLE,' WENT THE FLOWING LIGHT VERY SOFTLY."

about him, and the goad-bearers on either side, watchful yet open-mouthed—a blue monochrome. And after all, I do remember one other thing besides the purely personal affair, which is that a sort of gutter came presently across the floor of the cavern and then ran along by the side of the path of rock we followed. And it was full of that same bright blue luminous stuff that flowed out of the great machine. I walked close beside it, and I can testify it radiated not a particle of heat. It was brightly shining, and yet it was neither warmer nor colder than anything else in the cavern.

the question of my chains. If I were to slip off one turn *so*, and then to twist it *so*. . . .

If I tried to do it very gradually, would they see I was slipping my wrist out of the looser turn? If they did, what would they do?

"Bedford," said Cavor, "it goes down. It keeps on going down."

His remark roused me from my sullen preoccupation.

"If they wanted to kill us," he said, dropping back to come level with me, "there is no reason why they should not have done it."

"No," I admitted; "that's true."

"They don't understand us," he said;

"they think we are merely strange animals, some wild sort of mooncalf birth, perhaps. It will be only when they have observed us better that they will begin to think we have minds——"

"When you trace those geometrical problems?" said I.

"It may be that."

We tramped on for a space.

"You see," said Cavor, "these may be Selenites of a lower class."

"The infernal fools," said I, viciously, glancing at their exasperating faces.

"If we endure what they do to us——"

"We've got to endure it," said I.

"There may be others less stupid. This is the mere outer fringe of their world. It must go down and down, cavern, passage, tunnel, down at last to the sea—hundreds of miles below.

His words made me think of the mile or so of rock and tunnel that might be over our heads already. It was like a weight dropping on my shoulders. "Away from the sun and air," I said. "Even a mine half a mile deep is stuffy."

"This is not—anyhow. It's probable—— Ventilation! The air would blow from the dark side of the moon to the sunlit, and all the carbonic acid would well out there and feed those plants. Up this tunnel, for example—there is quite a breeze. And what a world it must be! The earnest we have in that shaft, and those machines——"

"And the goad," I said. "Don't forget the goad!"

He walked a little in front of me for a time.

"Even that goad——" he said.

"Well?"

"I was angry at the time. But——it was perhaps necessary we should get on. They have different skins and probably different nerves. They may not understand our objection—just as a being from Mars might not like our earthly habit of nudging."

"They'd better be careful how they nudge *me*."

"And about that geometry. After all, their way is a way of understanding too. They begin with the elements of life and not of thought. Food. Compulsion. Pain. They strike at fundamentals."

"There's no doubt about *that*," I said.

He went on to talk of the enormous and wonderful world into which we were being taken. I realized slowly from his tone that even now he was not absolutely in despair at the prospect of going ever deeper into this inhuman planet burrow. His mind ran on machines and invention to the exclusion of a thousand dark things that beset me. It wasn't that he intended to make any use of these things: he simply wanted to know them.

"After all," he said, "this is a tremendous occasion. It is the meeting of two worlds. What are we going to see? Think of what is below us here."

"We sha'n't see much if the light isn't better," I remarked.

"This is only the outer crust. Down below——. On this scale——. There will be everything. The story we shall take back!"

"Some rare sort of animal," I said, "might comfort himself in that way while they were bringing him to the Zoo. . . . It doesn't follow that we are going to be shown all these things."

"When they find we have reasonable minds," said Cavor, "they will want to learn about the earth. Even if they have no generous emotions they will teach in order to learn. . . . And the things they must know! The unanticipated things!"

He went on to speculate on the possibility of their knowing things he had never hoped to learn on earth, speculating in that way, with a raw wound from that goad already in his skin! Much that he said I forget, for my attention was drawn to the fact that the tunnel along which we had been marching was opening out wider and wider. We seemed from the feeling of the air to be going out into a huge space. But how big the space might really be we could not tell, because it was unlit. Our little stream of light ran in a dwindling thread and vanished far ahead. Presently the rocky walls had vanished altogether on either hand. There was nothing to be seen but the path in front of us and the trickling, hurrying rivulet of blue phosphorescence. The figures of Cavor and the guiding Selenite marched before me; the sides of their legs and heads that were towards the rivulet were clear and bright blue; their darkened sides, now that the reflection of the tunnel wall no longer lit them, merged indistinguishably in the darkness beyond.

And soon I perceived that we were approaching a declivity of some sort, because the little blue stream dipped suddenly out of sight.

In another moment, as it seemed, we had reached the edge. The shining stream gave one meander of hesitation and then rushed

over. It fell to a depth at which the sound of its descent was absolutely lost to us. And the darkness it dropped out of became utterly void and black, save that a thing like a plank projected from the edge of the cliff and stretched out and faded and vanished altogether.

For a moment I and Cavor stood as near the edge as we dared peering into an inky profundity. And then our guide was pulling at my arm.

Then he left me and walked to the end of that plank and stepped upon it, looking back. Then when he perceived we watched him he turned about and went on along it, walking as surely as though he was on firm earth. For a moment his form was distinct, then he became a blue blur, and then vanished into the obscurity.

There was a pause. "Surely—— !" said Cavor.

One of the other Selenites walked a few paces out upon the plank and turned and looked back at us unconcernedly. The others stood ready to follow after us. Our guide's expectant gape reappeared. He was returning to see why we had not advanced.

"We can't cross that at any price," said I.

"I could not go three steps on it," said Cavor, "even with my hands free."

We looked at each other's drawn faces in blank consternation.

"They can't know what it is to be giddy," said Cavor.

"It's quite impossible for us to walk that plank."

"I don't believe they see as we do. I've been watching them. I wonder if they know this is simply blackness for us. How can we make them understand?"

"Anyhow, we must make them understand."

I think we said these things with a vague, half hope the Selenites might somehow understand. I knew quite clearly that all that was needed was an explanation. Then, as I saw their blank faces, I realized that an explanation was impossible. Just here it was that our resemblances were not going to bridge our differences. Well, I wasn't going to walk the plank anyhow. I slipped my wrist very quickly out of the coil of chain that was loose, and then began to twist my wrists in opposite directions. I was standing nearest to the bridge, and as I did this two of the Selenites laid hold of me and pulled me gently towards it.

I shook my head violently. "No go," I said, "no use. You don't understand."

Another Selenite added his compulsion. I was forced to step forward.

"Look here!" I exclaimed. "Steady on! It's all very well for you——"

I sprang round upon my heel: I burst out into curses. For one of the armed Selenites had stabbed me behind with his goad.

I wrenched my wrists free from the little tentacles that held them. I turned on the goad-bearer. "Confound you!" I cried. "I've warned you of that. What on earth do you think I'm made of, to stick that into me? If you touch me again—— !"

By way of answer he pricked me forthwith.

"HE SMASHED LIKE AN EGG."

I heard Cavor's voice in alarm and entreaty. Even then I think he wanted to compromise with these creatures. But the sting of that second stab seemed to set free some pent-up reserve of energy in my being. Instantly a link of the wrist chain snapped, and with it snapped all considerations that had held us unresisting in the hands of these moon-creatures. For that second, at least, I was mad with fear and anger. I took no thought of consequences. I hit straight out, at the face of the thing with the goad. The chain was twisted round my fist. . . .

There came another of those beastly surprises of which the moon world is full.

My mailed hand seemed to go clean through him. He smashed like an egg. It was like hitting one of those hard sweets that have liquid inside. It broke right in, and the flimsy body went spinning a dozen yards and fell with a flabby impact. I was astonished. I was incredulous that any living thing could be so flimsy. For an instant I could have believed the whole thing a dream.

Then it had become real and imminent again. Neither Cavor nor the other Selenites seemed to have done anything from the time when I had turned about to the time when the dead Selenite hit the ground. Everyone stood back from us two, everyone alert. That arrest seemed to last at least a second after the Selenite was down. Everyone must have been taking the thing in. I seem to remember myself standing with my arm half retracted, trying also to take it in. "What next?" clamoured my brain; "what next?" Then in a moment everyone was moving!

I perceived we must get our chains loose, and that before we could do this these Selenites had to be beaten off. I faced towards the group of the three goad-bearers. Instantly one threw his goad at me. It swished over my head, and I suppose went flying into the abyss behind.

I leaped right at him with all my might as the goad flew over me. He turned to run as I jumped, and I bore him to the ground, came down right upon him, and slipped upon his smashed body and fell.

I came into a sitting position, and on every hand the blue backs of the Selenites were receding into the darkness. I bent a link by main force and untwisted the chain that had hampered me about the ankles, and sprang to my feet, with the chain in my hand. Another goad, flung javelin-wise, whistled by me, and I made a rush towards the darkness out of which it had come. Then I turned back towards Cavor, who was still standing in the light of the rivulet near the gulf, convulsively busy with his wrists.

"Come on!" I cried.

"My hands!" he answered.

Then, realizing that I dared not run back to him because my ill-calculated steps might carry me over the edge, he came shuffling towards me, with his hands held out before him.

I gripped his chains at once to unfasten them.

"Where are they?" he panted.

"Run away. They'll come back. They're throwing things! Which way shall we go?"

"By the light. To that tunnel. Eh?"

"Yes," said I, and his hands were free.

I dropped on my knees and fell to work on his ankle bonds. Whack came something—I know not what—and splashed the livid streamlet into drops about us. Far away on our right a piping and whistling began.

I whipped the chain off his feet, and put it in his hand. "Hit with that!" I said, and without waiting for an answer set off in big bounds along the path by which we had come. I heard the impact of his leaps come following after me.

We ran in vast strides. But that running, you must understand, was an altogether different thing from any running on earth. On earth one leaps and almost instantly hits the ground again; but on the moon, because of its weaker pull, one shot through the air for several seconds before one came to earth. In spite of our violent hurry this gave an effect of long pauses, pauses in which one might have counted seven or eight. Step, and one soared off. All sorts of questions ran through my mind: "Where are the Selenites? What will they do? Shall we ever get to that tunnel? Is Cavor far behind? Are they likely to cut him off?" Then whack, stride, and off again for another step.

I saw a Selenite running in front of me, his legs going exactly as a man's would go on earth, saw him glance over his shoulder, and heard him shriek as he ran aside out of my way into the darkness. He was, I think, our guide, but I am not sure. Then in another vast stride the walls of rock had come into view on either hand, and in two more strides I was in the tunnel, and tempering my pace to its low roof. I went on to a bend, then stopped and turned back, and plug, plug, plug, Cavor came into view, splashing into

the stream of blue light at every stride, and grew larger and blundered into me. We stood clutching each other. For a moment, at least, we had shaken off our captors and were alone.

We were both very much out of breath. We spoke in panting, broken sentences.

"What are we to do?"

"Hide."

"Where?"

"Up one of these side caverns."

"And then?"

"Think."

"Right—come on."

We strode on, and presently came to a radiating, dark cavern. Cavor was in front. He hesitated, and chose a black mouth that seemed to promise good hiding. He went towards it and turned.

"It's dark," he said.

"Your legs and feet will light us. You are all wet with that luminous stuff."

"But——"

A tumult of sounds, and in particular a sound like a clanging gong advancing up the main tunnel, became audible. It was horribly suggestive of a tumultuous pursuit. We made a bolt for the unlit side cavern forthwith. As we ran along it our way was lit by the irradiation of Cavor's legs. "It's lucky," I panted, "they took off our boots, or we should fill this place with clatter." On we rushed, taking as small steps as we could to avoid striking the roof of the cavern. After a time we seemed to be gaining on the uproar. It became muffled, it dwindled, it died away.

"'BEDFORD,' HE WHISPERED; 'THERE'S A SORT OF LIGHT IN FRONT OF US.'"

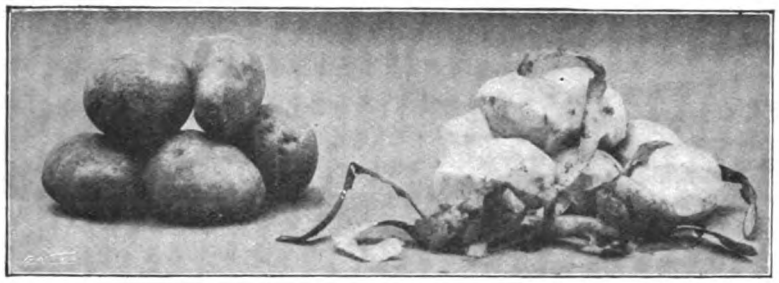
I stopped and looked back, and I heard the pad, pad of Cavor's feet receding. Then he stopped also. "Bedford," he whispered; "there's a sort of light in front of us."

I looked, and at first could see nothing. Then I perceived his head and shoulders dimly outlined against a fainter darkness. I saw also that this mitigation of the darkness was not blue, as all the other light within the moon had been, but a pallid grey, a very vague faint white, the daylight colour. Cavor noted this difference as soon as, or sooner than, I did, and I think, too, that it filled him with much the same wild hope.

"Bedford," he whispered, and his voice trembled, "that light—it is possible——"

He did not dare to say the thing he hoped. There came a pause. Suddenly I knew by the sound of his feet that he was striding towards that pallor. I followed him, with a beating heart.

(To be continued.)



A Potato-Peeling Competition.

By H. G. Holmes.

THIS is an age of competition and the survival of the fittest. Individuality is regarded as the *sine quâ non* to win success. No matter what the position, from Premier of an Empire right away down to Champion Potato-Peeler of a mighty city, the struggle to reach either lofty pinnacle only varies comparatively.

Such a reflection was almost certain to occur to the spectator of one of the most novel and withal amusing contests ever organized in London.

The well-known catering firm of "Pearce and Plenty" owns the distinction of providing food on a marvellously cheap scale to a certain class of the vast London public. The number of "sausages and mashed" which the score or so of "Pearce and Plenty" establishments are daily called upon by their hungry patrons to serve over the counter is—well, appalling! Other similarly satisfactory dainties are quite beyond counting. But it will be sufficient for the purposes of this article to state that over 2,500 tons of potatoes are cooked and sold by this firm alone in a year.

Each of the many depôts of delectable dishes has its staff of lads, whose sole work throughout the day, from nine o'clock in the morning until seven in the evening, is potato-peeling. They are paid about 8s. a week, with an allowance for each hundredweight of potatoes they may peel in the six days. Pearce's employ about eighty boys to peel their potatoes, of which about fifty tons are used in a week, while some of the boys can peel 70lb. in an hour.

As an additional inducement to make nimble fingers acquire more speed, once a year there is held a competition, open to the smartest of the potato-peeling brigade. Only those who have seen the boys at work in such a contest can form an adequate idea of their dexterity.

It was on a wintry evening that the writer made the best of his way to "Pearce and Plenty's" depôt in Clerkenwell Road. It was past the hour when customers are served, and although the great hall of "'a'penny mugs and doorsteps" was almost empty, there still hovered around the place an air of activity. Attendants hurried from mysterious cupboards and passages, each laden with a huge bucket of tubers *en route* for the scene of the coming battle. Outside the doors groups of boys, competitors and their mates, waited restlessly for the signal to enter and start business. There was no mistaking the lads who had been chosen to display the activity of their muscles in the gentle art. Each carried his expectant anxiety written plainly on his features—for were not the prizes worth winning? A bright golden sovereign for the champion and five other amounts of less substantial value for runners-up.

"You'll win that quid, ole man!" each knight of the scraper was solemnly assured by his particular chums.

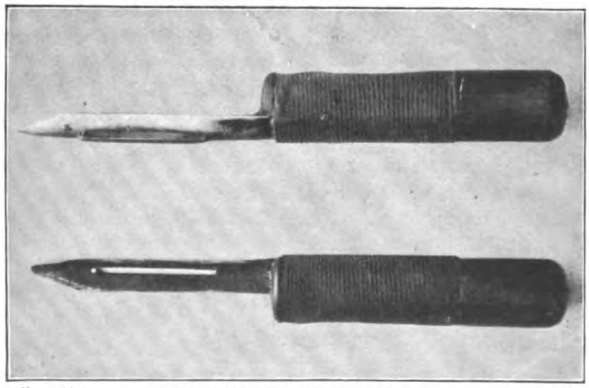
Soon the arena was ready, and, at a word, the boys filed in to their seats. They numbered fourteen, coming from all parts of

London, north, south, east, and as far west as Charing Cross. Not more than two boys were allowed to enter from any branch restaurant.

When they had stripped and got into war-paint they looked a smart, determined lot of youngsters. Before each were two buckets, one packed with 28lb. of potatoes "in their jackets," the other gaping open to receive the tubers peeled and ready for the boilers. A special knife, guarded to prevent wastage in peeling, was gripped in the right hand of each eager competitor. Around them on every side were visitors, come to look on and enjoy the scene. At the backs of some of the young scrapers stood a friend, ready with wise counsel and cheery chaff to encourage his "pal." Outside in the street an excited "gallery," for whom there was no entrance to the show, could be heard yelling cries of inspiration to their more favoured companions.

EACH OF THESE BUCKETS CONTAINS THE 28LB. OF POTATOES TO BE PEELED BY EACH COMPETITOR.
From a Photograph.

A hush came over everything as Mr. Pearce, senior, stepped into the space separating the two long rows of competitors, and read the rules. The winning of a prize not only depended on speed, he pointed out, but there were two independent judges present who would afterwards inspect the work done, and award points to those whose potatoes were well peeled throughout, leaving no "black eyes" or other blemishes.



From a] KNIVES USED IN THE COMPETITION. *[Photograph.*

Precisely at eight o'clock Mr. Pearce gave the word to "go!" Swift as the race-horse at the fall of the flag fourteen pairs of willing hands shot into action. The battle had begun! The invisible gallery outside, in some mysterious way becoming aware that the fun had started, cheered boisterously.

Splash — splash — splash! No sooner had the boys gripped their tubers and set their scrapers flying than it appeared to the spectators that the creamy spheres and oblongs began to drop into the yawning buckets of water that stood before every boy. The chippings of peel flew about in showers. To and fro flashed the knives in the expert hands of the young shavers.

"Splash, splash, splash!" went the peelings into the water, into which they continuously dropped from the hand that gripped another "brownie" almost as soon as the peeled one had left it. Fourteen deft young hands whirled the sharp scrapers, sending forth fourteen showers of peelings. Could they possibly keep up such marvellous dexterity throughout the entire task of a quarter of a hundredweight of "nobbly ones"? It certainly seemed to be impossible.

It was interesting to notice the styles of some of the various boys. Some people imagine that there is only one way of peeling a potato. There are at least half-a-dozen. A boy who moved his scraper like a needle of a sewing-machine at work, and

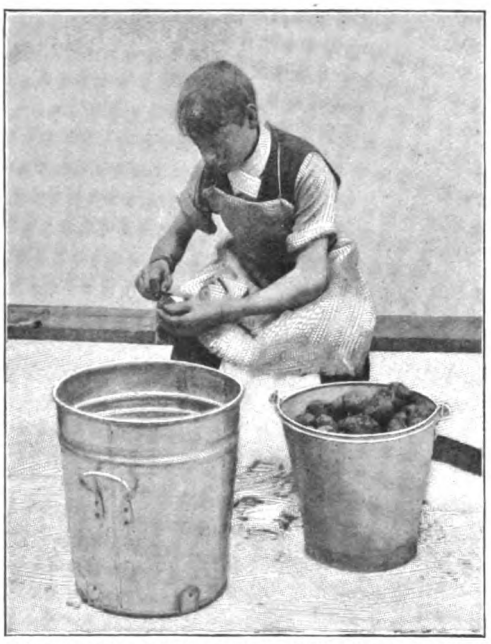
From a] WAITING FOR THE WORD "GO!" *[Photograph.*

who proved to be the fastest peeler in the company, gripped each potato with his left hand and placed it against a bit of board fitted into the top portion of his apron, just below the neck. Holding the potato firmly against the board, he scraped inwards with a stroke as unerring as a steam-hammer. A large potato, weighing 2lb., passed through his hands in 4 3-5sec. This youngster's dexterity in extracting "eyes" was wonderful. A few taps of the point of the knife, and hey, presto! "eyes" flew about the place like a hailstorm. This youth, whose name is Hazell, and who came from Pearce's Lambeth Hill branch, must prove an excellent example to his fellow-peelers.

From a] THE CONTEST IN FULL SWING. *[Photograph.*

Another style of peel-removal to be seen was the holding of the potato firmly against the lower part of the bent right knee, scraping inwards. This position gives more leverage

to the arm, but necessitates the bending of the body, the operator being almost doubled up. Such a style must prove ruinous to the physique of a young lad if practised through-



THE POSITION ADOPTED BY J. GODDARD, THE FIRST PRIZE WINNER. [*Photograph.*
From a]

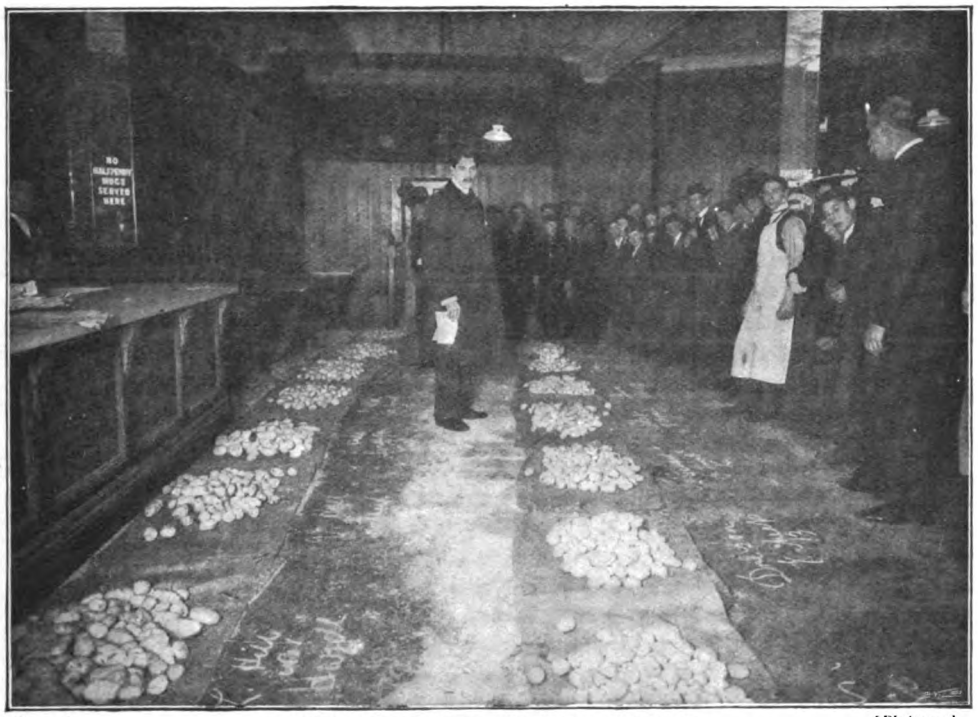
THE POSITION ADOPTED BY W. PRITCHARD, THE SECOND PRIZE WINNER. [*Photograph.*
From a]

out the length of a working day. It gained the boy a first prize, however, so it is certainly rapid and cleanly.

Another dexterous style is to hold the tuber upon the upper portion of the leg, paring outwards to the right. The style chiefly practised during the evening by many of the boys was the old-fashioned method—adopted with success by the second prize winner—of gripping the potato in the left palm and paring the peel towards the wrist. Others held the "nobbly ones" in the left hand and pared outwards as a man whittles a stick.

There was tremendous excitement amongst the competitors, and a yell from the invisible "gallery," when the boy Hazell, with a triumphant chuckle, turned his empty bucket upside down and shouted, "Done, sir!" He had peeled 28lb. of potatoes in 18min. 25sec. Truly, a wonderful spell of work. His face was scarlet and the perspiration streamed from his brow as he finished. As, however, his peeling hardly came up to the standard of cleanliness, he was only allowed the third prize. The second boy, Goddard, of Victoria Hall depôt, completed his 28lb. one minute and a half later, the others follow-

From a] A POTATO PEELED BY THE FIRST PRIZE WINNER. [*Photograph.*



From a] THE JUDGE DECIDING ON THE BEST-PEELED HEAP. *[Photograph.*

ing at intervals varying from one to five minutes.

When all had finished, each boy's work was turned out for inspection by the judges, who duly decided that for excellence in clean peeling, irrespective of time occupied, J. Goddard, of Victoria Hall, was entitled to first place, and W. Pritchard to the second.

Although there was no band to play "See the Conquering Heroes Come" as Goddard and Pritchard made their way to the street, they received a vociferous round of applause from the combined forces of the invisible "gallery" and the visitors.

J. GODDARD, FIRST PRIZE WINNER (ON THE RIGHT), AND W. PRITCHARD, SECOND PRIZE WINNER.
From a Photograph.

The writer desires to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Pearce in enabling the accompanying photographs to be taken under difficult circumstances.

"BOBALONG"

BY JOHN OXENHAM

Author of "God's Prisoner," "Rising Fortunes," "A Princess of Vascovy," etc.

IT was somewhere about September when he descended on London, and in his own peculiar way began to make an impression there.

He was small and chunky built, with a cheerful little face like a winter-kept apple, a hopeful blue eye, and small, grey side-whiskers, and there was something about him which made you say "Horse!" the moment you set eyes on him.

The impression he made on P.C. 42 at Ludgate Circus was fairly representative of the impression he created elsewhere.

When he had stood for three mortal days alongside the obelisk there, P.C. 42, who had been keeping a wary eye on him to see what mischief he was up to, remarked jocularly from the height of his six-feet-two: "Lost something?"

And the little man turned the apple face up to him and said, "Well, yes, I have."

"Horse?" asked P.C. 42, instinctively.

"No, a man."

"Come up to look for him?"

"Well, yes, I have."

"Hope to find him?"

"Well, yes, I was hoping to."

"Expect to find him on a 'bus?"

"Well, I did rather, or maybe a cab."

"I see," said P.C. 42. "Big place, London."

"It's bigger'n I thought."

"Well," said P.C. 42, slowly setting himself in motion towards a kink in the traffic, "hope you'll find him."

"Thank'ee," said the little man, and turned his search-lights on a white Road Car which P.C. 42 had just quarantined with his forefinger.

"I reckon you'll know the hosses on this route pretty well by this time," said P.C. 42, as he sauntered back after releasing his capture.

"Know every one of 'em already," said the little man, with a short, pleased laugh. "I reckonise 'em quicker'n I do the drivers."

"Ah!" said P.C. 42. "I thought you knew a hoss when you saw one. An' who is it you're looking for?"

"A young man that's wanted at home very partic'lar."

"An' you think he'll be driving a hoss somewhere in London?"

"That's it," said the little man, eagerly.

"Big place, London," said P.C. 42, oracularly, once more. "Tried the Bank? Heap o' 'buses there."

"Aye; I was a week there."

"Tried the Elephant?"

The little man looked up at him sharply, but, seeing no hint of humour in the official face, said, "No."

"Heap o' 'buses there, too."

"Where's it?"

"'Cross the water—straight down there."

"Thank'ee; I'll do that next."

By degrees every policeman at every grand junction of the ways came to know him, and one and all regarded him with benevolent enjoyment as the man who was looking for a man in London and really hoping to find him. One and all they would have helped him if they could, but as he alone knew whom he was seeking, the most they could do for him was to pass a cheery word of greeting whenever they met, and to keep out of their faces any suspicion of a doubt as to his ultimate success.

If he disappeared for a day or two from their beats they only supposed him gone elsewhere, and when he turned up again it was:—

"No luck yet?"

And the little man would reply, cheerfully, "No luck yet. But he'll come."

But when at times he disappeared from his various beats, and the policemen supposed him to be trying pastures new, they might have surprised him very far afield indeed.

If, by chance, they had wandered so far away themselves, which they never did, they might have seen the little man hie him away to King's Cross Station about twice in each month and take a third-class ticket there, and after a two hours' run get out of the train at a station where he was evidently well known. For the station-master, as soon as he had got rid of the train and was his own man again, would come up to him with a thin veneer of concern overlying a thick substratum of compassionate superiority in his face, and ask, "No news yet, Mr. Long?" and the little man would shake his head and say, "No news yet, Mr. Brown; but we'll find him all right," and would look as if he really believed it. At which the station-master would shake his head doubtfully and stand gazing after the little man with nothing but compassion in his face as he pressed sturdily along the way to the village.

Beyond the village he would turn in at a pair of great iron gates, and a little, bright-faced woman, who was always waiting in the doorway of the trim stone lodge, would greet him with a cheerful:—

"Well, Bob, my man, here you are, and glad I am to see you. I'm always thinking of you being run over in them London streets. No news yet?"

"No news yet, Lisbeth," the little man would say. "You all right?"

"Right as a trivet, my man. Only anxious about you—and him. Do you really think there's any hope of finding him, Bob?"

"I'm not going to give it up yet, Lisbeth. London's a mighty big place, you know. Let's have some tea. I haven't tasted anything as good as your tea and crumpets since I saw you last. There's no one in London can do 'em equal to you, old girl."

And tea was always just ready and the crumpets done to a turn, and over them Bob told his wife all the disappointing wonders of the time since his last visit. And his wife would listen with her eyes and mouth so very wide open that Bob always got the lion's share of the crumpets, which was just exactly what the astute old lady intended.

And after tea Bob would stroll up the darkening avenue among the firs and rhododendrons till it opened out in a great sweep before a mighty grey stone house which lay with closed eyes waiting for one to come and awaken it, and he for whom it lay waiting was lost in the wilds of London or elsewhere. And Bob Long, in spite of his hopeful looks and words, began to have a fear deep down in his little heart of gold that he was lost for ever.

So, now and again, when no one was about, he would heave a mournful sigh as he gazed at the beautiful old house, and then he would go round to the stables and rattle the boys up, just to keep his hand in and to feel his own grip. For there never was a fault he could find, since the boys were all of his own up-bringing, and every soul about Cleserest loved a horse next to himself, unless someone else happened to stray in between.

And whenever he went to the stables there came tripping out from the big house, as soon as she heard he was there, a dainty little lady wearing dark robes and a wistful face, and at sight of her old Bob's hat came off and his heart was sore as he stood bare-headed before her, and to her anxious "No news, Bobalong?" he always replied, cheerily, "Not yet, Miss Mary, but it's a mighty big place, London, and it takes a lot o' working through. Nothing from the lawyers, I suppose, miss?"

"Nothing, Bobalong. They've been advertising now for six months, and it's all done no good. I'm beginning to be afraid he's dead, Bobalong."

"Not a bit of it, missy. Master Charles ain't the kind to go and die like that just when we want him so bad."

He felt himself that it was rather weak as an argument, and Mary Cleserest only shook her head as though it did not carry absolute conviction to either heart or mind.

"You're going back, Bobalong?" she would ask, wistfully.

"Why, of course, missy. I'm going to go on looking till I find him," the old man would say, so sturdily that Mary always felt a trifle comforted in spite of herself. She said to herself that she was afraid it was hopeless and that her brother was dead, but in any case she wasn't going to be beaten in hopefulness by old Bobalong.

It was three years since her brother Charles fell in love with Margaret Sannox, her governess and very dear friend. And when Sir Geoffrey in due course caught them at it, and expressed his feelings to the verge of apoplexy, Charles replied in the Cleserest spirit, and was promptly given his choice between home and sweetheart, and without a moment's hesitation chose the latter. And so, at much shorter notice than she could legally have claimed, Charles and Margaret disappeared from Cleserest, and not one single word had she heard of them since. For the furious old gentleman, forgetting his gentlemanliness in his fury, tore up every letter that appeared in the mail-bag in either Charles's or Margaret's writing, no matter to whom it was addressed, and so in course of time he had no more letters to tear up, and the parting was complete.

"SIR GEOFFREY CAUGHT THEM."

Then the old man died and Geoffrey his son reigned in his stead. And Cleserest breathed more peacefully and lived in hopes of seeing Master Charles once more. For they all loved him dearly, from old Mrs. Dane, the housekeeper, to old Jezebel, the mother of goats, who for three years had rooted dolefully in odd corners of the stables in search of him, and still ruminated with fixed, glassy stare and slow-moving jaws on his sad defection. For Jezebel looked with doubt and suspicion on all the world, including her own kids after they had attained a certain age; but for one tall, bright-faced young man whom she had known from his and her youth she had a strange affection which even three years had not sufficed to wipe out.

Brother Geoff did his best to right the wrong. He advertised, through the family lawyer, in the London papers, but he might as well have saved his money, for neither Charles Cleserest nor his wife was reading the papers. He, because he was out in the Soudan with his regiment and a broken heart. She, because she was lying peacefully under a smooth green mound in a quiet Hampshire churchyard. And the sturdy, blue-eyed boy, whose coming at such a cost had crushed his father's life, was out at nurse with the landlady of the farm near Christchurch where Charles and Margaret Sannox—for he had cast off the old name with the old life and had taken the name of her he loved more than anything on earth—were stopping at the time of their son's birth. They had had a happy year together—life at its simplest and best, troubled only by thoughts of the separation from home and those they loved. Then the end came, swift and

sudden, just as life seemed brightening to its fullest. And when all was over, and Charles's heart was buried in Christchurch-yard—so that, for the time being, there was no heart left for the crowing, blue-eyed boy, who seemed to him to exult in the mischief he had wrought—he turned into cash everything that was left him, save Margaret's wedding-ring, paid for Charles Junior's board and lodging for the next two years, left with the farm-wife a sealed envelope, to be opened in case of his own death, and enlisted in the 21st Lancers. Eighteen months later he was in Egypt, and when the fighting came at last he fought as men do fight when the ties have all been snapped and life is less than nothing to them. He got sorely damaged, and found cause for regret in that the damage was only partial and landed him in Netley instead of in the shallow trench at Omdurman. He would have preferred remaining in Egypt as a permanent addition to the country. Discharged at last—cured—he went over to Christchurch to look at his boy, and found him such a beauty that his heart shook off its sickness and woke to its responsibilities.

Charles Junior adopted the big, quiet, brown-faced man at once, and delighted in him exceedingly. They stopped for a fortnight at the farm to complete the "cure," and then it behoved them to find some means of livelihood. He turned to London, as a matter of course, and duly arrived there early in November, with as splendid a two-year-old boy as the whole of England could show, with a resected leg which unfitted him for any very active employment, a wounded lung which gave him pause now and again, and a pension of nothing a day.

This part of Charles Cleserest's story is so very commonplace that there is no need to enlarge upon it. He learned many things which he never forgot. He diligently answered many advertisements—in person, as a rule, in order to save the postage—and thereby came to the knowledge that there are a great many more people seeking places in this world than there are places wanting persons. He learned, too, that a University education, without practical experience in any special line, counts for less than nothing, and that, to the mind of a plain business man, military service unfits one who has bled for his country for the ordinary duties of civilized life. It was heart-breaking work, but the idea of applying for assistance at home—well, yes, it occurred to him certainly, but only to be kicked out instantly. He would sooner die. Cleserests break, but never bend. He had done his duty in writing home after his marriage, and no single word had he or Margaret received in reply to their letters. We know why. They desired no communication with him. So be it. Unfortunately, he never set eyes on any single one of the lawyer's advertisements in the *Times* and *Morning Post*. He had very soon found that the most likely papers for advertisements within his compass were the *Chronicle* and *Telegraph*, and even in them he wasted no time on the personal columns.

The thought of a commissionaire's uniform began to haunt his dreams like a nightmare. Sooner drive a 'bus or a cab, a 'bus from choice as being less speculative. The idea grew upon him. He parted with almost all he had to raise the necessary five pounds and went along to Scotland Yard. As to his capabilities as a driver of horses there was not a moment's doubt.

"That's your own name?" asked the official who had witnessed his performance, glancing up at the bronzed, high-bred face as he handed him his documents.

"It's the name I fought under at Omdurman," said Charles.

"What regiment?"

"21st Lancers."

"Ah!—wounded?"

"Leg and back."

"If ever I can be of any service to you let me know," and he handed his card to Charles, who thanked him for it.

But as it was in the offices so it was here, and so it is everywhere. There were many more men wanting to drive 'buses than there were 'buses to drive, and he had to wait his turn. Perhaps his friend at Scotland Yard put in a word for him, perhaps there fell a sudden mortality in the higher ranks of the profession. Anyhow, the call came just in time, and none too soon. He was down to his very last shilling when a letter came from the L.G.O. Co.'s yard-master telling him he could start work the following Monday morning. The shilling bridged the intervening days, and Charles the Younger, at all events, knew no lack in the matter of bread and milk.

He was a sturdy little fellow, thanks to his life on the Hampshire farm, and his wants were of the simplest. He was a huge delight and a mighty consolation to his father, and was already developing an intelligent family interest in horses. They were great chums those two, and during those long days of waiting they tramped together through many

a mile of West-end streets and deserted parks, starting on four feet, and, as a rule, completing the journey on two. And if their pockets were empty their hearts were also light—one of them, at all events, and the other was not going to be beaten by a two-year-old—and the love that grew between them was very strong and very true and very beautiful. So deep and sweet a thing was it to one of them, that had choice lain between all that the world could give him and the little curly head that lay on the pillow beside him at night and laughed into his eyes in the morning with eyes that were so very like those other eyes that had gone, he would have counted the world well lost compared with the love of the bright-faced boy.

"THEY WERE GREAT CHUMS."

And so if their life was narrow it was also very wide, and no man's life is the worse for having passed under the yoke.

And all this time little Bob Long, autocrat of the stables at Cleserest, was searching the great scattered haystack of London for this missing needle, with the patience and dogged perseverance of a self-willed old man who, having got an idea into his head, refused to have it beaten out of him by so small a thing as simple want of success.

Bob Long — Bobalong always to the Cleserest children—had taught Geoff and Charles and Mary to ride as soon as their tiny legs could stretch across a saddle or curl round a pommel. When Charles disappeared he sorrowed greatly, but could do no more. When Sir Geoffrey died, and Brother Geoff came to the throne and showed every wish to heal the breach and recover the fugitive, Bob's hopes rose. Then Geoff himself was killed in the hunting-field ten days before his wedding-day, and the discovery of Charles became an imperative necessity.

Bob's great idea came into his mind during one of many discussions he had with Mary Cleserest about that time. Mary, knowing nothing of the causes of it, had wondered much at the never once broken silence of her dear Charles and her almost equally dear Margaret Sannox. When their father died her entreaties had urged Geoff to continuous exertions for the discovery of the wanderers. But nothing came of it all. Many times she and Bob discussed the matter.

"I cannot think how they can be living, Bobalong," said Mary, "for Charles had nothing of his own and cannot have taken much with him, and I can't imagine what work he could do."

"There's not many knows as much about horses as he does, Miss Mary," said Bob, with conviction.

"Yes, of course he knows horses," mused Mary, "but I don't see how that would help him, Bob."

"London's a mighty big place for horses, missy. I've heard say that the Earl of Beltress, Lord Kaskerton he was then, drove a hansom in London for three months once——"

"Oh, Bobalong, you don't think our dear Charles is driving a hansom?"

"He might do worse, missy, but we'll hope he's doing better."

"My poor Charles!—and Margaret! I wonder why they never wrote to me!"

"Maybe, Miss Mary——" began Bob, who had not served the old baronet for forty years without getting a pretty shrewd insight into his character.

'Maybe what, Bobalong?" asked Mary, when he drew rein.

"I've heard tell of letters not getting through to people," said Bob, sturdily.

"Why, what do you mean, Bobalong?"

"Well, it wasn't like Mr. Charles never to write to you, now was it, missy?"

"No, Bobalong, it wasn't, and I can't understand why he didn't."

"Well, maybe he did and maybe the letters was lost."

"I'd sooner think that than that he'd never written."

"Of course, missy. I'd just think it, if I was you. Can't do no harm anyway."

A few days later he came to her with a request.

"You're not greatly needing me at present, Miss Mary?" She was not, for in the stress of her bereavements—the sudden death of Geoff and the uncertainty respecting Charles—she had no heart for visiting beyond her pensioners, whom her personal griefs allowed to suffer no lack.

"I want to go to London," continued Bob.

"To London, Bobalong? To look for Charles?"

"Yes, missy. It's in my mind that I might find him there."

She felt very doubtful, knowing what a vast warren London was. But she would not show it. Any chance contained a spark of hope.

"James Scath, he's a good lad, and he'll keep things right in the stables and see to you as careful as I would myself——"

"Nobody could do that, Bobalong; but Jim is a good boy, and he can do all I want."

"And I'll come back every now and then to see things are going all right. I can't sit still thinking of Mr. Charles, missy, and that's a fact."

So Bob went to London and made the acquaintance of many 'bus and cab horses, and incidentally of their drivers and the drivers' keepers—the gentlemen in blue. And as the months passed and there was no fruit for all his labours he began to grow doubtful, but would not show it; and Mary began to grow doubtful, too, but would not for the world have let Bob imagine it. And so these two, with scarce a hope between them, still wore the semblance of it, each for the benefit of the other, and at times succeeded in deceiving one another, and almost in deceiving themselves, into the belief that there was still room left for hope.

It would have been much to be deplored if so faithful an endeavour and so steadfast a hope had had to go unrewarded.

Charles had been put on a suburban cross-country route to begin with, and was steadily, and with an extremely cheerful heart, driving his 'bus between Acton and Hanwell, while little Bob Long was vainly lying in wait for him at Piccadilly Circus, and Ludgate Hill, and the Bank, and so, in the nature of things, they did not meet.

Charles had taken lodgings out at Hanwell, and little Charles found no lack of fresh air and outdoor amusements, of a very juvenile character, of course, right along into the winter. The old woman in whose house they lived had taken to him mightily and watched over him with grandmotherly care. And Charles Cleserest, with the great house lying all asleep for want of its master, and many warm hearts aching to get word of him, found himself more than content—having no disturbing knowledge of these things—in the fact that he was earning his living and paying his way, and that his boy was growing up strong and sturdy, and daily increasing in favour with man and the goddesses who ride on the tops of 'buses.

Just three days before Christmas one of the drivers on the main route from Hammersmith to Liverpool Street fell sick of rheumatics, and his 'bus was given tentatively to Sannox to see how he would manage the obstacle race to the City.

He got along first-rate the first two days. It was on the third day, the afternoon of Christmas Eve, that he ran into a van at the corner of Old Bailey and took the hind wheel off as clean as a whistle; but Charles always maintains that the fault was in no wise his, and divides the honours between Bob Long and the van driver, with a bias in favour of Bob Long.

For that day Charles had taken his boy along with him as a special Christmas treat, and little Charlie, well wrapped up in the front garden seat at his father's right hand, surveyed the bustling crowds and the sparkling shops with eyes stretched to the fullest, and came to the conclusion that London was a very great and wonderful place, and that

the boy who could see it all in this commanding fashion from the top of his father's 'bus was a fortunate boy indeed.

It was a fine, clear day, with a feeble attempt at a smile from the sun and a suspicion of frost in the air, and little Charlie's nose and cheeks were red with it, and those wide eyes of his twinkled like stars on a frosty night. It had been an adventurous time. A new and offensively officious checker had just held up the passengers and demanded their tickets or their lives, and finding Charlie without one had insisted on his paying his fare, which his father laughingly did for him, and Charlie informed the checker that he was a "plug," which was extremely rude of him, since the young man was only doing what he considered his duty.

Then he had seen a Road Car horse come to grief as she tried to get a footing in Fleet Street, and though full of sympathy for her distress, yet since she belonged to the opposition line he had didactically pronounced her an old crock, in which he was, of course, quite wrong. But to Charlie there were never more than two decent horses on the street, and those were the two his father happened to be driving at the time.

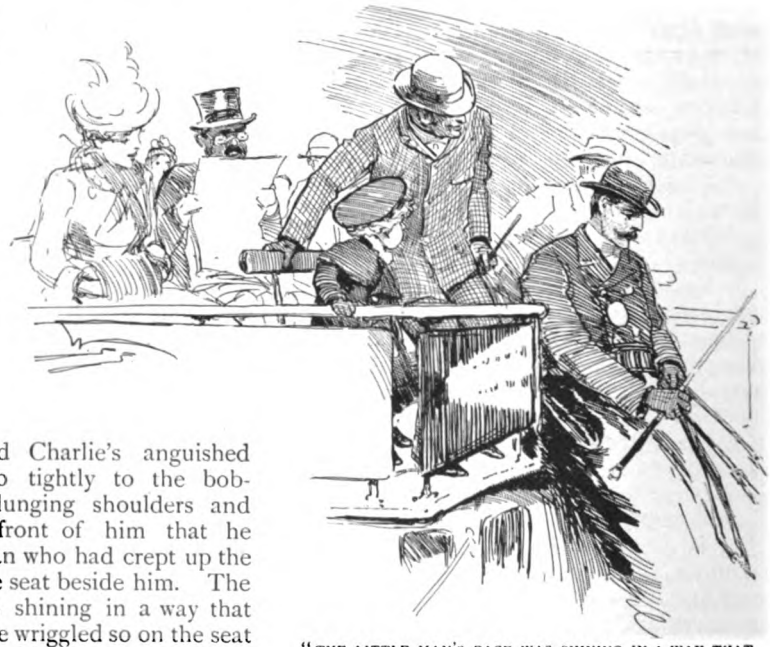
Then their own attempt at resumption of progress under Ludgate Hill Bridge was attended with such scrabbling and snorting that the whole place echoed again. And Charlie's anguished eyes were glued so tightly to the bobbing heads and plunging shoulders and straining flanks in front of him that he did not see a little man who had crept up the stairs and slid into the seat beside him. The little man's face was shining in a way that shamed the sun, and he wriggled so on the seat that Charlie compressed himself into half his usual space in order to give him more room. But even that had no effect on the little man, who wriggled convulsively till the horses had recovered themselves, and it was just when they were passing the big butter-shop that he laid a hard little brown hand on Charles Cleserest's shoulder and said, with a choke :—

"Master Charles—Sir Charles, I mean—you are wanted at home."

"Halloa, Bobalong! Is that you?" said Cleserest, as quietly almost as if he had been addressing his own conductor. But it is more than possible that the sudden use of the title—which told all Bobalong's story—caused a momentary aberration, and so paved the way for the accident. For just then that extremely stupid van issued from Old Bailey and made an exhibition of itself by shedding its hind wheel in the very middle of Ludgate Hill, thereby blocking the traffic for a full half-hour, and exciting profanity enough to have thawed the roadways within the three-mile radius and to have brought out a blush on the dome of St. Paul's.

Cleserest saw the crowd and the policemen as in a mist, and gave his number as one in a dream, and it was not till they were safely in the swim again under lee of the big church that he woke up and said to old Bob :—

"Is that so, Bob? I'm sorry to hear it. Where's Geoff?"



"THE LITTLE MAN'S FACE WAS SHINING IN A WAY THAT SHAMED THE SUN."

"Broke his neck out hunting, five months ago, Master—— I mean, Sir Charles."

"Poor old chap! I'm sorry."

"You'll come back with me at once, Sir Charles?" asked Bob, anxiously. "Miss Mary she's pining badly for you."

"Poor little girl! This is my boy, Bob

along," said Charles, as they came to a momentary stand in the backwater by the Bank. And Bobalong, who somehow had not thought of that possibility, metaphorically speaking went down on his knees to Charlie, and was very near to falling on his neck and kissing him, whereby he would have lost favour in that young man's eyes.

"This is a very dear old friend of mine, Charlie," said his father.

And Charlie stretched out his hand in its little black woollen glove and said, "How do, sir?" and old Bobalong was put to it to keep from making a ridiculous exhibition of himself.

"Yes, I'll come when I've finished the day's work," said Charles. "Where shall I meet you, Bob?"

"I ain't a-going to let you out o' my sight again, Sir Charles, till I see you a-driving through the gates at Cleserest," said the little man, laughing delightedly. "Over four months I've been looking for you, and findings is keepings, Sir Charles."

"I'll not run away," said Charles. "I shall be glad to see the old place again—if I'm wanted there——" and then he was silent and his face was very grave, and he narrowly escaped another collision as the thought of the dear one who had borne the yoke with him and who ought to have shared this enlargement came upon him in a surge of sorrow.

At Liverpool Street Bob Long slipped off for five minutes and ran as fast as his legs could carry him to the telegraph office, and hurried back beaming, but full of anxiety lest the 'bus should have departed without him. But the 'bus was there all right. Its driver was in so brown a study that the conductor had already rung the bell three times to intimate that he was ready if the gentleman with the ribbons was, and he was now coming up on deck to see what was the matter, and a burly policeman was shouting at him to know if he was going to stop there all day, and Charlie was beginning to tug at his arm. But Charles Cleserest's thoughts were floating between the great house in Blankshire and the quiet, green mound in Christchurch-yard, and all that this news meant to him and all that it might have meant. And the sad thoughts overbore the glad thoughts, and he would have given it all for the clasp of Margaret Sannox's hand and the deep, deep look of her loving brown eyes.

Under the combined influences of the conductor and the policeman and Charlie he woke up to a sense of his responsibilities and drew the whip gently over his horses' flanks as Bob Long climbed up to his seat beside him again.

They chatted quietly, and without further accident, all the way back to Hammersmith. But Charles had to make one more journey to the Bank and back before the day's work was done, and Bob kept close to him all the time, and little Charlie fell asleep in Bob's arms as they were going home for the very last time.

Then Charles thanked the yard master for his kindness, and intimated his wish to give up his position, much to that gentleman's surprise.

"Find it too much for you?" he asked. "'Tis pretty tough in the City."

"It's not that. I like it well enough. But I've got another call," and the yard-master, looking at Bob Long, decided in his own mind that another prodigal was on his way home, and wondered somewhat at the remarkable difference that existed at times between fathers and sons.

Then to Hanwell to get some special treasures, and then back to King's Cross and away into the night, till little Charlie lost track of things, and only returned to a knowledge of them as he was being carried by his father along the platform of a country station to a drag which stood outside with a pair of champing horses, well wrapped up in blankets, for they had been waiting a long time.

At sight of them the man on the box touched his hat and grinned a welcome which he did not know how to put into words. And from the back of the drag there sprang a slight figure in black and furs, and leaped at the two Charleses with the cry of a hungry soul, and gathered them into a clinging embrace which told all its own story.

"Will you drive, Sir Charles?" asked Bobalong, proudly.

"Of course, Bob. Why, Jim, what a big boy you're getting"—to the driver, who was scrambling down to give him his seat. "Now, Mary, my dear, up you come. Charlie, boy, hang on to your Aunt Mary. If you fall asleep again you'll tumble in among the horses and frighten them."

"Where does this 'bus go to, dad?" the small boy asked, sleepily.

"Home, my boy."

"That's a good job," said Master Charles, with little idea of the new and wonderful meaning the word would ever bear for him in future.

They swept through the dark lanes at a pace that kept the small boy awake; through the village, where every window was alight

"HOME!"

and the good folks stood in their doorways and shouted welcomes as they passed; and so at last through the gates by the lodge where Mrs. Long stood curtsying triumphantly, with tears of joy and pride running down her face. For here was Mr. Charles come back to his own again, and it was all her Bob's doing, when everybody else had failed. The light of Mrs. Long's fire streaming across the drive and shining on the frost-rimmed leaves of the rhododendrons opposite was the cheeriest thing Charlie had seen for many a day. He leaned forward from between his father and his aunt and stared into the cosy little house with longing eyes and asked:—

"Is this home, dad?"

"It's the beginning of it, my boy," and he bent over and wrung Mrs. Long's hand in a way that made the happy tears flow faster than ever.

Then they swept on up the winding avenue under the dark trees till they came to the great house of Cleserest—asleep no longer, but very wide awake indeed; with hearty welcome beaming from every eye, and a great, warm river of light flowing out of the open doors and sparkling like diamonds on the frosty gravel. And warmer and heartier still was the welcome of the eager faces clustered round the doorway to greet the master they all loved so dearly and feared they had lost.

Charles Cleserest took little Charlie's hand and his aunt took the other, and they drew him reluctantly away from a critical observation of the satin-skinned, foam-flecked horses which had whirled them along at so tremendous a pace, and between them they jumped him up the steps to his kingdom.

They were passing in among the beaming faces and the hearty "God bless you, sir's," of the crowding servants, when the bells of St. Mary Beauly pealed out their sonorous Christmas greeting, and in a second Clearcote in the valley and Cottesloe on the hill were answering them, till all the pulsing blue vault was filled with the sound of their voices.

"What's 'at, daddie?" asked the small boy.

"It is our welcome home, my boy," and, in spite of the gladness of his home-coming, his face was grave and almost sad as he thought of her who had started with him on his journey and had travelled away beyond him.

Then he lifted the boy and kissed him, and put him on his shoulder and carried him up into the home of his fathers.

The Story of a Great Disaster.

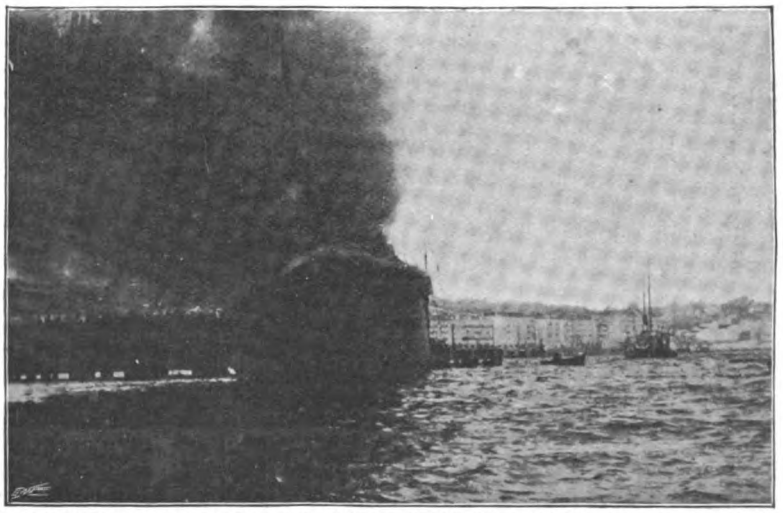
By J. G. Robins, F.R.G.S.

On the 3rd November, 1893, there occurred a very serious disaster at Santander, North Spain. Although the principal facts were reported at the time in our newspapers, nothing like a complete description of the disaster has ever before appeared. The purpose of this article is to supply, for the first time, a concise and consecutive account of what was not only a terrible but an almost unique accident. The facts were noted down from statements of eye-witnesses, and the accompanying photographs (all but the first) taken a few days after the occurrence.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of the day in question the cargo of a steamer called the *Cabo Machichaco*, lying at a wharf in the Harbour of Santander, was found to be on fire. The weather was beautifully fine, and much of the population had ventured out of doors to enjoy the sunshine. An alarm of fire naturally caused considerable excitement, and when it became known that a steamer was burning the quay-side was very soon thronged with interested crowds, who were congratulating themselves, all unconscious of danger, upon being able to obtain so excellent a view of so novel a sight. Dense clouds of smoke arose from the steamer and the fire burnt furiously. The local fire-brigade arrived, planted their engines upon the wharf, and attempted to extinguish the fire, but their efforts were unavailing, and it became evident that there was no hope of saving the steamer.

There happened to be in the harbour a Spanish liner (*Alfonso XIII.*), and some men were sent in boats by the captain to render assistance. It was decided to make an attempt to flood the vessel and sink her, as the fire threatened to spread to the wharf and quay, and thus adjacent property would become endangered. Operations to this end had been begun, and efforts were being made to cut holes through the steamer's side just below water-line, when (about 4.15 p.m.) a terrific explosion occurred, which blew the entire fore-part of the steamer to pieces and scattered its fragments and the remains of the burning cargo in all directions. Several hundred persons were killed or maimed (the exact numbers were never known); a large number of buildings were wrecked by the force of the explosion; the town was set on fire in several places, and immense damage was done.

The photograph showing the burning steamer was taken very shortly before the explosion by a local photographer, who had a narrow escape. Had he not left for his studio when he did this illustration would not have appeared. The view was taken from the end of a short wharf, similar to that to which the steamer is moored. The piles of the latter wharf are visible above the water-line to the left of the steamer, whilst on the wharf are silhouetted the heads and shoulders of a crowd of persons who were



THE BURNING STEAMER, TAKEN A FEW MINUTES BEFORE THE EXPLOSION. THE SPECTATORS ON THE LEFT WERE NEARLY ALL KILLED. [*Photograph.*

From a]

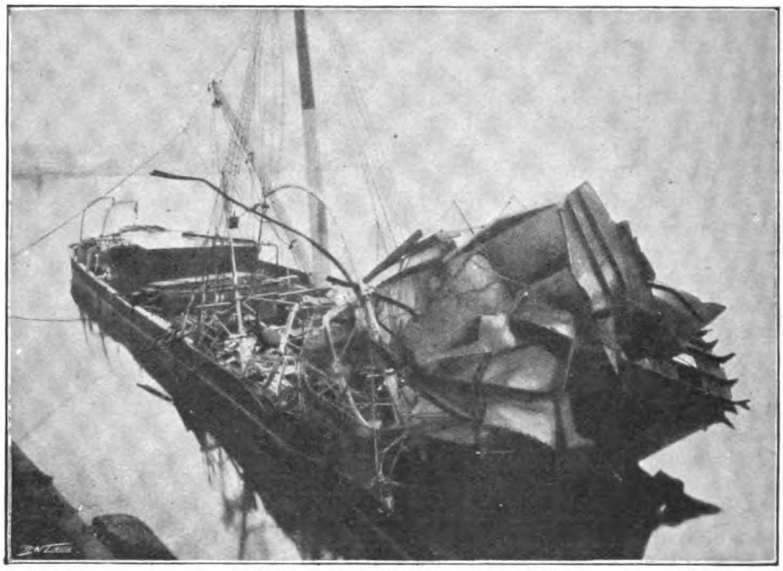
amongst those killed. On the right of the steamer can be seen the men from the liner engaged in their efforts to sink her.

The question will naturally be asked: What was the cause of this explosion? And the answer can be given at once: Dynamite. But to the further questions: How was it that so dangerous a commodity was allowed to be in such a place? and being there, why was no warning given to the public? no very satisfactory answers can be given, principally because all the persons who could throw material light upon the subject were killed.

As is the case with all harbours of importance, there existed at Santander certain regulations concerning vessels with explosives on board. A couple of wharves, as far removed from valuable property as possible, were set apart for such vessels, and when berthed a red flag was required to be hoisted as a danger-signal. The harbour-master was expected to see that these regulations were carried out. Unfortunately he was one of the killed, as was also his deputy; neither can therefore give us his version of the story.

It was commonly reported at first that the dynamite was contraband, but this proved to be incorrect, as the consignment was set forth in the ship's manifest. Owing to an eight days' quarantine outside the harbour the documents relating to her cargo had been received through the post, and its nature was known long before the vessel was berthed. She carried a miscellaneous assortment of goods, amongst which were 1,720 cases of dynamite intended for mining purposes, brought from the neighbouring port of Bilbao. The steamer was on a coasting voyage, and the explosive was consigned to Santander, Huelva, and Seville. The cases for Santander (twenty in all) had been removed before the accident. So far as could be ascertained, about 800 cases were in the fore-part of the vessel where the explosion took place, each case weighing something like a half-hundredweight. The dynamite in the other hold, curiously enough, did not explode, but sank with the steamer and was afterwards removed. This was not accomplished without accident, as another (much smaller) explosion occurred, attended with some loss of life.

The second photograph was taken from the same spot as the first, but at low tide. It shows the steamer after the explosion, lying in the mud. The fore-half is gone, but the rest remains, including (and this is very extraordinary) one of the masts.



From a] THE STEAMER AFTER THE DYNAMITE EXPLOSION. *[Photograph.*

As to responsibility, one of two things seems clear: either the harbour-master did not ascertain that the steamer was carrying dynamite, or, knowing it, did not take measures to send her to the danger-wharf.

It was stated that the captain was in a café when informed of the fire, and someone who knew of the dynamite referred to it. The captain — outwardly, at any rate — ridiculed the idea of danger, saying that, though dynamite would explode under certain conditions, it would be consumed quite harmlessly by the fire, and, indeed, it is well known that dynamite, when not confined, can be burned without any danger from explosion.

The captain was on his ship at the time of the accident and was destroyed with it, as were all his officers and crew except three.

EFFECT OF THE CONCUSSION INSIDE A BUILDING IN THE TOWN.
From a Photograph.

Besides these, the local agent to the shipping company to which the *Cabo Machichaco* belonged was on board, and he and all his staff, excepting the office-boy, lost their lives.

The precise manner in which the explosion came about can only be a matter of surmise. It may have been due merely to heat acting upon the explosive when confined closely in cases; or to concussion, caused by some of the cargo falling; or to the operations of the men from the liner whilst breaking a hole through the side of the steamer.

A number of firemen on the wharf and on the vessel were killed and their appliances destroyed. Amongst other victims were the Governor of Santander, an official of marine affairs, the chief engineer for ports and lighthouses, a marquis, a colonel, also a major; and the captain, mate, and doctor of the liner, with thirty-two of the crew.

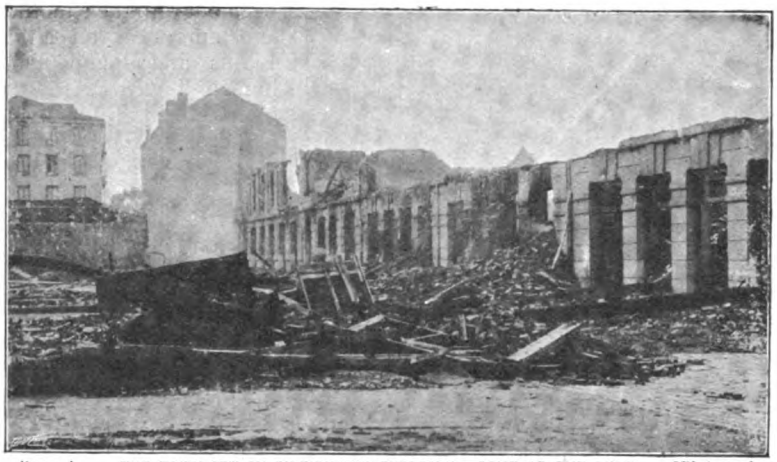
After the explosion there was a fearful scene. Hundreds of dead and wounded persons lay about the quay and the streets near, amongst them being many children who had been out with their mothers and nurses for an airing. Limbs and fragments of human bodies were scattered in ghastly confusion (in one instance half a soldier was blown through a window); burning matter and red-hot iron from the ship and its cargo were cast into all parts of the town; all the windows in the region of the accident were blown in; buildings were partially wrecked; and, as a crowning horror, many of these ignited, and very soon several large conflagrations were in progress.

The two photographs on this page are examples of the destruction wrought by concussion inside some of the buildings. It will be noticed that the brick partitions have been blown partially down and general havoc caused throughout.

For a while consternation and confusion reigned supreme. The first thought of those who had escaped—as soon as they were capable of thinking at all—was for the injured, and these were soon receiving such attentions as the panic-stricken people could give them.

Meanwhile, the fires in the burning buildings were attaining alarming proportions, and nothing could be done to arrest their progress,

From a] INTERIOR OF A BEDROOM AFTER THE CONCUSSION. *[Photograph.*



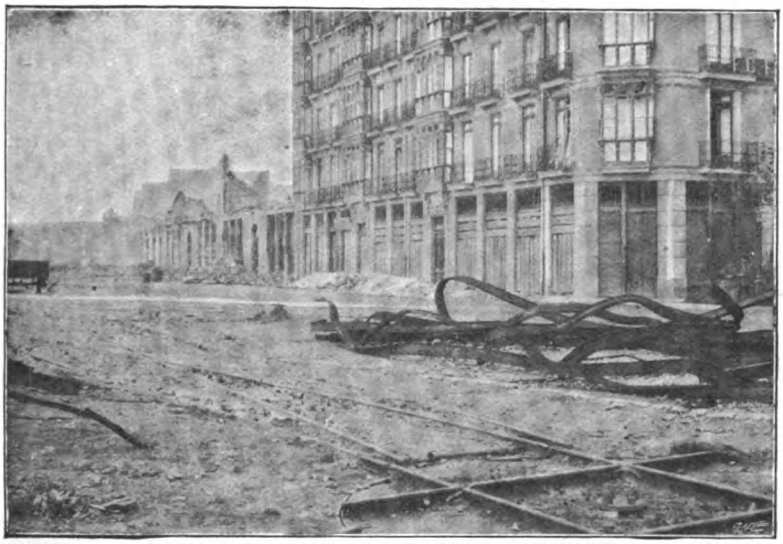
From a] THE TOWN SET ON FIRE BY THE EXPLOSION—SOME OF THE RUINS. *[Photograph.*

there being no longer either fire-brigade or appliances. It was then discovered that the explosion had destroyed telegraphic communication, and the nearest available telegraph office was four and a half miles away by rail. A special train was hastily made up, and the Government at Madrid was apprised of the disaster. Orders were at once sent to Valladolid and Lagroño, and instructions given for bodies of engineers to proceed by rail to Santander immediately. A shipowner interested in the *Cabo Machichaco* happened to hear at Barcelona of the accident. He wired at once to Bilbao, and the people of that place rose promptly and nobly to the occasion. Two steamers were hastily chartered, and by 11.30 p.m. they were on their way with two steam fire-engines, three hand-engines, hose, ladders, ropes, etc., accompanied by forty firemen, eighty labourers, twelve doctors with four assistants and medical appliances, four sisters of mercy, and about a hundred miscellaneous volunteers. They reached Santander at 5.30 the following morning, ready and anxious to render all assistance in their power. Now, here followed what would have been a ludicrous incident but for the awful nature of the circumstances. Instead of being welcomed with open arms and with some show of gratitude, the would-be helpers were prevented from landing. In the name of all that is wonderful, it may be asked, why? Because quarantine had not been observed! The Provisional Governor (the Governor had been killed) declared that he could not allow them to come ashore until they had observed the regulations, which meant a detention of some seven or eight days outside the harbour. At length, however, after the lapse of some two hours, the mayor (who, though wounded, was active) took upon himself the responsibility of waiving the objections, and the difficulty was thus got over.

The explanation probably is that there is a kind of Manchester-Liverpool jealousy (only more so) between the two places, and it is said that matters do not always go as "merry as a marriage bell." It is sad to think, however, that feelings of this nature should have been allowed to intrude in the face of so appalling a catastrophe.

The military engineers had arrived about the same time, and devoted their attention mainly to demolishing dangerous structures,

From a] A STREET AFTER THE FIRE. *[Photograph.*



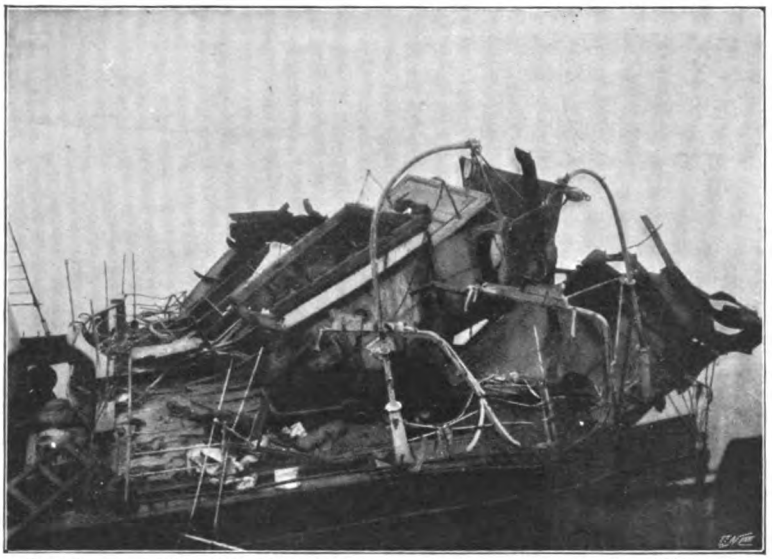
From a] IRON GIRDERS FROM THE STEAMER BLOWN INTO THE TOWN. *[Photograph.*

whilst the firemen kept down and ultimately extinguished the fires, assisted by the volunteers who had accompanied them. Before this was accomplished, however, several streets of large buildings had been destroyed, consisting of warehouses, shops, residences, etc. Two photographs are given on the preceding page showing some portions of the damaged streets. Although only the lower parts of the buildings remained to be seen, they were originally structures varying from four to five stories in height.

A portion of the cargo of the steamer consisted of iron girders. These became red-hot during the fire which preceded the explosion, and when the latter occurred they were blown into various parts of the town, having in their course, in some cases, ploughed lanes of death through the crowds of people. Two views follow of bunches of these girders that were thrown from the ship after being subjected to the action of the fire. It is possible that the photographs do not show them exactly as they fell, as they may have been moved aside for the purpose of clearing the roadway, but the manner in which they were twisted and bent when in a heated state is very remarkable. An examination will give some idea of the distance these heavy girders were carried. Lighter materials and burning matter, however, were projected very much farther; and, in one instance, a large building used as a tobacco-factory and store was ignited, although something like half a mile from the wharf, and the building and its contents were destroyed. This was an isolated fire quite removed from the more general conflagration shown in the preceding photographs.

The next illustration shows about half of the steamer after the explosion. This photograph was taken at low tide as the vessel lay sunk upon the mud bottom of the harbour.

NEAR VIEW SHOWING IRON GIRDERS TWISTED AND CONTORTED BY THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION.
From a Photograph.

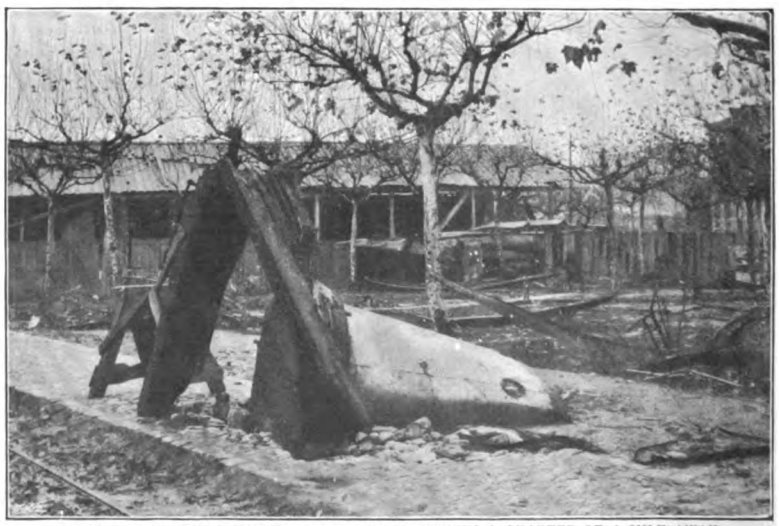


From a] THE FORE-PART OF THE STEAMER AFTER THE EXPLOSION. *[Photograph.*

Unfortunately, the foreshortening is peculiar, owing to the position (the head of the wharf) from which the photograph had necessarily to be taken, but it gives some idea of the extraordinary results so far as the "inwards" of the steamer are concerned. The iron-work when forced into the condition seen was probably red-hot. The whole of the fore-part of the steamer had disappeared. The photograph which follows shows a portion of the vessel that fell about a quarter of a mile from the scene of the accident, just as it lies in the roadway. It will be noticed how the stone pavement was displaced by the force of the falling mass.

A walk through certain parts of the town, even several days after the accident, was a gruesome business. Large areas had been ravaged by the fire; blackened ruins and wrecked buildings were to be seen on every hand; dead bodies and parts of bodies were constantly being fished out of the harbour; walls were splashed with blood along the quay-side, whilst in the roadways and upon the quay sickening traces of human remains were constantly to be met with. Stout planks and timbers of the quay and wharves were smashed in many places, and fragments of the steamer and cargo were littered everywhere. The scene was more suggestive of a bombardment than anything else.

Half the people bore signs of mourning; hospitals were full, and funerals were constantly passing. It was all terribly sad, and the sadder because the accident was one which might have been prevented, or at least its effects, had it occurred at the danger-wharf, would have been trifling as compared with what actually resulted.



A PORTION OF THE STEAMER BLOWN INTO A GARDEN A QUARTER OF A MILE AWAY.
From a Photograph.

SEA STORIES. Nº 3.

JOHN HALL, MASTER MARINER & MILLIONAIRE.

By John Arthur Barry.

"WELL, you can put it as you like, but I call it a shame! What d'ye think I'm to do here without a ship, or any chance of getting one for a blue moon, eh?"

The speaker, a solidly built man of about fifty, with pleasant red face fringed by grey whiskers and keen little blue eyes, spoke angrily, and emphasized his words by bringing his fist down upon the table with a bang.

"Sorry, Captain, I'm sure," responded the man addressed, carelessly. "But here are our instructions, plain enough, to pay off the *Bolivar* as soon as she arrives—all hands and the cook—and sell the ship. The owners, you see, are well within their rights. The time you signed for is up. The vessel's hardly earned her keep. Good-day, Captain." And the agent for his London owners rose in token that the interview was over, whilst John Hall went out and stood in the hot sunshine and looked listlessly down the long, sandy street of Port Elizabeth on Algoa Bay, South Africa, and watched the natives, bullock teams, dust storms, stray dogs and goats that seemed to make up the place in those days, before the diamond diggings assumed their later magnitude and importance.

During that same month, and whilst the *Bolivar* yet lay at anchor waiting for a new owner, arrived tidings of the first find on the Vaal River—a three weeks' trip from the port. And as the shipless skipper lounged around waiting for the coasting steamer that was to take him down to the Cape, and listened to the wonderful stories of fortunes already made on the Orange River and at Hopetown, he suddenly decided to "have a slap at the thing" himself.

"I ain't a lucky man, not by any means," said Captain John, as he asked his chief mate to join him in the adventure. "And I've just got about enough to land me at the place. However, I'll trust in Providence, even if Rhode Island don't bring me up. What d'ye say, Brown? Will you risk it?"

But Mr. Brown would not. And he tried hard to dissuade the old skipper from facing the fatigues of a journey that everybody said was terribly rough and toilsome. Captain John, however, had made up his mind, and go he would, and go he did.

And eventually, to his great surprise, his luck turned in such fashion that when, three years afterwards, he appeared in Cape Town he owned, besides an account at the "Standard" of close on £80,000, shares in Bultfontein and some other mines that presently proved worth double and treble as much.

Of course Captain John returned to England. But it is doubtful whether he realized the possibilities of his wealth, inasmuch as all the use he made of it was to build a house. Buying a piece of land in Kent, close to Deal, and overlooking the Channel, he erected on it a plain,

four-roomed cottage, fronted by a great flagstaff. And half-way up this, on a platform which he called the main-top, he would sit for hours and watch the ships in the Downs as they dropped anchor or made sail outward and homeward bound. An old woman kept house for him and the only remnant of kith or kin he had been able to find—a bright lad of twelve, whom he had discovered reduced to drudge at a private school by reason of long-unpaid arrears. Captain John's widowed sister had died whilst he was groping amongst the "blue ground" away out there on the Vaal in the stifling heat and dust of the diamond quarries, leaving her only child to the tender mercies of an acquaintance. The latter simply sold what little there was; and, with the proceeds, sent the boy to a boarding-school, paying a couple of years in advance, and considered he had done all that could be expected of him. Leonard Oliver went to school now in the old town at the foot of the cliffs; and his one ambition was to be a sailor like his uncle, to whose yarns he was never tired of listening.

And all this time Captain John's shares in those rich claims out yonder were increasing in value daily, nay hourly, in such wise as presently forced him to realize that he was becoming an absurdly rich man. But with it all he was not happy. He lost flesh, too, and could not sleep o' nights; grew restless and utterly discontented with his life. And still he was a strong, hale, and hearty man of his years; sound as yet in wind and limb. But, puzzle as he might, he was unable to lay finger on the secret of the trouble and unrest that worked within him like a fever.

The great Voorooinzigt Company, in which he had many shares, had latterly made him a director; and presently a summons came to him to attend a meeting at the London office. The Earl of Glenavon and his son, Lord Comorin, were two of his fellow-directors.

"What do you do with all your money, Captain John?" the latter nobleman asked, laughingly and familiarly, for the two had seen much of each other "over yonder," and the Earl himself, quite apart from certain obligations, thought highly of the old seaman's frank simplicity and straightforward honesty.

"Upon my word, very little, I'm afraid," replied the Captain, in a melancholy tone. "You see, until lately I've hardly realized the idea of having more to spend than I can manage. I suppose now my whole keep, and Lenny's schoolin' together, don't cost more'n a couple o' hundred a year at the outside."

At this the Earl and his son both burst out laughing. "Well, of all the old misers!" drawled the latter, in his languid, pleasant voice. "Come, now, this won't do at all. And you're not looking up to the mark either. You must have something to interest you. What's the best thing for him, father? Go in for experimental farming; lease a theatre; start a newspaper; speculate in South American mines?"

But the Earl shook his head whilst closely scrutinizing the old skipper, and replied: "None of those will suit our friend's case, Clarence. Build a ship, I should say, and go to sea again, would be nearer the mark."

As he spoke the Captain's face flushed, a new light came into his bright blue eyes; and, seizing the Earl's hand and shaking it heartily, he exclaimed, "By George, sir, you've hit it! That's the thing I've been pinin' for and never knew what ailed me. Why, I feel better already. I'll have a clipper built to my own order if it costs me £10,000. Dash it, money's some use, after all, when you can find anybody to put you in the right way of spendin' it."

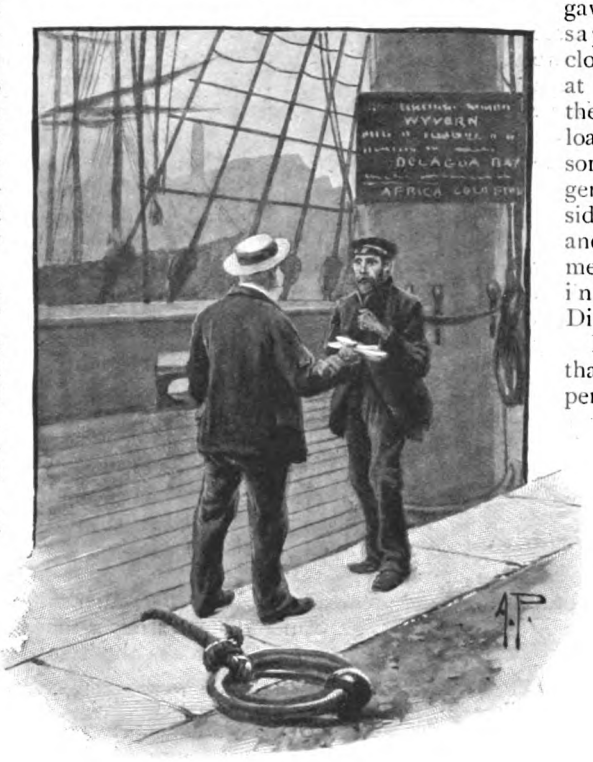
"Glad you like my prescription," replied the Earl, laughing good-humouredly. "It struck me you were moping ashore here. Build your ship, by all means. You can afford to pay for a hobby. And then sail away round the world. By gad, I half wish I could come with you!"

"And nobody would be more welcome than the pair of you," replied the skipper, joyfully. "A better mate than Lord Comorin, there, ashore no man could ask, either on the veldt, down in the workings, or at a pinch with an I.D.B. And I'll be both proud and happy to have him and his father for a trip round, say, the two Capes—Good Hope and Horn."

But although the Earl only laughed and, whilst thanking the skipper, explained how impossible such a lengthened holiday would be, his son, who had no very particular duties to keep him at home, and who had already developed a very pretty capacity for roving, promised to think it over and let the Captain know before his ship was built.

Being in London, Captain John thought he might as well have a look around the docks. And it was whilst wandering amongst the shipping that an idea flashed across his brain. It would take a long time to build a ship—months of waiting must elapse. Why not *buy* one and have done with it? He could, he knew, go to an agent and in a few

minutes have his choice of scores. But, no, he would poke about a bit first, and see if he couldn't find one for himself. And, at last, in the South-West India Dock he came across a pretty clipper-built, full-rigged, wooden ship that he thought would do. In the mizzen rigging was stuck a board bearing a notice to the effect that, if sufficient inducement offered in the way of passengers and freight, the *Wyvern* would be dispatched at an early date for Delagoa Bay, the nearest point to the new African gold-fields.



"TAKE THESE!"

"About 1,000 tons, I should guess," said Captain John aloud, as he stood on the wharf and looked her all over. "Just a nice size—maybe, though, she'll run to 1,200."

"Eleven hundred and eighty's her register," remarked a voice at his elbow.

Turning, the Captain saw a seedy-looking man, a sailor evidently, but one pretty hard up, for his well-worn serge coat was buttoned round his neck, and his boots were in places open to the weather. As he glanced at the Captain's face he gave a start, and was walking away, when the old man blocked him and, staring at him closely, remarked: "Well, what next, I wonder? Good mates must be plentiful when Jim Brown's in shoal water."

"I didn't think you'd recognise me, sir," replied Brown, shamefacedly. "I wasn't sure, either, about you till you turned, although I thought I knew the figure. Yes, mate of her was the last billet I had—over nine months ago. I was hoping that somebody'd bought her, and that you were going skipper of her again. A sweet little ship. Owner's broke. That's only an agent's flam—that notice. Lord, if I was only back again with you, sir, in the old *Bolivar!*"

Brown spoke hurriedly and nervously; the other, meanwhile, noting the attenuated features and scantily clad form of his once smart chief officer.

"Well," said Captain John, at last, "I may get her yet. And—but, there, never mind ships now!" And producing a big pocket-book he counted five five-pound notes and gave them to Brown, saying, "I'm in clover, my lad, just at present. Take these—strictly as a loan, mind. Get some togs and a general overhaul, inside as well as out, and then come to me at the Blue Boar in the Strand. Dinner at six sharp."

Brown tried to thank the old skipper, but something seemed to choke him, and the former, shaking hands hurriedly, jumped on board the *Wyvern* determined to have a good look around her. Pausing a moment, his eye took in with pleasure the fine, broad sweep of white planking sheering ever so gently away for'ard. Could he but have seen what things were to happen on those same spacious decks a few months hence!

The ship was bought with the least possible delay, and now Captain John was in his glory. Seldom passed a day that he was not on board, where Mr. Brown, aided by the boatswain, Pugh, held full charge. And never since wealth came to him had the old skipper been so happy as when, with coat off, shirt-sleeves turned back over the elbows, and ruddy, cheery face, beaming with pleasure, he superintended the riggers whilst they set up, cut, spliced, and rove new gear under his own sharp eyes. A gang of painters, too, were at work on the hull and spars; carpenters caulked and payed the decks; and shipwrights were busy about her bottom.

"COMORIN HAD SAVED THE CAPTAIN'S LIFE."

The nondescript animal was already gone from her bows, and in its stead was a graceful female figure clad in flowing robes of purest white bordered by a broad band of gold, whilst three stars of the same colour shone from a fillet round its brow. One extended arm pointed ahead, the other clasped a small shield with, in gold letters, the new name of the ship—*Countess of Glenavon*. And, altogether, the old Captain was mightily proud of this figure-head, which had been carved from his own design, and actually was a very fine piece of work, such as one rarely sees in these days of the twopenny-halfpenny fiddles and dolls that builders stick on a ship's nose.

At last it was all over, and the *Countess* floated out of dock, as everyone who saw her declared, the prettiest picture of a sailer in the Port of London. At first Captain John had not intended putting anything more than ballast in her, but after a while he decided, and wisely, that it might be perhaps as well to have some definite object on such a voyage as he contemplated.

And as freights were scarce and poor, alternating mainly between salt from Sharpness and railway iron from London, he determined to load her himself with a general cargo for China and Japan.

And how Captain John (captain and owner, master mariner and millionaire) exulted in doing exactly what he pleased, subject to no bossing from owners, stevedores, or ship's husband; taking in just as little or as much as seemed good to him; trimming the *Countess* any way he wished—down by the head or up by the stern—actually, and not provisionally, a King on his own quarter-deck!

Lord Comorin had been on board once or twice, but had not yet quite made up his mind, although admiring the *Countess* immensely, and fully appreciating the compliment to his dead mother. Comparatively poor people, the Glenavons had profited not a little through their elder son's connection with Captain John. The latter had found Clarence on the Vaal, practically "a broker," just about the time his own fortunes were on the mend; and, taking a fancy to the young man, had "put him on" to several good things which the pair had worked together. And once Comorin had, without a doubt, saved the other's life by shooting an illicit diamond buyer they had captured, just as the latter was about to stab Captain John. But long before Kimberley attained the proportions it eventually did, and crowned Captain John's speculations with fortune, Comorin was summoned home to his mother's death-bed. Still, the former had more than once given his absent friend "tips" that had been worth thousands on the London market, besides nominating the Earl to a seat on the directorate of the Voorooinzigt, in itself a position of opportunities. It will thus be understood that Captain John was deservedly a *persona grata* with the two Glenavons.

Just then, as it happened, seamen were the reverse of plentiful, and Captain John had much difficulty in obtaining the class of men he wanted for the *Countess*. Foreigners he did not care about. But of the twenty men he at last got together four were Germans and three Swedes. The steward was a Chinese of Ningpo, a taciturn, inscrutable-faced personage, speaking very fair English, and whose discharges said all sorts of good things about him. As cook there shipped a Scotch negro—at least he claimed Greenock as his birthplace—named Macalister. And these were the only two men of colour in the

Countess's company. The second mate, Hargraves, was a rough-and-ready sailor of the old school, hating steam and all new-fangled patents that tended to lessen hands.

Leonard had implored to be allowed to come, but without avail. He was too young, said Captain John, and should go to a first-class boarding-school at Margate. But almost at the last minute Lord Comorin arrived, helped in making up his mind by the family doctor, who had advised him to avoid the coming English winter.

A head wind meeting the *Countess* in the Downs, she lay there for forty-eight hours amidst a fleet of outward-bounders. Then, the wind shifting with enough easting in it to run down Channel, she at last spread her wings, making such a beautiful picture, with her spotless masts and yards and canvas towering aloft from the dark hull, gold banded, as sent even hardened seafarers to lean over the rails of their ships and stare at her as she surged past them after a fashion that clearly showed she held the heels of all that fleet, at any rate. Lord Comorin was in ecstasies, never having been at sea before under such a spread of canvas; and as for Captain John, his face showed plainly enough what he felt, pacing the bridge with an eye now away aloft, now over the side.

A few nights after this, while the *Countess* was foaming and snorting her way across the Bay, Captain John was awakened by hearing somebody light the lamp at the head of his bed. Sitting up, half asleep, and expecting to see Mr. Brown or the second mate bringing news of a change, he rubbed his eyes in astonishment, then stared hard and rubbed them again as his gaze fell on the tall, slim, fair-haired figure of a boy standing by his swinging cot.

"Lenny!" he exclaimed, still thinking it all a dream.

"Yes, uncle," answered the lad, in a peculiarly pleasant voice. "And I hope you won't be angry; but I couldn't stay behind, so I made up my mind then and there to go with you."

"But, blow it all!" exclaimed Captain John, in a bewildered sort of way, "how did you get on board? And where have you been since?"

"I gave Big-eared Bill £2 to run me round in his lugger," exclaimed Leonard Oliver, simply, as he got hold of his uncle's hand; "then we hove her to about a quarter of a mile away, out dinghy, pulled alongside, and I crept over for'ard, and then dodged aft and into the empty cabin next to Lord Comorin's. I used to come out of a night and get something to eat in the pantry. You're not angry, are you, uncle?"

"A nice kettle of fish this is!" exclaimed Captain John, in a tone he vainly endeavoured to render fierce. "You young scamp! You —you——! Well, upon my word! If only I had Mr. Big-eared Bill here now! The biggest rogue in Deal! And you cut and ran from your school all standin'! A nice to-do's about you at this very minute. Back, sir, by the first steamer."

But the lad had caught the twinkle in the Captain's eye, and in a minute his arms were round the old man's neck. And in his heart of hearts the latter was thoroughly glad and pleased to see Leonard, the parting with whom had been the one bitter drop that qualified the delightful prospect of finding himself afloat again.

Of course people were astonished, none professing themselves more so than the second mate, who, in fact, rather overdid it, until he felt Captain John's sharp gaze suspiciously fixed on his face, when he suddenly became dumb. At which the Captain grinned, remembering that Leonard and Mr. Hargraves had been cronies at home. But he inquired no further, being well content as it was.

They had mostly fine weather and fair winds until near Trinidad—almost, indeed, within sight of the island—when it fell calm. And, for the first time, Lord Comorin—although careful not to say so—began to wish that the *Countess* carried a screw and a set of engines.

With blistering paint and heated decks, day after day, night after night, the vessel lay sweltering on an oily sea, moving so little as to be unable to get away from the accumulation of empty bottles, tins, and galley *débris* that clung to her sides and drifted with her. It was temper-trying weather. But Captain John was cheery and genial as ever, and his officers, taking their cue from him, did their uttermost to make the hot, monotonous time pass as lightly as possible.

Lord Comorin had brought with him a great assortment of firearms. Rifles for big game carrying explosive bullets; rifles for small—"Winchester," "Express," "Martini-Henry"—a regular armoury. And with these much firing was carried on by all hands, Captain John giving money prizes to the crack shots amongst the crew, of whom, curiously enough, Mac, the cook, and Hip Yong, the steward, turned out the best marksmen.

For some reason Lord Comorin had taken a dislike to the silent, noiseless, spotless Chinese who, with his smooth, yellow face, stealthy gait, and long, cunning, opaque eyes, seemed ever on the watch to anticipate every wish and thought of his master.

"A daddy of a steward," said Captain John; "I never had one like him. Why, if you're thirsty, he sees it in your face; hungry, a snack's ready for you; and his pantry's a picture."

"A yellow snake," replied Comorin. "Ugh! he gives me the shivers with his cold, passionless, orange mask, and his creeping ways. I've seen lots of Chinamen before, you know, but never one quite like Hip Yong."

"Pooh, my dear boy," laughed the old skipper. "It's this calm and heat that's stirrin' your bile up. The fellow's what he looks — a waitin' machine, and a dashed good 'un at that."

"Don't know so much about the machine part of him," retorted Comorin, irritably; "I happened to have my eye on him the other night at dinner time when you were telling us about the value of the cargo—of the packages of jewellery, and the ton or so of silver bullion consigned to that Chinese firm at Shanghai—and, just for a second, he dropped his mask, and I can tell you I didn't fancy what I saw beneath it."

"It's the nature of the animal," replied the Captain, carelessly. "Likely enough he's been a pirate in his day. Lots of those Ningpo chaps have. Naturally, his eyes sparkled at my talk. But, there, sooner than he should annoy you," concluded the old man, kindly, "I'll send the beggar for'ard, and bring that ordinary seaman, I forget his name, aft."

But, of course, Lord Comorin would not hear of such a thing; still, he could not help allowing the steward to notice the aversion with which he regarded him.

But now such a terrible thing happened as threw all petty squabbles between cook and steward, or anybody else, into the shade.

The calm had continued a week; and the sea itself to the weary eyes that watched it appeared to be growing thick and slimy as it spread its still and shining surface, undimmed by the slightest stir, from horizon to horizon. Fore and aft all hands aboard the *Countess* slept about the decks o' nights, forecastle equally with saloon being uninhabitable because of the heat they were saturated with.

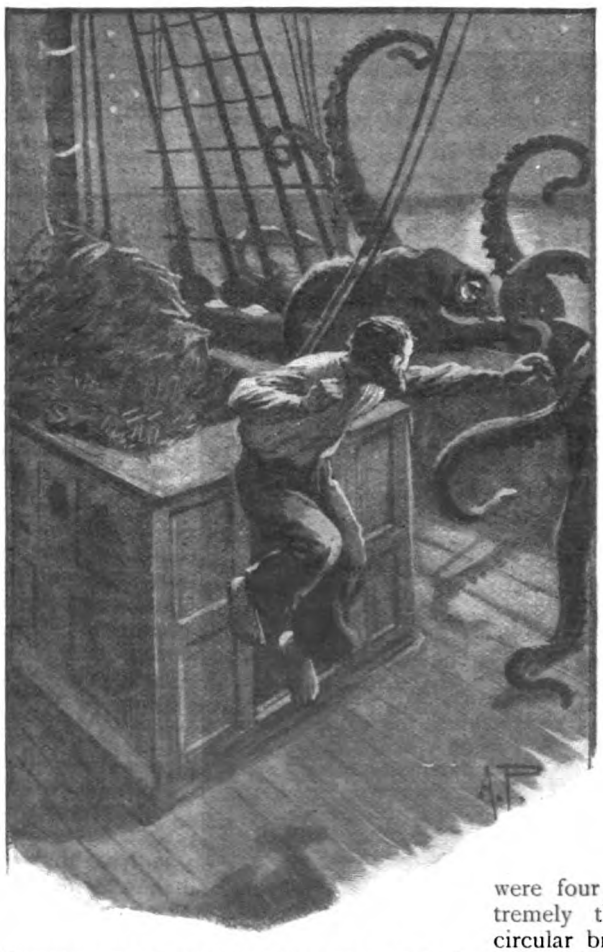
And this night young Leonard, shifting from place to place, clad in pyjamas, and carrying with him only a rug, upon which to lie and pant, had at last taken up a position at one end of the bridge, just enough within shadow of the poop awnings to keep the beams of the full moon off his face. The ship's head lay nearly due east, and she showed to the bright white light like a silver model floating in a silver sea. Her courses were hauled up as snug as buntlines and clew-garnets could make them. Upper topgallant and topsail yards were on their caps, and all fore and aft canvas hauled down, so that the moon from about the height of the foretop raked every corner of the ship, leaving no darkness on the main deck. From where he lay Leonard could see the black opening of the forecastle-head awning, underneath which the crew rested, except, at least, "Mac," who had, of all places, chosen the main staystail netting, close to the galley funnel, along which he spread at full length, a white shirt-sleeve with black ends hanging over at each side.

It was intensely quiet, and but for a slight click now and again, when floating tin or bottle snugged closer to the *Countess's* copper, there was absolutely no sound athwart the heated air. The ship, perfectly upright, lay as if in dock. Leaning across the farther end of the bridge, Leonard noticed Mr. Brown, whose watch it was, and whom he presently saw peer cautiously into the bridge-house to find the time from the big clock over Captain John's cot. Then, emerging, he noiselessly went away under the awning to seek his relief. No bells had been struck lately on account of Lord Comorin's complaining that they awoke him from the rare snatches of sleep he was able to obtain. Even Lenny, young as he was, had found it impossible to get any rest during such weather, in which the least exertion forced one to wring the perspiration out of one's sleeping-suit. But after a while the boy felt he was dozing off; for, his eye resting on the rail amidships, he suddenly saw a long, thin, black object appear above it and quiver curiously in the moonlight. It looked to Lenny exactly like an elephant's trunk. And this it was made him certain that at last he was falling asleep, because there are no elephants at sea; and he closed his eyes and curled up comfortably. Then something, he could not explain what, impelled him to open them and stare for'ard again. To his surprise there were two, three, four more hovering, twisting trunks reaching inboard almost as far as the netting in which Mac lay. Also, what were those curious, grasping, heaving things that seemed to mark

the white rail with black lines right to the fore-rigging?

Lenny sat up and rubbed his eyes. Yes, the things were there yet. And, surely, the ship was slowly listing, whilst, as it inclined, some great bulk seemed to swell up over the rail—a shining, heaving, black mass, out of which crept many more stealthy, quivering trunks.

The boy had opened his mouth to shout when he heard a frightful yell, and saw the cook bound out of his net, leap off the top of the galley and gallop aft, narrowly evading one of the long, lithe feelers that made a queer, curling little snap at him comically, like a new chum's first attempt at cracking a stock-whip, but that caused Lenny's blood to run cold with the deadly suggestiveness of it. Then, as the ship awoke amidst a murmur of roused sleepers, the huge mass, gripping and clawing at the rail, tumbled inboard with a shock that made the *Countess* tremble as if she had struck a reef, flinging, as it fell, its horrid tentacles abroad in all directions.



"NARROWLY EVADING ONE OF THE LONG, LITHE FEELERS."

The crew, drowsy, and by instinct, had made aft, those on the starboard-side fairly on top of the monster; and Lenny, fascinated, saw men shrieking with terror caught up in those frightful arms like leaves by the wind and hugged helplessly to the centre of the quivering folds whence glowed two great eyes, round and fierce, and protruded a big, curved beak that opened and shut with a sharp, clapping sound, accompanied by a prolonged hissing, loud as that made by a small steamer "blowing off."

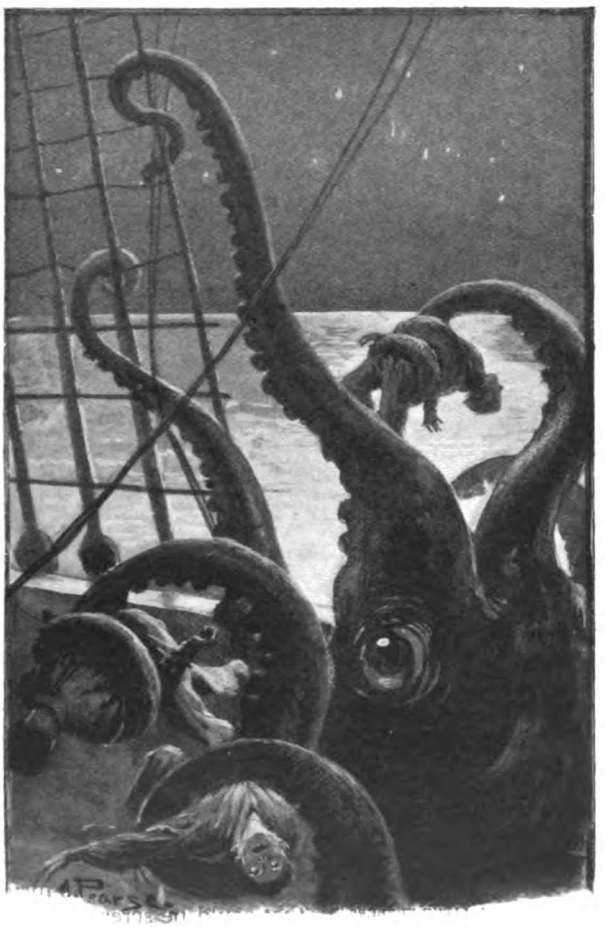
"My men! my poor men!" exclaimed Captain John as, after the first moments of utter stupefaction, the full significance of the thing burst upon him. "Under cover, everybody!" he continued, with a roar. "Clarence, your guns! Quick! Here's a squid as big as a house come on board!"

Picking up Lenny as he spoke, he pushed him into the bridge-house, where, already together with Lord Comorin and the two mates, were those of the crew who had not made back to the forecastle or been seized by the octopus.

Luckily there had been shooting through the day; and some of the rifles were still in the bridge-house. The door was closed; but, very soon, Lord Comorin had found the piece he wanted, an elephant gun taking a four-ounce explosive bullet. In front of the house, facing for'ard, were four bulls'-eyes of extremely thick glass, with circular brass shutters inside that could be screwed almost air-tight if needed. At present all these stood open, and Comorin, pushing the barrel of his piece through one, took quick aim and fired, hurled back violently against Brown by the recoil of the heavy rifle.

"A hit!" shouted the Captain, looking through another of the portholes. "Holy sailor, what a brute! Let him have it again! That sickened him. Oh, my poor men! My poor lads!"

Evidently, in spite of the jelly-like substance of which the beast's body was composed, the shot had taken effect, for it beat the deck frantically with its tentacles, and suddenly shooting out a pair grasped the foremost shrouds of the main rigging and lifted part of its huge bulk into a nearly upright position, exposing to view three motionless forms still inclosed within the deadly grip of as many feelers. As it stood swaying there in the moonlight the big rifle roared again; and, this time, those watching



"IT STOOD SWAYING IN THE MOONLIGHT."

saw the curved beak and fierce eyes suddenly disappear—blown clean away; the tentacles slowly relaxed their hold on the rigging, and the upper part of the body fell heavily to the deck.

At this moment Pugh, the boatswain, rushed from the forecastle with a great, broad axe, and, despite warning shouts from Comorin, began to cut and slash at the tentacles, followed presently by the carpenter and others similarly armed. But in a second Pugh was encircled by the next feeler to the one he had severed, thrown to the deck, and the breath nearly squeezed out of him, whilst the discs or suckers on its under side brought blood wherever they touched his flesh—the spot looking as if it had been rasped. Pugh being freed after not a little difficulty, the men went to work with more caution, and, evading the convulsive writhings of the arms, at last succeeded in releasing their unfortunate shipmates — dead, of course, and with ribs and arms all crushed and broken.

"It's not a true octopus," said Lord Comorin, "although certainly belonging to the same family of devil-fishes. I spent a season once on the coast of Florida and saw something of them there. But I think they rarely grow to such a size. Why, this brute must weigh two or three tons. See, he's got a back-bone and rudimentary ribs!"

"Curse him!" replied Captain John, bitterly. "Three good men he's taken. Did ever anyone hear of the like, boardin' a ship in such a fashion? Why, Clarence, only for you and that young cannon o' yours I'm jiggered if he wouldn't ha' held full possession. Well, of all the messes! Unlash a couple of the deck-ports there, and cut him up, and shove the murderin' beast over in lumps. Ugh! It makes me feel sick to think of it!"

It took all hands working until morning to get the deck clear of the mass of viscid, blubbery body that encumbered it, piling up as high as the topgallant-rail. And even then there was life in the creature, as evidenced by nervous twitchings and shiverings and feeble graspings of severed members. Twenty-two tentacles, ranging in length from 7ft. to 15ft., they counted belonging to this monstrous cephalopod, whilst Lord Comorin made its diameter nearly 30ft. A terrible object at any time, but as a visitor to an unprepared merchantman possessing a simply unlimited capacity for dreadful mischief.

Rather curiously, the three dead seamen were all Germans; they were buried at sunrise, and the last green glint of their weighted

canvas shrouds had no sooner disappeared through the quiet water than, without the least warning, a light breeze sprang up and dispelled in some measure the deep gloom that hung over the ship. The thing had been altogether so weird, unexpected, and terrible, that the men were thoroughly scared. To fall from aloft or overboard would comparatively have been a trifle. But to be killed by a monster, repulsive and loathsome to a degree—worse than a shark, because strange and uncommon—shook the very souls of the men, and played the mischief with their nerves for a long time after the occurrence. And perhaps the most terrified of all, although from a different cause, was Macalister. When turning in his netting and meeting the glare of the brute's eyes he had given the yell that, forestalling Lenny, roused the ship, his ideas extended no further than an assurance that the devil was coming aboard in person. Later—his brain throwing back perhaps to some dim memory of fetishism and the power of Obeah—Macalister conceived the idea that Hip Yong had so ordered matters as to have the monster produced especially on his account. This belief, whilst it had the effect of suddenly making the cook exceedingly civil to the Chinese—accepting with a deprecatory grin any insulting allusion the other saw fit to drop concerning his work—also set hard the feeling of hate already existing in his heart towards Hip Yong.

After this incident fair winds rapidly sent the *Countess* along to Cape Town. Seamen were scarce here; so, in place of those lost, Captain John shipped four Malays who, if they wished, were to be discharged at Singapore. Here, at Cape Town, too, there was some talk of discharging Hip Yong; but Comorin did not press the matter, and it unfortunately came to nothing. And, presently, it was noticed that the steward and the Malays had a good deal to say to each other at odd times, also that the latter were the recipients of many dainty remnants from the saloon table, besides other "menavelings," that by rights should have gone into the boatswain's mess. This matter rendered Hip Yong unpopular with Pugh and his mates—the carpenter and the sailmaker.

The *Countess* made a fine run across the Indian Ocean right to the entrance of the Straits of Sunda. At Anjer they brought up for fruit, fresh water, and to replenish the hen-coops. Thence through the Banca Straits, threading groups of lovely islands, light breezes brought them to the great border city. Lord Comorin and Lenny were all a-glee with their first view of the East, and eager to see everything they could. And one day, penetrating into the native quarter and calling at a Chinese tea-house for refreshment, they came across Hip Yong deep in talk with a trio of bull-headed, powerful-looking ruffians, who, the steward said, had contracted for the ship's washing. They, however, appeared to Lord Comorin fitter to contract for cutting the throats of the ship's company. Still he thought little of the incident just then.

At Singapore the Malays had professed themselves willing to continue the voyage. So, as they were efficient seamen, they were kept on the articles. At this Pugh was disappointed. He had a "down" on "colour," and had conscientiously done his best to make the lot of these aliens uncomfortable to them on board the *Countess*, but apparently without avail. And for further aggravation there was also the matter of those often untouched pies, fowls, and other luxuries in the gift of Hip Yong that, shunted from their proper track, found their way into the dingy paws of the Malays.

"Blessed if I can understan' it," muttered the boatswain, thoughtfully, to himself. "Chinkies and Malayers never chummed up afore, as I remember seein'. There's a leg o' mutton an' a rattlin' big blue-monge jist gone into their berth! A darned shame I calls it, an' fer two pins I'd hup an' tell the old man so, although he do think such a lot o' that cussed yaller toad. It's onnat'ral; an' I'd like to know what that there Hip Yong's little game is. If they wos townies o' his'n I'd not think so much of it. Mac swears that dashed steward gives 'em grog, too. But, by jings, if I kin only ketch him at it I'll run him afore the skipper. You bet, I'm a-goin' to keep my eyes skinned for a bit!"

Nor was this process wholly without result.

One starlight night, passing through the Fo Kien Straits before a very light breeze, Amoy somewhere on the port bow, and the *Countess* dodging along at about four knots, there was a commotion for'ard. Seven o'clock dinner in the saloon was just over; and scattered about the poop in lounge chairs Captain John and his guest, with Mr. Brown, now off watch, lay and smoked. Leonard paced the deck with Mr. Hargraves, listening to a long yarn of shipwreck in the North Sea.

Suddenly on to the poop burst Pugh,

"SUDDENLY ON TO THE POOP BURST PUGH, PROPELLING A MALAY."

propelling a Malay, whose shirt-collar he firmly gripped with one hand whilst the other held a red lantern. Bringing up in front of Lord Comorin and Captain John, the boatswain, still clutching the Malay, exclaimed, "Now, then, ye coffee-coloured swab, just you explain to the Captain what you means by signalizin' out o' the foretop in such fashion. Not for nothin' you've been linin' them ribs o' yourn all this time wi' saloon tucker, is it? But I cotched ye at larst. I knowed there was some uncommon crooked traverse ye was workin'!"

"Bring him into the saloon, bo'sun," said Captain John, rising. "I don't quite understand yet."

So down the companion-stairs they went, Pugh still taking extraordinary care of his prisoner. "The brute," he explained, "tried to stick me, but I got the knife an' chucked it overboard. An' I'm runnin' no risks. He might have another, you see."

Under the light of the saloon lamps it could be seen that the Malay was a stout, thick-set customer, with a coarse, bristly moustache, and teeth blackened by betel-nut. He was clad in blue dungaree, and on his hip lay an empty sheath. His black eyes sparkled fiercely, and his thick-lipped mouth was forced into an ugly grin by Pugh's vice-like grip.

"Now, then, let him go," ordered Captain John. "There may be nothin' in it, after all."

"Catching moths," put in Lord Comorin, ironically, as he presently left the saloon, whilst the Malay glared around and exclaimed:—

"What I do, eh? Mastah, that man chokee me!"

"Aye, aye," replied Captain John. "But what were you up to, eh, with a light in my foretop?"

"Mudder an' fader live Mantu. Me makee light show me all right."

"Good son," remarked the Captain, taking up the lantern, a common bull's-eye, with a piece of transparent red paper pasted over the globe. "Honour thy father and thy mother, eh? And what fine eyesight they must have, eh? Able to spot this thing thirty-five miles away."

At this the Malay scowled, whilst Captain John continued, blandly: "Sure, now, mudder an' fader ain't somewhere between here and the mainland, eh? How did you manage to nab him, bo'sun?"

"Why, sir," replied Pugh, "fact is, I was keepin' my eye on 'em all. I couldn't unnerstan' how them an' the steward come to be so thick; an' them always gittin' stuff from the saloon table, an' coddled up as if they was little Mahomets. So, arter muster at eight bells, I was goin' for'ard to see if the lookout was relieved when I twigs my noble here crawlin' up the port fore-riggin'. 'Well,' I thinks to myself, 'he's got grog planted up there somewheres'—nothen' wuss'n that comin' into my head. So up I goes to starboard; werry cautiently pops over the rim o' the top an' peeks round the mast, an' finds 'is majesty a-wavin 'is lamp, fust up and down, then crossways. Presen'ly I fancies I sees a blue light 'way a-beam. But it's gone in a secon'—too quick to make sure. Then I slips down again and waits for my choc'let friend on deck, an' collars' im an' he tries to sting, an' got consid'able the wust of it."

Captain John looked very grave as he said to Lord Comorin, who had just returned to the saloon, "Clarence, I hope you've got all your shootin'-irons ready. If this business comes off it'll be a more serious one than the squid's. I was on this coast in the sixties and can pretty well guess what's the matter. Mr.

Brown, you and Pugh with Chips and Sails put the Malays in irons. And, to make sure, you can do the same by Hip Yong, as they've been so friendly together. I wish somebody'd told me of that before. However, all we can do is to keep a bright look-out and——" But ere he could finish there was a heavy, crashing noise for'ard that shook the *Countess* from stem to stern, accompanied by a terrific medley of wild yells, screams, oaths, and pistol-shots.

"By George, they're here already!" exclaimed Captain John; whilst the Malay, taking advantage of the confusion, bolted along the saloon towards the quarter-deck. Quick as thought Lord Comorin levelled a revolver he had in his hand and fired. The man had reached the mizzenmast, but there he turned, threw up his arms, and fell flat on his face, his fingers digging into the pile of the thick carpet.

"I've been busy," said Comorin, coolly, "hunting up all my battery and stacking it and ammunition in the bridge-house. Now we'd better make for there. I left Lenny and Hargraves on guard. Come on!"

Pugh had already gone; and the three rushing up to the poop found it clear, but all the fore part of the ship seemed thick with a mob of shouting Chinese. The helmsman had disappeared; and the ship coming up in the wind was aback—a matter, however, of not much moment, as by now she had scarcely steerage way upon her. As they reached the bridge-house Pugh and Macalister ran up the poop-ladder and joined them. The boatswain was panting and held a capstan bar upon which the house-lamp shone, showing the lower portion wet with blood and black with hair.

"It were a big junk run smack into us, sir," he gasped, "an' full o' men. Direckly them Malayers felt her hit us they gets their knives to work amongst our chaps. Chips an' Sails is lyin' dead in the after-house. Some o' the others is aloft. I had a job to get back, I can tell ye; an' half-way I meets Mac givin' 'em gip wi' the galley poker. Look out, sir, here they comes."

"Turn that lamp down," said Lord Comorin, as bullets began to thud on the front of the house. "Thank Heaven I renewed my ammunition at Singapore! Give me the big magazine, Lenny, and let's see what our friends think of explosive bullets."

The howling rabble were now streaming along the deck, some beating tom-toms, others flourishing swords and spears, and the effect of the fusillade that Comorin poured into them point-blank at short range was terrific—every bullet finding a billet before the mob broke for shelter, pursued by a fresh volley from Macalister, who took Comorin's place at the one open port.

In the meantime they could hear by the bumping and creaking that another junk had come alongside, this time on the quarter. In the back of the bridge-house there was only one port as against four in front. At this Macalister was stationed with a Winchester, and he soon had the new arrivals looking for something to put between themselves and his deadly aim. Although there was no moon, the night was peculiarly clear, and by the light of the stars it was quite possible to do some very effective shooting.

Meanwhile, such of the pirates as were armed with muskets peppered away at the bridge-house, against which, being fortunately built of oak planks, stout and thick, the round bullets simply flattened and fell back on to the deck. The place itself, however, was too crowded with seven people in it, and there was scarcely room to stir. Still, it was the only available spot from which to make any sort of defence. The saloon with its sky-lights, doors, windows, and companion they could have hardly held for an hour. Comorin had realized that at once; and whilst the Malay was under examination an undefinable suspicion induced him to remove the guns from the spare berth in the alley-way where they were generally kept. To his surprise he had found Hip Yong there, already getting the weapons together. Without awaiting explanations Comorin had pitched the steward headlong out of the door, carried the half-dozen or so of guns up to the bridge-house, and set Leonard and the second mate to guard them whilst he returned to the saloon, "just in time," as he said, "to pot the Malay."

"We're in a tight place," said Mr. Brown, coughing with the smoke of which the little house was so full that its occupants could scarce see each other.

"Aye, sir," replied Pugh. "'Mudder an' fader' ha' got it in fer us all right. Dash me if I don't think we'll ha' to make a break for it yet, an' see how many yaller-bellies we can give an account of."

"The firin' may bring help," remarked Captain John. "I thought this sort of business was pretty well all over by now."

"So I fancy it is, except in special cases," said Lord Comorin, stanching the blood where a bullet had hummed through the port

and skimmed the lobe of his ear. "Shouldn't wonder if that beast of a steward hadn't got the whole thing cut and dried before we left London even. Where's the silver stowed, Captain?"

Captain John chuckled as he answered, "Right in the square of the main hatch, in four casks packed with cement top and bottom. They'll hardly drop to that. But there's lots more valuable stuff on board. I wish to Heaven I'd got rid of the steward when you wanted me to, Clarence. A nice mess I've led you into!"

"It would probably have come to the same thing," remarked Lord Comorin, as Leonard tied the kerchief around his head and over the damaged ear. "By hook or by crook he'd have sent word to his friends here. Cunning beggar—see how soon he won the Malays over!"

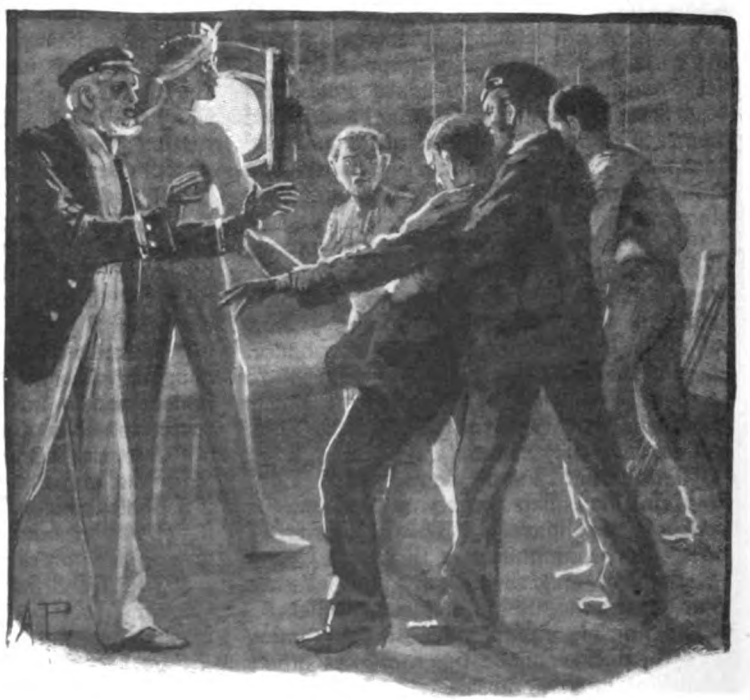
Underneath them in the saloon they could hear a great noise of looting; for'ard some of the pirates had taken the fore hatch off and seemed to be getting portions of the cargo out and putting it on board the junks, of which no fewer than four were now alongside. The bombardment of the bridge-house still continued, principally from the shelter of the galley and the forecastle. There was also shooting going on aloft at some of the crew who had sprung there for refuge at the first alarm. At least a score of corpses lying about the deck showed that the fire of the besieged had not been without effect. But there must have been fully a hundred pirates on board the *Countess;* and as the night wore on matters looked very hopeless.

"They may take what they want and leave us," said Captain John, doubtfully, as he opened a bottle of champagne—a dozen of which by great good luck happened to be in a locker under one of the seats, together with a few tins of oysters.

But Pugh shook his head. "I reckon not, sir. His lordship an' Mac there've downed too many of 'em fer that. And the beggars ha' smelled blood. I don't believe, barrin' us, that there's one o' the hull ship's company alive this minnit. Our only chanst is a steamer comin' hup an' scatterin' the warmint. Mac, ole man, cudn't you put a pill into that there steward for us?"

The cook grinned. "Can't see, massa bo'sun," said he, as he reloaded his rifle. "Bimebye marnin' come, an' if Mac's eye cotch top of him dam ugly yaller nose, he never play no more low-down tricks on Scotch gemman ob colour."

Whilst eating and drinking they had screwed up the brass shutters of their loop-holes. Long ago the glass in them all had been shivered to atoms, thick as it was. And now, so continuous was the hail of bullets that there was a very certain risk in opening any of them to get a shot through. Presently there came a lull in the continuous thump, thump of lead against brass and wood, and Lord Comorin cautiously opened his port for a chance. He had scarcely fired when a bullet came through the aperture, grazed his knuckles, and, glancing off the trigger-guard of the rifle, buried itself in the chest of the second mate who was standing a little to one side. With a cry of "I'm



"I'M DONE!"

done!" the unfortunate man staggered and fell against Mr. Brown, who laid him gently down as he breathed his last.

"They've got a marksman amongst them!" exclaimed Lord Comorin. "He fired at the flash; and he's using conical stuff too. Hip Yong practising, I expect. Poor chap, poor chap," he continued, as he clanged the shutter to, turned up the lamp, and knelt beside the second mate, whose head Leonard, pale, and trying hard not to break down, was now supporting. "Well, he's gone, sure enough. Mac, cease firing. We can't take any more risks of this kind. When daylight comes we may be able to run our account up before we peg out—if that's going to be the end."

"Upon my word, Clarence!" exclaimed Captain John, "you take things mighty cool. Curse the yellow sweeps, I'd give them ship and cargo, too, with a good heart if they'd let us have a boat and cry quits. Somehow, since that squid boarded us I'd a notion our luck was broke for the trip. And, now, here's poor Hargraves dead, with God knows how many more good men outside. Give me a pistol, Clarence, and let me at the murderin' pirates!" And poor Captain John rose, his face working dismally with rage and pity.

"Steady does it, sir," said Pugh, respectfully, backing against the door. "If we rushes, we rushes in a heap. An' if there was any wind I don't know but we might do wuss. But there ain't—not a stir—or we cud rush a boat, up sail, an' give them reptiles a run for it. As it is, altho' it's close quarters 'ere, an' middlin' 'ot too, still it's afore lyin' outside wi' yer throat cut like a bloomin' sheepses."

There was no resisting such logic as this, and with a groan the Captain fell back into his seat again, looking quite broken up.

Since Hargraves's death the fusillade had been in great measure discontinued, and by the shouts and singing it could be heard that the pirates were very busy getting out cargo and transhipping it into their junks. Nor, on their side, had the defenders of the bridge-house assumed the offensive again. Lord Comorin considered it wiser to wait for daylight than go on snapping away at chance shots, with the effect of only drawing heavy return fire that might do more damage.

And at last daylight did come filtering slowly through the barely unscrewed rims of the brass shutters—just let up a few threads of the big screws by which they were fastened into their metal framework—disclosing a sorry sight.

On the floor lay the dead man, the breast of his white jacket all crimsoned with his life-blood, and his bald head showing over the edge of the tablecloth they had spread across him. Alongside the corpse, his features pale and drawn, slept poor Lenny. On the little settee that ran round three sides of the house sat Lord Comorin, his smoke-begrimed face swathed in a bloody bandage. Mr. Brown had fallen asleep, snoring stertorously with his head on his shoulder. Near him, his weary eyes wide open, and plucking nervously at his lips, was Captain John. Pugh and the cook sat on the floor against the door, nodding till their heads knocked together. The place smelled vilely of gunpowder; a champagne bottle, half-full, stood on a small table close to a couple of chronometers and many packages of ammunition; some empty oyster-tins and fragments of biscuit littered the carpet, and everywhere lay expended cartridge cylinders. From the ceiling the lamp hung, burning dimly for lack of oil. The Captain's cot had been taken down and thrown out on to the bridge to make more room; and a bullet had smashed the face of the big round clock that hung on the opposite wall.

Lord Comorin started up and looked around. He was a tall, slight man, with fair hair, mild brown eyes, and delicate, almost effeminate, features, utterly lacking in any indication of the splendid courage, resolution, and indomitable energy possessed by their owner. With his drawl, his listless manner, and general air of debility, "never," as Pugh remarked tersely to Macalister, "was there a greater sell than his bloomin' lordship when he took the fit to come out of his shell."

Which apparently was at a time like the present.

Arousing his companions, he gave Mr. Brown, Macalister, and Pugh a repeating rifle each. Then the four, boldly throwing open the door, stepped out on to the bridge. A mob of Chinese were around the main hatch, pulling up cargo by the aid of ropes. Alongside, amidships, was a junk, and they had utilized, amongst other things, three or four casks of cement to make a platform to receive the cargo on. Across the foretop-mast stay a man hung doubled up, the legs of another protruded over the top in a manner there was no mistaking the significance of. Aft the ship was nearly clear. Almost everybody was gathered around the

fore and main hatches, busy as ants, and disdaining help of winch or tackles. Standing on top of the boatswain and carpenter's house was Hip Yong, smoking a cigar and screaming orders. Great patches of blood stained the decks; some wounded men lay about, but the dead ones had been removed. All these things the four took in at a glance.

For a few moments they were unperceived. Then, as the pirates ran for their arms, the four fired volley after volley into them, dropping them in dozens, so thick were they, before any attempt at reprisal could be made. Hip Yong had leapt off the house, apparently unhurt by the first discharge, although both Lord Comorin and Macalister had paid him special attention.

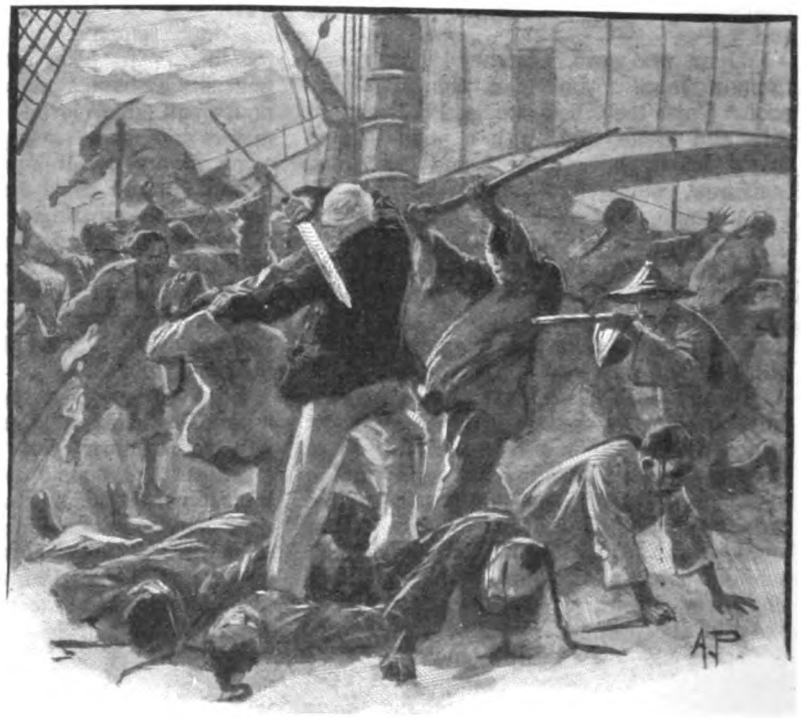
"There he is again!" exclaimed the former, "making away for'ard. Pot him, Mac! My rifle's empty." But the smoke was too thick, and the cook missed, for they saw Hip Yong run aft again, shoving cartridges into a breechloader as he sought shelter in the galley.

"Cuss 'im!" shouted Macalister, in disgust; "that yaller devil's fetish too strong. No bullet kill him!"

As he spoke a man shot past them out of the bridge-house, down the ladder, and along the main deck. A wounded pirate rose to his knees and tried to grasp his legs as he ran. But the other, half turning, lifted a short, heavy knife, and clove the man's head fair in twain. Then, without pause, he made into the thick of the crowd that had huddled behind the houses for shelter from the bridge fire.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Comorin, the first minute of bewilderment over, "it's Captain John running amuck with my big scrub-knife. Come along, boys; load as you go!" And without further words the four ran down and after the Captain, whom Lord Comorin had thought asleep and would not have disturbed to take part in the reconnaissance.

A junk was on each bow packed high with cargo and men. Forty or fifty Chinese were crowded between the foremast and the break of the forecastle, and amongst these Captain John, bareheaded, with wild shouts and oaths, was slashing with might and main as they gave way before him, some jumping



"CAPTAIN JOHN WAS SLASHING WITH MIGHT AND MAIN."

on to the junks, others running under the forecastle. The four coming up and firing rapidly completed the panic started by the sudden and desperate onslaught of the Captain. And had there been no others to deal with, his mad rush backed up by the constant and fatal shooting might have won the day.

But presently Comorin saw the mate stagger and fall, whilst bullets from aft began to hum about his own ears. The two junks on the quarter had vomited forth a body of pirates, who were deliberately firing

at the little party as they showed to one side or the other of the men's house. And the fellows in the for'ard junks seeing this, and recovering from their confusion, were, under the leadership of a couple of the Malays, preparing to board again.

Captain John, gasping for breath, his clothes like a butcher's, stood leaning against the capstan. Mr. Brown had got on his knees and was making shift to crawl towards him, when a long, straight sword flung spear-wise by a Chinese from the *Countess's* rail penetrated his back and literally pinned him to the deck. Instantly Lord Comorin, who was busy slipping cartridges into his Winchester, levelled the piece and shot the man through the throat. Throwing his hands up, he fell backwards overboard between the ship and the junk. Meanwhile, Macalister and Pugh were dodging about the foremast, firing aft at the advancing foe. Suddenly out from the galley jumped Hip Yong, and with a magazine rifle began shooting as fast as he could pull the trigger. A bullet stung Lord Comorin's shoulder; another cut a groove through Macalister's woolly scalp. Pugh lost a finger.

Howling with rage and the pain of his wound the negro threw his rifle down, and with a lightning rush caught Hip Yong just as the latter was making back to the galley. The steward screamed like a trapped rat as the cook, grasping him round the neck, dragged him to where some spare spars were lashed, and there, bending him over the end of a boom, choked him to death, whilst Pugh and Lord Comorin, back to back, discharged their heated rifles fore and aft.

The boatswain was cursing to himself under his breath all the time, and firing his final filling rather wildly. Comorin, his usually pale features flushed, teeth set hard, and a fighting scowl on his brow, discharged his last cartridges coolly and deliberately as if shooting for a battue wager in the Glenavon covers. But matters could not be more desperate. Macalister, still hugging Hip Yong, was simply cut to ribbons; Mr. Brown was past hope. Captain John, although busy with the for'ard boarders, was bleeding from a dozen wounds. The scrub-knife, double-edged and heavy, his only weapon, was but a poor defence against spears and bullets; and the other two, powerless to help, saw him presently sink under the living wave that now rolled over the forecastle-head.

"If we could but gain the bridge-house again!" panted Lord Comorin, throwing aside his useless rifle and wrenching a sword from the grip of a Chinese killed by Captain John in his first onslaught.

"Too thick, I reckon, sir," replied Pugh, calmly. "I see as the young 'un's got the door shut, though. They've apperiently forgot all about 'im. 'Owever, we'll charge the varmints, if you think's it's any good. Hello! by crikey! What's up now? What guns is them?"

Boom! boom! boom! as he spoke, came three roars from seaward. The junk on the starboard bow, a big lump of some eighty tons or so, seemed to leap in the air, bursting like twine the heavy coir lashings that held her to the *Countess*, and then fell all to shreds and tatters of mutilated men, timber, and miscellaneous cargo, which scattered in a horrible sort of spray over the ship.

Then, like magic, the rest of the pirates fled to the remaining junks, cast off, put out their sweeps, and began to pull frantically towards the coast, leaving Lord Comorin and Pugh utterly bewildered at the suddenness of the thing.

Boom! boom! boom! Nearer still; and the pair, staggering on to the forecastle-head, saw close to them a big white steamer, from whose bow issued puffs of smoke, whilst, now astern, now ahead of the fleeing junks the sea rose in graceful curving mounds.

And even as they gazed one of the pirate vessels upheaved and dissolved into a mass of floating *débris*.

"Good practice and heavy shell," said Lord Comorin, faintly. "And, oh, if she had only come up an hour ago."

"Full speed ahead," exclaimed Pugh, in ecstasy. "No more wasting shot. Ram, by George! Look, sir—my lord, I means, only you're such a tearin' 'ero as I forgets myself—look at 'er. Swish, swash! What price pirates now? How about 'mudder an' fader,' eh?" And the boatswain clapped his blackened and bleeding hands as he watched the warship ram and sink in succession the two remaining junks, the shrill cries of whose crews came plainly across the quiet water, mingled with the rattle of machine guns, as the cruiser trained them mercilessly on the swimmers.

Going across to where Captain John lay, they found him still alive, but unable to do more than open his eyes and look at them.

"It's all right now," said Lord Comorin, cheerily, as he endeavoured to bind up some of the worst of the other's many wounds.

"Too late," whispered Captain John, feebly. "Where's Lenny?"

But the boy was already picking his way

along the decks towards the little group, and was soon kneeling by his uncle's side.

Meanwhile, the warship had steamed nearly alongside and lowered a couple of boats. And presently some small brown men in naval uniform boarded the *Countess*, holding up their hands in astonishment and chattering furiously at the sight of the shambles that met their gaze fore and aft. Approaching the spot where Captain John lay, with his head on Lord Comorin's lap and Lenny holding his hand, one of the newcomers said, in capital English : "You've had a lot of trouble here, I'm afraid. We apparently just came up in time—for you, at least. I am the second lieutenant of the Japanese cruiser yonder—the *Patsizio*. Are all your men killed? As for the pirates," glancing seaward out of sharp beads of eyes, "I don't think they'll trouble people any more."

"Yes," replied Lord Comorin, "I fear we are the only survivors. Anybody else left, Pugh?" he asked of the boatswain, as the latter came out of the men's house, looking sick and faint.

"Not one, my lord," replied Pugh, hoarsely. "Carved into mincemeat inside there, an' three shot aloft. That makes up the tally o' the A.B.'s. Sails an' Chips, o' course, was done long ago, an' then the two mates. Oh, good heavens, was ever such a cussed massacre afore?" And Pugh sat feebly down and put his hands before his eyes.

The other Japanese, who turned out to be a surgeon, was in the meantime busily attending Captain John, to whom he had administered a cordial that seemed of service, for the old skipper's eyes brightened and the shrunken look went out of his face.

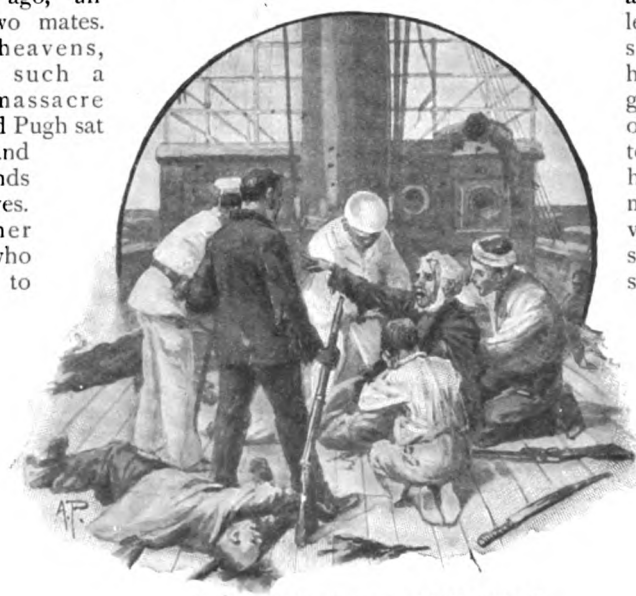
"Can't we move him?" asked Lord Comorin, anxiously. "If we could but get him on board your ship out of sight of this infernal mess."

"He hasn't ten minutes to live," whispered the doctor. "All your English College of Surgeons couldn't help him."

And indeed, almost as he spoke, the flicker died away. Captain John raised himself a little, looked at Lenny, weeping silently, and then at Lord Comorin's sad features; at the dead bodies all around. Then his gaze fell upon poor Brown, from whom Pugh had drawn the sword and composed the corpse decently.

"I'm going, Clarence," he whispered. "It's been a bad job. Forgive me for bringing you into it. Sell the ship and see that the bo'sun there, and the widows and orphans, never want for anythin'!"

Then he began to wander, and his talk rambled away to the old days in South Africa, when he and Lord Comorin had faced fate together. All at once he broke off, raised his head, and shouted, with a voice startling for the loudness and intensity of it: "Ready about! Hard — a — lee! Raise tacks and sheets! Mainsail haul!" And then, giving a feeble wave of the hand as a sign to put the helm over, he fell back dead—a master mariner to the very last, and with the spirit of his business still strong upon him.



"A MASTER MARINER TO THE VERY LAST."

Funny Signs of the Times in Japan.

By Ludlow Brownell.

Author of "Tales from Tokio," etc.

STREET signs are often of much interest to the tourist. In Japan he will find some that are probably unique. Yet in spite of their oddity they are truly signs of the times. There is some history in telling how they came to be, for they are of the period when Japan was stepping from her old clothes into her new. Feudalism with its daimiyos and military retainers was disappearing, and so were caste distinctions. The Government had just established a system of schools on a German-American plan, with much English and much military drill, and had set all the youth of the nation to school together to gain Western knowledge. Children of the four classes of society—warriors, farmers, artisans, and merchants, and even of the outcast Eta—met on a common footing for the first time.

Hasami San, the son of Kami San, the barber, was the equal of the son of the Samurai, and the barber was happy in the fact. Kami San knew nothing whatever of foreign ways. He was of the old *régime*, but he had perfect faith in his Government, and if the Government favoured foreign ways, surely they were good. And this English language, too, which all the schools were teaching, so that no matter where one went he would hear of the great Peter Parley and his history, of Lord Macaulay, Clive, and Warren Hastings, and of George Washington and the cherry tree: was not Hasami studying about these things every day in classes, side by side with gentlefolk? Surely he must put up an English sign to show the world that his abode was the home of learning as well as other houses, even those of great pretensions. His son should have the job—Hasami San, who played with the children of fighting men and of the owners of many rice-fields, who knew the characters for writing Eigo, as he called the foreign tongue, and who even at this moment was in military uniform, drilling to become a soldier in the army of the great Mikado. The barber's nose was high.

Kami San talked of these things to his friend Hige San while Hige was receiving a ha'penny's worth of treatment. He had gone entirely over Hige San's face with his thin, narrow blade, even to the eyelids, and now had hold of his friend's nose and was reaming the hair from his nostrils with a tiny, gouge-shaped razor, that few but a native barber would dare to use.

"The times are changing," he said as he rolled Hige's head a little to the right, twirling his gouge, "and when Hasami has leisure from his studies in the coming rest days of the school he shall show by the new knowledge that I have the pride to make changes, too, keeping by the times closely in my business."

Here he lifted Hige San a little, saying: "Augustly condescend honourable head to elevate," and began to shave the ears. He did so deftly and thoroughly both inside and out. When this was over, and he had taken a run round the neck, he struck a tuning-fork and put the handle, which had a nob on its end, first into one ear and then into the other. The tuning-fork gives the customer the impression that he can hear himself purr, and so makes him happy.

Hige San arose, shining and beaming, paid his two sen, said that Kami San was augustly gloriously expertissimo, and declared that an English sign over the sliding doors that made the front wall of the shop would be an honour to the neighbourhood, a sign in truth befitting the new era which Tenshi Sama, the Son of Heaven, had deigned to honour with the name of Meiji—the epoch of enlightenment.

"Oh, it will be of course a most unworthy and disgraceful object, as is everything in my miserable shop," replied Kami San. "But the new language from the wonderful people of the West, that it is that I wish to place on high."

The "rest days" Kami had referred to came soon, and Hasami San had the leisure of his first vacation. He had learned the alphabet—aye, bee, shee, dee, ee, efoo, jee, etc.—and could tell a "dee" from an "oh" almost every time. Besides, he knew many words and short sentences from his first reader. He could not pronounce "el," it is true; the nearest he could come to it was "eroo," as is the case with the general run of Japanese to-day; such words as "literal" are beyond them, but he could draw characters skilfully, English letters being simple compared with the Chinese intricacies that youngsters learn to write so deftly with a brush.

From a] A JAPANESE HAIRDRESSER'S SHOP. *[Photograph.*

So when his father explained the sign idea to him he set to work diligently, and by the time the holidays were over he had produced an ornament over his father's Chinese lettered sign that filled the old man's heart with joy. It was in three lines, which he printed and shaded beautifully. It read:—

BARBER
TO SHAVE BEARD OR TO ORESS
HAIRS WAY.

Kami San was the proudest man in town when he gazed up at the completed work. He gave a dinner to celebrate the event, and had all his friends in for the day. Sake flowed. There were raw fish, boiled fish, broiled fish, and cuttle fish in profusion, and even the hardy little fishes that submit to slicing up alive. In the evening he had lanterns all over the front of his shop, with special illumination for the sign. Geisha strummed their samisens and danced and sang, and the guests had so good a time that many of them forgot all about going home until Kami San awoke them in the morning.

The fame of the sign spread. Soon it was the envy of every one of Kami San's brothers in the "hair's way," and of the trade folk generally. Those of them who had sons that had learned the "aye, bee, shee," commanded them to do as Hasami had done, and those who had no sons sought to engage Hasami's services. Kami San would not hear of his boy's neglecting his studies of the wonderful Eigo, however, nor the military drills. He was busy, too, he said, for customers flocked to him so that he had to hire two more assistants, and he needed Hasami himself whenever the youngster had any spare time.

As he said to Hige San one day as he was going carefully over the tip of his friend's nose, and giving a curve deftly to his eyebrows, he knew when the honourable good thing came his way; he was a respecter of signs, and would not do anything to make a good one common. Except that his son had explained to him by means of a dictionary

From a] A LEATHER MERCHANT'S SHOP. *[Photograph.*

From a] AN ENTOMOLOGIST'S. *[Photograph.*

what his sign signified he did not know its meaning, but its influence as it shone down upon the passing throng was agreeable to his ideas, and he proposed not to meddle with it.

Kami San's lack of assistance did not hinder matters much, however. The sign craze was on, and it lasted for longer than the rabbit craze. But, then, the Government put a stop to that, whereas it has never interfered with signs. English lettering appeared in Yokohama, Tokio, Nagasaki, Hakodate, Kobe, Kyoto, and hundreds of other places, even at the tea-houses along the great highways where the jinriksha men stopped for a sip of tea and a whiff from their tiny pipes.

"The Tas are restful and for sharpen the minds," read one of these signs. And another :—

"The Genuine-Ly bier buy the health for drink." And a third :—

"Of smokes our tobaco is preasure to our Tongue and give the Healthiness to Hers and Hes! Also All People by It."

These little notices in unexpected places relieved the monotony of a journey on a dull day. Some of them have disappeared now that the railway has come, and the old Kaidos with their inns do little of their former business. But those in the towns remain, except where they were too frank, like the language of the "damyoureyes-san," as the treaty-port natives call bluejackets. The camera has caught them, and should Kami San and Hasami San be taken up in a chariot of fire their work would live. An Eta now become heimin, a member of the great class that includes all but officials and nobles, expanded under the radiant announcement over the entrance of his leather shop :—

TO TRADE HAIR-SKIN SORT SHOP.

An entomologist of some repute in Yokohama, who supplied collectors of insects and also silk raisers with their "seeds," orna-

From a] UMBRELLAS, CANES, AND PARASOLS. *[Photograph.*

From a] A BUTCHER'S SHOP. *[Photograph.*

mented the front of his place of business with his name and the words :—

BUTTERFLY AND WORM MERCHANTS.

He may have been leading a double life.

The man who safeguards against sun and rain declared the fact publicly as follows :—

A SHOP
THE KIND OF PARASOL OR UMBRELLA AND STICK,

and either of "parasol" or of "umbrella and stick" he had great variety.

Japan looked askance at butchers in the early days of the new order. Beef and pork were tabooed pretty well all over the country. Even now it is not easy to get animal food in the small villages of the interior, where some Buddhist priests still declare war against flesh and wine. But medical advice, following a cholera scare, has had much influence, so that one may see this sign to-day exposed boldly to view :—

COWMEAT AND PIGMEAT.

In a country where there has been much raw fish, especially salmon, and not particularly good drainage until William Kinninmond Burton took to teaching it sanitation, troublesome ailments would occur. To one of these Mr. Swiftriver had turned his attention with success. His sign read as one straight line : "Tape-worm Swiftriver Shop."

Mr. Pinecape, who dealt in coals, took the public into his confidence and confessed the secret of his success. Beneath his name and address are these two lines :—

HONEST, INDUSTORIOUS MAKE THE CONTINUAL PROSPERITY.

Mr. Seedsmall, who dealt in so-called temperance drinks which the Japanese call

From a] A COAL-DEALER'S SIGN. *[Photograph.*

From a] A DEALER IN TEMPERANCE DRINKS. *[Photograph.*

"gun water," because of the "pop," got hold of a dictionary in which someone had translated the names of his beverages into Japanese phonetic equivalents. These Japanese syllables do not conform with extreme nicety to English sounds, principally because none of them ends in a consonant, but always in a vowel, and none of them has the sound of "l" in it. This is the English part of Seedsmall's sign :—

RAMUNE SOUDA SASUPRE ZINZINBIYA
JINJYAE-L,

which one sees at a glance to mean lemon, soda, sarsaparilla, ginger-beer, and ginger-ale.

The brilliancy of official uniforms attracted the attention of a certain tailor, and he sought to make business amongst the men of the army, the navy, and the Government. His sign read :—

GOLD TAIL SHOP.

Coat-skirt decoration apparently was his specialty.

Another sign, that of a tobacco merchant of Ginza, the Bond Street of Tokio, was probably the best known in the capital for half-a-dozen years. It was not amusing, for it merely declared the maker's brand, and where one could find it on sale, but it was ubiquitous. The merchant had taken the contract to water the city's streets from one end to the other on all dry days the year round. The brilliant red carts his coolies pulled about told everyone that in the tobacco business Mr. Pinemountain of the Ginza was supreme.

And so one might go on indefinitely quoting signs, labels on bottles and cigarette packages, the covers of books, and what not, all of them strange and some of them incomprehensible, yet all of them signs of the effort of Old Japan to become New Japan, an effort that has been triumphant.

From a] A "GOLD TAIL SHOP." *[Photograph.*

The Famous Actresses of Europe.

By Arthur Lewis.

Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. FRANCE.

It is quite unnecessary to go into the career of one who has been justly described as the "Queen of the Stage, the Divine Sarah Bernhardt." Her great gifts are recognised throughout the civilized world, and she belongs, not to one nation, but to all. To enumerate her successes would mean to name almost every part she has played. She is an indefatigable worker, and surely if the word "genius" means "the faculty of taking infinite pains" this wonderful woman must indeed claim that title. The writer has seen her work for eighteen hours without rest day after day, and as an example of her energy it may here be stated that upon her last visit to England she played on one Monday at Islington, Tuesday at Croydon, Wednesday at Brighton, Thursday at the Comedy Theatre, London, *Hamlet* on Friday at Stratford-on-Avon, and appeared in the same play in Lyons, France, on the following Sunday afternoon! Perhaps the largest amount ever taken in a theatre for dramatic representations was realized in one week at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, U.S.A., where the receipts at the box-office for nine performances by Mme. Bernhardt amounted to the enormous sum of 53,000dols., or £10,600.

Mme. Réjane. FRANCE.

As Mme. Bernhardt may be called the chief tragic and emotional actress of our time, so Mme. Réjane may justly be termed the "Queen of Comedy," although her powers of compelling tears and laughter are almost equal. Her latest success, and one of her greatest, has been made as the heroine of M. Berton's "Zaza," in which she is absolutely without a rival. Unfortunately the English public will not be able to see her in that character for another year; but she will probably be seen at the Garrick Theatre during the present season, where she may possibly reproduce "Mme. Sans Gêne." Mme. Réjane is a woman of great personal charm and wonderful magnetism, and, as an instance of her generosity, it may be stated that on her last appearance in town she came all the way from Trouville to London to play at the Coronet Theatre for charity. Her hard work has been crowned with great pecuniary reward. This is shown by the fact that she was paid for a twenty minutes' recitation in a London drawing-room the sum of one hundred and fifty guineas.

Señora Guerrero. SPAIN.

Señora Guerrero is undoubtedly the greatest Spanish actress. Her repertoire consists of nearly all the parts sustained by Mme. Bernhardt, added to which she also plays the classic drama of Spain. She is a wonderful actress and possesses a marvellous voice, which she uses to the greatest advantage. She appeared in Paris for the first time last year during the Exhibition, and was received with enthusiasm, her performance in Racine's "Phêdre" evoking the greatest praise. An attempt was made by the writer to bring her to London; but as she had only one week available it was found impossible to make any arrangements. In private life she is a most charming and gracious woman and has a delightful personality.

Signora Lorenzo. ITALY.

An actress of consummate skill and charm, she is delightful in every part she undertakes, her method being absolutely natural and free from affectation. She is possessed of an agreeable presence, and is justly a favourite with the playgoing public of Italy.

Signora Eleanora Duse. ITALY.

The great Italian actress, who has been called the Sarah Bernhardt of Italy. Signora Duse is so well known in London that it is scarcely necessary to mention her various triumphs in detail. She is equally at home in comedy and tragedy, and those who remember her performances in "La Locandiera" and "Cavalleria Rusticana" can readily appreciate her marvellous versatility. Her methods are simple and she scarcely ever uses any "make-up." She rarely plays a part twice alike, and alters the business of her scenes from night to night. Her productions are invariably good and show very careful stage management; unconventional and essentially natural. Signora Duse's last appearance in London was at the Lyceum during the spring of last year, when she presented, for the first time in England, Mr. A. W. Pinero's "Second Mrs. Tanqueray" under the title of "La Seconda Moglie."

Mme. Odillon. AUSTRIA.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to describe the great merits of Mme. Odillon as an actress. Her appearances in London are of so recent a date, at Daly's Theatre in 1897, and the emphatic success she made of so pronounced a type, that playgoers need hardly be reminded of the fact. In Vienna Mme. Odillon's name is

Mme. Sandrock.
AUSTRIA.

a household word, and in her own particular way and method she is unrivalled. In private life she is a charming hostess and companion, and delights in all kinds of charitable work. She is a thorough sportswoman and a *persona grata* in Viennese society.

Mme. Sandrock is one of the most delightful artistes living; her performances are gems, and the distinct characterization she manages to impart to the various *rôles* she impersonates is a good reason for her enormous popularity.

Madame Odillon
(AUSTRIA)
PHOTO BY ADÈLE VIENNA

Madame Sandrock.
(AUSTRIA)
PHOTO BY ADÈLE VIENNA

HORSMAN

Madame Bleibtreu
(AUSTRIA)
PHOTO BY SZÉKELY VIENNA

profession. She has succeeded in taking the parts formerly played by Charlotte Wotter, whose renown was world-wide. She is particularly fine as *Mary Stuart* in Schiller's grand tragedy of that name, and also as *Brunhilde* in "Siegfried"; but, above all, as *Adelheid* in "Goetz Von Berlichingen" she is unrivalled. Mme. Bleibtreu has become a great favourite of Viennese theatre-goers, and she in herself is a great attraction, being the happy possessor of a magnificent figure, and a face at once beautiful and intellectual. She revels in country life, is very enthusiastic when she

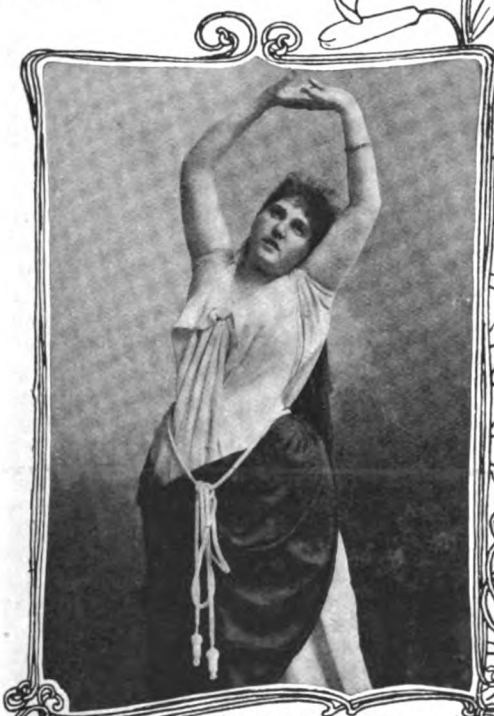
Her admirers in Vienna are indeed numerous, and on all occasions she has been singled out for special marks of favour. Like Mme. Odillon, she is well known throughout Austria, is socially a great favourite, and is particularly fond of dumb animals.

Mme. Hedwig Bleibtreu.

AUSTRIA.

Mme. Hedwig Bleibtreu, of the Imperial Burgtheater in Vienna, is to-day at the very head of her

becomes interested in any subject, a great lover of dogs and horses, and has a disposition both amiable and generous—her friends are legion and her admirers universal.



MADAME SZILAGGI.
(HUNGARY)
PHOTO BY KOLLER TANÁR BUDAPEST.

MADAME BLAHA.
(HUNGARY)
PHOTO BY STRELISKY BUDAPEST.

Mdme. Szilaggi.
HUNGARY.

One of Hungary's favourite actresses, accomplished in the highest sense of the word, well known in Budapest and all the important cities of the kingdom, playing equally well in comedy and the drama. Mme. Szilaggi has a most charming voice, "la voix de velour." She is a gifted woman in many ways, is very fond of books, and a lover of dumb animals.

Mme. Blaha.
HUNGARY.

This charming and popular actress is a member of the Budapest Royal Theatre, and is perhaps the most accomplished artiste in Hungary. She seems to excel in almost every *rôle* either in comedy, tragedy, or farce. She has a very sympathetic voice of great power and compass, which, however, is always under complete control. Mme. Blaha is a great favourite throughout her native country, and her appearances in other towns of the kingdom

MADAME HEGYESI
(HUNGARY)
PHOTO BY KOLLER TANÁR BUDAPEST

always insure crowded houses. The costume in which she has been photographed represents a Hungarian peasant woman.

Mme. Hegyesi.
HUNGARY.

Mme. Hegyesi is one of Hungary's brightest stars, and is an actress of much power. Clever and versatile, she has played throughout Austria's great dependency with unvarying success. She prefers strong drama, but is equally at home in lighter parts. Of a helpful disposition, Mme. Hegyesi is very charitable, and no appeal for her services goes unanswered, while her purse-strings are constantly opened to the poor.

Señora Vievra.
PORTUGAL.

A vivacious and charming creature, and one of the best of Portuguese actresses. An enormous favourite in Lisbon, Señora Vievra has acted her way into the hearts of her audiences of the Southern kingdom. Although she excels in all branches of her art, she prefers plays of a light character. She is very studious and is an excellent linguist, and will very probably appear in Paris during the coming season.

Mme. Aristiza.
ROUMANIA.

Of all actresses of talent to whom Roumania has given birth the most eminent is Mme. Aristiza, the favourite of Bucharest, whose efforts have been crowned with success and whose application to her art in all its branches has gained for her the esteem and well-earned plaudits of all who have witnessed her performances. A more charming woman, both on and off the stage, does not exist, nor one who works more conscientiously.

Fräulein Agnes Sorma.
GERMANY.

"An ideal *Ophelia*" was the verdict passed by the German critics on Agnes Sorma, whose photograph we print in that character, and in every way has she merited the praise that has been lavished upon her. She commenced her stage career when quite a little child, and some few years later, when she appeared at the Deutsches Theater, as the *ingénue* in "Jugendliebe," she took Berlin by storm. By her extreme naturalness and simplicity of style she created an impression that was deep and lasting. She has a most extensive repertoire, and in tragedy as in comedy she has no equal on the German stage. In modern plays her favourite *rôle* is *Nora* in "A Doll's House," but she is eminently suited to the classic drama. A beautiful woman, of a particularly sunny disposition, she is greatly loved by all who know her.

Fräulein Lotte Witt. Fräulein Jenny Gross.

GERMANY.

Quite in the same rank with Fräulein Agnes Sorma, and upon the highest rung of the ladder of theatrical fame, may be found Fräulein Lotte Witt and Fräulein Jenny Gross, the former a bright particular star of the Hofburg Theater, and the latter shining with equal lustre in the Lessing Theater, Berlin. These ladies are, without question, among the very best artistes that Germany has produced in the last part of the nineteenth century, and may be classed as leading actresses in their respective theatres, playing the standard dramas and comedies of their country. They are equally dominant in their art, equally successful, and capable of playing any *rôle* compatible with their powers and temperaments. In private life these ladies are much esteemed for their culture and refined tastes, and they move in high social circles in the land of their birth.

Mme. Kermisargeros Kaga.

RUSSIA.

There are many fine actresses in Russia but little known in England; among them Mme. Kermisargeros Kaga holds a justly high position. It is difficult to say in what *rôle* she shows best, as her versatility is very great. She is well known in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and in other cities of the vast Eastern Empire; in many parts she has filled she is absolutely unrivalled, and she is as much at home in the modern as in the classic drama, not disdaining comedies of a light description. In private life she is chiefly known for her religious and charitable disposition, and is as much esteemed as an actress as she is as a woman.

Mme. Slavina.

RUSSIA.

Dainty is the most apt word to be applied to this artiste. Full of charm and grace, she is interesting in a marked degree, and her career has been watched with increasing appreciation by her many admirers. She is a great favourite in St. Petersburg, and news of her appearance is always looked for with intense pleasure.

Froken Berg.

SWEDEN.

Fröken Berg is one of Sweden's most accomplished actresses, also equally at home in comedy and pathos, and a great and deserved favourite in the twin kingdoms. She has a charming personality and possesses a beautifully musical

FRÖKEN EMMA BERG (SWEDEN)
PHOTO BY A. DAHLLÖF STOCKHOLM

voice. Her appearances are everywhere welcomed with the deepest pleasure, and what is more in the taste of the theatrical manager—crowded houses.

Fröken Julia Håkansson. SWEDEN.

Fröken Julia Håkansson is entitled to the first rank among Swedish actresses at present before the public. She made her *début* at the Royal Theatre, in Stockholm, as *Nora* in Ibsen's "Doll's House," and immediately captivated the critics and the public. Her charming appearance, her superb voice, and great dramatic force showed her to be an actress of unusual tragic power. After some years in the provinces, where she gained fresh laurels, she again made several visits to the capital and played with such wonderful success that the public began to insist, through the medium of the Press, that the leading Swedish tragedienne should be attached to the first theatre in Sweden. She therefore accepted an engagement at the Vasa Theatre and afterwards at the Svenska Theatre. Fröken Håkansson's repertoire is very large, but it is in the modern, realistic, problem drama, and in such parts as *Magda*, *Paula Tanqueray*, and notably in the title *rôle* of "Lady Windermere's Fan," that she has created her deepest impressions. As *Anna* in "King Midas" her portrayal of madness in the last act is veritably superb.

Froken Signe Videll. SWEDEN.

Fröken Signe Videll is a comedienne *par excellence*, her rendition of Swedish peasant *rôles* being inimitable, but she possesses the gift of tears as well. She created the

FRÖKEN JULIA HAKANSSON (SWEDEN)
PHOTO BY A. JONASON. GOTHENBURG

part of *Mme. Sans Gêne* in the Swedish provinces, and her success was instantaneous. She is a very popular reciter and is a splendid linguist. Fröken Videll appeared in London last year at an entertainment in St. James's Hall in aid of the wounded in South Africa, and won the hearts of her hearers completely by the manner in which she recited some of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales, the applause with which she was received amply testifying to the appreciation of her audience.

entered the Ballet School of the Royal Opera House in Stockholm. She then joined the Dramatic School belonging to the same institution, afterwards touring the provinces with different companies. Her first pronounced success was as *Hilda* in Ibsen's "Master Builder," in which she conquered Stockholm. For some years she has been attached to the Vasa Theatre in that city, where as the leading *soubrette* she has principally played in French

Fröken Hilda Borgström.

SWEDES.

Fröken Hilda Borgström commenced her theatrical career at the age of nine years, when she

farces of the Feydau and Bisson type. She has since created at the Royal Dramatic Theatre the part of *Zaza*, which she is particularly fond of, and also *Sophy Fullgarny* in the "Gay Lord Quex" with enormous success. Rossi gave her her first praise, and it is owing to his encouragement that she has risen to the position she now occupies.

PHOTO BY K.A.SAND CHRISTIANIA.

Fröken Reimers and Dybaud. NORWAY.

Norway may claim, with pardonable pride, the possession of some of the cleverest and most attractive actresses. Two in particular command special mention, Fröken Reimers and Fröken Dybaud, both artistes of exceptional talent. Fröken Reimers is a host in herself, and no one knows better how to hold an audience. The subtle manner in which she touches the hearts of her audiences proves she is a delightful acquisition to the profession she adorns so gracefully. She is immensely popular, and her chiefest pleasure lies in the culture and possession of flowers.

Fröken Dybaud is, in her way, as clever as her compatriot, although the characters she sustains are somewhat different. This clever lady's performances in the Ibsen plays have gained for her the unqualified praise of the Norwegian Press and public, and she is one of the brightest ornaments of the contemporary stage.

In the high social circle to which it is the privilege of few to be admitted she is the ever-welcome centre of attraction, and while devoted to her art she finds time to take a great interest in the welfare of her less fortunate brother and sister artistes.

Mme. Elga Sinding. DENMARK.

A noted Danish actress of marked ability and versatility is Mme. Elga Sinding, who made her first appearance at the Royal Danish Theatre in Copenhagen. She, like Mme. Hennings, has made some remarkable successes as the heroines of Ibsen's plays, and, though devoted to her art, she is greatly sought after by society, her spirited conversation, natural gaiety, and abundant wit making her a most desirable companion; in fact, no gathering of artistes is considered complete unless graced by her presence.

Mme. Bettie Hennings. DENMARK.

Denmark claims one of the greatest tragic actresses of the present day in Mme. Bettie Hennings. Possessed of wonderful grace and histrionic ability, she is unsurpassed in the parts of Ibsen's heroines, her greatest triumph being made as *Nora* in "A Doll's House." She made her first appearance as a ballet-dancer in Copenhagen, but shortly afterwards achieved dramatic success as *Agnes* in "L'Ecole

des Femmes." The King of Denmark, recognising her talent, honoured her with the title of "Royal Tragedienne"; and King Oscar of Sweden personally presented her with the gold medal, "Literis et Artibus." The photograph here reproduced of Mme. Hennings is in the character of *Hilda Wangel* in Ibsen's "Master Builder."

Mme. Nielsen.
DENMARK.

A fair, sweet face, a graceful figure, a voice of rare charm, and you have Mme. Nielsen, another Danish actress, who wins all hearts and is extremely popular. She is very studious, and the position she has attained is the result of hard work and careful training. She is passionately fond of music and is a most entertaining conversationalist.

Mme. Van Gelde. Mme. Ollefen.
HOLLAND.

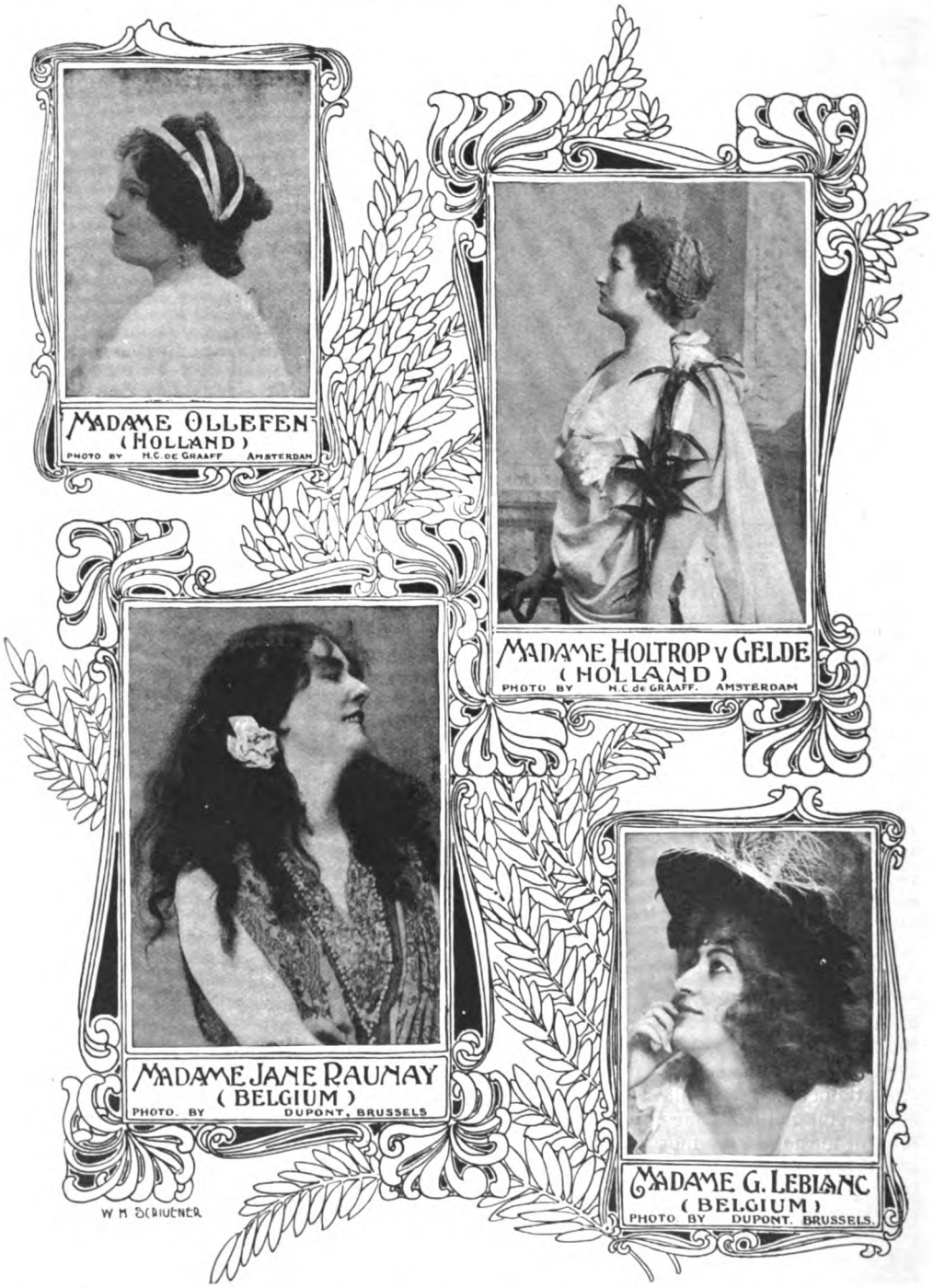
Although but little is known in England of Dutch dramatic art—there was, by the way, a performance of a fine little play called "Annie Mie" given in London some twenty years ago by a company from Holland — yet the Low Countries contain some excellent performers, who compare favourably with those of many other nations. Among them may be mentioned Mme. Van Gelde and Mme. Ollefen, who are bright lights of the stage, well known and esteemed in their own country. All Dutch artistes are well trained and play magnificently together, and the two ladies whose portraits appear in these pages are no exception to the rule. They have been very successful in their different characters, and have gained enviable reputations wherever they have appeared.

Mme. Raunay.
BELGIUM.

Mme. Raunay is without doubt one of the most beautiful women on the Belgian stage; her expression is most varied, and in her acting her transitions from grave to gay are marvellously depicted. With a *svelte*, graceful figure, an exquisitely modulated voice, she at once satisfies the eye and ear. As an actress she holds a high position throughout Belgium, and in romantic drama she is a pronounced favourite.

Mme. Leblanc.
BELGIUM.

Mme. Leblanc is a remarkably handsome woman, and one who worthily upholds the traditions of the drama. Her experience has been great and varied, and while she is capable of expressing deep feeling, her vivacity is infectious and her charm undisputed. For



some time now she has been one of the most popular of the Belgian actresses. Her costumes are always in perfect accord with the character she portrays, and are alike the envy and admiration of the ladies, who always flock to see her. In private life she is noted for her brilliant wit and great taste in dress. She is fond of her home life and is an ardent collector of bric-à-brac and curios.

THE old man sat over the tap-room fire at the Cauliflower, his gnarled, swollen hands fondled the warm bowl of his long pipe, and an ancient eye watched with almost youthful impatience the slow warming of a mug of beer on the hob.

He had just given unasked-for statistics to the visitor at the inn who was sitting the other side of the hearth. His head was stored with the births, marriages, and deaths of Claybury, and with a view of being entertaining he had already followed, from the cradle to the altar and the altar to the grave, the careers of some of the most uninteresting people that ever breathed.

"No, there ain't been a great sight o' single men hereabouts," he said, in answer to a question. "Claybury 'as always been a marrying sort o' place—not because the women are more good-looking than others, but because they are sharper."

He reached forward and, taking up his beer, drank with relish. The generous liquor warmed his blood, and his eye brightened.

I've buried two wives, but I 'ave to be careful myself, old as I am, he said, thoughtfully. There's more than one woman about 'ere as would like to change 'er name for mine. Claybury's got the name for being a marrying place, and they don't like to see even a widow-man.

Now and agin we've 'ad a young feller as said as 'e wouldn't get married. There was Jem Burn, for one, and it ain't a month ago since four of 'is grandchildren carried him to the churchyard; and there was Walter Bree: 'e used to prove as 'ow any man that got married wasn't in 'is right mind, and 'e got three years in prison for wot they call bigamy.

But there used to be one man in these parts as the Claybury women couldn't marry, try as they might. He was a ugly little man with red 'air and a foxy face. They used to call 'im Foxy Green, and 'e kept 'appy and single for years and years.

He wasn't a man as disliked being in the company o' women though, and that's wot used to aggeravate 'em. He'd take 'em out for walks, or give 'em a lift in 'is cart, but none of 'em could get 'old of 'im, not even the widders. He used to say 'e loved 'em all too much to tie hisself up to any one of 'em, and 'e would sit up 'ere of a night at the Cauliflower and send men with large families a'most crazy by calkerlating 'ow many pints o' beer their children wore out every year in the shape o' boots.

Sometimes 'is uncle, old Ebenezer Green, used to sit up 'ere with 'im. He was a strong, 'earty old man, and 'e'd sit and laugh at Foxy till 'is chair shook under 'im. He was a lively sporting sort o' man, and when Foxy talked like that 'e seemed to be keeping some joke to hisself which nearly choked 'im.

"You'll marry when I'm gone, Foxy," he'd say.

"Not me," ses Foxy.

Then the old man 'ud laugh agin and talk mysterious about fox-hunts and say 'e wondered who'd get Foxy's brush. He said

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'e'd only got to shut 'is eyes and 'e could see the pack in full cry through Claybury village, and Foxy going 'is 'ardest with 'is tongue 'anging out.

Foxy couldn't say anything to 'im because it was understood that when the old man died 'e was to 'ave 'is farm and 'is money; so 'e used to sit there and smile as if 'e liked it.

When Foxy was about forty-three 'is uncle died. The old man's mind seemed to wander at the last, and 'e said what a good man 'e'd always been, and wot a comfort it was to 'im now that 'e was goin'. And 'e mentioned a lot o' little sums o' money owed 'im in the village which nobody could remember.

"I've made my will, Foxy," he ses, "and schoolmaster's takin' care of it; I've left it all to you."

"All right," ses Foxy. "Thankee."

"He's goin' to read it arter the funeral," ses 'is uncle, "which is the proper way to do it. I'd give anything to be there, Foxy, and see your face."

Those were 'is last words, but 'e laughed once or twice, and for a long time arter 'e'd gone Foxy Green sat there and wondered at 'is last words and wot there was to laugh about.

The old man was buried a few days after, and Foxy stood by the grave 'olding a 'andkerchief to 'is eyes, and behaving as though 'e 'ad lost money instead of coming in for it. Then they went back to the farm, and the first thing the schoolmaster did was to send all the women off before reading the will.

"Wot's that for?" ses Foxy, staring.

"You'll see," ses the schoolmaster; "them was my instructions. It's for your sake, Mr. Green; to give you a chance—at least, that's wot your uncle said."

He sat down and took out the will and put on 'is spectacles. Then 'e spread it out on the table, and took a glass o' gin and water and began to read.

It was all straightforward enough. The farm and stock, and two cottages, and money in the bank, was all left to Josiah Green, commonly called Foxy Green, on condition——

There was such a noise o' clapping, and patting Foxy on the back, that the schoolmaster 'ad to leave off and wait for quiet.

On condition, he ses, in a loud voice, that he marries the first Claybury woman, single or widow, that asks 'im to marry her in the presence of three witnesses. If he refuses, the property is to go to 'er instead.

Foxy turned round like mad then, and asked Henery White wot 'e was patting 'im on the back for. Then, in a choking voice, he asked to 'ave it read agin.

"Well, there's one thing about it, Mr. Green," ses Henery White; "with all your property you'll be able to 'ave the pick o' the prettiest gals in Claybury."

"'Ow's that?" ses Joe Chambers, very sharp; "he's got to take the first woman that asks 'im, don't matter wot 'er age is."

He got up suddenly, and, without even saying good-bye to Foxy, rushed out of the 'ouse and off over the fields as 'ard as 'e could go.

"Wot's the matter with 'im?" ses Foxy.

Nobody could give any answer, and they sat there staring at each other, till all of a sudden Henery White jumps up and goes off if anything 'arder than wot Joe Chambers had done.

"Anything wrong with the drink?" ses Foxy, puzzled like.

They shook their 'eads agin, and then Peter Gubbins, who'd been staring 'ard with 'is mouth open, got up and gave the table a bang with 'is fist.

"Joe Chambers 'as gone arter 'is sister," he ses, "and Henery White arter 'is wife's sister, as 'e's been keeping for this last six months. That's wot they've gone for."

Everybody saw it then, and in two minutes Foxy and the schoolmaster was left alone looking at each other and the empty table.

"Well, I'm in for a nice thing," ses Foxy. "Fancy being proposed to by Henery White's sister-in-law! Ugh!"

"It'll be the oldest ones that'll be the most determined," said the schoolmaster, shaking 'is 'ead. "Wot are you going to do?"

"I don't know," ses Foxy, "it's so sudden. But they've got to 'ave three witnesses, that's one comfort. I'd like to tell Joe Chambers wot I think of 'im and 'is precious sister."

It was very curious the way the women took it. One an' all of 'em pretended as it was an insult to the sex, and they said if Foxy Green waited till 'e was asked to marry he'd wait long enough. Little chits o' gals o' fourteen and fifteen was walking about tossing their 'eads up and as good as saying they might 'ave Green's farm for the asking, but they wouldn't ask. Old women of seventy and over said that if Foxy wanted to marry them he'd 'ave to ask, and ask a good many times too.

Of course, this was all very well in its way,

but at the same time three Claybury gals that was away in service was took ill and 'ad to come 'ome, and several other women that was away took their holidays before their relations knew anything about it. Almost every 'ouse in Claybury 'ad got some female relation staying in it, and they was always explaining to everybody why it was they 'ad come 'ome. None of 'em so much as mentioned Foxy Green.

Women are artful creatures and think a lot of appearances. There wasn't one of 'em as would ha' minded wot other folks said if they'd caught Foxy, but they'd ha' gone half crazy with shame if they'd tried and not managed it. And they couldn't do things on the quiet because of the three witnesses. That was the 'ardship of it.

It was the only thing talked about in Claybury, and Foxy Green soon showed as he was very wide-awake. First thing 'e did was to send the gal that used to do the dairy-work and the 'ouse-work off. Then 'e bought a couple o' large, fierce dogs and chained 'em up, one near the front door and one near the back. They was very good dogs, and they bit Foxy hisself two or three times so as to let 'im see that they knew wot they was there for.

"IT WAS THE ONLY THING TALKED ABOUT IN CLAYBURY."

He took George Smith, a young feller that used to work on the farm, into the 'ouse, and for the fust week or two 'e rather enjoyed the excitement. But when 'e found that 'e couldn't go into the village, or even walk about 'is own farm in safety, he turned into a reg'lar woman-hater.

The artful tricks those women 'ad wouldn't be believed. One day when Foxy was eating 'is dinner William Hall drove up to the gate in a cart, and when George came out to know wot 'e wanted, 'e said that he 'ad just bought some pigs at Rensham and would Foxy like to make fust offer for 'em.

George went in, and when 'e came out agin he said William Hall was to go inside. He 'eld the dog while William went by, and as soon as Foxy 'eard wot 'e wanted 'e asked 'im to wait till 'e'd finished 'is dinner, and then he'd go out and 'ave a look at 'em.

"I was wantin' some pigs bad," he ses, 'and the worst of it is I can't get out to buy any as things are."

"That's wot I thought," ses William Hall; "that's why I brought 'em to you."

"You deserve to get on, William," ses Foxy. "George," he ses, turning to 'im.

"Yes," ses George.

"Do you know much about pigs?"

"I know a pig when I see one," ses George.

"That's all I want," ses Foxy; "go and 'ave a look at 'em."

William Hall gave a start as George walked out, and a minute afterwards both of 'em 'eard an awful noise, and George came back rubbing 'is 'ead and saying that when 'e lifted up the cloth one o' the pigs was William Hall's sister and the others was 'er nephews. William said it was a joke, but Foxy said he didn't like jokes, and if William thought that 'e or George was going to walk with 'im past the dog 'e was mistook.

Two days arter that Foxy, 'appening to look out of 'is bedroom window, saw one o' the Claybury boys racing 'is cows all up and down the meadow. He came down quietly

and took up a stick, and then 'e set out to race that boy up and down. He'd always been a good runner, and the boy was 'alf-blown like. 'E gave a yell as 'e saw Foxy coming arter 'im, and left the cow 'e was chasin' and ran straight for the 'edge, with Foxy close behind 'im.

Foxy was within two yards of 'im when 'e suddenly caught sight of a blue bonnet

"FOXY WAS WITHIN TWO YARDS OF 'IM WHEN 'E SUDDENLY CAUGHT SIGHT OF A BLUE BONNET."

waiting behind the 'edge, and 'e turned round and went back to the 'ouse as fast as 'e could go and locked 'imself in. And 'e 'ad to sit there, half-busting, all the morning, and watch that boy chase 'is best cows up and down the meadow without daring to go out and stop 'im.

He sent George down to tell the boy's father that night, and the father sent back word that if Foxy 'ad got anything to say agin' 'is boy why didn't 'e come down like a man and say it hisself?

Arter about three weeks o' this sort o' thing Foxy Green began to see that 'e would 'ave to get married whether he liked it or not, and 'e told George so. George's idea was for 'im to get the oldest woman in Claybury to ask 'im in marriage, because then he'd soon be single agin. It was a good idea, on'y Foxy didn't seem to fancy it.

"Who do you think is the prettiest gal in Claybury, George?" he ses.

"Flora Pottle," ses George at once.

"That's exactly my idea," ses Foxy; "if I've got to marry I'll marry 'er. However, I'll sleep on it a night and see 'ow I feel in the morning."

"I'll marry Flora Pottle," he ses, when 'e got up. "You can go round this arternoon George and break the good news to 'er."

George tidied hisself up arter dinner and went. Flora Pottle was a very fine-looking gal, and she was very much surprised when George walked in, but she was more surprised when 'e told 'er that if she was to go over and ask Foxy to be 'er 'usband he wouldn't say "No."

Mrs. Pottle jumped out of 'er skin for joy a'most. She'd 'ad a 'ard time of it with Flora and five young children since 'er 'usband died, and she could 'ardly believe 'er ears when Flora said she wouldn't.

"'E's old enough to be my father," she ses.

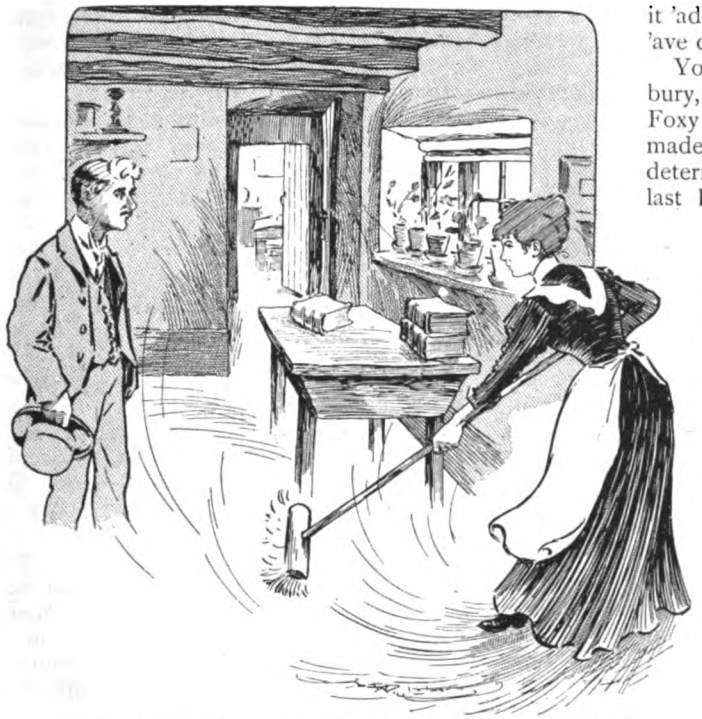
"Old men make the best 'usbands," ses George, coaxing 'er; "and, besides, think o' the farm."

"That's wot you've got to think of," ses her mother. "Don't think o' Foxy Green at all; think o' the farm."

Flora stood and leaned herself up agin a chest o' drawers and twisted 'er hands, and at last she sent back word to say that she wanted time to think it over.

Foxy Green was very much astonished when George took back that answer. He'd thought that any gal would ha' jumped at 'im without the farm, and arter going upstairs and looking at hisself in the glass 'e was more astonished than ever.

When George Smith went up to the Pottles agin the next day Flora made a face at 'im, and 'e felt as orkard as if 'e'd been courting 'er hisself a'most. At first she wouldn't 'ave anything to say to 'im at all, but went on sweeping out the room, and nearly choking 'im. Then George Smith, wot was a likely young feller, put 'is arm round 'er waist, and, taking the broom away from 'er, made 'er sit down beside 'im while 'e gave 'er Foxy's message.



"SHE WENT ON SWEEPING OUT THE ROOM, AND NEARLY CHOKING 'IM."

He did Foxy's courting for 'im for an hour, although it on'y seemed about five minutes to both of 'em. Then Mrs. Pottle came in, and arter a lot of talk Flora was got to say that George Smith might come agin for five minutes next day.

Foxy went on dreadful when 'e 'eard that Flora 'adn't given an answer, but George Smith, who liked the job much better than farming or making beds, told 'im she was coming round, and that it was on'y natural a young gal should like to be courted a bit afore givin' in.

"Yes," ses Foxy, biting 'is lip, "but 'ow's it to be done?"

"You leave it to me," ses George Smith, "and it'll be all right. I sit there and talk about the farm as well as wot you could."

"And about me, too, I s'pose?" ses Foxy, catching 'im up.

"Yes," ses George; "I tell 'er all sorts o' lies about you."

Foxy looked at 'im a moment, and then 'e went off grumbling. He was like a good many more men, and because Flora Pottle didn't seem to want 'im 'e on'y fancied 'er the more. Next day 'e sent George Smith up with an old brooch as a present, and when George came back 'e said 'e thought that if it 'ad been a new one it would 'ave done wot was wanted.

You can't keep secrets in Claybury, and it soon got round wot Foxy Green was arter. That made the other women more determined than ever, and at last Foxy sent up word that if Flora wouldn't ask 'im to let 'im know, as 'e was tired o' being a prisoner, and old Mrs. Ball 'ad nearly 'ad 'im the day afore.

It took George Smith two hours' 'ard courtin' afore he could get Flora Pottle to say "Yes," but at last she did, and then Mrs. Pottle came in, and she shook 'ands with George and gave 'im a glass o' beer. Mrs. Pottle wanted to take 'er up to Green's farm there and then, but Flora said no. She said they'd go up at eight o'clock in the evenin', and the sacrifice should be made then.

Foxy didn't like the word "sacrifice" at all, but if 'e'd got to be married 'e'd sooner marry Flora than anybody, and 'e 'ad to put up with it.

"There'll be you for one witness," he ses to George, "and Mrs. Pottle is two; wot about the third?"

"I should 'ave 'alf-a-dozen, so as to make sure," ses George.

Foxy thought it was a good idea, and without letting 'em know wot it was for, 'e asked Henery White and Joe Chambers, and three or four more 'e 'ad a grudge against for trying to marry 'im to their relations, to come up and see that 'e'd been able to pick and choose.

They came at ha'-past seven, and at eight o'clock there was a knock at the door, and George, arter carefully looking round, let in Mrs. Pottle and Flora. She was a fine-looking gal, and as she stood there looking at all them astonished men, 'er face all blushes and 'er eyes large and shining, Foxy thought getting married wasn't such a bad thing arter all. He gave 'er a chair to sit on and then 'e coughed and waited.

"It's a fine night," he ses at last.

"Beautiful," ses Mrs. Pottle.

Flora didn't say anything. She sat there shuffling 'er feet on the carpet, and Foxy

Green kept on looking at 'er and waiting for 'er to speak, and 'oping that she wouldn't grow up like 'er mother.

"Go on, Flora," ses Mrs. Pottle, nudging 'er.

"Go on, Flora," ses Henery White, mimicking 'er. "I s'pose you've come to ask Foxy a question by the look of it?"

"Yes," ses Flora, looking up. "Are you quite well, Mr. Green?"

"Yes, yes," ses Foxy; "but you didn't come up 'ere to ask me that."

"It's all I could do to get 'er 'ere at all, Mr. Green," ses Mrs. Pottle; "she's that shy you can't think. She'd rather ha' 'ad you ask 'er yourself."

"That can't be done," ses Foxy, shaking 'is 'ead. "Leastways, I'm not going to risk it."

"Now, Flora," ses 'er mother, nudging 'er agin.

"Come on, Flora Pottle," ses Bob Hunt; "we're all a-waitin'."

"Shut your eyes and open your mouth, as if Foxy was a powder," ses Henery White.

"I can't," ses Flora, turning to her mother. "I can't and I won't."

"Flora Pottle," ses 'er mother, firing up.

"I won't," ses Flora, firing up too; "you've been bothering me all day long for ever so long, and I won't. I 'ate the sight of 'im. He's the ugliest man in Claybury."

Mrs. Pottle began to cry and say that she'd disgraced 'er; but Foxy Green looked at 'er and 'e ses, "Very well, Flora Pottle, then we'll say no more about it. Good evening."

"Good evening," ses Mrs. Pottle, getting up and giving Flora a shake. "Come along, you tantalizing mawther, do. You'll die an old maid, that's what you'll do."

"That's all you know," ses Flora, smiling over at George Smith; "but if you're so fond o' Mr. Green why don't you ask 'im yourself? He can't say 'no.'"

For half a minute the room was as quiet as a grave, and the on'y thing that moved was Foxy Green's eyes as he looked fust at the door at the other end of the room and then at the window.

"Law bless my soul!" ses Mrs. Pottle, in a surprised voice. "I never thought of it."

She sat down agin and smiled at Foxy as if she could eat 'im.

"I can't think why I didn't think of it," she ses, looking round. "I was going out like a lamb. Mr. Green——"

"One moment," ses Foxy, 'olding up 'is 'and. "I should be a terrible, bad, cruel, unkind husband to anybody I didn't like. Don't say words you'll be sorry for afterwards, Mrs. Pottle."

"I'm not going to," ses Mrs. Pottle; "the words I'm going to say will be good for both of us; I'm far more suitable for you than a young gal—Mr. Green, will you marry me?"

Foxy Green looked at 'er for a moment and then 'e looked round at all them grinning men wot he'd brought there by mistake to see 'im made a fool of. Then in a low, 'usky voice he ses, "I will."

"THEN IN A LOW, 'USKY VOICE HE SES, 'I WILL.

The Seven-Banded and Seven-Locked Steel Box.

A FAIRY TALE
FOR CHILDREN.

By Charles Smith Cheltnam.

TWO men could hardly carry it —for the reasons that they were very small men and the box they were bearing was very heavy. It was a steel box, bound with seven strong bands of steel, and locked with seven strong steel locks, which not even the most skilful locksmith in the world could have picked or in any way opened without using the seven golden keys belonging to them. Nobody could see it without feeling a burning desire to know what it contained and all about it —to whom it belonged, where the two little men had brought it from, where they were taking it, and why, of all places in the world, they had brought it to the middle of a desert, across which there was no pathway, seeming to have come from nowhere and to be on the way to nowhere else.

The rate of progress of the two little box-bearers grew less and less as they grew more and more tired, and at last they put down their burden and seated themselves, one at either end of it, to rest themselves, one looking in one direction, the other towards the opposite side of the desert, which appeared to be boundless.

They were twin brothers, and nobody, from their looks, could have guessed their age. Somehow, they conveyed the idea that they could never have had a father or mother, but had been made by some modeller who, after shaping their feet and legs of the natural size, had found himself to be running short of materials. They were, now that they were full grown, about 4ft. in height. Their legs were half as long again as their bodies, which, with their arms, might have been imagined to have reached only half their natural development. Their heads were only a little larger than those of rabbits, to which they bore some resemblance, the ears excepted; for each had only a single ear, one having his on the right, the other his on the left side of his head; and it was the same with their eyes. As to their complexion, it is impossible to say exactly what it was, for it seemed to change with the state of their feelings—chameleon-like—being at one instant green, at another yellow, or grey, or black. Their names were Zbrill and Zbroll.

"One, two, three—this the spot must be!" said Zbrill.

"Four, five, six—here the sand grains mix!" said Zbroll.

"Twenty yellow, twenty red!" said Zbrill.

"Just as our good mistress said!" said Zbroll.

"Here she comes!" said Zbrill, looking across the desert with all the power of his one eye, which must have been very great indeed, for, except to him, nothing moving was to be seen there.

"No, that is not our mistress's footfall!"

said Zbroll, listening intently with his one ear.

Zbroll was right; it was not their mistress, the good Fairy Melusina, who was approaching them.

Presently the transparent air seemed to open, and, as if coming from an invisible door in it, a young and wonderfully beautiful woman, dressed in dazzlingly splendid clothes, came straight towards them, but stopped a few paces off.

"My poor little men, are you not very lonely, sitting there?" asked this radiant personage, who was a wicked fairy, in spite of her wonderful beauty and the tone of kindness in which she spoke.

"No, we are never lonely," replied Zbrill.

"Because we are always together," explained Zbroll.

"But at this desert spot you are far away from everywhere—are you not hungry and thirsty?"

As she spoke neither of the little men saw how she did it—she held out to them a golden salver on which there was a pile of luscious-looking fruit and a flagon of sparkling wine—deadly to whoever partook of either.

"SHE HELD OUT TO THEM A GOLDEN SALVER."

"No; we are neither of us hungry or thirsty," said Zbrill.

"We had a good meal before starting—good enough to last us for the rest of our lives," added Zbroll.

The fairy threw away her golden salver, with its tempting fruit and wine, all of which vanished into the sand of the desert at her feet.

"Are you fond of beautiful jewels?" she asked. "See! I have brought you each a diamond ring of inestimable worth! Come to me and let me put them on your fingers."

"Complete your kindness by coming to us," said Zbrill.

"If we even thought of moving from our seats on this steel box it would spring upon us and crush us!" said Zbroll.

"Dolts!" cried the wicked fairy, enraged by the failure of her plans to draw the little men away from their charge, which was all she needed to enable her to get possession of it for the magician Bhagon, whose commands she was compelled to obey.

"We can't help being what we are," said Zbrill.

"We did not make ourselves, you know," added Zbroll.

The defeated fairy turned the sand at her feet with so much rage as to send it up in a cloud so dense and high that, when it settled down, it buried the two little guardians of the steel box up to their waists and hid the box itself from view. When they dared to open their eyes again the fairy was gone.

"You know who *she* was, don't you?" Zbrill asked his brother.

"Oh, yes!" answered Zbroll. "She is one of Bhagon's slaves, and would willingly change her beauty for our ugliness to get out of his power."

Suddenly, as they were speaking, the daylight changed to the darkish hue of night, and all about the little twin brothers the sand hissed as with the voices of a million angry serpents or the passage of a furious hurricane; but the air remained as still as if it had been struck motionless.

"Sit firm upon your end of the box!" cried Zbrill.

"I know that it is Bhagon, trying to frighten us away," said Zbroll; "but he will have his labour for his pains, great magician as he may be."

Then the two found themselves surrounded by flames from which spurted terrific flashes of lightning towards them, and the ear of each was nearly deafened by crashing peals of thunder following one another incessantly.

"You are not afraid, are you, brother Zbroll," asked Zbrill.

"Not in the least," replied Zbroll.

In a moment the thunder and lightning ceased, and the whole of the atmosphere became as it were made of glittering particles of light, and—removed from them only by an interval of a few yards—the brave little guardians of the steel box beheld a monster of the dragon kind crawling towards them with wide-open jaws—jaws wide open enough to take in both of them, with the box they were sitting upon, at a snap.

"Do you tremble, pigmies?" roared the dragon-like monster.

"Our good mistress has deprived us of that infirmity," replied the little brothers.

"Call to her to come to your aid, that I may have but one mouthful to make of her and you!" cried the monster, clashing his jaws together.

"She comes when she likes," replied Zbrill.

"We never need call her," added Zbroll.

"If you will get off that box I will not hurt either of you," said the monster, in the most amiable tone of voice he could assume.

"We couldn't if we wished to," said Zbrill.

"What do you mean? Don't attempt to jest with me!" roared the monster.

"We are not jesting at all; we are glued to the box," said Zbrill.

"If you doubt it come and try to pull us off," said Zbroll.

The angry monster sprang forward a little way and then fell back, writhing like a wounded serpent in the agonies of death, uttering a screech that seemed to find ten thousand echoes in the desert. And then it vanished from the sight of the brave little men as completely as if it had melted into the invisible air surrounding them.

And now I am going to tell you how it was that Zbrill and Zbroll came to be guarding the box in the middle of the desert.

A thousand leagues away Bhagon, the great magician, who had sent the dragon which had been just foiled in his endeavours to drive the guardians of the steel box from their charge, was raging in his necromantic chamber. He was the sworn servant of King Malicon, who was the sworn enemy of Gracinda, one of the best as she was the youngest and most beautiful Queen on earth, because she would not consent to be his wife, holding him and his ways in utterest aversion.

No bad man ever made a good King, and Malicon was a bad Prince before ascending the throne of his father. That his people had not the least love for him was natural. The revenues of the State were used by him simply to minister to his pleasures. But little by little these revenues fell away, and his treasury could no longer be replenished, even though the hardest means were employed by him to wring taxes from his subjects. It was in this strait that he turned his eyes on Gracinda, whose kingdom was widely known to be one of the most prosperous on earth, its well-being and happiness being certain so long as it remained in possession of an amulet or charm of wondrous power, which was kept in a steel box, deposited in an adamantine chamber built in the foundation of the Royal palace, and guarded every minute of the day and night by a hundred officers, the bravest in the Queen's army.

Before his misdeeds had brought him so low King Malicon could have gathered an army together and overrun the kingdom of Queen Gracinda, and compelled her to hand over to him the amulet which would transfer her prosperity to him; but he could no longer count on the assistance of his army, which had ceased to trust him. His last resource, he saw, was to seek the aid of the magician Bhagon, who, he knew, would be ready and willing to do anything in his power to injure Queen Gracinda, who had banished him from her kingdom on account of his ill-doings.

The power of this magician was terrible. There was hardly any act of wickedness that he was not able to accomplish. He had even subjected several fairies to his mischievous will, and he took delight in the exercise of his evil skill. Therefore he at once fell in with the King's wishes to deprive Queen Gracinda of her amulet the moment they were made known to him, though he did not disguise from himself that the task was one of the most difficult he had ever undertaken, because the young Queen was

protected by a fairy whose power he had already vainly tried to overcome.

Had he known, or even suspected, that this good fairy regarded with alarm the extent of his evil powers he would have thrilled with delight. It was not on her own account, but on that of the young Queen over whom she watched affectionately, that she was afraid of what Bhagon might do; and her fears were greatly increased when she found that he was engaged by King Malicon to get possession of the Queen's amulet for him. She had herself made the adamantine safe in which it was secured; but she was haunted by a dread lest she might have overlooked some essential to its perfect security, and that this oversight might have been discovered by Bhagon: for, if that were so, she knew that he would be sure to find means to overcome the watchfulness of the hundred officers devoted to the guardianship of the treasure.

It was needless to alarm the Queen by revealing to her the danger; so she determined to act alone and to remove the amulet to a spot in the centre of a desert which she imagined was known only to herself, confiding its custody to two of her heart-and-soul devoted servants, Zbrill and Zbroll, whom she had found in the depths of a forest when they were newly-born infants, whose parents, terrified by the strange shape of their offspring, had put them out of sight. But she had not succeeded in eluding the watchfulness of Bhagon, and it was only the extreme power of the charm which she had cast about her two faithful little servants that had prevented him from carrying off the amulet in triumph.

Every hour King Malicon sent to him impatient messages, demanding to know what he was doing and how long it would be before he delivered the amulet. Bhagon put him off with as many excuses as he could invent; but at last the King's impatience would no longer brook restraint, and he ordered the magician to be haled before him.

"You call yourself a great magician!" he cried; "but I begin to believe that you are nothing better than a contemptible impostor!"

"Your Majesty is unjust," said Bhagon,

"YOU ARE NOTHING BETTER THAN A CONTEMPTIBLE IMPOSTOR."

"as you would recognise if I could reveal to you the stupendousness of the difficulties I am overcoming in your service. Before I can lay hands on the amulet I have promised to secure for your Majesty I have got to overpower a fairy who has hardly her equal!"

"But you have told me that you have half-a-dozen to pit against her!"

"As yet I have not been able to bring their united strength to bear upon her."

"Do it, then, or—take good heed of what I now tell you—magician, or no magician, if you fail to bring me that amulet before the sun goes down to-day, I'll have your head!"

Bhagon felt strongly inclined to retort, "I

can a thousand times more easily have yours, if it were of any use to me," but he said nothing, and only bowed his way out of the angry King's presence.

When he got back to his home he found someone awaiting him in the darkest corner of his necromantic laboratory, where, keen as his eyes were, he could not make out the form of his visitor.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Your obedient fairy servant, Azaleth," a voice answered, which he at once recognised as that of the beautiful agent he had sent to tempt Zbrill and Zbroll to betray their fealty to their mistress.

"Why are you hiding yourself?" he asked, suspiciously.

"So that, in consenting to do as I advise you, you may not think you are being biased by the sight of my beauty."

"What would you have me do? You know that I have not a moment to spare from devising means for keeping the King from becoming desperate."

"The means I would help you to is to get possession of the box with the amulet it contains," said the voice.

"Why did you fail?" demanded the magician.

"The power of Melusina was too great for me to overcome; no one besides yourself is powerful enough to get the better of it. Now, after your failure, she thinks you will make no further attempt, and that gives you your best opportunity for triumphing over her."

"Your suggestion is a good one!" cried the magician.

"Act upon it, then, without a moment's delay," cried the voice. "The two poor little wretches who guard the treasure are weary with watching, and will not be able to resist your power for an instant."

"My beautiful Azaleth!" cried the magician, exultingly, "if your words turn out to be true I will give you your freedom the moment I set hands on that precious box—which, perhaps, I shall not make over to King Malicon after all."

"You know the exact spot in the desert whither Melusina has had it carried?"

"I could find it in the dark if need be; it is just where the sand grains mix—twenty yellow and twenty red!"

"How I shall triumph over Melusina!" cried the voice out of the dark corner of the laboratory, following the words with a silvery laugh.

With an eagerness only known to malicious magicians Bhagon snatched up his wand, the prime source of his necromantic powers, and rushed from the room—seemed to vanish from it, indeed, so swiftly was his departure; and the thousand leagues that lay between him and the spot in the desert to which he was bound were passed over at a speed no less. It was midnight when he arrived there.

"Are you awake?" asked Zbrill of his brother, whom he could not see at the end of the steel box.

"Wide awake," replied Zbroll.

"This heap of sand about us makes nice warm bedclothes——"

"And follows every movement you make without needing to be pulled!"

"I wonder whether we shall care for them much when we each get the extra eye and ear our mistress has promised us for taking care of this box?" mused Zbrill.

"Oh, she would not have promised them to us if she hadn't been quite sure that we should like them," said Zbroll.

"She *is* a good mistress," said Zbrill.

"I don't believe there's a better," said Zbroll.

"And I don't believe any mistress could have two better servants!" said a voice that seemed to come from the lips of a person seated on the box between them; though, when they each put out a hand to feel for the speaker, only their own two hands came together.

"Hush!" said the voice, which now seemed to have sunk into the heap of sand in which they were half buried.

The next moment they felt themselves nearly knocked off the box by the contact of somebody who had, apparently, rushed upon them out of the darkness full tilt, without being able to stop himself in his headlong course. The two little men could not see what had happened, but it seemed to them that, whoever the person was, the force of his concussion with the steel box and themselves had served to hurl him back several yards and prostrate him painfully on the sand, for they could hear him groaning.

"Fiends! Where has my wand flown out of my hand?" he cried. "If Melusina were not a thousand leagues away I should again fail in my errand!"

"Then your failure is perfectly assured!" answered a voice in the air directly over his head; "for Melusina is not only here, but holds you powerless by the magic of your own wand!"

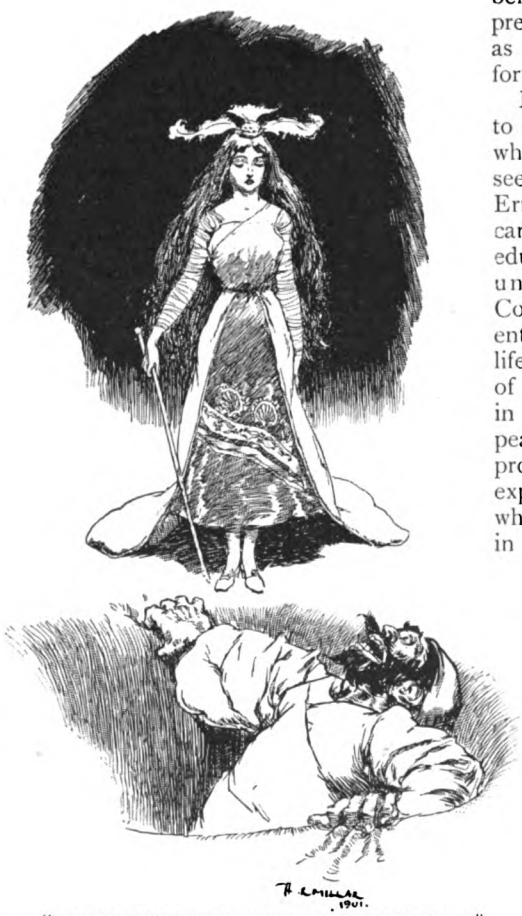
At that moment the sky, which had been as dark as it ever can be at midnight, be-

came lit with the rays of a myriad of stars, and in the silver light with which they filled the atmosphere Bhagon beheld his conqueror, resplendent in the joy of her triumph, while like a maimed reptile he lay at her mercy helplessly.

"Be merciful!" he gasped.

"It is my purpose to be so," replied Melusina; "merciful to all who are or who would be in danger from your wickedness, if I did not for ever end your power to injure them."

As she spoke she drew a line on the sand about his body with the point of the magic wand she held in her hand, and when the circle was completed the sand within the space it marked sank down, down, bearing the magician with it to the middle of the earth, while the sand from the edges of the gulf dashed grains by grains, twenty yellow and twenty red—following him, until nothing was left to mark his grave but a shallow hollow, which the first passing wind would obliterate.



"THE SAND WITHIN THE SPACE MARKED SANK DOWN."

Before the sun's rays fell upon the marble front of Queen Gracinda's palace the good fairy had restored the steel box with its precious contents to its adamantine place of security, so that the peace and prosperity of the Queen and her subjects were never for a moment checked in their happy course.

As for King Malicon, after passing a sleepless night, as soon as the first signs of dawn were visible he sent for Bhagon; but nobody at the magician's house knew what had become of him, nor did anybody ever afterwards know—excepting the good fairy Melusina and her trustworthy little servants, to whom she restored whatever of form and good looks Nature had for some inscrutable reason withheld from them.

When the news of Bhagon's unaccountable disappearance was communicated to King Malicon he fairly screamed with rage, and at last, in his fury, he dashed his head against the wall with so much force that he fractured his skull and killed himself on the spot: an ending of his evil career which not one of his subjects—even amongst those who had passed for being his friends—pretended to regard as a national misfortune.

His throne passed to one of his nephews whom he had never seen, the young Prince Ernestus having been carefully reared and educated far from his uncle's disreputable Court. The people entered upon a new life, and in the course of a few years forgot, in the enjoyment of peace and growing prosperity, the bad experiences through which they had gone in the past. And a greater good was yet in store for them.

Between the Court of Queen Gracinda and that of King Ernestus an intimacy had speedily come about, for the young King was soon found to be everything that was estimable and desirable as a neighbour and something more by Queen Gracinda; and when it became known that she had consented to give her hand to him the joy of the peoples over whom they ruled was great beyond expression.

On their wedding day, and as a solemn conclusion to the magnificent ceremonial which accompanied it, the steel box with its seven strong steel bands, and locked with its seven strong steel locks, was borne in the

midst of a splendid procession—headed by the fairy Melusina, whose train was borne by Zbrill and Zbroll, to whom she had given all the advantages of natural form and good looks denied to them at their birth—composed of all the representative orders in the kingdom, canopied by a cloud of gorgeous banners and passing through a music-laden air.

On the procession reaching the cathedral where the Royal pair had been married the box was carried to the upper step of the grand entrance and placed upon a carpet of cloth-of-gold. And then the Queen's High Chamberlain produced from a golden casket, adorned with priceless jewels, seven golden keys, and with these undid the seven strong steel locks, while the cathedral organ made the sunlight that fell on all without vibrate with heavenly music.

Not a sound escaped from the lips of any one of the countless thousands of onlookers, and every syllable of the words spoken by the venerable High Chancellor reached the farthest limits of the assemblage as he said:—

"In the name of our beloved Queen and of her beloved people!"

That said, he unlocked the steel box and raised the lid, and from the inside took a velvet-covered casket and opened it, displaying to the joyful multitude three linked golden hearts, each having on its side a word, traced in diamonds of dazzling brilliancy.

And the three words were: "Justice—Kindness — Energy" — forming together Queen Gracinda's amulet — the guide and protector of her reign, and the source of her people's prosperity and happiness.

"THE PROCESSION."

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

JACK FROST—ARTIST.

Mr. Alan Howard, of Lindis House, Dudley Road, Grantham, writes: "I send you a photo. which may be interesting to your readers. I washed some brushes (with which I had been painting in water-colour) in some water, and left it standing; the colour settled to the bottom, and formed a thin layer all over it. It froze in the night, and on going to throw away the water in the morning I found the design traced by the frost in the sediment at the bottom of the jar. I then poured off the water and took a photograph, looking down into the mouth of the jar, with the result shown. The photograph has not been 'touched up' in any way."

FIVE PORTRAITS AT ONE EXPOSURE.

Mr. Percy Delvine, who figured prominently in the remarkable illustrations which accompanied the article on "A Human Alphabet" in THE STRAND some years ago, sends an interesting photograph. He says: "The picture which I send you was taken ten years ago in Philadelphia. I had to sit with my back to the camera. Facing me were two mirrors, which can be distinguished by the upright line in the photograph. Thus I obtained no fewer than five likenesses of myself, every one differing entirely from the others."

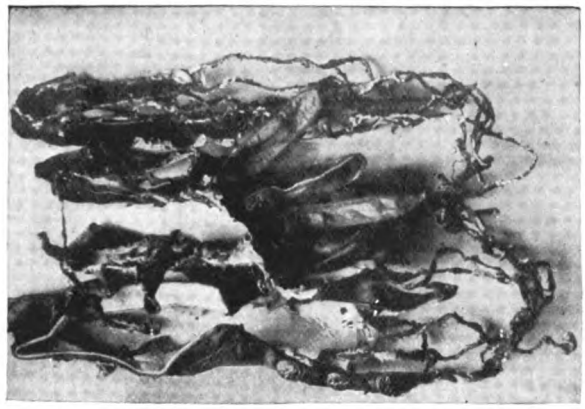
COVERED WITH BARNACLES.

This rare object is a 50ft. pitch pine log that has been in the N.-W. Ocean so long (estimated five years) that it has become completely covered with barnacles. The log itself measured only 1ft. in circumference originally, while with its burden its breadth increased to no less than 4ft. It was washed up at Bude Haven, Cornwall, and the photograph was taken on its stranding by Mr. F. Bence-Pembroke, Hartland House, Bude. The log presented a curious sight, and looked at in the sunlight had the appearance of a luxuriant bank of moss, with large blue and yellow tips.

* Copyright, 1901, by George Newnes, Limited.

WHAT IS IT?

A very vivid imagination would be required to rightly guess the subject of this photograph without the aid of a short description. It shows the remains of a pair of lady's kid gloves after a rat had made a meal off them. They were shown in a well-known draper's window in Portsmouth. A small quantity of oil being used in their manufacture made them irresistible to the hungry vermin. Mr. C. E. Sparks, of 154, Commercial Road, Portsmouth, sends this contribution.

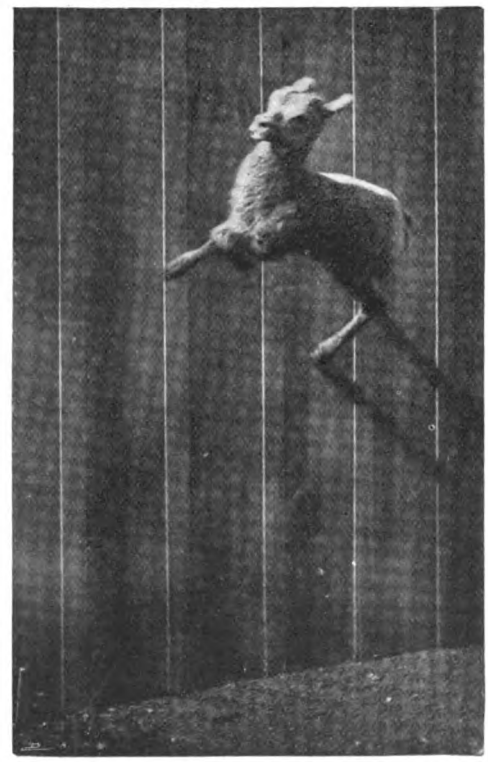


A PERILOUS EXPERIMENT.

Rattlesnake Hill in the Bad Lands of Colorado is alive with "rattlers," especially during the shedding season in August. Two Denver wheelmen while touring that country last season saw a bunch of snakes on the trail ahead of them in descending this hill. They dismounted and began to lay plans to proceed another way, as the snakes, which were basking in the sunshine, covered an area of several thousand feet in extent. One of the men had a camera with him, and suggested to his companion that if he would ride through the snakes he would take a snap-shot of the performance from a safe distance. The second man agreed. The seat of the bicycle was raised so that his feet would be out of reach of the reptiles, and the coast was continued with the result as given in the picture. Farther along the "rattlers," alarmed at the noise of the wheel, threw out their fangs and jumped at it, but they did no damage. Mr. D. H. Wilson, 2,336, Logan Avenue, Denver, Colorado, sends this interesting photo.

MOUNTAIN SHEEP AT PLAY.

Mr. D. H. Wilson, 2,336, Logan Avenue, Denver, Colorado, writes: "This is a snap-shot photo. of a mountain sheep that is in captivity on a ranch near Red Cliff, Eagle County, Colorado. The background is the side of a barn, and the animal was in the barnyard before it made the leap, and was photographed while suspended in the air. Mountain sheep are very wild, and are now so rare in the Western part of the United States that it is an offence, punishable by heavy fine, to shoot them. This sheep scampered and jumped about the yard incessantly during the first few weeks of captivity. In the picture it has jumped to half the height of the building, striking the woodwork with its feet. It had a habit of performing this sort of antic whenever a dog hove in sight. The ranchman was an amateur photographer, and brought his camera into play with much success in illustrating the animal's leap. The picture looks like an illusion, but it is exactly as described."

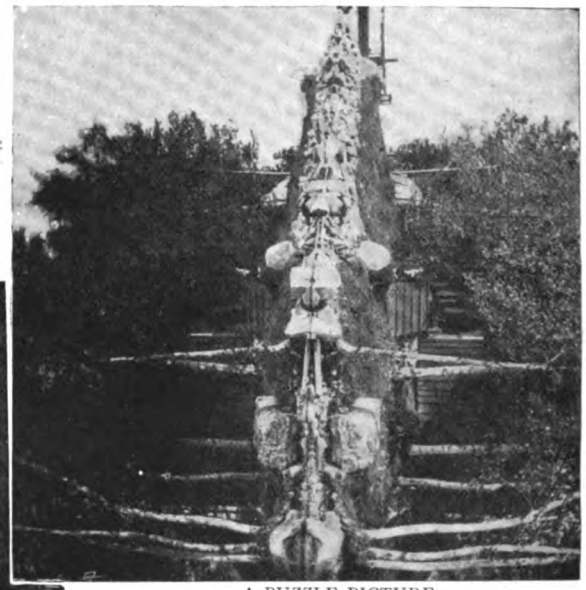


FRIENDS.

The little boy in the picture has a pet cub bear. The "companions" live in Salmon, Idaho, U.S.A., a mining town in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. Dr. Geo. F. Pope, Greenwood, South Dakota, U.S.A., is responsible for this pretty photograph.

THE WINNING TABLEAU.

Some time ago all the merchants in Los Angeles, California, were invited to compete in a friendly rivalry to exhibit the most beautiful picture, or best design for advertising purposes, to be exhibited upon the stage of the largest theatre in that city. All the various trades were represented, and the competition was very keen in some lines; people paid the regular admission charges and were entertained during intervals between the scenes by solos and quartets. Our illustration shows the picture that won the prize. A young lady walked upon the stage amidst a scene representing a garden; as soon as she stepped forward a dozen little ostriches from the South Pasadena Ostrich Farm were turned loose before the footlights, while others she held in leash by ribbons. Thus perambulating around, surrounded by these curious little freaks, she attracted a great deal of attention and, according to the votes collected by the ushers at the end of the three entertainments given, received the largest number. Upon her head was a lovely array of white ostrich feathers; her parasol was made entirely of large ostrich feathers and represented in value a hundred pounds; around her neck was a magnificent ostrich boa. Added to these the natural charms of the lady "brought down" the house and carried off the first prize for the South Pasadena Ostrich Farm. We are indebted for our photo. to Mr. E. Horsfall Rydell, which was taken by Reynolds, Los Angeles, Cal.



A PUZZLE PICTURE.

This picture, sent to us by Mr. F. W. Scharper, 634, Fourth Street, Louisville, Kentucky, does not explain itself, nor does it require explanation. If turned and looked at sideways, what appears at first to be a freak of the camera turns out to be nothing more or less than a wonderful instance of reflection in the calm waters of a beautiful river!

WHAT THE FURNACE DID.

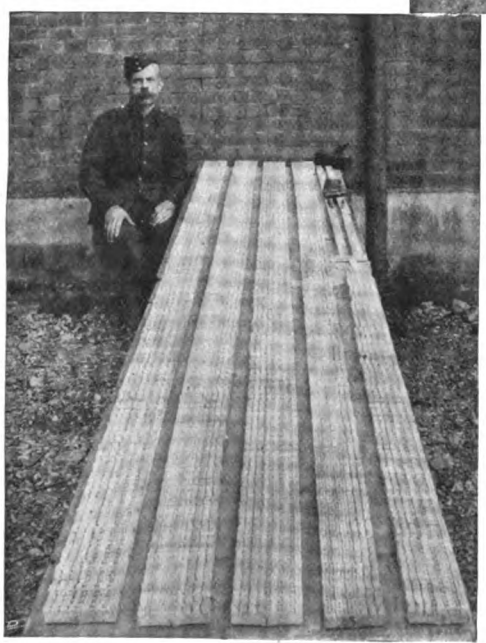
Our photograph represents the end of an iron bar used for poking the fire in one of the blast furnaces of The Hall Mining and Smelting Co., Ltd., of Nelson. The heat of the fire softened the iron and the poking caused the bar to twist itself into the perfect knot shown in the picture. We are indebted to Mr. Ian C. Campbell, of Nelson, B.C., for this.

AN ANTI-FOREIGN KITE.

Mr. W. H. Campkin, writing from I. M. Customs, Wuchow, *viâ* Canton, China, says: "I have much pleasure in forwarding you a photo. of an anti-foreign kite. The kite is made to represent two foreigners smelling a samshoo (native spirit) jar. The central object is the samshoo-jar in imitation of the kind used by the Chinese to store the said liquor."

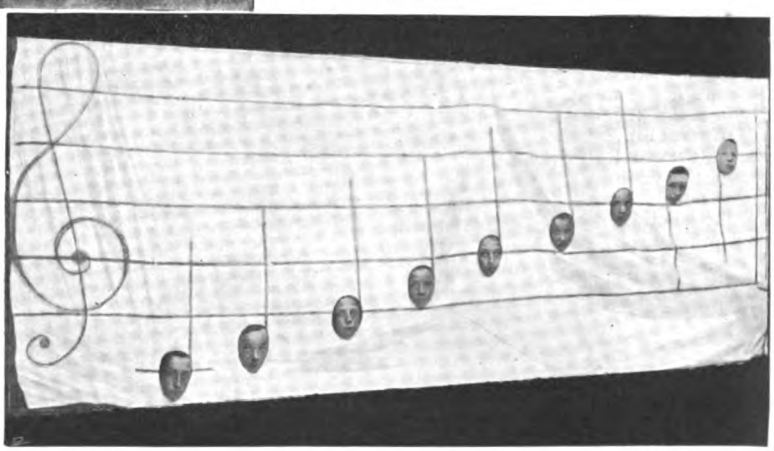
A SOLDIER'S INDUSTRY.

The rather curious photograph which follows is that of Corpl. J. Long, the maker of the types which were used for marking the clothes of a Hong Kong regiment. There are in all 1,302 types, which consist of 12,450 letters, figures, and stops, the whole being finished in four months, the industrious corporal working at this task in his spare time only. With the exception of two knives, the maker used home-made tools of his own design.



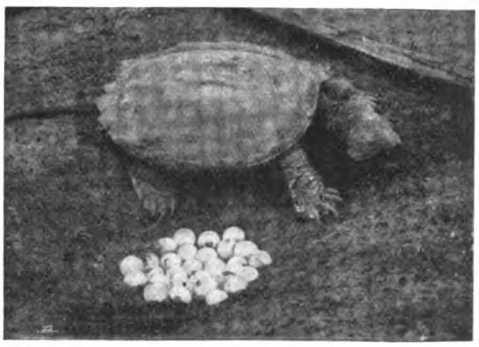
A MUSICAL NOVELTY.

"I am sending you an interesting photo. of a novelty which formed a prominent feature and a successful item in patriotic concerts given in this school. You will observe that the notes representing the scale are living faces of boys who were trained to sing the notes they indicated. The conductor, by simply pointing to the notes he required, was able to produce the airs of several well-known songs; and by pointing to two at once some pleasing duets. By adding D to the scale of C and using B flat or F sharp the compass was suitably increased for other tunes. The name given to the instrument was 'War Notes.'" Photo. by Mr. H. S. Boyden, Needham's School, Ely.

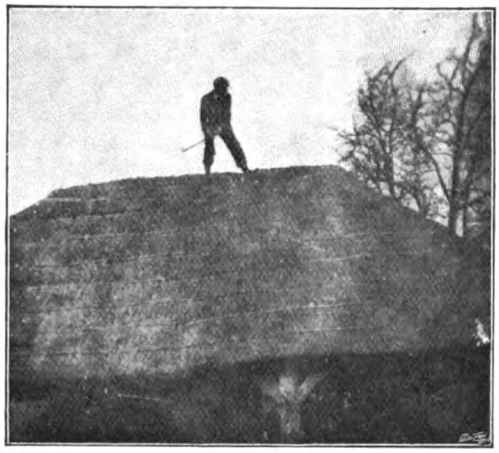


A TURTLE AND ITS EGGS.

"The accompanying photograph shows a common American black turtle beside her eggs. The turtle lays its eggs in sand, and they hatch in the sun. I found it beside a railroad laying an egg. I dug and unearthed the eggs shown in photo., and the turtle stayed in the vicinity while I photographed it, as you can see." Thus Mr. Roscoe E. Prescott, Franklin Falls, N.H., U.S.A.

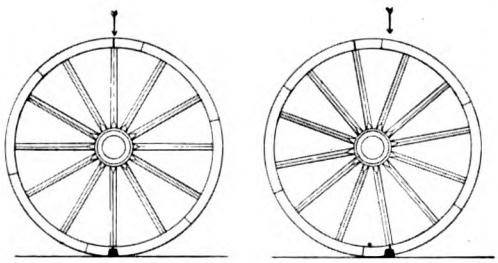


A GOLFING CURIOSITY.



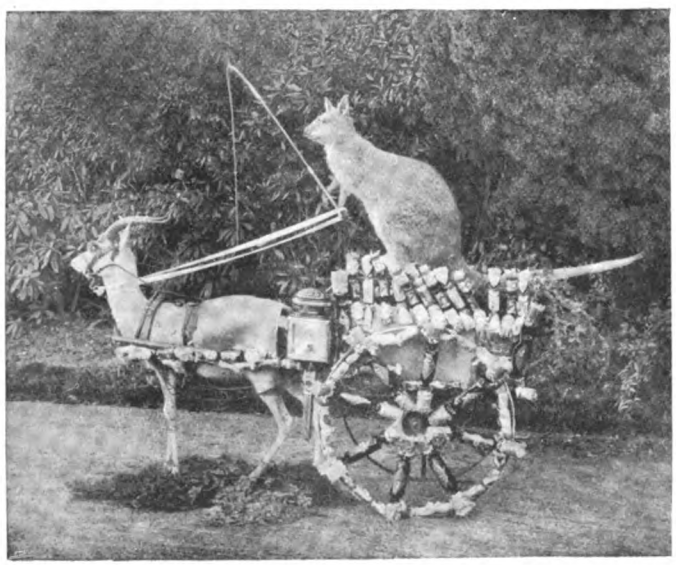
"The inclosed snap-shot was taken on the Kingsland (Herefordshire) Golf Links, where, in a club handicap, one of the players drove the ball on to the thatched roof of the shed you see, where it stopped. As strokes were valuable to him in that match, he climbed the roof and played the ball from where it lay, and in doing so won the hole. The incident is so unique and quite unheard of that I thought it might be of use to you for your 'Curiosities'; if it is so I should be very glad if you would use it. I am sorry the photo. is no better; it was taken with a 5s. 'Brownie,' in very bad light." Thus Mr. Hubert T. Williams, of 15, Risca Road, Newport, Mon.

THE SPEED OF THE TOP AND BOTTOM OF A WHEEL.

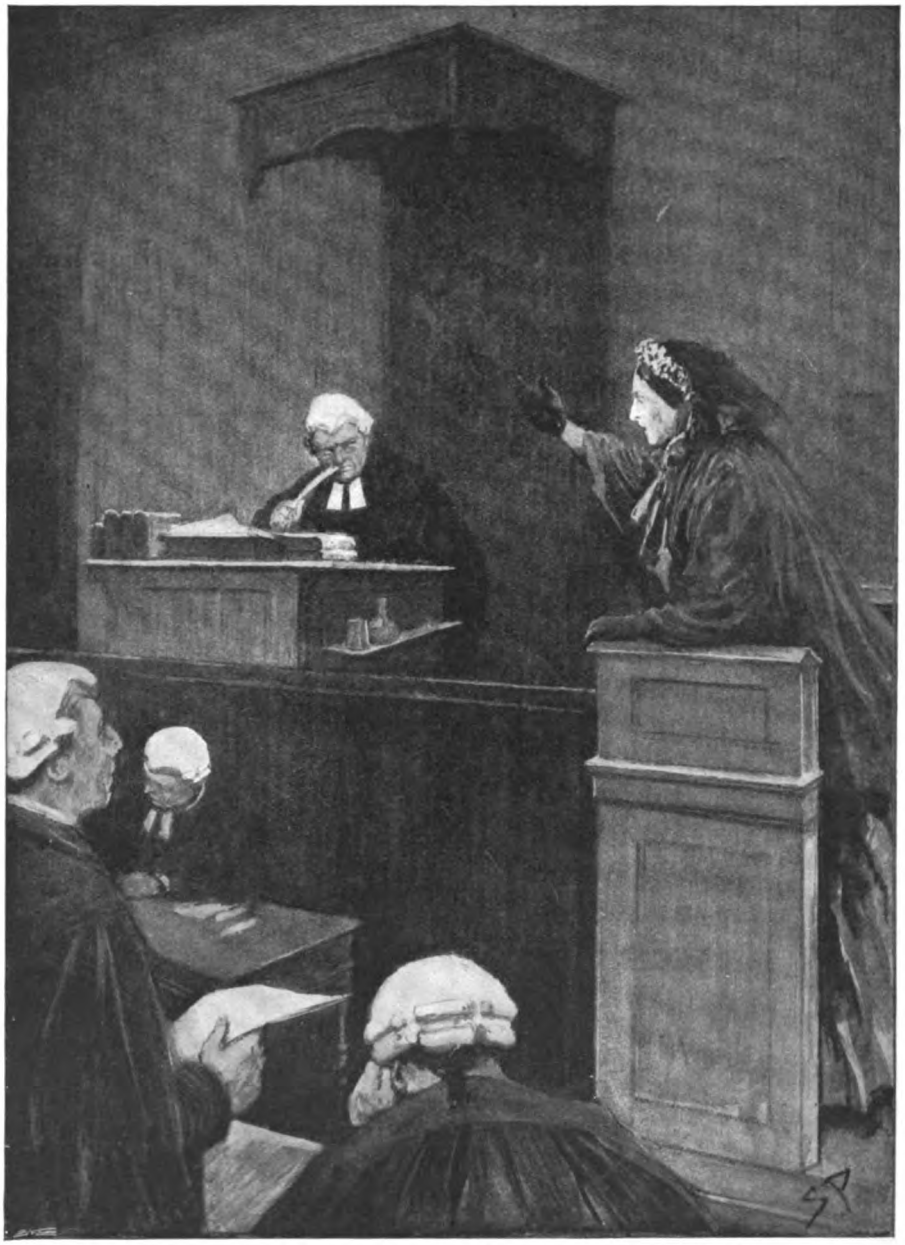


In the Christmas Number of THE STRAND we published a snap-shot photograph sent to us by Mr. Fred. Horner, of Bath. Our contributor sent this picture as an illustration of the well-known fact that a wheel running on the road moves much faster at the top than at the bottom. We have since received a number of letters of inquiry on the subject, and have much pleasure in reproducing a diagram contributed by Mr. Horner, which will serve to prove, to those in doubt, that Mr. Horner was quite correct in his statement. Take a wheel or disc of any size, and place marks on opposite sides of the rim, as shown in the illustration. Stand the wheel against a vertical board or wall. Put an arrow mark on the wall exactly above the top of the wheel, and another mark or a weight on the ground exactly at the bottom of the wheel. Roll the latter along, and the top of the rim will be found to rapidly depart from the arrow, and will be some distance away from it, while the bottom mark has scarcely moved from the weight. It will become apparent that the point of contact with the ground is the real centre of motion or "fulcrum," though it is an ever-changing one. The speed of the rim on the rising side increases all the way up to the top, from which point it commences to decrease all down the other side. The larger the diameter of the wheel the more marked will be the difference in the velocity of the top and bottom parts. Most persons make a mistake by confusing the simple rotation of a wheel round an axle and the rolling of a wheel along on a surface, which gives it a rotative motion and a forward motion also.

A CARTLOAD OF PRESENTS.



Here is a picture that will delight many of our younger readers, and fill them with envy and longing when we tell them that it came as a Christmas gift to the children of a well-known baronet. The cart was decorated with crackers in which delightful presents were hidden. The lamp contained a brilliant electric lamp which made the whole surprise most effective. The cart, piled high with boxes and parcels, caused a great deal of amusement and excitement.



"HIS MOTHER APPEARED IN THE WITNESS-BOX."

(*See Page* 370).

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxi. APRIL, 1901. No. 124.

Strange Studies from Life.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

[*The cases dealt with in this series of studies of criminal psychology are taken from the actual history of crime, though occasionally names have been changed where their retention might cause pain to surviving relatives.*]

II.—THE LOVE AFFAIR OF GEORGE VINCENT PARKER.

THE student of criminal annals will find upon classifying his cases that the two causes which are the most likely to incite a human being to the crime of murder are the lust of money and the black resentment of a disappointed love. Of these the latter are both rarer and more interesting, for they are subtler in their inception and deeper in their psychology. The mind can find no possible sympathy with the brutal greed and selfishness which weighs a purse against a life; but there is something more spiritual in the case of the man who is driven by jealousy and misery to a temporary madness of violence. To use the language of science it is the passionate as distinguished from the instinctive criminal type. The two classes of crime may be punished by the same severity, but we feel that they are not equally sordid, and that none of us is capable of saying how he might act if his affections and his self-respect were suddenly and cruelly outraged. Even when we indorse the verdict it is still possible to feel some shred of pity for the criminal. His offence has not been the result of a self-interested and cold-blooded plotting, but it has been the consequence—however monstrous and disproportionate—of a cause for which others were responsible. As an example of such a crime I would recite the circumstances connected with George Vincent Parker, making some alteration in the names of persons and of places wherever there is a possibility that pain might be inflicted by their disclosure.

Nearly forty years ago there lived in one of our Midland cities a certain Mr. Parker, who did a considerable business as a commission agent. He was an excellent man of affairs, and during those progressive years which intervened between the Crimean and the American wars his fortune increased rapidly. He built himself a villa in a pleasant suburb outside the town, and being blessed with a charming and sympathetic wife there was every prospect that the evening of his days would be spent in happiness. The only trouble which he had to contend with was his inability to understand the character of his only son, or to determine what plans he should make for his future.

George Vincent Parker, the young man in question, was of a type which continually recurs and which verges always upon the tragic. By some trick of atavism he had no love for the great city and its roaring life, none for the weary round of business, and no ambition to share the rewards which successful business brings. He had no sympathy with his father's works or his father's ways, and the life of the office was hateful to him. This aversion to work could not, however, be ascribed to viciousness or indolence. It was innate and constitutional. In other directions his mind was alert and receptive. He loved music and showed a remarkable aptitude for it. He was an excellent linguist and had some taste in painting. In a word, he was a man of artistic temperament, with all the failings of nerve and of character which that temperament implies. In London he would have met hundreds of the same type, and would have found a congenial occupation in making small incursions into literature and dabbling in criticism. Among the cotton-brokers of the Midlands his position was at that time an isolated one, and his father could only shake his head and pronounce him to be quite unfit to carry on the family business. He was gentle in his disposition, reserved with strangers, but very popular among his few friends. Once or twice it had been remarked that he was capable of considerable bursts of passion when he thought himself ill-used.

This is a type of man for whom the practical workers of the world have no affection, but it is one which invariably appeals to the feminine nature. There is a certain helplessness about it and a naïve appeal for sympathy to which a woman's heart readily responds — and it is the strongest, most vigorous woman who is the first to answer the appeal. We do not know what other consolers this quiet dilettante may have found, but the details of one such connection have come down to us. It was at a musical evening at the house of a local doctor that he first met Miss Mary Groves. The doctor was her uncle, and she had come to town to visit him, but her life was spent in attendance upon her grandfather, who was a very virile old gentleman, whose eighty years did not prevent him from fulfilling all the duties of a country gentleman, including those of the magisterial bench. After the quiet of a secluded manor-house the girl in the first flush of her youth and her beauty enjoyed the life of the town, and seems to have been particularly attracted by this refined young musician, whose appearance and manners suggested that touch of romance for which a young girl craves. He on his side was drawn to her by her country freshness and by the sympathy which she showed for him. Before she returned to the Manor-house friendship had grown into love and the pair were engaged.

"IT WAS AT A MUSICAL EVENING AT THE HOUSE OF A LOCAL DOCTOR THAT HE FIRST MET MISS GROVES."

But the engagement was not looked upon with much favour by either of the families concerned. Old Parker had died, and his widow was left with sufficient means to live in comfort, but it became more imperative than ever that some profession should be found for the son. His invincible repugnance to business still stood in the way. On the other hand the young lady came of a good stock, and her relations, headed by the old country squire, objected to her marriage with a penniless young man of curious tastes and character. So for four years the engagement dragged along, during which the lovers corresponded continually, but seldom met. At the end of that time he was twenty-five and she was twenty-three, but the prospect of their union seemed as remote as ever. At last the prayers of her relatives overcame her constancy, and she took steps to break the tie which held them together. This she endeavoured to do by a change in the tone of her letters, and by ominous passages to prepare him for the coming blow.

On August 12th, 18—, she wrote that she had met a clergyman who was the most delightful man she had ever seen in her life. "He has been staying with us," she said, "and grandfather thought that he would just suit me, but that would not do." This passage, in spite of the few lukewarm words of reassurance, disturbed young Vincent Parker exceedingly. His mother testified afterwards to the extreme depression into which he was thrown, which was the less remarkable as he was a man who suffered from constitutional low spirits, and who always took the darkest view upon every subject. Another letter reached him next day which was more decided in its tone.

"I have a good deal to say to you, and it had better be said at once," said she. "My grandfather has found out about our correspondence, and is wild that there should be any obstacle to the match between the clergyman and me. I want you to release me that I may have it to say that I am free. Don't take this too hardly, in pity for me. I shall not marry if I can help it."

This second letter had an overpowering effect. His state was such that his mother had to ask a family friend to sit up with him all night. He paced up and down in an extreme state of nervous excitement, bursting constantly into tears. When he lay down his hands and feet twitched convulsively. Morphia was administered, but without effect. He refused all food. He had the utmost difficulty in answering the letter, and when he did so next day it was with the help of the friend who had stayed with him all night. His answer was reasonable and also affectionate.

"My dearest Mary," he said. "Dearest you will always be to me. To say that I am not terribly cut up would be a lie, but at any rate you know that I am not the man to stand in your way. I answer nothing to your last letter except that I wish to hear from your own lips what your wishes are, and I will then accede to them. You know me too well to think that I would then give way to any unnecessary nonsense or sentimentalism. Before I leave England I wish to see you once again, and for the last time, though God knows what misery it gives me to say so. You will admit that my desire to see you is but natural. Say in your next where you will meet me.—Ever, dearest Mary, your affectionate GEORGE."

Next day he wrote another letter in which he again implored her to give him an appointment, saying that any place between their house and Standwell, the nearest village, would do. "I am ill and thoroughly upset, and I do not wonder that you are," said he. "We shall both be happier and better in mind as well as in body after this last interview. I shall be at your appointment, *coûte qu'il coûte.*—Always your affectionate GEORGE."

There seems to have been an answer to this letter actually making an appointment, for he wrote again upon Wednesday, the 19th. "My dear Mary," said he, "I will only say here that I will arrive by the train you mention and that I hope, dear Mary, that you will not bother yourself unnecessarily about all this so far as I am concerned. For my own peace of mind I wish to see you, which I hope you won't think selfish. *Du reste* I only repeat what I have already said. I have but to hear from you what your wishes are and they shall be complied with. I have sufficient *savoir faire* not to make a bother about what cannot be helped. Don't let me be the cause of any row between you and your grandpapa. If you like to call at the inn I will not stir out until you come, but I leave this to your judgment."

As Professor Owen would reconstruct an entire animal out of a single bone, so from this one little letter the man stands flagrantly revealed. The scraps of French, the self-conscious allusion to his own *savoir faire*, the florid assurances which mean nothing, they are all so many strokes in a subtle self-portrait.

Miss Groves had already repented the appointment which she had given him. There may have been some traits in this eccentric lover whom she had abandoned which recurred to her memory and warned her not to trust herself in his power. "My dear George," she wrote—and her letter must have crossed his last one—"I write this in the greatest haste to tell you not to come on any account. I leave here to-day, and can't tell when I can or shall be back. I do not wish to see you if it can possibly be avoided, and indeed there will be no chance now, so we had best end this state of suspense at once and say good-bye without seeing each other. I feel sure I could not stand the meeting. If you write once more within the next three days I shall get it, but not later than that time without its being seen, for my letters are strictly watched and even opened.—Yours truly, MARY."

This letter seems to have brought any vague schemes which may have been already forming in the young man's mind to an

immediate head. If he had only three days in which he might see her he could not afford to waste any time. On the same day he went on to the county town, but as it was late he did not go on to Standwell, which was her station. The waiters at the Midland Hotel noticed his curious demeanour and his vacant eye. He wandered about

"HE WANDERED ABOUT THE COFFEE-ROOM MUTTERING TO HIMSELF."

the coffee-room muttering to himself, and although he ordered chops and tea he swallowed nothing but some brandy and soda. Next morning, August 21st, he took a ticket to Standwell and arrived there at half-past eleven. From Standwell Station to the Manor-house at which Miss Groves resided with the old squire is two miles. There is an inn close to the station called "The Bull's Head." Vincent Parker called there and ordered some brandy. He then asked whether a note had been left there for him, and seemed much disturbed upon hearing that there was none. Then, the time being about a quarter past twelve, he went off in the direction of the Manor-house.

About two miles upon the other side of the Manor-house, and four miles from the Bull's Head Inn, there is a thriving grammar school, the head master of which was a friend of the Groves family and had some slight acquaintance with Vincent Parker. The young man thought, therefore, that this would be the best place for him to apply for information, and he arrived at the school about half-past one. The head master was no doubt considerably astonished at the appearance of this dishevelled and brandy-smelling visitor, but he answered his questions with discretion and courtesy.

"I have called upon you," said Parker, "as a friend of Miss Groves. I suppose you know that there is an engagement between us?"

"I understood that there *was* an engagement, and that it had been broken off," said the master.

"Yes," Parker answered. "She has written to me to break off the engagement and declines to see me. I want to know how matters stand."

"Anything I may know," said the master, "is in confidence, and so I cannot tell you."

"I will find it out sooner or later," said Parker, and then asked who the clergyman was who had been staying at the Manor-house. The master acknowledged that there had been one, but refused to give the name. Parker then asked whether Miss Groves was at the Manor-house and if any coercion was being used to her. The other answered that she was at the Manor-house and that no coercion was being used.

"Sooner or later I must see her," said Parker. "I have written to release her from her engagement, but I must hear from her

own lips that she gives me up. She is of age and must please herself. I know that I am not a good match, and I do not wish to stand in her way."

The master then remarked that it was time for school, but that he should be free again at half-past four if Parker had anything more to say to him, and Parker left, promising to return. It is not known how he spent the next two hours, but he may have found some country inn in which he obtained some luncheon. At half-past four he was back at the school, and asked the master for advice as to how to act. The master suggested that his best course was to write a note to Miss Groves and to make an appointment with her for next morning.

"If you were to call at the house, perhaps Miss Groves would see you," said this sympathetic and most injudicious master.

"I will do so and get it off my mind," said Vincent Parker.

It was about five o'clock when he left the school, his manner at that time being perfectly calm and collected.

It was forty minutes later when the discarded lover arrived at the house of his sweetheart. He knocked at the door and asked for Miss Groves. She had probably seen him as he came down the drive, for she met him at the drawing-room door as he came in, and she invited him to come with her into the garden. Her heart was in her mouth, no doubt, lest her grandfather should see him and a scene ensue. It was safer to have him in the garden than in the house. They walked out, therefore, and half an hour later they were seen chatting quietly upon one of the benches. A little afterwards the maid went out and told Miss Groves that tea was ready. She came in alone, and it is suggestive of the views taken by the grandfather that there seems to have been no question about Parker coming in also to tea. She came out again into the garden and sat for a long time with the young man, after which they seem to have set off together for a stroll down the country lanes. What passed during that walk, what recriminations upon his part, what retorts upon hers, will never now be known. They were only once seen in the course of it. At about half-past eight o'clock a labourer, coming up a long lane which led from the high road to the Manor-house, saw a man and a woman walking together. As he passed them he recognised in the dusk that the lady was Miss Groves, the granddaughter of the squire. When he looked back he saw that they had stopped and were standing face to face conversing.

A very short time after this Reuben Conway, a workman, was passing down this lane when he heard a low sound of moaning. He stood listening, and in the silence of the country evening he became aware that this ominous sound was drawing nearer to him. A wall flanked one side of the lane, and as he stared about him his eye caught something moving slowly down the black shadow at the side. For a moment it must have seemed to him to be some wounded animal, but as he approached it he saw to his astonishment that it was a woman who was slowly stumbling along, guiding and supporting herself by her hand against the wall. With a cry of horror he found himself looking into the face of Miss Groves, glimmering white through the darkness.

"Take me home!" she whispered. "Take me home! The gentleman down there has been murdering me."

The horrified labourer put his arms round her, and carried her for about twenty yards towards home.

"Can you see anyone down the lane?" she asked, when he stopped for breath.

He looked, and through the dark tunnel of trees he saw a black figure moving slowly behind them. The labourer waited, still propping up the girl's head, until young Parker overtook them.

"Who has been murdering Miss Groves?" asked Reuben Conway.

"I have stabbed her," said Parker, with the utmost coolness.

"Well, then, you had best help me to carry her home," said the labourer. So down the dark lane moved that singular procession: the rustic and the lover, with the body of the dying girl between them.

"Poor Mary!" Parker muttered. "Poor Mary! You should not have proved false to me!"

When they got as far as the lodge-gate Parker suggested that Reuben Conway should run and get something which might stanch the bleeding. He went, leaving these tragic lovers together for the last time. When he returned he found Parker holding something to her throat.

"Is she living?" he asked.

"She is," said Parker.

"Oh, take me home!" wailed the poor girl. A little farther upon their dolorous journey they met two farmers, who helped them.

"Who has done this?" asked one of them.

"TAKE ME HOME!" SHE WHISPERED. "TAKE ME HOME!"

"He knows and I know," said Parker, gloomily. "I am the man who has done this, and I shall be hanged for it. I have done it, and there is no question about that at all."

These replies never seem to have brought insult or invective upon his head, for everyone appears to have been silenced by the overwhelming tragedy of the situation.

"I am dying!" gasped poor Mary, and they were the last words which she ever said. Inside the hall-gates they met the poor old squire running wildly up on some vague rumour of a disaster. The bearers stopped as they saw the white hair gleaming through the darkness.

"What is amiss?" he cried.

Parker said, calmly, "It is your grand-daughter Mary murdered."

"Who did it?" shrieked the old man.

"I did it."

"Who are you?" he cried.

"My name is Vincent Parker."

"Why did you do it?"

"She has deceived me, and the woman who deceives me must die."

The calm concentration of his manner seems to have silenced all reproaches.

"I told her I would kill her," said he, as they all entered the house together. "She knew my temper."

The body was carried into the kitchen and laid upon the table. In the meantime Parker had followed the bewildered and heart-broken old man into the drawing-room, and holding out a handful of things, including his watch and some money, he asked him if he would take care of them. The squire angrily refused. He then took two bundles of her letters out of his pocket—all that was left of their miserable love story.

"Will you take care of these?" said he. "You may read them, burn them, do what you like with them. I don't wish them to be brought into court."

The grandfather took the letters and they were duly burned.

And now the doctor and the policeman, the twin attendants upon violence, came hurrying down the avenue. Poor Mary was dead upon the kitchen table, with three great wounds upon her throat. How, with a severed carotid, she could have come so far or lived so long is one of the marvels of the case. As to the policeman, he had no trouble in looking for his prisoner. As he entered the room Parker walked towards

him and said that he wished to give himself up for murdering a young lady. When asked if he were aware of the nature of the charge he said, "Yes, quite so, and I will go with you quietly, only let me see her first."

"'WILL YOU TAKE CARE OF THESE,' SAID HE."

"What have you done with the knife?" asked the policeman.

Parker produced it from his pocket, a very ordinary one with a clasp blade. It is remarkable that two other penknives were afterwards found upon him. They took him into the kitchen and he looked at his victim.

"I am far happier now that I have done it than before, and I hope that she is," said he.

This is the record of the murder of Mary Groves by Vincent Parker, a crime characterized by all that inconsequence and grim artlessness which distinguish fact from fiction. In fiction we make people say and do what we should conceive them to be likely to say or do, but in fact they say and do what no one would ever conceive to be likely. That those letters should be a prelude to a murder, or that after a murder the criminal should endeavour to stanch the wounds of his victim, or hold such a conversation as that described with the old squire, is what no human invention would hazard. One finds it very difficult on reading all the letters and weighing the facts to suppose that Vincent Parker came out that day with the preformed intention of killing his former sweetheart. But whether the dreadful idea was always there, or whether it came in some mad flash of passion provoked by their conversation, is what we shall never know. It is certain that she could not have seen anything dangerous in him up to the very instant of the crime, or she would certainly have appealed to the labourer who passed them in the lane.

The case, which excited the utmost interest through the length and breadth of England, was tried before Baron Martin at the next assizes. There was no need to prove the guilt of the prisoner, since he openly gloried in it, but the whole question turned upon his sanity, and led to some curious complications which have caused the whole law upon the point to be reformed. His rela-

tions were called to show that madness was rampant in the family, and that out of ten cousins five were insane. His mother appeared in the witness-box contending with dreadful vehemence that her son was mad, and that her own marriage had been objected to on the ground of the madness latent in her blood. All the witnesses agreed that the prisoner was not an ill-tempered man, but sensitive, gentle, and accomplished, with a tendency to melancholy. The prison chaplain affirmed that he had held conversations with Parker, and that his moral perception seemed to be so entirely wanting that he hardly knew right from wrong. Two specialists in lunacy examined him, and said that they were of opinion that he was of unsound mind. The opinion was based upon the fact that the prisoner declared that he could not see that he had done any wrong.

"Miss Groves was promised to me," said he, "and therefore she was mine. I could do what I liked with her. Nothing short of a miracle will alter my convictions."

The doctor attempted to argue with him. "Suppose anyone took a picture from you, what steps would you take to recover it?" he asked.

"I should demand restitution," said he; "if not, I should take the thief's life without compunction."

The doctor pointed out that the law was there to be appealed to, but Parker answered that he had been born into the world without being consulted, and therefore he recognised the right of no man to judge him. The doctor's conclusion was that his moral sense was more vitiated than any case that he had seen. That this constitutes madness would, however, be a dangerous doctrine to urge, since it means that if a man were only wicked enough he would be screened from the punishment of his wickedness.

Baron Martin summed up in a common-sense manner. He declared that the world was full of eccentric people, and that to grant them all the immunity of madness would be a public danger. To be mad within the meaning of the law a criminal should be in such a state as not to know that he has committed crime or incurred punishment. Now, it was clear that Parker did know this, since he had talked of being hanged. The Baron accordingly accepted the jury's finding of "Guilty," and sentenced the prisoner to death.

There the matter might very well have ended were it not for Baron Martin's conscientious scruples. His own ruling had been admirable, but the testimony of the mad doctors weighed heavily upon him, and his conscience was uneasy at the mere possibility that a man who was really not answerable for his actions should lose his life through his decision. It is probable that the thought kept him awake that night, for next morning he wrote to the Secretary of State, and told him that he shrank from the decision of such a case.

The Secretary of State, having carefully read the evidence and the judge's remarks, was about to confirm the decision of the latter, when, upon the very eve of the execution, there came a report from the gaol visitors—perfectly untrained observers—that Parker was showing undoubted signs of madness. This being so the Secretary of State had no choice but to postpone the execution, and to appoint a commission of four emi..ent alienists to report upon the condition of the prisoner. These four reported unanimously that he was perfectly sane. It is an unwritten law, however, that a prisoner once reprieved is never executed, so Vincent Parker's sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life—a decision which satisfied, upon the whole, the conscience of the public.

Some Personal Characteristics of Queen Victoria.

[The following article, which was written before the lamented death of the late Queen, was sent to Court in order that nothing might appear of which Her Majesty might not approve, and was received back with certain omissions in matters of detail. The article, in the form in which it now appears, may therefore be regarded as authentic.]

THE dearly-loved Queen who so lately passed away from us might well be described as "a wonderful woman." A wonder indeed she was. Ardent and impulsive as a girl, wise and dignified in middle age, she gathered in with these qualities after the age of eighty an added lovableness. And she was young in a sense to the last; for there remained a smile in her eyes, a tone in her voice which told you that, notwithstanding her weight of years, the British Sovereign still felt, still hoped and endured.

Never did she seem so happy as with her children, and it was good to see what love and simple devotion they bestowed upon her. A new light came into her face when either the Prince of Wales or Duke of Connaught entered the room where she was; and, for all her self-reliance, the Queen consulted both her sons, and, more, was ever ready to take their advice on matters of importance. The air of protection with which Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice hovered round their mother when the weakness of old age became apparent in her was more eloquent than any words, and the constant presence, not only of her daughters, but her granddaughter, Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, tended to keep her cheery in mind and conversation. That she was fond of little children everybody knows. Prince Edward of York was her favourite of all, and she took the keenest interest and pride in him. As a mother the Queen was a disciplinarian, and as a grandmother sometimes described as "strict," but as a great-grandmother she was indulgence itself. A delightful story is told which, unlike many delightful stories, has the advantage of being true. The Duke of York's children have always been bidden to pick up their own toys. Little Prince Edward had been playing in the Queen's private sitting-room, when his nurse came to fetch him upstairs. The floor was strewn with bricks, tin soldiers, and go-carts, and the nurse made a sign that "David" (for so he is always called in the family circle) should put them away tidily. The little Prince was unwilling, however, and the nurse looked obdurate. "*You* help me," he said, turning to the Queen with an insinuating smile.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER GREAT-GRANDCHILDREN—THE CHILDREN OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF CORNWALL AND YORK.
From a Photo. by [*R. Milne, Aboyne and Ballater.*

Her Majesty frequently held long conversations with the Prince, and was much amused at his naïve remarks. His knowledge of "soldiering" is remarkable, and when asked how it was he could so minutely describe the uniforms worn by men of different regiments, he replied: "Gran-gran told me. You see, she and I often talk of soldiers." The time is long past since Prince Edward insisted: "I will be a policeman when I grow up," so dazzled was he by the prowess of the mounted police whom he had watched from the windows of Marlborough House on the day of the Diamond Jubilee. His one idea nowadays is to become a soldier.

"PLAYING AT SOLDIERS"—PRINCE EDWARD OF YORK AND HIS SISTER.
From a Photo. by The Biograph Studio, Regent Street.

The Queen, gentle and kind in her home life, was a stern woman when it came to any question of work. Her labours indeed were tremendous, and until the time when Her Majesty had to be careful to spare her eyesight it was estimated roughly that she signed about 50,000 documents a year. It has been said that the Queen was equal to the best statesman in Europe in her knowledge of State-craft, and had often surprised a Cabinet Minister by setting him to rights in a casual reference to a precedent dating, perhaps, forty to fifty years ago. As to State etiquette, she could settle the most delicate point, not only in her own but in any European Court. Her memory for faces was as marvellous as her knowledge of the relationships of the most distant, even of the members of her aristocracy.

That the Queen had musical talent we all know. Both Mendelssohn and Lablache considered her voice and style of singing charming, and she had real knowledge of music, reading admirably at sight. One of her greatest pleasures, when a younger woman, was to play duets with Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold. All the musical artists I have met who have played or sung before the Queen declared her to be a most sympathetic audience. As is only natural, she preferred the music which was in vogue in her early days to the work of later composers. Of Mendelssohn, Bellini, and Donizetti she was very fond, but that did not prevent her from appreciating Wagner. Certain modern French *chansons* pleased her, but not so greatly as the German *lieder*, and in Scotch songs she delighted. Of these "The Lass o' Gowrie" was her favourite. With regard to vocalists, the Queen had the warmest admiration for Mme. Albani's voice and the expressiveness of her singing, whilst her personal grace and charm of manner much appealed to her. Mlle. Emma Calvé she considered a woman of genius; and for M. Jean de Reszke her opinion was of the highest, and she preferred him to any tenor since Mario. The latter's performance, by the way, of *Raoul* in "Les Huguenots" struck her as more beautiful than any she ever witnessed. Grisi impressed her less than Jenny Lind, whose singing she described as "the purest and loveliest." Miss Clara Butt and Mr. Kennerley Rumford and Miss Eisslers all charmed her as artists; and so, too, did the violinist, M. Wolff, who was frequently commanded to appear at Windsor or Balmoral.

To theatrical performances the Queen was less partial. In her early days she liked to go to the theatre almost every night with Prince Albert, but of late years it required all the persuasion which the Prince of Wales could bring to bear for her to command the performance of any play at Windsor.

Of painting and drawing the Queen was fond many years ago, and she both painted and drew well. A Royal Academician once showed me a pencil sketch she had done of Princess Beatrice, when anxious to indicate the style of picture she required of him. The little drawing was full of spirit and talent, he declared; and so indeed it seemed to me.

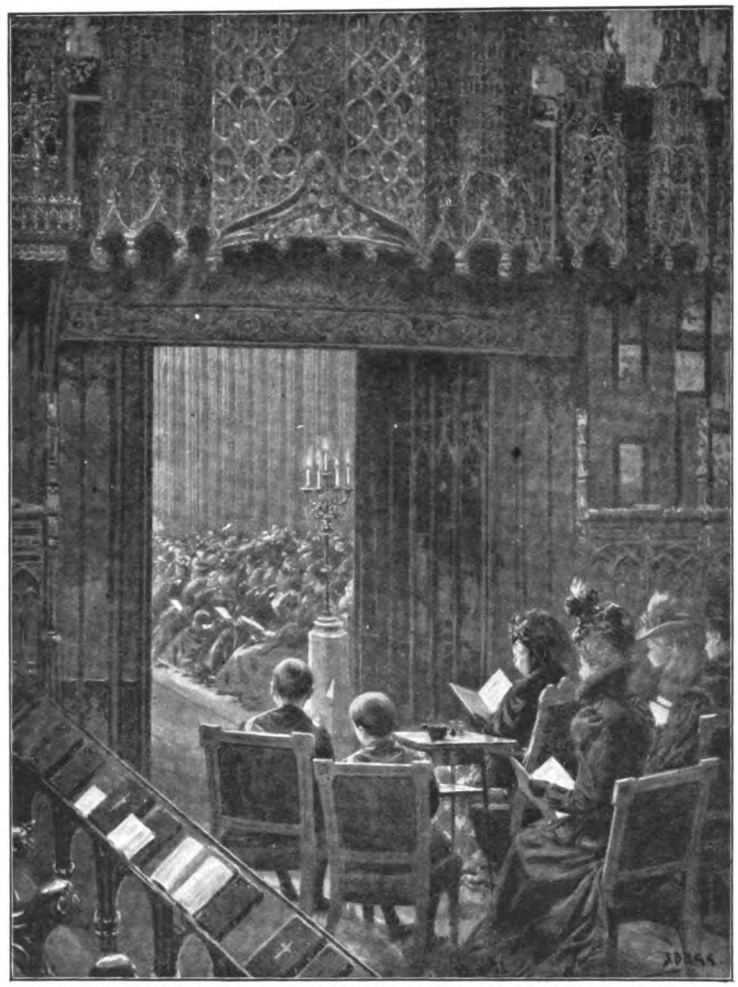
Few people are aware how nice a literary taste was shown by the Queen. She advanced with the times, and it is certain that she did not merely appreciate the works of Mr. William Black and Miss Marie Corelli, as some people would have us believe. It is said that the Queen, when Miss Cholmondeley's "Red Pottage" was read out to her, evinced the liveliest interest

in the story. For this I cannot vouch, but I know she was full of appreciation for the later poets, more particularly for Mr. William Watson, whose "Lachryme Musarum" was a special favourite of hers. All the newest books were sent to the Queen. Of these she made her choice, and had them read to her by her Lady-in-Waiting after dinner. She was very particular about reading aloud, as about everything else, and it may be interesting to recall that Lady Bancroft attributes her admirable elocution to the training she received as Queen's reader when a girl.

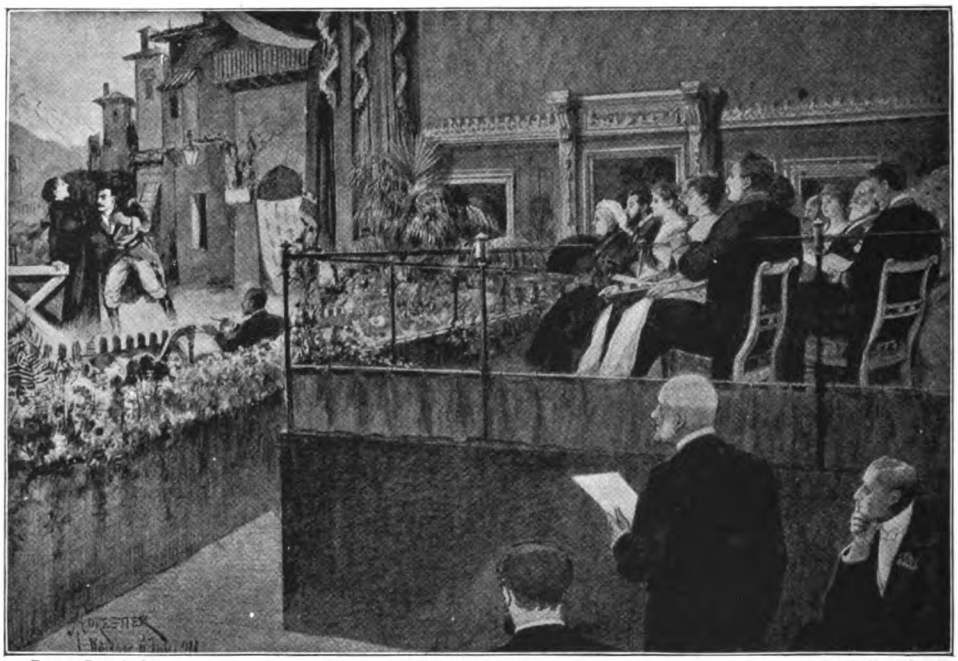
Her Majesty's day began early. Ordinary breakfast followed after she had made her toilet, and the meal, whenever the weather permitted, was enjoyed in the open air. Her private correspondence was then handed to her and received due attention, and the Queen rarely failed to consult a little book in which birthdays of all the members of her family, however distant, and of all her more intimate friends, were duly registered. A telegram of congratulation was then dispatched to the "Birthday Child." *Apropos* of telegrams and telephone messages, they reached the Queen all through the day. During dinner she would often receive quite a number, and it was rarely that a meal was got through without a communication reaching the Queen relating to some public or private matter. Portions of the *Times* and other journals were read out to her by a Lady-in-Waiting, and although she would express sympathy with any bereavement or grief at any calamity, the Sovereign scarcely ever made a comment on political or other public affairs. Illustrated papers were shown to her, and afforded her much amusement. The Queen was, however, annoyed if any inaccuracies appeared in the papers concerning herself or her family.

The Queen never undervalued the influence of the Press, and like her husband, Prince Albert, who was of opinion that "a really good article did untold good," she attached due importance to the power of journalism. Of "Society" papers with a scandalous gossiping tendency she had a perfect horror.

During the early morning the Private Secretary laid before the Queen any documents requiring her signature, and State business was faithfully transacted by her every forenoon ere she went for an outing in



QUEEN VICTORIA AT THE PERFORMANCE OF MENDELSSOHN'S "ELIJAH" IN ST. GEORGE'S, WINDSOR.
From a Drawing] *[by S. Begg.*



From a Drawing] OPERA AT WINDSOR. *[by A. Forestier.*

her donkey-chair in the grounds of Windsor, of Osborne, or Balmoral. Luncheon at two o'clock followed.

A drive succeeded, and on her return home the Queen took a short rest, after which tea was served. Her Majesty then retired to her private apartments and answered any letters which required her attention. Alas! owing to the weakness of her eyesight, she was of late more often than not obliged to dictate what she had to say, and merely signed her name at the end of the letter. Princess Henry of Battenberg and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein undertook the task when letters to the Kaiser, the Empress Frederick, and other relatives were in question, and a Lady-in-Waiting or Private Secretary was called in for others of a less intimate nature. All the epistles were written upon rather old-fashioned-looking writing paper, edged with a narrow black border, and her correspondence was conducted on lines which never varied by any chance. In all her ways the Queen was extremely business-like and punctilious, and she demanded that her children and those about her should be equally so. One of her soldiers told of her with a boundless admiration: "Whatever may happen the Queen is *always* the missus!" It would have annoyed her extremely, for instance, if any document was laid before her that was not unfolded or was in the least lined or creased, and she was a great stickler for the observance of every trivial ceremonial.

AN ETCHING EXECUTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1840.

For many years she directed what should be written in the Court Circular, and carefully revised the proofs that were brought to her. Her own letters, even those for public reading, such as the very beautiful and touching ones she penned after the death of the Duke of Clarence, scarcely ever required correction. Sometimes it has been said that the Queen's phraseology was slightly German, and it would not be strange if this were the case, as she was brought up by a German mother, married a German Prince, and was often visited by German relations. In talking Her Majesty made an admirable choice of words, and her voice, as everybody knows, was sweet as a silver bell.

On the way through the corridors to her dining-room at night the Queen exchanged words of greeting with those guests whom she was about to entertain at dinner. Conversation was carried on *à demi-voix* by the Royalties, and no one, of course, addressed Her Majesty unless invited to do so—a very rare occurrence. After dinner her ladies read aloud to her in her private apartment, and if so disposed she undertook a little knitting. At eleven o'clock, or thereabouts, a box of despatches arrived from London to Windsor by messenger, and the wonderful old lady was hard at work again before she retired to rest—often not until after midnight.

On the whole the Queen was blessed with wonderfully good health. She suffered every now and again from rheumatism (for which the cure at Aix les Bains combined with massage has proved very efficacious), and she was also plagued with occasional attacks of migraine—nervous headache. The real reason why she objected to driving through crowded streets in London was that the noise and general excitement affected her disagreeably and brought on, almost surely, her headache. "What am I to do?" she once exclaimed, pathetically, to Sir William Jenner. "My people want to see me, and I want to see them! But you know how I suffer afterwards if I drive through crowds, and that headache unfits me for work."

During her latter years, fortunately, Her Majesty suffered less from headache, and although her eyes troubled her a good deal she had nothing else of which to complain until within the last nine or ten months of her life. That she walked with great difficulty was apparent to all, but this was the result rather of an accident than of stiffness from rheumatism, as so many imagined. The black stick upon which she leaned was made from an oak in which Charles II. hid himself from

From a Photo. by] QUEEN VICTORIA IN HER DONKEY-CHAISE. *[Mr. A. Henderson, Photographer Royal.*

a party of Roundheads in the good old days. And speaking of Charles II. reminds me of the simplicity which was one of the Queen's most charming traits. Some souvenirs of the gay Charles were brought to her a few years ago, and she was asked if she would care to purchase a few. The Queen did so; but she entered in her diary: "I bought these with reluctance, *for I do not like Charles II.*" Mrs. Crawford, the eminent Anglo-American journalist, once said of the Queen: "She is the most artless woman alive," and in that phrase she summed up her character.

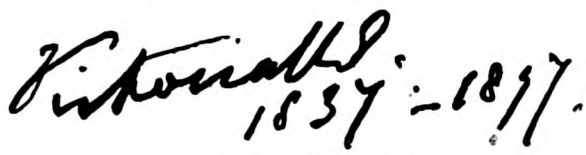
QUEEN VICTORIA AT LUNCHEON.
From a Photo. by Mary Steen.

An audience with the Queen, always dreaded by strangers, proved nevertheless far from formidable. Old soldiers and young soldiers, *débutantes* anticipating their first Drawing Room, American ladies and others of foreign birth who had married distinguished Englishmen, and who had been invited to dine at Windsor, artists, dramatic and musical, "commanded" to appear professionally at Court, have told me in their turn, "I trembled at the thought of coming before the Queen." But once in her presence all *gêne* and nervousness vanished. She made you welcome in a gentle way, asked you pertinent questions, and listened as you answered, with a face full of sympathy.

Few of her intimate friends and contemporaries, alas! remained to her in her last years. When the news reached her of the death of Mme. Van der Weyer, to whom she was much attached, the Queen, with tears in her eyes, exclaimed: "*There is no one left to call me 'Victoria,'*" and sadly, it is told, did she often feel the isolation of a throne. Among the younger women in English society the Queen had a maternal fondness for the Marchioness of Granby, daughter of her former Equerry, Colonel Charles Lindsay, whom she had known since as a child she played about the nurseries at Windsor with Princess Henry of Battenberg. Her Majesty had a warm regard also for the Duchess of Portland, and formed, it is told, a high opinion of Her Grace of Marlborough. The Queen, too, was fond of the Duchesses of Abercorn and Roxburghe and of Lady Hopetoun, the lively Irish wife of the Governor-General of Australia.

Brightness and cheeriness in those about her the Queen appreciated almost more than anything else. Gifted herself with a sense of humour, she admired wit in others, and delighted in being told amusing stories, provided they did not savour of any suspicion of scandal.

A great French writer not long ago said of Her Majesty that with increasing age she became "more of a Sovereign and less of a woman." To those who came in personal contact with her the criticism appeared misleading. It should in justice be said of our beloved Queen that she became more of a Sovereign and more and more of a woman. The sweetness and strength of her character were never so touchingly evinced as during the last years of that life which proved such a blessing to her country.



QUEEN VICTORIA'S SIGNATURE.

A Romance of the Middle Ages.

By Robert Barr.

THE Middle Ages with which this romance deals were as follows: Marjory Eastcourt, aged thirty-six; Elizabeth Zane, aged forty-one; and Ronald Latimer, aged forty-seven. Thomas Hopkins was only twenty-five, so he can hardly be reckoned as belonging to the middle ages.

Ronald Latimer was a most successful solicitor who had paid so much attention to his profession that he had lacked either time or opportunity to pay any to the ladies other than his clients, and the attentions in these cases were of the strictest business order.

Ladies who were Latimer's clients trusted him completely, and they were wise to do so, for he was a man whose grave opinions were entitled to the utmost respect. If his advice were not followed, so much the worse for the receivers. Latimer's duty ended with the utterance of it.

When the gentle Miss Marjory Eastcourt, aged thirty-six, called one day upon him, his eye appeared to light up with something more than its usual lawyer-like expression, and well it was entitled to do so, for the lady was the kindest-hearted of her sex, with never a harsh word for any person that came her way, notwithstanding the fact that she had £5,000 a year in her own right, and might justifiably have added hauteur to her manner in consonance with an income so comfortable.

Latimer's father had been the legal adviser of her father, and so, indeed, had Latimer himself during the few years that elapsed between the death of the elder Mr. Latimer and that of Mr. Eastcourt. Thus there was bequeathed to Miss Marjory not only a substantial fortune but a most competent legal counsellor, and if she followed his advice there was little chance that she would find her income impaired. The existence of Miss Elizabeth Zane in the household of Marjory Eastcourt was not exactly a bequest, but it had all the effect of one. For many years Miss Zane had occupied the position of grumbler-in-chief to the Eastcourt family. She had been friend and companion to Marjory's mother, now long dead, and remained on and on with no particular right for remaining, the old gentleman bearing complacently her querulousness until he too was removed from the sphere of its influence, and so Elizabeth continued to radiate the sunshine of her presence upon Marjory, whom in her soul she hated because she was younger and rich. She continually bewailed her dependent lot, and at last Marjory, hoping to amend an unfortunate situation, disregarded the advice of her lawyer and settled upon the cantankerous woman £300 a year for life. If Miss Eastcourt expected this generosity to result in a cession of bewailment she was grievously mistaken, for the donation seemed but to add to the rancour of the complaining woman.

When Latimer saw his gracious client enter his sombre room, at once the thought flashed over him, "Here is further trouble with Miss Elizabeth Zane, confound her!"

It was a charming, modest, self-effacing person who approached the table of the lawyer and took the chair he hastily rose to provide for her. He noticed the additional redness of her cheeks, evidence of some disturbing emotion, and her downcast air confirmed his suspicions against the absent Miss Elizabeth Zane, which suspicion was entirely unfounded. After her kindly greeting to him, and when he had assumed his customary attitude of attention, the lady seemed to have great difficulty in beginning the theme that had brought her to his presence. Her eyes were bent upon the floor and the colour in her face increased. At last, as if in despair, she looked suddenly up at him and, with a preliminary gasp, plunged directly at the heart of her subject.

"Sir," she said, and her face was now a flame of fire. "Sir, I am going to be married!"

The manner of the lawyer was perfection. He received the unexpected and startling announcement as if she had merely intimated to him that she would like to sell a few shares of Brighton stock at the best figure obtainable. This attitude made it all very much easier for the blushing lady.

"Yes," he said, easily; "in that case, of course, you have probably some instructions for me with relation to settlements."

"That is what I wish to consult you about, Mr. Latimer. It is my intention to settle all I possess upon the man I am to marry."

In spite of his evident intention to maintain an impassive demeanour, Ronald Latimer's eyebrows lifted in surprise on hearing of this determination. He was silent for some moments, during which he seemed to be making notes on

the pad before him.

"You used the word 'consult,' Miss Eastcourt," he said, at last; "did you mean to employ that word or another?"

"I don't think I quite catch your meaning."

"Some of my lady clients say they come to consult me, when, in reality, 'instruct' is the word they should have chosen. Have you determined upon the course you suggest?"

"IT WAS A CHARMING PERSON WHO APPROACHED THE TABLE OF THE LAWYER."

"Oh, quite!" said Miss Eastcourt, with a nervous little laugh.

"Ah, then you merely flattered me when you said you came to consult me."

"Oh, not at all. I shall be glad of your advice; in fact, I never needed it so much as at the present moment. Still, upon the principle of the course before me, I have come to a determination. As to ways and means, I shall be most happy to have your opinion."

"My opinion on ways and means is, of course, at your disposal. Still, that opinion is of very little consequence if the main point is irrevocably settled in your mind. May I ask who the gentleman in question is, and if he purposes some reciprocal settlement upon you?"

Again Miss Eastcourt gave utterance to the little laugh by which she seemed to seek relief from an embarrassing situation.

"His name, I fear, is rather commonplace; Thomas Hopkins, to wit, as you lawyers say; but he is a gentleman of very good family, although that family has been in reduced circumstances for some generations."

"Reduced circumstances," commented the lawyer, in most unsympathetic terms.

"Yes; so you see that answers your question about any settlements he proposes to make upon me. The young man has nothing to settle upon me but his affections, and as long as I am assured of them I shall be most happy."

The lawyer continued to draw meaningless figures upon the pad before him, his cold, worldly, inscrutable face giving no evidence of the thoughts passing through his mind; nevertheless, his manner indicated an absence of cordiality toward her project, and the lady, noticing this, spoke with some eagerness as if to win him over to her view.

"Surely, Mr. Latimer, you are not one of those who estimate a man's value by the size of his bank account?"

"No, nor a woman's either," replied the lawyer. "How old is Mr. Hopkins?"

"He is just about twenty-five."

"Ah!" commented the lawyer.

"Now I see at once," cried Miss Eastcourt, "that you are just like everybody else—you are prejudiced against him."

"I assure you, you are mistaken; but what you indicate is interesting. Are all your friends prejudiced against the young man?"

"Those who call themselves my friends are good enough to take a very great interest in what is going forward. As you know, I am well over legal age, and I think I might be trusted to choose for myself in a matter which concerns my own future only. I am not marrying to please my friends, but to please myself, and, if I accomplish that much, I think the world in general might mind its own business, for the result concerns no one but me."

"I most thoroughly agree with you, Miss Eastcourt; the principles you have laid down are unimpeachable. Still, you have not answered my question—are your friends prejudiced against Mr. Hopkins?"

"Yes, they are."

"In what form is their prejudice exhibited?"

"They say he is marrying me for my money."

"Has the young man expressed a wish that you should abandon your fortune to him?"

"Don't say 'abandon,'" pleaded the lady. "I want to believe that I have one friend who is above the petty considerations of wealth."

"I may say quite truthfully that you have such a friend in me, not only for your late father's sake, but for your own as well. I willingly withdraw and apologize for the word 'abandon,' which was an inapt term to use. I am merely endeavouring to obtain such particulars as are necessary for me to know in the conduct of whatever negotiations are to ensue, so I shall put my question in another form—is your future husband aware that you intend to settle your fortune upon him?"

"Mr. Hopkins has been very much hurt at the slanders which have been circulated regarding his intentions."

"Naturally," interjected the lawyer.

"This is my answer to those slanders—if you mean that Mr. Hopkins has suggested such a course you are entirely mistaken. The discussion of money matters is absolutely abhorrent to him, and I am thankful to say that the question of money has never arisen between us."

"Probably the young man is unaware that you are what the world might term a 'rich woman'?"

"I have no doubt he was completely ignorant of it when we first met."

"Miss Eastcourt, you will, I know, excuse my persistency, but it is one of the unfortunate defects of the legal mind that it craves information of a certain exactitude of form. Have you told Mr. Hopkins of your intention to settle this money upon him?"

"As I have stated before, he avoids all mercenary conversation; yet I did intimate to him that this would be a complete answer to the calumnies which had so distressed him."

"Yes; and did he agree with you that the refutation was ample?"

"He waved the subject aside as one having little concern with him."

"I see. Now, Miss Eastcourt, may I speak plainly with you?"

"Oh, my dear Mr. Latimer, I hope you are not going to echo the universal chorus. I am so tired of everybody speaking plainly to me; they usually add, 'as a friend.' You have no idea what I have been compelled to bear from the candid friend during the last few months, so when you say you are going to speak plainly you rather frighten me."

"What I have to say will, of course, be the words of a friend mitigated by the attitude of a counsellor. I can well believe that the young man is entirely disinterested; I am taking it for granted that the question of money is without moment to him. I, therefore, venture to suggest that you settle upon him, say, £500 a year, reserving the rest of your income under your own control."

Miss Eastcourt leaned her elbows on the table, with her chin in her hand, gazing earnestly across at him. His cool, legal manner had withdrawn all tension from the situation. Her eyes were as frank and clear as if she were conferring with her father.

"Really, Mr. Latimer," she said, "you are worse than my candid friends. You are placing Mr. Hopkins on the plane of my dear, exasperating companion, Miss Elizabeth Zane. One would think that I had come to you with the purpose of pensioning off some deserving dependent. Don't you see that, if I followed your advice, it would be no answer at all to the disagreeable rumours touching Mr. Hopkins's alleged mercenary motives?"

"Pardon me, Miss Eastcourt, but you have alluded to the very point at which I find myself astray in following your logic. I do not understand how your proposed settlement is any answer at all to the comments of your friends."

"Doesn't it show that I have the utmost confidence in my future husband?"

"Undoubtedly; but, as I understand the situation, that fact is not questioned. Their contention is that he is marrying you for your money, a contention most uncomplimentary to yourself and one which I wonder they have the temerity to make. I desire to disassociate myself from any such absurd allegation. But don't you see that your bestowal of your fortune upon him, and that with his own sanction——"

"Don't say 'sanction,' Mr. Latimer; he neither sanctioned nor 'unsanctioned' it, if I may use the word."

"Yes, I remember now, he waved it aside. Nevertheless, what you propose to do is done with his concurrence, and it

seems to me the action gives a colour to their accusations which was previously absent."

The young woman rose to her feet, indignation plainly written on her sensitive countenance.

"Then, sir, your opinion seems to coincide with theirs."

"No, no. I am endeavouring to discuss this matter entirely without heat or prejudice.

"THE YOUNG WOMAN ROSE TO HER FEET."

I am trying to show you that your proposed refutation is, in reality, a corroboration. Please sit down again. My object is to present to you the view that will be taken by the world at large — friends as well as enemies, if you have any enemies, which I venture to doubt. But it is useless to make an objection without being prepared to substitute a workable suggestion. If you wish to confound friends and enemies alike, settle your money upon me, then marry your young man and give him the inestimable privilege of working for his wife and himself.

Miss Eastcourt laughed merrily, all trace of former displeasure disappearing from her brow.

"But I am not going to marry *you*, Mr. Latimer!"

"Ah—no," returned the lawyer, slowly, something almost approaching a sigh accompanying his words; "if you were you would find me so commonplace as not to shrink from a financial discussion. I should talk money to you, Miss Eastcourt, very determinedly."

"What would you say?" she asked, merrily.

"That I shall not tell you, because it is something I cannot put down in your bill, and we lawyers, as you see, always prolong a conversation with a client, having a shrewd eye on the future rendering of the account."

"Indeed, Mr. Latimer, I shall always pay your bill with great pleasure, whatever it is, never disputing a single item in it."

"Madam," said the lawyer, solemnly, "excuse me if I impress upon you that that is exactly what you cannot do. Your husband may pay it, but you will not have the money."

"It will come to the same thing so far as you are concerned," she said.

"Precisely, and now I hope you see that my only anxiety had reference to the payment of my bill. That being secure, my best advice is at your disposal. What, then, are your final instructions, Miss Eastcourt? Mr. Hopkins, I presume, has some excellent legal gentlemen acting for him, for when a man disdains to trouble his mind about worldly affairs, it is the more necessary that he should have a substitute who has no such delicacy. Who is the substitute, and how am I to get into communication with him or them?"

The young woman fumbled about in the leathern receptacle which hung from her belt and produced a card.

"I hope I may be permitted to say," she exclaimed, defiantly, "that I do not in the least like the tone of your last remark. However, I shall take no exception to it, and will merely content myself with placing before your honourable mightiness the card of a rival firm which acts for my future husband, I hope, with more polite-

ness and consideration than you act for me."

The lawyer smiled as he took the card.

"How did you become possessed of this, Miss Eastcourt?" he asked.

"Never mind how," she said; "it is sufficient for you to know that these are the gentlemen who will assist you in carrying out my intentions. As soon as the papers are ready for me to sign I shall be much obliged if you let me know, when I shall have the pleasure of waiting upon you and attaching my name to them in your presence."

"Very well, Miss Eastcourt. Am I left any liberty in the conduct of negotiations, or must it be the whole property or none?"

"What liberty do you want, Mr. Latimer?" replied the client, rising.

"I should like very much to go into this conference without having my hands completely tied. Such an attitude places one at a great disadvantage when dealing with so shrewd a firm as the one whose name is upon this bit of pasteboard. Of course you must remember that ultimately anything I do or propose will be submitted to you for your approval, or the reverse; so in leaving me comparatively free you will be doing a kindness to me as a solicitor, besides bestowing a cherished compliment upon a friend. Of course I shall enter the negotiations shackled and manacled, if you are so cruel as to insist upon it; and in any case I hope that my diplomatic conduct will win praise not only from you but from my distinguished competitors, who act for the party of the second part."

"Very well, Mr. Latimer, I make no objection. Who am I to interfere when Greek meets Greek? You will understand, however, that I am quite fixed upon the main proposal."

Latimer held open the door to permit his visitor to depart, and she bade him farewell with a smile so altogether sweet and lovely that the man of law forgot entirely that she belonged to the middle ages.

Once alone in the room he sat down again at his table, looked at the card of Messrs. Shaw, Brenton, and Shaw, which Miss Eastcourt had left with him, then cursed gently under his breath in a most libellous and unlegal fashion, but happily there were no hearers in the room to bear witness against him.

Following the usual routine, Mr. Latimer made an appointment with Messrs. Shaw, Brenton, and Shaw for the following Wednesday at half-past eleven o'clock. At that hour he appeared before them dressed with the careful precision that had become his habit. He was regarded by his brethren in the profession as a cold, somewhat unfriendly, man, untouched by enthusiasm of any sort, but a lawyer whose opinion when uttered carried the greatest weight. His attitude towards his opponents in this case was one of scrupulous, dignified politeness. The elder Mr. Shaw, however, greeted him with an exuberant friendliness somewhat overdone, that was impassively received. The sharp firm of Shaw, Brenton, and Shaw rarely came in contact with a solicitor of the acknowledged standing of Mr. Ronald Latimer.

"You have come about the Hopkins-Eastcourt marriage?" cried Mr. Shaw, genially, rubbing his hands one over the other. "Ah, well, in our dry profession it is good to have some brightness and light occasionally, and the task of smoothing the way for Cupid may be regarded as one of the rays of sunshine which occasionally illuminate a business that has little colour in it. The young people, of course, think of nothing but billing and cooing, so it is well that the necessary preliminaries should be in the competent hands of clear-headed old fogies like ourselves."

"It is indeed an admirable arrangement of parts," agreed Mr. Latimer, "and I have no doubt that, as the young man has so capable a representative, we shall arrive at a speedy conclusion. As you are aware, it is usual when a man is marrying that he has in view some adequate provision for his wife. If you will inform me, then, what settlement your client proposes to make upon my client we can get to work at once."

"Why, really, Mr. Latimer, my instructions are somewhat the other way about. I was given to understand that the lady—who, I am pleased to hear, is wealthy—proposes to settle something like £5,000 a year upon Mr. Hopkins."

"Five thousand a year! You must surely be misinformed, Mr. Shaw; that sum represents practically the lady's whole income. It cannot be possible that the young man has proposed so one-sided a stipulation."

"Pardon me. Mr. Hopkins has proposed nothing. The suggestion comes entirely from your client, so permit me to express my surprise that you have been kept in ignorance of the details."

"I cannot plead ignorance. I remember now there was some suggestion of that kind which I dismissed at once as thoroughly

impracticable, not to say unfair. Miss Eastcourt finally left me a free hand to deal with this matter. I am to take it then that Mr. Hopkins is not in a position to make any provision for his wife?"

"Oh, Mr. Hopkins has never pretended to be a rich man. He is a clerk in this office; so, you see, I am acting for him in the triple capacity of friend, counsellor, and employer."

"Really? I must confess I was not aware of that. The position then lends itself to speedy adjustment, for if the young man is within the precincts of this building there will be little delay in your consulting with him. I have to propose then as a most generous concession on the part of my client, when all the circumstances are borne in mind, that an income of £1,000 a year be settled upon Mr. Hopkins, the lady retaining the remainder within her own control."

"Now, Mr. Latimer, please be reasonable. How can I suggest to my client that he accept such an amount when he has been promised five times the sum? We are men of the world: you would not listen to a similar offer, neither would I, nor would any other man. It is against human nature, now, isn't it?"

"You said yourself a moment since that the reason we are employed in this discussion is because the young people are not in a state of mind to do justice to it. I am here to look after my client's interests, and I must say that until this very munificent proposition is definitely rejected by Mr. Hopkins I shall hold to it."

"But, my dear Mr. Latimer, can you for a moment imagine the young man to be such a fool as to accept £1,000 a year when £5,000 lies ready to his hand?"

"Certainly, if he loves the lady, as you have hinted."

Mr. Shaw threw back his head and laughed boisterously.

"My dear colleague, you will, I know, excuse my hilarity, but you speak of love as seriously as if you believed in it! I think we are both past all that, my friend, and, in any case, the important little word does not appear in marriage settlements, however prominent it may be in the marriage service. I cannot approach my client with a proposal which I know he will reject, and which I, as his counsellor, would be bound to advise him to reject."

"Very well," said Ronald Latimer, rising to his feet, "our conference is then at an end."

"Sit down, sit down, I beg of you; let us not be too hasty. If you will excuse me for a moment, I will see Mr. Hopkins and bring you a definite answer in short order, although I may venture my reputation as a prophet that it will be as conclusive as I have indicated."

Mr. Shaw left the room, and when he very shortly afterwards returned he was accompanied by an exceedingly handsome, shrewd-faced young man, whose waxed moustache and the fashionable cut of his coat showed a dainty care for his personal appearance.

Mr. Shaw, with a wave of his hand,

"MR. SHAW, WITH A WAVE OF THE HAND, INFORMALLY INTRODUCED THE ELDER MAN TO THE YOUNGER."

informally introduced the elder man to the younger, saying: "Mr. Latimer—Mr. Hopkins," then added, "Mr. Hopkins thought it might help to expedite matters if he saw you in my company, for, after all, he is one of us, and hopes some day to be an ornament to the legal profession."

Mr. Latimer bowed formally, and made no comment upon the very creditable ambition supposed to animate the youthful breast of Hopkins, as enunciated by his legal adviser and employer. The young man, however, was evidently not present to keep silence, for he opened the argument instantly and with some strenuousness.

"To tell the truth, Mr. Latimer, I thought it just as well you should know at once and for all that I am going to permit no meddling interference in this matter, and I thought it best that we should understand each other from the very beginning."

"Your intention is most laudable," replied Mr. Latimer, with frigid politeness, "and perhaps it is due to my own dull comprehension that I find myself in a quandary at the very outset. To whom are you referring when you speak of 'meddling interference'?"

Here Mr. Shaw broke in hurriedly, accepting the thankless office of impromptu peacemaker. "Hot-headed youth, Mr. Latimer!" he said; "we must make allowances for that, you know, we old fogies. We must not be quick to take offence."

"I am entirely at one with you there, Mr. Shaw, but if Mr. Hopkins characterizes my action as either 'meddling' or 'interference,' he is ignorant of the very first principles of the profession he aspires to adorn. A counsellor representing his client is entirely within his right, and before we proceed further I shall have to ask Mr. Hopkins to be good enough to withdraw a term which I regard as uncalled-for."

"Quite so, quite so," hastily urged Mr. Shaw; "he is right, Hopkins. You should not have said that — entirely uncalled-for, entirely uncalled-for! The young gentleman *does* withdraw it, Mr. Latimer."

"I have not heard him do so," remarked Mr. Latimer, calmly.

"Oh, I withdraw it all right enough," cried Hopkins, airily; "still, I am a plain-speaking chap and I say what I think. I know of all the gossip and underhand talk that has gone on about this affair. One would think I was going to marry the whole community to which Miss Eastcourt belonged. I will have her friends know that they would be well advised to mind their own businesses."

"With the gossip of Miss Eastcourt's friends I have nothing to do," said Mr. Latimer, in his most formal business tone; "my duty begins and ends with Miss Eastcourt herself. I understand from Mr. Shaw that, at the moment, you are not prepared to settle any sum upon the lady who is to be your wife. In these circumstances I consider it but fair to her that a portion at least of her own income should be left entirely within her own control. I propose, therefore, that Miss Eastcourt settle £1,000 a year upon you and retain £4,000 a year for herself. What I wish to receive now is your rejection or acceptance of this proposal."

"You evidently take me for an imbecile, Mr. Latimer. Why should I accept £1,000 a year when I have been already offered £5,000?"

"That is just what I said a moment ago," interrupted Mr. Shaw. "Of course, it doesn't stand to reason. Now, honestly, Latimer, does it? I leave it to you as a man of the world."

"I take it, then, this means rejection?"

Mr. Shaw was about to reply, when the impatient young man broke in, angrily: "I see your game plainly enough, Mr. Latimer. You want to be in a position to say to Miss Eastcourt you have made this offer and that I have refused it, and you will use this as an argument to bolster up the malice of her friends who say that I am marrying her merely to get hold of her income. Now, I give you my word that your cunning will be quite useless. . . ."

"Tut, tut, Hopkins, Hopkins!" censured Shaw, "you really mustn't talk like that. I think, as I hinted to you in the other room, it would have been much better to have allowed Mr. Latimer and myself to adjust this matter without injecting any insinuations into it. And you, Mr. Latimer, must really not pay too much attention to what is said by a youth who, between ourselves, has been very much grievously slandered by the friends of his *fiancée*."

"That's all right, Shaw, but I believe in plain speaking, and I am not going to allow this to be muddled up by a lot of people who are making a dead set against me. But I can tell you this. Miss Eastcourt's instructions are going to be carried out in their entirety, and if not by one solicitor then by another. I am happy to say that I possess the entire confidence of Miss Eastcourt, and it is not likely I am going to be balked by——"

"Really, Hopkins, really, Hopkins," cut in the anxious Mr. Shaw, "you would be well advised to allow me to conduct these negotiations. If you will just leave Mr. Latimer and myself here to talk them over, I have no doubt we will speedily come to a conclusion."

"I thank you, Mr. Shaw," said Latimer, rising to his feet, "but I think there is nothing more to be said at the present moment. Mr. Hopkins's ultimatum I take it is the whole or nothing. I shall need to consult my client before proceeding further. I shall have the honour of writing to you and making another appointment." And so, with a courteous salutation to the elder man and an entire ignoring of the younger, Mr. Latimer took his departure.

"I fancy I gave that strait-laced chap a bit of my mind," said the confident Hopkins; "he will find he can't play games with me."

"Now you take my advice," warned Shaw, "you had better proceed carefully. Latimer is a dangerous man to deal with. For all his seeming innocence — you would think butter would not melt in his mouth — he is known in the profession as a man of iron, who not only is well aware of what he wants, but generally gets it. You take my tip and leave the remainder of these negotiations to me."

"I have no objections in the least as long as you understand I am not going to be done out of my money. It isn't Latimer that's paying the £1,000, and I am not going to accept any of his so-cal'ed 'proposals.' All you have got to do is to remain firm. I'll answer for the lady, and, after all, Latimer must do as he is told."

"MISS ELIZABETH ZANE."

Meanwhile Mr. Latimer was saying to himself as he walked to his office: "Good heavens! how cheap a man may impose upon an excellent woman!"

Arriving at his rooms he found a woman awaiting him whom he might have hesitated to designate as "excellent." Miss Elizabeth Zane had occupied a chair in the visitors' parlour for some time, expressing her determination not to leave the premises until she had seen Mr. Latimer. Her patience was palpably nearing its end when the expected gentleman arrived, and she greeted him with a notable lack of reserve. His own patience being nearly worn out, his attitude of deferential courtesy was rather enhanced than otherwise.

"Have you any idea what is going on?" cried Miss Zane.

"Not the slightest," replied Mr. Latimer; "will you kindly enlighten me?" and he waved the angry lady to the chair that had been previously occupied by her friend Miss Eastcourt.

"Well, it is time you knew and put a stop to it. There has lately been fawning round our house——"

"Do you mean the residence of Miss Eastcourt?"

"Certainly; what else should I mean? Well, a young man named Hopkins has insinuated himself into the good graces of Marjory. They say there is no fool like an old fool, and that is true. Marjory actually believes the young man in love with her, although she is old enough to be his mother——"

"Oh, not quite, Miss Zane. If the situation is serious let us not make it worse by exaggeration. I look upon Miss Eastcourt as a young lady still."

"Oh, do you? Well, I don't, and I don't suppose you would consider me in the first flush of youth."

"You do me an injustice, Miss Zane; I consider you both altogether charming, if I may be permitted to say so, and now, before you go any farther, I should like to add that in the matter to which you refer I am absolutely helpless. Even if Miss Eastcourt's father had left me guardian over his daughter, which he did not, she is by this time perfectly competent, from a legal point of view or from any other, to attend to her own affairs. I have absolutely no influence over her, and might have some hesitation in exerting it if I were so fortunate as to possess it. You who have lived with her so many years should make your protest to her and not to me."

"Gracious heavens! I have made my protest day in and day out, but what good has it done? Have you any idea what the woman intends to do? She is actually proposing to give her whole fortune away to a young rapscallion who cares not a pin for her, and who will squander her money like that!" and the indignant lady snapped her fingers in the air.

"Nevertheless, madam, I am absolutely helpless."

"Indeed, you are not. There is no person in the world for whose opinion Marjory has a greater respect than for yours. There is no one whom she admires more than you, and you needn't pretend your ignorance of that."

Extraordinary to relate, something approaching a blush actually flushed the cheek of the middle-aged lawyer, and his eyes fell to the table before him. At last he said, "Madam, you are flattering me. I assure you that I must confine my advice entirely towards the legal aspect of the case. It is not permitted for me to go farther than that."

"Then you, a friend of her father's, will actually stand calmly aside and see the deluded creature ruin herself?"

"Madam, you will oblige me by refraining from speaking of Miss Eastcourt in that tone. As I have already told you, I can do nothing; and, aside from this, I think it rather impertinent in both of us to discuss that lady's affairs in the free and easy manner we are doing."

"Oh, it's all very well for you to take a high and lofty view, but do you understand that if this affair comes off it means that I am to lose house and home?"

"Not quite so bad as that, Miss Zane. You may lose your present house and home, but your income is absolutely secured, and with that you can easily obtain an equally suitable place of residence. For before now you have expressed to me your dissatisfaction with Miss Eastcourt's home."

"My income! What can be done on a beggarly £300? Why should that woman have £5,000 a year while I am practically dependent on her bounty and made to feel it every day of my life?"

Mr. Latimer shrugged his shoulders. He wished himself quit of his visitor, but knew no way of bringing about the deprivation within the limits of gentlemanly discourse.

"You will do nothing?" the lady asked.

"I *can* do nothing, madam."

"You will have to prepare the papers, and surely you can refuse to carry out so iniquitous an arrangement?"

"Yes, I can refuse, but there are many others who will be glad to accept the task I abandon."

"Oh, you are very reluctant, aren't you, on this occasion? You weren't so backward on the last."

"I have not the slightest notion of what you are referring to, Miss Zane."

"Oh, yes, you have! When Marjory proposed to settle £300 a year on me you protested with all your might."

"The example you quote is unfortunate. If I could not influence Miss Eastcourt in a matter of £300 a year, I am hardly likely to make a second attempt when the sum is £5,000."

To his great relief, Miss Elizabeth Zane now rose indignant.

"Very well," she snapped, and abruptly left him alone without further ado to meditate on the unreasonableness of woman.

A note from Mr. Latimer brought a much more gentle visitor to his methodical table the next day.

"Well, Miss Eastcourt," he began, "I have made a proposal to Mr. Shaw which seemed to me ample and generous on your behalf. This proposal was rejected. I have now to ask you if you are determined to go the whole length you intimated to me the other day."

The lady blushed slightly, looked downwards, and traced out with the point of her sunshade the faded pattern on the worn Turkey carpet. When she spoke she did not answer his question.

"Mr. Hopkins told me he had met you."

"Yes," said Latimer, grimly; "I had the good fortune of an introduction to him."

"I am afraid," continued the lady, without looking up, "that you two did not get along very well together, and I should like you to

know that Mr. Hopkins has been so much hurt by the general misconception of his motives that he is a little apt to be hasty when he suspects anyone of sharing the views of those who have maligned him."

"I could see that," replied Mr. Latimer, "and I trust that I said nothing to which he took exception."

"Oh, you must not think he has made any complaint, for I assure you I would not have listened to censure of my good counsellor, even from him. I had just some little fear that you might have misunderstood each other, and am anxious that such should not be the case."

"You need have no further anxiety on that ground, Miss Eastcourt; I assure you we understood each other perfectly."

"I am so glad of that," she cried, brightly, looking up with a little sigh, now that everything was so satisfactory. "You will appreciate my point of view, I am sure. To do less than I had promised would make it seem that I had paid attention to the idle rumours which are afloat. He feels this, and so do I. So you see, Mr. Latimer, it is impossible for me to retreat, even if I had any desire to do so, which I have not."

"In that case, Miss Eastcourt, I shall have to resign my care of your interests to some more capable hands. I can no longer act as your representative."

The lady looked up at him for a moment with wide-open eyes, which gradually filled almost to overflowing. At last she said, speaking with some difficulty:—

"I am sure you do not mean that, Mr. Latimer."

"I am as fixed in my purpose to give you no further advice as you are in disregarding the advice you have already received. I think there is reason in all things, and that you are overstepping it. But if you give me the power to propose to Mr. Shaw that one-half your income is settled upon Mr. Hopkins, and promise me that you will not recede from the position if the offer is rejected, I will consent to remain in my present position; if you go farther, I must withdraw."

The lady slowly and somewhat dolefully shook her head, then looked up at him with dim eyes and a wavering, uncertain smile on her sweet lips.

"Women," she said, "look upon many things, affairs of the heart among others, from a different standpoint than a man. The action which seems to me to show my complete confidence in my future husband is evidently looked upon by you as confirmation of all that is said against him."

"Exactly, Miss Eastcourt; you have given expression to my view of the situation with admirable precision."

"Very well. Your determination to leave me to the tender mercies of some stranger is a complete and painful surprise to me. I feel suddenly lost—bereft. You will give me a day to think over the situation before you announce your decision as final, won't you?"

"You take my default much too seriously, Miss Eastcourt. Of course, you shall have a day or a week or a month, or any time you choose."

She held out her hand to him, and he

"I FEEL SUDDENLY LOST—BEREFT."

retained it perhaps a moment longer than was legally necessary.

At the same hour next day Miss Eastcourt was again ushered into the office of her uncompromising advocate. Her face was now as radiant as it had been formerly depressed, and Latimer thought to himself, "I wonder what extraordinary conclusion the dear lady has been driven to by what she doubtless considers the strictest logic."

He greeted her with grave kindness.

"Now, Mr. Latimer," she cried, "if there is any flaw in my reasoning this time you will have to point it out as I go along, for I am determined to speak of it to no one until my plan has your approval. I see now exactly why my former proposal has offended all my friends, and I wonder why I did not see it before, but I suppose it is your own clear mind that has made everything so plain to me. Now, it is very disheartening and, I must say, very uncomplimentary to say to a woman that a man who proposes marriage to her does so for the sake of her money. I don't think I am so old or so hideous as to give colour to such a statement."

"I most cordially agree with you, Miss Eastcourt."

"Very well," continued the lady, rigidly marking off the points of her discourse with her forefinger on her palm. "I quite see that giving to Mr. Hopkins my income would not dissipate the illusions my friends have regarding him, but would rather confirm them in their unjust suspicions. 'It was the money he was after, and now, thanks to the foolishness of the woman, he has got it,' they would say. So instead of proving to the world my husband's good intentions, I should be merely confirming the world in its harsh opinion."

"Most assuredly, madam."

"Well, you may think me very stupid, but that view did not occur to me until you set it forth with such clearness. Now I wonder at myself for not having seen it before. I spoke of this to Mr. Hopkins, who is such a stickler for truth that he thought I should abide by my first intention even though the subject of money was so abhorrent to him. But a man's views are so much stronger than a woman's, that his next remark made my course quite plain. He said that his salary is so ample that he had no need whatever for my money; that he had already quite as much as was sufficient for us both, and this amount was increasing every year, so he would gladly have nothing whatever to do with my fortune. Only as I had pledged myself to give it away he thought that my retaining it would be a breach of good faith with myself."

"I don't quite see the force of his reasoning," muttered Mr. Latimer; "surely from time immemorial a woman has had the privilege of changing her mind?"

Miss Eastcourt smiled and shook her head.

"I am afraid," she said, "that is one of our privileges more honoured in the breach than in the observance. All at once I put together what you had said the other day and what he was saying then. You told me in a joke to bestow the money on you."

"I hope you have not come to propose such a thing," cried Mr. Latimer, in alarm, at which the lady laughed merrily.

"No, you are a contented man and do not need an addition to your income; but there is a discontented woman whom I can make happy by a stroke of the pen, while at the same time I make it impossible for anyone hereafter to ascribe even a taint of sordidness to the character of Mr. Hopkins. In addition to all this I render myself happy, so if I win the approval of my austere counsellor it seems to me I must have matured a most admirable plan."

"I am very much interested in hearing what your proposal is," interjected Mr. Latimer, with visible anxiety on his brow.

"I have determined to settle my income on Miss Elizabeth Zane."

The lawyer drummed nervously with the ends of his fingers on the table before him. His thick eyebrows lowered, and the lady watched him with an intentness which did not lack a trace of apprehension. The scheme which seemed to her so marvellous in its completeness quite palpably failed to meet with his approval, but for a long time he said nothing, and when at last he spoke he uttered no criticism of her proposal.

"Does Mr. Hopkins know of this?"

"I gave him a hint of it."

"What did he say?"

"Well, you know he always shrinks from money discussions. I think the project rather took him by surprise, for when I showed him how such an action would inevitably set gossiping tongues at rest, he remarked that he did not mind what envious people said of him. He seemed not to know exactly what to say, but advised me to do nothing definite until he had thought over the matter, when he might be able to outline some other course of action which would accomplish the same object."

"I see. And are you going to follow his advice?"

"That depends a great deal on whether my compromise meets with your approval or not. To tell you the truth, Mr. Latimer, I have been very much worried of late over this question of money and would be glad to be quit of it all. I desire to do what is right and just by everyone, and in the endeavour am battered about from pillar to post, in danger of losing my old friends, pleasing nobody and being utterly wretched myself. So unless you are again very much against me I should like to end the crisis as speedily as possible."

"Have you told Miss Elizabeth Zane of her good fortune?"

"Oh, no. I thought it best to speak to none except Mr. Hopkins of course, until I had consulted you."

"In that you are very wise, Miss Eastcourt."

As the lawyer spoke his troubled face cleared suddenly.

"I most cordially approve of your action, but I advise you to keep it absolutely secret, and so that there may be no further worry to the most generous woman in the world we will finish the business before you leave this room. As you have already spoken to Mr. Hopkins about it, he will probably return to the subject next time he meets you, so I counsel you to pledge him also to secrecy. I advise you as well not to discuss the matter overmuch with him, because you will be in a position to tell him that the deed is done, signed, and sealed, so any further argument would be as useless as it might prove distracting. A deed of gift is a very simple matter, and if you have a few moments' patience I shall have it ready for you to sign."

"Oh, Mr. Latimer!" cried the lady, with a deep sigh of satisfaction, "I am so glad that for once I have met with your approval."

The lawyer smiled, but said nothing. He was busy writing upon a large legal blank which he had taken from a drawer. When he had finished he handed the imposing-looking document to Miss Eastcourt to read. She waved it aside.

"Read it to me yourself," she said; "although if you say it's accurate I am quite satisfied, and will sign it now if you will show me where I am to write."

"You must never sign a paper which you have not read. This is an important matter, and should legal action ever be taken upon it, I cannot allow it to be said that you put your name to a paper of whose contents you were ignorant. Read it, I beg of you."

The lady, with a slight laugh, did what she was so curtly commanded to do, and waded through the "herebys" and the "whereases," and other legal terms, which conveyed no very definite meaning to her mind, after which she handed it back to him, saying:—

"I suppose it is all right, but I seem just as wise or as foolish as I was before I perused it."

The lawyer was then at some pains to explain each phrase and clause to her, after which he rose and said:—

"I must get two of my clerks to witness your signature. I could, of course, be one of the witnesses myself, but perhaps it is better to have outsiders."

So Miss Marjory Eastcourt added her name to the document, and the two men brought in wrote down theirs and withdrew.

"Is that all?" she asked, brightly.

"That is all," replied Mr. Latimer, "except that you must remember my injunction to keep this morning's work absolutely secret until such time as I allow you to make it known."

When the lady had departed Latimer took a large and formidable envelope, placed the important document inside, and sealed it there, then wrote on the outside, in his clear, firm hand, "In case of my sudden death this packet is to be destroyed unopened.—RONALD LATIMER."

The first intimation of renewed interest from the opposition camp came in the form of a telephone message.

"That you, Latimer? . . . . This is Shaw. . . . . Of Shaw, Brenton, and Shaw. May I run over and see you within the next half-hour?"

"For what purpose, Mr. Shaw?"

"On that Hopkins-Eastcourt marriage-settlement."

"Oh, there is no necessity of any further discussion on that. My client has taken an action which entirely dispenses with our services, Mr. Shaw."

"You amaze me. I thought it would be all smooth-going after this. Mr. Hopkins has listened to reason, and is inclined to accept the proposal which you made in my office the other day."

"Ah! I am sorry he did not let me know a little sooner. What is done is irrevocable, and the interests of others have come into action. I thought at the time Mr. Hopkins was unduly confident, but, of course, it did not lie within my province to say so. It is a

case of 'he that will not while he may,' I fear."

There was a pause in the telephoning. Mr. Shaw was evidently consulting with someone who stood at his elbow. At last the small voice came again to Latimer's ear :—

"Are you there? By the way, Mr. Latimer, would there be any objection to Mr. Hopkins calling upon you for a few moments?"

"None in the least. But Mr. Hopkins must remember that I am absolutely powerless to change what has already been done."

"Yes, Mr. Hopkins understands that. He will be over there within five minutes. Good-bye."

Mr. Latimer employed the five minutes thus placed at his disposal by taking the large envelope out of the safe, tearing it open, and extracting the documents from within. These he placed in a drawer of the table.

Mr. Hopkins, when he entered, had lost the jaunty air which previously distinguished him.

"I desire to apologize," he began, "for my attitude and language towards you when we first met. You see, everybody was against me, and I naturally thought you were of the number. That's no excuse, of course, but——"

"Oh, it is ample excuse, Mr. Hopkins, and no more need be said about the matter. What can I do for you?"

"Is it true that Miss Eastcourt has made over her property to Miss Zane?"

"Quite true."

"Are the executed documents in your possession?"

"For the present moment they are; yes."

"May I see them?"

"Well, Mr. Hopkins," said Latimer, with apparent hesitation, "of course you know that such a request is very unusual. Have you Miss Eastcourt's permission to look at the papers?"

"Certainly, otherwise I would not ask you to break the rules of your office."

"In that case, I make no objection. Here they are."

The young man sat down and carefully scrutinized the deed word by word and phrase by phrase, then handed it back to Latimer.

"Thank you," he said, abruptly; "and good-bye."

It was now time for the party of the second part to move, and Mr. Latimer waited patiently; perhaps a trifle anxiously. There is no doubt that he expected Mr. Thomas Hopkins to indulge in a stormy interview with Miss Marjory Eastcourt, showing himself for once in his true colours; but this anticipated encounter never took place, so far as Latimer could learn. His first intimation of the new state of things came to him quite accidentally through the columns of his customary morning paper, and that in a column which previously he had never glanced at. On this occasion his eye happened to catch a name familiar to him, and he read the fateful three or four lines :—

"THE YOUNG MAN SAT DOWN AND CAREFULLY SCRUTINIZED THE DEED."

"HOPKINS—ZANE.—On Wednesday, 23rd, at Trinity Church, by the Rev. Septimus Purfleet, Thomas Hopkins, Esq., to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Michael Zane. By special license."

Latimer was at some pains to discover that this announcement was correct, and when he had satisfied himself that no mistake had been made he did a surprising thing, which, if it had ever become known, would have disqualified him for carrying on his profession. Returning to his office, and without consulting his client, he took the deed of gift from his safe and threw it upon the burning coals of his open fireplace, standing there grimly while the parchment curled up and was consumed.

Scarcely was this sacrifice complete when there was announced to him Mr. John Shaw. Latimer received his caller with a composure which one might not have expected from a man who had committed so daring and unauthorized a deed.

"Good morning, Mr. Shaw; sit down. What is the best word?"

"I have just dropped round informally in the interests of my client, Mr. Hopkins, and in pursuance of his instructions to arrange about that deed of gift which you were good enough to let him read in this office a few days ago."

"A deed of gift? *What* deed of gift?"

"Why, the deed of gift executed by Miss Eastcourt in favour of Miss Elizabeth Zane."

"Oh, *that*. You mean the annuity bestowed upon Miss Zane. It was executed some years ago. A very generous gift of £300 a year, for which, in my opinion, the recipient had little claim."

"No, no, Mr. Latimer; I am referring to quite a recent document, in which Miss Eastcourt made over her whole fortune to Miss Zane."

Mr. Latimer leaned back in his chair, a look of perplexed incredulity overspreading his face. He gazed at his visitor as if he doubted the latter's sanity, and Shaw, being as he claimed a man of the world, showed some signs of discomposure at the scrutiny, adding, uneasily:—

"It certainly seemed an odd proceeding on the part of Miss Eastcourt, but Hopkins assured me he had seen the document."

"Well, Mr. Shaw, all I can say is that your client apparently takes us for a set of lunatics who should not be at large. Give away her whole fortune to Miss Zane! In Heaven's name, why? Did he enlighten you on that point? I am afraid the young man has sent you on a fool's errand, Mr. Shaw."

"It certainly looks like it. I must confess from the first I regarded it as an utterly Utopian scheme which, as a man of the world, I had never seen the like of in all my large experience. What document was it then that you allowed Mr. Hopkins to read?"

"Oh, that was one of the numerous schemes which had been discussed between Miss Eastcourt and myself as a method of circumventing the gossip which had been so prevalent among her friends touching the young man's financial aspirations. Did he take it as an actually accomplished fact? I am sorry, but I doubt if anything I said led him to so erroneous a conclusion. If I have been at fault, of course, I am ready to accept the blame. I can assure you that my client is not responsible for any ineptitude of mine, but it is delusion on the young man's part which a few words will set right, and I am sure for my part I shall not hesitate to apologize if I have misled him."

Shaw scratched his head and frowned.

"I am not so sure that a few words will set it right. A few words were said in church yesterday morning which were irrevocable. I don't know that you are aware my client was married to Miss Elizabeth Zane yesterday?"

"Really? That has been a somewhat sudden transformation, has it not? He has been off with the old love and on with the new with a celerity which is rather a lesson to us old fogies, isn't it? Well, the newly married pair have my best wishes for their future welfare, and after all the young man marries into a comfortable assurance of £300 a year."

"Um-m, yes," remarked Mr. Shaw, doubtfully. "Three hundred a year may be comfortable, but it is anything rather than lavish. I doubt if our young friend will be entirely content with it, for, between ourselves, he has rather expensive tastes. You know nothing of this deed of gift, then?"

"I give you my assurance, Mr. Shaw, that no such document exists."

"Well," said the puzzled Mr. Shaw, taking his leave, "I shall have to see my client and explain to him that there has been a mistake."

"I wish you would," returned Latimer, cordially, "and kindly tell him from me how sorry I am if any unguarded expression of mine has led to the error. You see I looked upon him as the affianced husband of Miss Eastcourt, and as he assured me he had her permission to examine any papers pertaining to the case, I permitted him to see this particular document, and perhaps neglected to explain to him that I had no intention of allowing my client to execute it if I could possibly prevent her doing so. Indeed, I took it that Mr. Hopkins was entirely of

the same mind as myself, and regarded the deed with extreme disfavour, which was but natural. I wish you would explain that to him."

"Yes, I will," said Shaw, finally; "I can easily see how the mistake arose. The proposal was absolutely absurd from its inception."

When Mr. Shaw was safely off the premises the culprit put on his silk hat and went to call upon a lady. The servant said Miss Eastcourt was not at home.

"I wish you would inquire again," remarked Mr. Latimer, suavely.

"She told me, sir, that she was not at home to anyone. She is preparing to go away."

"Nevertheless, tell her," persisted Latimer, "that I must see her. I am her legal adviser, so kindly take my name to your mistress."

The servant showed him into the drawing-room and departed with his urgent message. Returning shortly afterward she told him that Miss Eastcourt would be down in a few moments, but the moments were many before the lady appeared.

It was evident that the time had been spent by the young woman in an effort to remove from her face the traces of tears. She approached her visitor with a pathetic, uncertain smile on her lips, holding out her hand to him.

"I am so uncourteous," she said, with nervous haste, "that I actually thought of sending you away without seeing you. Indeed, I believe that I am more than half-justified in pleading illness, and with anyone else but yourself I would have done so. To tell the truth, I am ashamed to meet you, Mr. Latimer."

"I am sure I do not understand why you should be, Miss Eastcourt."

"Oh, you understand well enough, but are too polite to say so, and for that I thank you. In your heart you cannot but help calling me a fool, and for once I entirely agree with you—I, who have set my opinion against yours so often."

"Indeed, Miss Eastcourt, you do both yourself and me an injustice; no such thought ever occurred to me. If you have erred at all it has always been on the side of generosity; and if you have made any mistakes in your estimates of mankind they have occurred through a deep-seated belief in humanity that would have done credit to an angel. So you see, if you are going to give way to the utterance of any denunciation of yourself, you will not get me to join you."

"Oh, Mr. Latimer, you overwhelm me with confusion and, I must confess, with delight by your commendations, although I know, alas, too well how undeserved they are. Indeed, indeed, I wish I had taken your advice at the beginning—it would have spared me much humiliation."

"I shall not disparage my own advice, and so, with more self-conceit than you possess, I admit that it is usually deserving of respect, for it is always honest and sincere. But it is never too late to mend, and I want you to promise to follow my advice unflinchingly hereafter."

"Oh, I will, I will, Mr. Latimer! You may be sure of that!"

"Then my first piece of advice to you is to accept unreservedly the next offer of marriage you receive, and, that a test may follow on the heels of

"THE LADY BENT HER HEAD."

your promise, I now beg of you to bestow yourself upon me."

The lady bent her head and covered her face with her hands. He waited some moments for an answer, but none was forthcoming—then he continued :—

"You must not imagine that this is any sudden thought on my part. My dear lady, it has been in my mind and heart for years, and somehow all this wretched muddling about money with which we have been engaged has shown me how little gold has to do with the real affairs of human life. You see, I was placed in a very difficult position : I was your counsellor, and there seemed something not quite straight in my taking advantage of the confidential relation I bore to your affairs. In fact, my very intimate knowledge of them handicapped me in the quest that, almost ever since I knew you, was next my heart. If I have been eager in business it was largely because I wished to be able to say that my income exceeded, or at least equalled, your own. That condition of affairs has not even now come to pass, but I am determined that, let the world put what construction it pleases on my action, I shall no longer keep silence. Your calm announcement to me the other day that you intended to be married startled and dismayed me. I determined that I should not say a word against the man you had chosen, no matter how unworthy he might prove himself to be, and I think no censure of him passed my lips from first to last in my conversations with you until this moment. Even now I shall merely make this mention of him, but I will admit that I have plotted like a mediæval conspirator to be quit of him. Rightly speaking, so great a villain as I am should not get the reward he seeks ; but, dear lady, I throw myself on your mercy. Extend to me, I beg of you, enough of that universal charity which you feel for all, to enable me to accomplish the hope of my life : to win the consent of Marjory Eastcourt to be my wife."

But the lady shook her head, still not looking up at him.

"Oh, it is too late," she murmured ; "why did you not speak years ago?—for there was no man I honoured as I did you. What difference could money and position have made to me? Do you think I have so little pride that now when, through my own folly, I am penniless—when, if I saw you again, it would have been to ask your aid in getting me some situation where I might earn my own bread—I can accept your generous offer under conditions so unequal? No, it is too late."

"Whatever inequality there is in the conditions arises through the fact that you are richer than I. Do you reject me on that account, Miss Marjory?"

Now she looked up at him with moist eyes, but astonishment written on her face.

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"Oh, the deed of gift was destroyed. It was never my intention that it should be delivered. You see, your object in executing it was to prove the good faith or the reverse of Mr. Hopkins. The moment the document answered that purpose I took the liberty of eliminating it."

The lady gazed at him with wide-open eyes.

"Was that proceeding wholly honest, Mr. Latimer? It certainly does not seem so to me."

"You are asking my legal opinion, I take it. I declare to you that it was not only honest, but entirely justified in the circumstances. The responsibility rests on my shoulders alone, and I utterly refuse to have the question of money come between us in any shape or form. Now, that being settled by a most competent authority, Marjory, I ask for your answer."

The smile this time was neither wavering nor uncertain, but charmingly sweet and affectionate.

"From your confident tone I think you know that the answer is the same as it would have been if you had asked your question years ago."

Comets—

BY SIR ROBERT BALL.

LET us suppose that there was no other star in the universe than our own sun, and let us further, for the sake of making the argument clearer, suppose that the sun was deprived of its system of attendant worlds. Next, let some other object be introduced which we may suppose to be extremely light, like a wisp of vapour, and let it be situated at a distance from the sun which we may regard as indefinitely great. These two bodies, namely, the sun and this wisp of vapour, are then supposed to be abandoned to their mutual attraction. Each of these objects will pull the other, and the result of the attraction between the two bodies will be to make them approach each other. As, however, the mass of the sun is so vast, while the mass of the wisp is so small, we may fairly assume that the greater part of this movement will be done by the wisp, while the sun will remain comparatively at rest. The case is indeed much the same in this respect as in the fall of a stone to the ground. The stone goes down to meet the earth, but the earth at the same time comes up to meet the stone. As, however, the earth is more massive than millions of millions of stones, the actual movement performed by the earth is in this case quite unappreciable. We may therefore say, with truth enough for all practical purposes, that it is the stone which does all the moving, while the earth remains at rest.

In the same manner we may suppose the sun to be at rest, while this wisp of vapour is drawn towards it from the depths of space. At first, no doubt the motion may be extremely slow: for the attraction of the sun decreases with its distance. Indeed, the wisp of vapour might be so remote, that it would require thousands of years to move over an inch. But as the motion progresses the body will gradually acquire speed, until after the lapse of a time, so long that we shall not attempt to express it in figures, the little object will be found hurrying in towards the sun with the speed of an express train; still the pace will grow until the approaching object will be moving as quickly as a rifle bullet. The intervening distance is now rapidly diminishing: but, as that distance lessens, the intensity of the solar attraction increases, and, consequently, the pace at which the object is urged onwards becomes greater and greater. From moving at the rate of a mile in a second, the little object would gradually attain a speed not less than that of the earth in its orbit, namely, about eighteen miles a second. Still the body presses onwards, until a pace could be reached of 100 or 200 miles a second. Finally, when the vapour would be about to make the terrific plunge into the glowing sun, its speed would be upwards of 400 miles a second. The vastness of this speed may be realized from the fact that a body animated by so great a velocity would accomplish a complete circuit of the earth in about a minute.

The case which I have supposed is, however, not exactly that of a comet. The movement would hardly take place in the way just described, in which the sun and the wisp of vapour were both originally at rest. Such a state of things could hardly be possible in Nature. We may, no doubt, suppose the sun to have been at rest, for it is only the relative movements of the two bodies which concern us. But we can hardly imagine that the wisp of vapour could have been so delicately placed as to have had absolutely no motion whatever, except, indeed, in the direct line towards the sun. If, at the moment of starting, the object possessed a movement which would carry it in the course of time out of the direct line to the sun, then a totally different condition of motion would be the result.

All the time that the sun was drawing this wisp of vapour towards it, the transverse movement would be gradually moving the wisp out of the direct line. Now, though the speed of that movement may be very small, yet in the lapse of those millions of years that are required to draw the body into the sun, this transverse movement will have increased to such an extent that the object will miss the sun instead of hitting it. In fact, after its stupendous voyage from the indefinitely remote depths of space, during which it has acquired its vast speed of scores or hundreds of miles a second, the comet will be found not plunging into the sun, but

passing to one side of it. While the two objects are in such close proximity their mutual attraction is, of course, of tremendous vehemence In virtue of this attraction, the rapidly moving comet is whirled round the sun, and consequently begins to retreat again towards the same side from which it has come. In this majestic sweep the comet describes a graceful curve. Coming in from infinity it approaches the sun, wheels round the sun, and then again retires to the depths of space.

As the comet has swept in towards the sun, in consequence of the attraction of that body, it may seem difficult to understand why it should then retreat outwards again, notwithstanding the attraction which now seeks to draw it back. This may, however, be illustrated by a very simple contrivance. Let a weight be hung from the ceiling by a string. Let that weight be drawn aside and then released. It will, of course, swing down to the lowest point, and then, having passed through the lowest point, the weight will begin to ascend. The attraction of the earth pulls the body down, but as it descends it acquires speed, and in virtue of this speed it is enabled to pass the lowest point and to ascend in opposition to gravity on the other side. In the same way, the speed acquired by the comet in its long voyage towards the sun from the depths of space enables it to sweep round the sun without being captured, and then to pass away, perhaps, never more to return. The nearer the comet is to the solar surface the greater is the speed with which it moves, and consequently the more brief is its sojourn in the vicinity of the sun. A comet has, in fact, been known to graze the sun so closely that it passed within one-seventh part of the sun's radius. In this case a period of two hours sufficed for the comet to completely turn round the sun and commence its retreat into space.

The actual circumstances presented in Nature are not quite so simple. We have assumed that the sun and the comet were the solitary objects in the universe. Of course, this condition is not fulfilled. There are the planets surrounding the sun, and there are the countless hosts of stars. Some of these objects may attract the comet with a vigour sufficient to sway it considerably from the track which it would otherwise follow. In consequence of these various forces we are not justified in discussing the problem actually presented in Nature as being exactly the same as that in the case hitherto supposed. But our illustrations will, at all events, suffice to give a general idea of what actually happens. The comets are drawn in from the depths of space, they approach the sun, they sweep round the sun, and they then retreat again to the abyss from which they have come. The laws of mathematics assure us that it is quite possible for an object, after journeying from an immeasurably great distance for an immeasurably long time, to enter our system, to wheel round the sun, and then again retreat to commence an infinite voyage which should last for all eternity. It is perfectly certain that this kind of motion, which we know to be possible, does closely resemble that actually performed by many of the comets. These bodies enter our system, they come into the vicinity of the earth, and, under these circumstances, they are accessible to our observation. As they retreat into space they gradually withdraw from our view. Many of the comets which come to visit us appear to be objects which have never been within the ken of the earth before, and which will never be within the ken of the earth again.

There are, however, a few of these bodies which describe orbits of a different kind. They move round in elliptic or oval paths, so that their visits to our vicinity and their consequent visibility to the inhabitants of the earth recur with more or less regularity. Of such a nature is that most famous of all comets, which bears the name of the illustrious astronomer Halley. This splendid object accomplishes a complete circuit around the sun every seventy-five years. It will again display its splendours for terrestrial admiration about the year 1910.

Our knowledge of comets has been greatly extended in the last few years by the application of photographic methods to the investigation of the heavens. Indeed, we are evidently now entering upon a new phase in the history of the study of these mysterious objects. The advantages of photography for such inquiries are obvious. In the first place, the plates present to us pictures of absolute accuracy. This is a matter of special importance in this research, because the appearance of comets changes so incessantly, that unless the portrait of the comet obtained on any particular occasion be absolutely faithful, it is impossible to correct it on any subsequent occasion. Not only from week to week does the comet alter its appearance, but it changes even from day to day. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance to obtain views of the body which shall be of unquestioned accuracy so far as

the aspect of the body is concerned at that particular moment. There is also another reason why photographic pictures of comets are particularly instructive. It is a peculiarity of the sensitive plate that it is able to perceive and record luminous expressions quite too faint to produce any impression on the eye.

When we examine the photograph of a comet, we thus often find on it many details which were quite unseen by the observer, no matter how acute his vision may have been, and no matter how powerful may be the telescope which he has been employing. It is, indeed, sometimes found that the tail of the comet, as it is depicted on the plates, is three times as extensive as the tail of the same body as it is displayed through a telescope.

An interesting comet, which has afforded much occupation to the photographer, was discovered on July 8th, 1893, by Mr. Alfred Rordame, an astronomer residing in Salt Lake City. Mr. W. J. Hussey obtained some admirable photographs of this object at the Lick Observatory, and we are also indebted to the same astronomer for a very interesting account of the physical characteristics of this body.

On looking at the photograph of the comet Rordame, on the 12th of July, and comparing it with that shown on the next page, taken on the following night, the observer will be astonished at the difference in the structure of the two tails. It would seem as if some violent dislocation of the material of the tail must have taken place in the interval which has elapsed between the times when the two pictures were taken. There is no doubt that visual observations would never have established this point so clearly as the photographs have done.

It will be noticed that the plates are marked over by numbers of bright streaks: these are the photographs of the stars which happened to lie in the same field of view as the comet. But it may well be asked how it has come to pass that the stars are represented by streaks instead of the round images which we should expect from their sun-like character. The explanation of this circumstance is not a little curious and instructive. The comet is in motion, and it moves so rapidly that in the course of such a protracted exposure as that on July 12th, which lasted for one hour and twelve minutes, the comet changes its position on the sky through a distance which is quite apparent. If the camera had been directed throughout the exposure to the same part of the heavens, the comet, like the unquiet sitter, would only have permitted us to obtain a very blurred and indistinct portrait. To obviate the effects of this motion it was therefore necessary for the astronomer who was engaged in taking the picture to

THE COMET RORDAME, JULY 12, 1893.
Photographed by W. J. Hussey, at the Lick Observatory.

THE COMET RORDAME, JULY 13, 1893.
Photographed by W. J. Hussey, at the Lick Observatory.

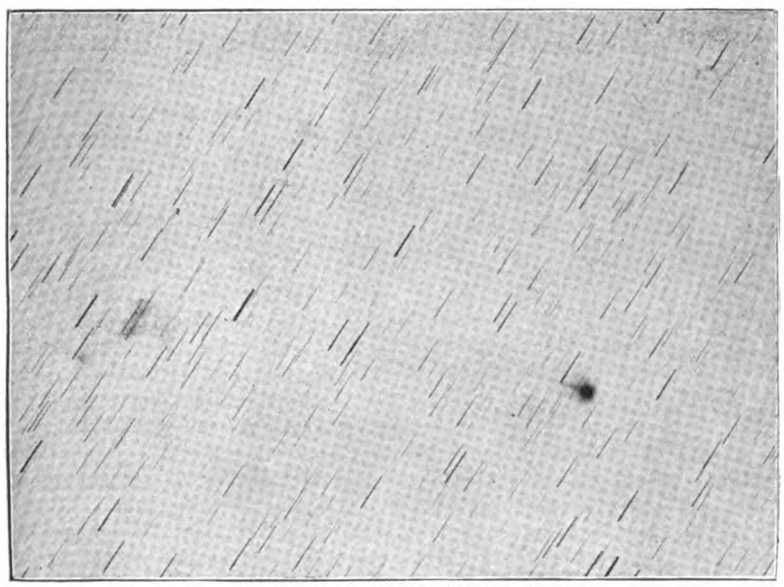
shift the camera slowly during the course of the exposure, and in that way to neutralize the influence of the comet's motion. The picture is thus made to represent the comet as if that body had remained at rest during the exposure. But the stars which were strewn over the background remained quiet all the time; as, however, the camera was shifted, for the reason just mentioned, it follows that each of the stars, instead of being represented by a point, as it would have been in an ordinary sidereal picture, is manifested in this plate by a streak.

Such streaks, if useless as stellar pictures, are, nevertheless, very instructive. They reveal to us the nature and the extent of the movement of the comet during the period which the exposure has lasted. The length of the streak expresses the apparent distance through which the comet has moved, while the direction of the streak indicates the direction in which the comet is moving. At first sight this latter circumstance may appear somewhat puzzling. We are accustomed to see a shower of sparks extending out behind a sky-rocket, and this tail to the rocket follows generally the track along which the rocket has itself advanced. But the tail of a comet bears a relation to the comet very different from that which the stream of sparks behind a rocket bears to the rocket itself. The position of the comet's tail is governed by the remarkable law that it must be turned away from the sun. In fact, it would generally be found that a line drawn through the comet from the tail to the head would, when continued around the heavens, point to the sun.

In the present case it is plain, from the position of the star tracks, that the motion of the comet happens to be almost perpendicular to the direction of its tail. Considering the very flimsy character of the tail of a comet, it may seem rather surprising that this structure should not be swept backwards so

as to stream out along the comet's track. Especially is this the case when we think of the enormous velocity at which the object is moving. It must, however, be remembered that no atmosphere exists in the open space through which the comet wings its flight. There would be no other medium to offer any resistance to the flight of the tail, and therefore there is no difficulty in explaining how the object moves sideways through space as the photographs show it actually does.

The photograph of Gale's comet shows the rapid motion of that body in a very instructive manner. The lengths of the star tracks, of course, exhibit the distance through which the comet has moved in the course of a little more than two hours, which was the duration of the exposure.



GALE'S COMET, MAY 8, 1894.
Photographed by E. E. Barnard, at the Lick Observatory.

There is another very interesting circumstance brought out by these photographs of the stars, when we remember that they form a background with respect to the comet. It will be observed that many of the stellar streaks are visible right through the tail. To appreciate all that this implies we should note that most of the stars here concerned are in truth very faint objects. They would, under any circumstances, be quite invisible to the unaided eye. Yet they are nevertheless distinctly seen, notwithstanding the interposition of this stupendous volume of cometary matter. Here, then, we see that stars, even though they be faint stars, can nevertheless be discerned through a thickness of hundreds of thousands of miles, of the material which forms the substance of the tail of the comet. This enormously thick curtain is quite unavailing for the purpose of hiding the stars. Yet the light from those stars is so feeble that the slightest film of haze on a summer sky would suffice to extinguish them. This circumstance shows, in a very striking manner, how insignificant must be the quantity of material which is contained in a comet. We can admit this without, perhaps, going quite so far as to agree with those who assert that the tail of a notable comet may, nevertheless, contain no greater quantity of solid material than could be packed into a portmanteau.

The comet discovered by Swift in 1892 is a very interesting and instructive object. The picture shown on the next page was taken by Professor E. E. Barnard, at the Lick Observatory, on 7th April, 1892. This comet possesses a feature which may be said to be without a parallel in the photographs of any other similar object. It displays the actual formation of a second comet as a part of the first. It can hardly be doubted that this second comet is destined to assume an independent existence. Astronomers had already known, in the case of Biela's comet, that one of these objects divided into two. Here the operation of division may actually be witnessed.

The remarkable movements of all comets, and the brilliant appearance which many of these objects display, make every circumstance with regard to them of much interest. It will, therefore, not be a matter of surprise to learn that the spectroscopic methods of research, which have already taught us so much with regard to the sun and the stars, have been applied to the examination of comets. The results are very instructive, and we here give some account of them.

SWIFT'S COMET, APRIL 7, 1892.
Photographed by E. E. Barnard, at the Lick Observatory.

We must first explain that there are two totally different ways in which a body may be rendered visible. In the first case, it may shine by its own light; in the second case, it may simply show the light reflected from some other luminous body. The illumination dispensed by a sun or a star is of the first kind; that shed by the earth or any other planet is of the second kind. The first question which we have to ask with regard to the light received from a comet may be thus stated. Is this light due to some cause of luminosity in the comet itself, or is it merely sunlight reflected from the comet as from a planet?

If we had been restricted to the use of telescopes, however powerful, it would hardly have been possible for us to have solved this problem. The spectroscope has, however, the power of disentangling the component rays in a beam of light, and thus indicating their character in such a way as enables us to learn what the source of the light may have been. We thus find that the light emitted from a comet is, generally speaking, of a two-fold character. Part of it is undoubtedly reflected sunlight. This is demonstrated by observations with the spectroscope, which show that part of the radiation from a comet exhibits a continuous spectrum, marked by precisely those lines and groups of lines which are distinctly characteristic of sunlight. The evidence on this point is quite convincing. We should, indeed, have been greatly surprised had it been otherwise; for when the comet adventures so near the sun as it does in the course of its wanderings it must be brilliantly lighted up by the great luminary, and, of course, some portion of the splendour thus produced is naturally reflected to us.

But besides the brightness which comets possess in virtue of the sunlight which they receive, it is quite certain that they are also to be regarded as being in a certain sense light generators themselves. In this respect the comet is at once perceived to be a body of a totally different character from a planet. The splendour of Venus is due simply to the sunlight which falls upon it. Nor does the great Jupiter himself emit any rays beyond those which he imperfectly reflects from the sun. The comet is, however, of a very different nature from the more robust planets. Part of the light which the comet transmits is unquestionably due to incandescence in the body itself. If the sun were to be suddenly deprived of light-giving power while we were surveying the heavens containing the moon and a planet and a bright comet, then the moon and the planet would instantly disappear from view; but the comet might still shine on. No doubt it would lose some of its brightness, and probably the tail would be to a great extent shorn of its original proportions. There would, however, be a certain amount of cometary light independent of the sun still forthcoming, so that extinction would not necessarily overtake the comet as it certainly would the moon and the planets.

The spectroscope not only tells us of the

existence of light intrinsic to the comet, but its evidence goes much further; it informs us actually as to what the very elements must be to whose presence in the comet the light owes its origin. We here note the peculiar advantage of the spectroscopic methods of research. They detect special differences in the rays of light, thus often enabling us to trace each different type of light to its source.

The first notable achievement in the determination of the peculiar character of the radiation from a comet was made by Dr. Huggins in 1868. He showed that some of the rays of a comet which appeared that year were indicative of the presence of the element carbon in the body of the object. In the case of this particular element the available information carried us somewhat further than is often the case. Not only was the existence of the element demonstrated, but the particular chemical combination in which that element appeared was disclosed. By its union with hydrogen, carbon gives rise to an important series of compounds. The substances thus produced are very familiar. It need only be mentioned that the common petroleum, which we use in our lamps, is a combination of carbon and hydrogen! The spectrum of a hydro-carbon, as one of these compounds is termed, is of such a characteristic nature that it can be used as a test to show whether the hydro-carbon itself is present. Dr. Huggins compared the spectrum of the comet now referred to with the spectrum of these hydro-carbons. The identity between the two spectra was noted, and thus a splendid addition was at once made to our knowledge. Subsequent research has confirmed the important discovery that hydro-carbons are characteristic components of many comets.

For many years no further important addition was made to our knowledge of the elementary substances present in these wandering bodies. The light they dispensed appeared to be partly the reflected light from the sun, and partly the light due to incandescent hydro-carbons. But in 1882 a great advance was made. A comet was discovered that year in Albany, by Mr. Wells. At first, this body showed the bright continuous spectrum due to reflected sunlight, while the indications of the presence of hydro-carbon were mainly confined to the neighbourhood of the nucleus. After this interesting object had adorned the heavens for a couple of months Dr. Copeland, now the distinguished Astronomer-Royal of Scotland, discovered a bright yellow line in the spectrum indicating the presence of sodium. This observation was of particular importance, inasmuch as it afforded at once direct evidence of the presence in these celestial wanderers of another element specially remarkable in its terrestrial relations. An emphatic confirmation of Copeland's discovery was presently forthcoming. It is well known that the bright yellow line indicative of the presence of sodium is seen to be double when examined under suitable circumstances. As the comet approached the sun the characteristic sodium light became quite strong. The nucleus glared with the distinct yellow hue belonging to this element; and, indeed, by filtering away all other light in a process with which the spectroscopist is familiar, an outline of the head of the comet was obtained which was produced by sodium light alone.

To Dr. Copeland and Dr. Lohse at the Earl of Crawford's observatory at Dunecht we are also indebted for yet one more important addition to our knowlege of the composition of these bodies. In the autumn of 1882 we were visited by another comet, which must rank as one of the most famous of these objects which have appeared during this century. On the 18th September, 1882, the two astronomers I have named observed in the spectrum of this comet, not only the sodium line, but also six other lines. The places of these were carefully measured, and it was found afterwards that they were undoubtedly the chief lines of the iron spectrum. Here was, indeed, another notable discovery. The element iron, of such transcendent importance to us on the earth, is now known to be a constituent of the cometary wanderers through space.

Thus we have learned that the principal elements in comets are among the common substances on the earth. Here, again, we find additional testimony to that fundamental unity in the composition of heavenly bodies, the perception of which is one of the most notable results in modern science.

The First Men in the Moon.

By H. G. Wells.

CHAPTER XVI.

POINTS OF VIEW.

The light grew stronger as we advanced. In a little time it was nearly as strong as the phosphorescence on Cavor's legs. Our tunnel was expanding into a cavern and this new light was at the farther end of it. I perceived something that set my hopes leaping and bounding.

"Cavor," I said, "it comes from above! I am certain it comes from above!"

He made no answer, but hurried on.

Indisputably it was a grey light, a silvery light.

In another moment we were beneath it. It filtered down through a chink in the walls of the cavern, and as I stared up, drip, came a huge drop of water upon my face. I started, and stood aside; drip, fell another drop quite audibly on the rocky floor.

"Cavor," I said, "if one of us lifts the other, he can reach that crack!"

"I'll lift you," he said, and incontinently hoisted me as though I was a baby.

I thrust an arm into the crack, and just at my finger-tips found a little ledge by which I could hold. I could see the white light was very much brighter now. I pulled myself up by two fingers with scarcely an effort, though on earth I weigh twelve stone, reached to a still higher corner of rock, and so got my feet on the narrow ledge. I stood up and searched up the rocks with my fingers; the cleft broadened out upwardly. "It's climbable," I said to Cavor. "Can you jump up to my hand if I hold it down to you?"

I wedged myself between the sides of the cleft, rested knee and foot on the ledge, and extended a hand. I could not see Cavor, but I could hear the rustle of his movements as he crouched to spring. Then whack, and he was hanging to my arm—and no heavier than a kitten! I lugged him up until he had a hand on my ledge and could release me.

"Confound it!" I said, "anyone could be a mountaineer on the moon," and so set myself in earnest to the climbing. For a few minutes I clambered steadily, and then I looked up again. The cleft opened out gradually, and the light was brighter. Only——

It was not daylight after all! In another moment I could see what it was, and at the sight I could have beaten my head against the rocks with disappointment. For I beheld simply an irregularly sloping open space, and all over its slanting floor stood a forest of little club-shaped fungi, each shining gloriously with that pinkish, silvery light. For a moment I stared at their soft radiance, then sprang forward and upward among them. I plucked up half-a-dozen and flung them against the rocks, and then sat down, laughing bitterly, as Cavor's ruddy face came into view.

"It's phosphorescence again," I said. "No need to hurry. Sit down and make

"CAVOR'S RUDDY FACE CAME INTO VIEW."

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yourself at home." And as he spluttered over our disappointment I began to lob more of these growths into the cleft.

"I thought it was daylight," he said.

"Daylight!" cried I. "Daybreak, sunset, clouds, and windy skies! Shall we ever see such things again?"

As I spoke a little picture of our world seemed to rise before me, bright and little and clear, like the background of some Italian picture. "The sky that changes, and the sea that changes, and the hills and the green trees, and the towns and cities shining in the sun. Think of a wet roof at sunset, Cavor! Think of the windows of a westward house!"

He made no answer.

"Here we are burrowing in this beastly world that isn't a world, with its inky ocean hidden in some abominable blackness below, and outside that torrid day and that death stillness of night. And all those things that are chasing us now, beastly men of leather—insect men, that come out of a nightmare! After all, they're right! What business have we here, smashing them and disturbing their world? For all we know the whole planet is up and after us already. In a minute we may hear them whimpering and their gongs going. What are we to do? Where are we to go? Here we are as comfortable as snakes from Jamrach's loose in a Surbiton villa!"

I resumed my destruction of the fungi. Then suddenly I saw something and shouted.

"Cavor," I said, "these chains are of gold!"

He was sitting, thinking intently, with his hands gripping his cheeks. He turned his head slowly and stared at me and, when I had repeated my words, at the twisted chain about his right hand. "So they are," he said, "so they are." His face lost its transitory interest even as he looked. He hesitated for a moment, then went on with his interrupted meditation. I sat for a space puzzling over the fact that I had only just observed this, until I considered the blue light in which we had been and which had taken all the colour out of the metal. And from that discovery I also started upon a train of thought that carried me wide and far. I forgot that I had just been asking what business we had in the moon. I was dreaming of gold. . . .

It was Cavor who spoke first. "It seems to me that there are two courses open to us."

"Well?"

"Either we can attempt to make our way—fight our way if necessary—out to the exterior again and then hunt for our sphere until either we find it or the cold of the night comes to kill us, or else——"

He paused. "Yes," I said, though I knew what was coming.

"We might attempt once more to establish some sort of understanding with the minds of the people in the moon."

"So far as I'm concerned—it's the first."

"I doubt."

"I don't."

"You see," said Cavor, "I do not think we can judge the Selenites by what we have seen of them. Their central world, their civilized world, will be far below in the profounder caverns about their sea. This region of the crust in which we are is an outlying district, a pastoral region. At any rate, that is my interpretation. These Selenites we have seen may be only the equivalent of cow-boys and engine-tenders. Their use of goads—in all probability mooncalf goads—the lack of imagination they show in expecting us to be able to do just what they can do, their indisputable brutality, all seem to point to something of that sort. But if we endured——"

"Neither of us could endure a six-inch plank across the bottomless pit for very long."

"No," said Cavor, "that's true."

He discovered a new line of possibilities. "Suppose we got ourselves into some corner, where we could defend ourselves against these hinds and labourers. If, for example, we could hold out for a week or so, it is probable that the news of our appearance would filter down to the more intelligent and populous parts——"

"If they exist."

"They must exist, or whence come those tremendous machines?"

"That's possible, but it's the worst of the two chances."

"We might write up inscriptions on walls——"

"How do we know their eyes would see the sort of marks we made?"

"If we cut them——"

"That's possible, of course."

I took up a new thread of thought. "After all," I said, "I suppose you don't think these Selenites so infinitely wiser than men?"

"They must know a lot more—or at least a lot of different things."

"Yes, but——" I hesitated. "I think you'll quite admit, Cavor, that you're rather an exceptional man."

"How?"

"Well, you—you're a rather lonely man; have been, that is. You haven't married."

"Never wanted to. But why?"

"And you never grew richer than you happened to be?"

"Never wanted that either."

"You've just rooted after knowledge."

"Well, a certain curiosity is natural——"

"You think so. That's just it. You think every other mind wants to *know*. I remember once, when I asked you why you conducted all these researches, you said you wanted your F.R.S., and to have the stuff called Cavorite, and things like that. You know perfectly well you didn't do it for that; but at the time my question took you by surprise, and you felt you ought to have something to look like a motive. Really, you conducted researches because you *had* to. It's your twist."

"Perhaps it is——"

"It isn't one man in a million has that twist. Most men want—well, various things, but very few want knowledge for its own sake. I don't, I know perfectly well. Now these Selenites seem to be a driving, busy sort of being, but how do you know that even the most intelligent will take an interest in us or our world? I don't believe they'll even know we have a world. They never come out at night—they'd freeze if they did. They've probably never seen any heavenly body at all except blazing sun. How are they to know there *is* another world? What does it matter to them if they do? Well, even if they *have* had a glimpse of a few stars or even of the earth crescent, what of that? Why should people living *inside* a planet trouble to observe that sort of thing? Men wouldn't have done it except for the seasons and sailing; why should the moon people? . . . .

"Well, suppose there are a few philosophers like yourself. They are just the very Selenites who'll never hear of our existence. Suppose a Selenite had dropped on the earth when you were at Lympne; you'd have been the last man in the world to hear he had come. You never read a newspaper. You see the chances against you. Well, it's for these chances we're sitting here doing nothing while precious time is flying. I tell you we've got into a fix. We've come unarmed, we've lost our sphere, we've got no food, we've shown ourselves to the Selenites and made them think we're strange, strong, dangerous animals, and unless these Selenites are perfect fools they'll set about now and hunt us till they find us, and when they find us they'll try and take us if they can and kill us if they can't, and that's the end of the matter. After they take us they'll probably kill us, through some misunderstanding. After we're done for they may discuss us, perhaps, but we sha'n't get much fun out of that."

"Go on."

"On the other hand, here's gold knocking about like cast-iron at home If only we can get some of it back, if only we can find our sphere again before they do and get back, then——"

"Yes?"

"We might put the thing on a sounder footing. Come back in a bigger sphere with guns."

"Good Lord!" cried Cavor, as though that was horrible.

I shied another luminous fungus down the cleft.

"Look here, Cavor," I said, "I've half the voting power anyhow in this affair, and this is a case for a practical man. I'm a practical man, and you are not. I'm not going to trust to Selenites and geometrical diagrams again if I can help it. . . . That's all. Get back. Drop all this secrecy—or most of it. And come again."

He reflected. "When I came to the moon," he said, "I ought to have come alone."

"The question before the meeting," I said, "is how to get back to the sphere."

For a time we nursed our knees in silence. Then he seemed to decide to accept my reasons.

"I think," he said, "one can get data. It is clear that, while the sun is on this side of the moon, the air will be blowing through this planet sponge from the dark side hither. On this side, at any rate, the air will be expanding and flowing out of the moon caverns into the crater. . . . Very well, there's a draught here."

"So there is."

"And that means that this is not a dead end; somewhere behind us this cleft goes on and up. The draught is blowing up, and that is the way we have to go. If we try and get up any sort of chimney or gully there is, we shall not only get out of these passages where they are hunting for us——"

"But suppose the gully is too narrow."

"We'll come down again."

"'Ssh!" I said, suddenly; "what's that?"

We listened. At first it was an indistinct murmur, and then one picked out the clang of a gong. "They must think we are moon-calves," said I, "to be frightened at that."

"They're coming along that passage," said Cavor.

"They must be."

"They'll not think of the cleft. They'll go past."

I listened again for a space. "This time," I whispered, "they're likely to have some sort of weapon."

Then suddenly I sprang to my feet. "Good heavens, Cavor!" I cried. "But they *will!* They'll see the fungi I have been pitching down. They'll——"

I didn't finish my sentence. I turned about and made a leap over the fungus-tops towards the upper end of the cavity. I saw that the space turned upward and became a draughty cleft again, ascending to impenetrable darkness. I was about to clamber up into this, and then with a happy inspiration turned back.

"What are you doing?" asked Cavor.

"Go on!" said I, and went back and got two of the shining fungi, and putting one into the breast pocket of my flannel jacket so that it stuck out to light our climbing, went back with the other for Cavor. The noise of the Selenites was now so loud that it seemed they must be already beneath the cleft. But it might be they would have difficulty in clambering into it, or might hesitate to ascend it against our possible resistance. At any rate we had now the comforting knowledge of the enormous muscular superiority our birth on another planet gave us. In another minute I was clambering with gigantic vigour after Cavor's blue-lit heels.

"CLAMBERING WITH GIGANTIC VIGOUR AFTER CAVOR'S BLUE-LIT HEELS."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIGHT IN THE CAVE OF THE MOON BUTCHERS.

I DO not know how far we clambered before we came to the grating. It may be we ascended only a few hundred feet, but at the time it seemed to me we might have hauled and jammed and hopped and wedged ourselves through a mile or more of vertical ascent. Whenever I recall that time there comes into my head the heavy clank of our golden chains that followed every movement. Very soon my knuckles and knees were raw, and I had a bruise on one cheek. After a time the first violence of our efforts diminished, and our movements became more deliberate and less painful. The noise of the pursuing Selenites had died away altogether. It seemed almost as though they had not traced us up the crack after all, in spite of the tell-tale heap of broken fungi that must have lain beneath it. At times the cleft narrowed so much that we could scarce squeeze up it, at others it expanded into great drusy cavities studded with prickly crystals, or thickly beset with dull, shining fungoid pimples. Sometimes it twisted spirally and at other times slanted down nearly to the horizontal direction. Ever and again there was the intermittent drip and trickle of water by us. Once or twice it seemed to us that small living things had rustled out of our reach, but what they were we never saw. They may have been venomous beasts for all I know, but they did us no harm, and we were now tuned to a pitch when a weird creeping thing more or less mattered little. And, at last, far above came the familiar bluish light again, and then we saw that it filtered through a grating that barred our way.

We whispered as we pointed this out to one another and became more and more cautious in our ascent. Presently we were close under the grating, and by pressing my face against its bars I could see a limited

portion of the cavern beyond. It was clearly a large space, and lit no doubt by some rivulet of the same blue light that we had seen flow from the beating machinery. An intermittent trickle of water dropped ever and again between the bars near my face.

My first endeavour was naturally to see what might be upon the floor of the cavern, but our grating lay in a depression whose rim hid all this from our eyes. Our foiled attention then fell back upon the suggestion of the various sounds we heard, and presently my eye caught a number of faint shadows that played across the dim roof, far overhead.

Indisputably there were several Selenites, perhaps a considerable number in this space, for we could hear the noises of their intercourse and faint sounds that I identified as their footfalls. There was also a succession of regularly repeated sounds, chid, chid, chid, which began and ceased, suggestive of a knife or spade hacking at some soft substance. Then came a clank as if of chains, a whistle and a rumble as of a truck running over a hollowed place, and then again that chid, chid, chid, resumed. The shadows told of shapes that moved quickly and rhythmically in agreement with that regular sound, and rested when it ceased.

We put our heads close together and began to discuss these things in noiseless whispers.

"They are occupied," I said; "they are occupied in some way."

"Yes."

"They're not seeking us or thinking of us."

"Perhaps they have not heard of us."

"Those others are hunting about below. If suddenly we appeared here——"

We looked at one another.

"There might be a chance to parley," said Cavor.

"No," I said, "not as we are."

For a space we remained, each occupied with his own thoughts.

Chid, chid, chid went the chipping, and the shadows moved to and fro.

I looked at the grating. "It's flimsy," I said. "We might bend two of the bars and crawl through."

We wasted a little time in vague discussion. Then I took one of the bars in both hands, and got my feet up against the rock until they were almost on a level with my head, and so thrust against the bar. It bent so suddenly that I almost slipped. I clambered about and bent the adjacent bar in the opposite direction, and then took the luminous fungus from my pocket and dropped it down the fissure.

"Don't do anything hastily," whispered Cavor, as I twisted myself up through the opening I had enlarged. I had a glimpse of busy figures as I came through the grating, and immediately bent down, so that the rim of the depression in which the grating lay hid me from their eyes, and so lay flat, signalling advice to Cavor as he also prepared to come through. Presently we were side by side in the depression, peering over the edge at the cavern and its occupants.

It was a much larger cavern than we had supposed from our first glimpse of it, and we looked up from the lowest portion of its sloping floor. It widened out as it receded from us, and its roof came down and hid the remoter portion altogether. And lying in a line along its length, vanishing at last far away in that tremendous perspective, were a number of huge shapes, huge pallid hulls, upon which the Selenites were busy. At first they seemed big white cylinders of vague import. Then I noted the heads upon them lying towards us, eyeless and skinless like the heads of sheep at a butcher's, and perceived they were the carcasses of mooncalves being cut up, much as the crew of a whaler might cut up a moored whale. They were cutting off the flesh in strips, and on some of the farther trunks the white ribs were showing. It was the sound of their hatchets that made that chid, chid. Some way away a thing like a trolley, cable-drawn and loaded with chunks of lax meat, was running up the slope of the cavern floor. That enormous busy avenue of hulls that were destined to be food gave us a sense of the vast populousness of the moon world second only to the effect of our first glimpse down the shaft.

It seemed to me at first that the Selenites must be standing on trestle-supported planks,* and then I saw that the planks and supports and their hatchets were really of the same leaden hue as my fetters had seemed before white light came to bear on them. A number of very thick-looking crowbars lay about the floor and had apparently assisted to turn the dead mooncalf over on its side. They were perhaps 6ft. long, with shaped handles; very tempting looking weapons.

* I do not remember seeing any wooden things on the moon; doors, tables, everything corresponding to our terrestrial joinery was made of metal, and I believe for the most part of gold, which as a metal would, of course, naturally recommend itself—other things being equal—on account of the ease in working it and its toughness and durability.

"HUGE PALLID HULLS, UPON WHICH THE SELENITES WERE BUSY."

The whole place was lit by three transverse streams of the blue fluid.

We lay for a long time noting all these things in silence. "Well?" said Cavor at last.

I crouched lower and turned to him. I had come upon a brilliant idea. "Unless they lowered those bodies by a crane," I said, "we must be nearer the surface than I thought."

"Why?"

"The mooncalf doesn't hop and it hasn't got wings."

He peered over the edge of the hollow again. "I wonder, now——" he began. "After all we have never gone far from the surface."

I stopped him by a grip on his arm. I had heard a noise from the cleft below us!

We twisted ourselves about and lay as still as death, with every sense alert. In a little while I did not doubt that something was quietly ascending the cleft. Very slowly and quite noiselessly I assured myself of a good grip on my chain, and waited for that something to appear.

"Just look at those chaps with the hatchets again," I said.

"They're all right," said Cavor.

I took a sort of provisional aim at the gap in the grating. I could hear now quite distinctly the soft twittering of the ascending Selenites, the dab of their hands against the rock, and the falling of dust from their grips, as they clambered.

Then I could see that there was something moving dimly in the blackness below the grating, but what it might be I could not distinguish. The whole thing seemed to hang fire just for a moment; then, smash! I had sprung to my feet, struck savagely at something that had flashed out at me. It was the keen point of a spear. I have thought since that its length in the narrowness of the cleft must have prevented its being sloped to reach me. Anyhow, it shot out from the grating like the tongue of a snake and missed, and flew back and flashed again. But the second time I snatched and caught it, and wrenched it away, but not before another had darted ineffectually at me.

I shouted with triumph as I felt the hold of the Selenite resist my pull for a moment and give, and then I was jabbing down through the bars, amidst squeals from the darkness, and Cavor had snapped off the other spear, and was leaping and flourishing it beside me and making inefficient jabs. "Clang, clang," came up through the grating, and then an axe hurtled through the air and whacked against the rocks beyond to remind me of the fletchers at the carcasses up the cavern.

I turned, and they were all coming towards

us in open order, waving their axes. If they had not heard of us before they must have realized the situation with incredible swiftness. I stared at them for a moment, spear in hand. "Guard that grating, Cavor," I cried, and howled to intimidate them, and rushed to meet them. Two of them missed with their hatchets, and the rest fled incontinently. Then the two also were sprinting away up the cavern, with hands clenched and heads down. I never saw men run like them!

I knew the spear I had was no good for me. It was thin and flimsy, only effectual for a thrust, and too long for a quick recover. So I only chased the Selenites as far as the first carcass, and stopped there and picked up one of the crowbars that were lying about. It felt comfortingly heavy and equal to smashing any number of Selenites. I threw away my spear, and picked up a second crowbar for the other hand. I felt five times better than I had with the spear. I shook the two threateningly at the Selenites, who had come to a halt in a little crowd far away up the cavern, and then turned about to look at Cavor.

He was leaping from side to side of the grating making threatening jabs with his broken spear. That was all right. It would keep the Selenites down—for a time at any rate. I looked up the cavern again. What on earth were we going to do now?

We were cornered in a sort of way already. But these butchers and fletchers up the cavern had been surprised; they were probably scared, and they had no special weapons, only those little hatchets of theirs. And that way lay escape. Their sturdy little forms—for most of them were shorter and thicker than the mooncalf herds — were scattered up the slope in a way that was eloquent of indecision. But for all that there was a tremendous crowd of them. Those Selenites down the cleft had certainly some infernally long spears. It might be they had other surprises for us. . . . But, confound it! if we charged up the cave we should let them up behind us; and if we didn't, those little brutes up the cave would probably get reinforced. Heaven alone knew what tremendous engines of warfare—guns, bombs, terrestrial torpedoes—this unknown world below our feet, this vaster world of which we had only pricked the outer cuticle, might not presently send up to our destruction. It became clear the only thing to do was to charge! It became clearer as the legs of a number of fresh Selenites appeared running down the cavern towards us.

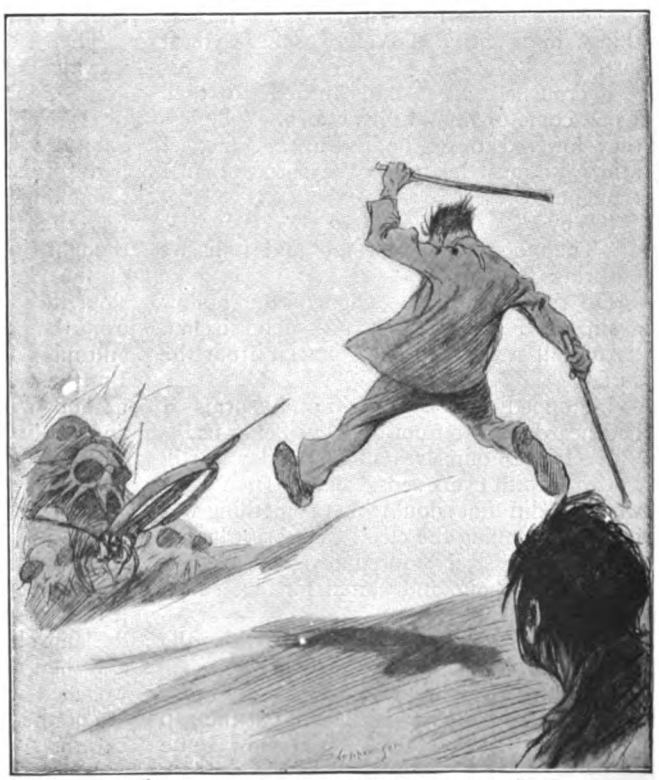
"Bedford!" cried Cavor, and behold! he was half-way between me and the grating.

"Go back!" I cried. "What are you doing——"

"They've got—it's like a gun!"

And struggling in the grating between those defensive spears appeared the head and shoulders of a Selenite bearing some complicated apparatus.

I realized Cavor's utter incapacity for the fight we had in hand. For a moment I hesitated. Then I rushed past him whirling my crowbars, and shouting to confound the aim of the Selenite. He was aiming in the queerest way with the thing against his stomach. "*Chuzz!*" The thing wasn't a gun; it went off like a cross-bow more, and dropped me in the middle of a leap.



"I RUSHED PAST HIM WHIRLING MY CROWBARS."

I didn't fall down—I simply came down a little shorter than I should have done if I hadn't been hit, and from the feel of my shoulder the thing might have tapped me and glanced off. Then my left hand hit against the shaft, and I perceived there was a sort of spear sticking half through my shoulder. The moment after I got home with the crowbar in my right hand, and hit the Selenite fair and square. Hitting those Selenites was like hitting dry sunflower canes with a rod of iron. He collapsed—he broke into pieces.

I dropped a crowbar, pulled the spear out of my shoulder, and began to jab it down the grating into the darkness. At each jab came a shriek and twitter. Finally I hurled the spear down upon them with all my strength, leapt up, picked up the crowbar again, and started for the multitude up the cavern.

"Bedford!" cried Cavor, "Bedford!" as I flew past him.

I seem to remember his footsteps coming on behind me.

Step, leap . . . . whack, step, leap . . . . Each leap seemed to last ages. With each, the cave opened out and the number of Selenites visible increased. At first they seemed all running about like ants in a disturbed ant-hill, one or two waving hatchets and coming to meet me, more running away, some bolting sideways into the avenue of carcasses; then presently others came in sight carrying spears, and then others. The cavern grew darker farther up. Flick! something flew over my head. Flick! As I soared in mid-stride I saw a spear hit and quiver in one of the carcasses to my left. Then as I came down one hit the ground before me and I heard the remote chuzz! with which their things were fired. Flick! Flick! for a moment it was a shower. They were volleying!

I stopped dead.

I don't think I thought clearly then. I seem to remember a kind of stereotyped phrase running through my mind: "Zone of fire, seek cover!" I know I made a dash for the space between two of the carcasses, and stood there, panting and feeling very wicked.

I looked round for Cavor, and for a moment it seemed as if he had vanished from the world. Then he came out of the darkness between the row of the carcasses and the rocky wall of the cavern. I saw his little face, dark and blue, and shining with perspiration and emotion.

He was saying something, but what it was I did not heed. I had realized that we might work from mooncalf to mooncalf up the cave until we were near enough to charge home. "Come on!" I said, and led the way.

"Bedford!" he cried, unavailingly.

My mind was busy as we went up that narrow alley between the dead bodies and the wall of the cavern. The rocks curved about—they could not enfilade us. Though in that narrow space we could not leap, yet with our earth-born strength we were still able to go very much faster than the Selenites. I reckoned we should presently come right among them. Once we were on them they would be hardly as formidable as black-beetles. Only, there would first of all be a volley. I whipped off my flannel jacket as I ran.

"Bedford!" panted Cavor, behind me.

I glanced back. "What?" said I.

He was pointing upward over the carcasses. "White light!" he said. "White light again!"

I looked, and it was even so: a faint white ghost of twilight in the remoter cavern roof. That seemed to give me double strength.

"Keep close," I said. A Selenite dashed out of the darkness and squealed and fled. I halted and stopped Cavor with my hand. I hung my jacket over my crowbar, ducked round the next carcass, dropped jacket and crowbar, showed myself, and darted back.

"Chuzz—flick," just one arrow came. We were close on the Selenites, and they were standing in a crowd, with a little battery of their shooting implements pointing down the cave. Three or four other arrows followed the first, and then their fire ceased.

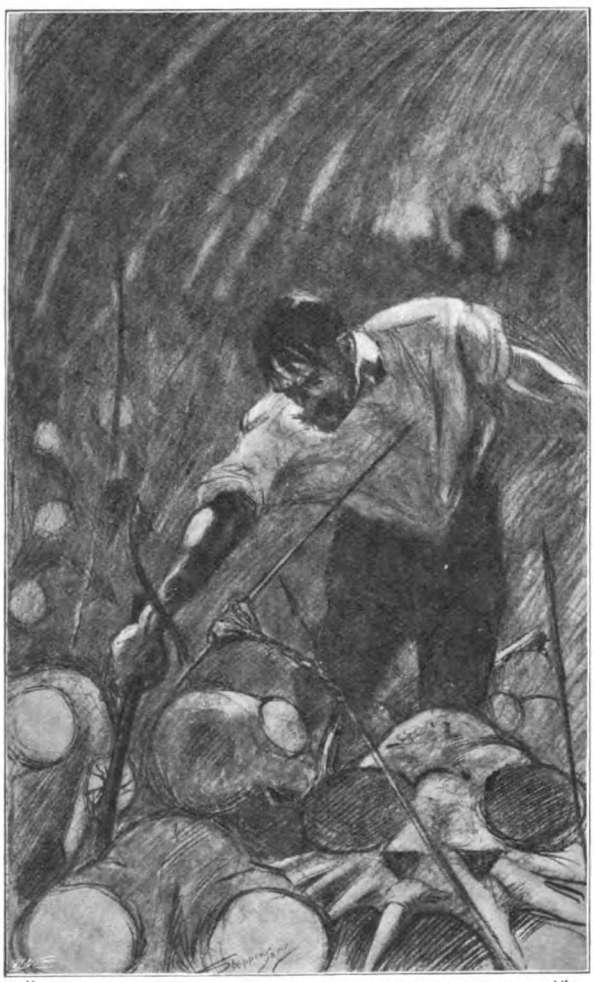
I stuck out my head, and escaped by a hair's breadth. This time I drew a dozen shots or more, and heard the Selenites shouting and twittering as if with excitement as they shot. I picked up jacket and crowbar again.

"*Now!*" said I, and thrust out the jacket.

"Chuzz-zz-zz-zz! Chuzz!" In an instant my jacket had grown a thick beard of arrows, and they were quivering all over the carcass behind us. Instantly I slipped the crowbar out of the jacket, dropped the jacket—for all I know to the contrary it is lying up there in the moon now—and rushed out upon them.

For a minute perhaps it was massacre. I was too fierce to discriminate, and the Selenites were probably too scared to fight. At any rate they made no sort of fight against me. I saw scarlet, as the saying is. I

remember I seemed to be wading among those insect helmets as a man wades through tall grass, mowing and hitting, first right then left—smash, smash! Little drops of moisture flew about. I trod on things that crushed and piped and went slippery. The crowd seemed to open and close and flow like water. There were spears flew about me; I was grazed over the ear by one. I was stabbed once in the arm and once in the cheek, but I only found that out afterwards when the blood had had time to run and cool and feel wet.



"MOWING AND HITTING, FIRST RIGHT THEN LEFT—SMASH, SMASH!"

What Cavor did I do not know. For a space it seemed that this fighting had lasted for an age and must needs go on for ever. Then suddenly it was all over, and there was nothing to be seen but the backs of heads bobbing up and down as their owners ran in all directions. . . . I seemed altogether unhurt. I ran forward some paces, shouting, then turned about. I was amazed.

I ran right through them, taking vast flying strides. They were all behind me, and running hither and thither to hide.

I felt an enormous astonishment at the evaporation of the great fight into which I had hurled myself, and not a little of exultation. It did not seem to me that I had discovered the Selenites were unexpectedly flimsy, but that I was unexpectedly strong. I laughed stupidly. This fantastic moon!

I leapt the smashed and writhing bodies that were scattered over the cavern floor, and hurried on after Cavor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE SUNLIGHT.

PRESENTLY we saw that the cavern before us opened on a hazy void. In another moment we had emerged upon a sort of slanting gallery that projected into a vast circular space, a huge cylindrical pit running vertically up and down. Round this pit the slanting gallery ran without any parapet or protection for a turn and a half, and then plunged high above into the rock again. Somehow it reminded me then of one of those spiral turns of the railway through the Saint Gothard. It was all tremendously huge. I can scarcely hope to convey to you the Titanic proportion of all that place—the Titanic effect of it. Our eyes followed up the vast declivity of the pit wall, and overhead and far above we beheld a round opening set with faint stars, and half of the lip about it well-nigh blinding with the white light of the sun. At that we cried aloud simultaneously.

"Come on!" I said, leading the way.

"But there?" said Cavor, and very carefully stepped nearer the edge of the gallery. I followed his example and craned forward and looked down, but I was dazzled by that gleam of light above, and I could see only a bottomless darkness with spectral patches of crimson and purple floating therein. Yet if I could not see I could hear. Out of this darkness came a sound—a sound like the angry hum one can hear if one puts one's ear outside a hive of bees, a sound out of that

enormous hollow, it may be, four miles beneath our feet. . . .

For a moment I listened, then tightened my grip on my crowbar and led the way up the gallery.

"This must be the shaft we looked down upon," said Cavor. "Under that lid."

"And below there is where we saw the lights."

"The lights!" said he. "Yes—the lights of the world that now we shall never see."

"We'll come back," I said, for now we had escaped so much I was rashly sanguine that we should recover the sphere.

His answer I did not catch.

"Eh?" I asked.

"It doesn't matter," he answered, and we hurried on in silence.

I suppose that slanting lateral way was four or five miles long, allowing for its curvature, and it ascended at a slope that would have made it almost impossibly steep on earth, but which one strode up easily under lunar conditions. We saw only two Selenites during all that portion of our flight, and directly they became aware of us they ran headlong. It was clear that the knowledge of our strength and violence had reached them. Our way to the exterior was unexpectedly plain. The spiral gallery straightened into a steeply ascendent tunnel, its floor bearing abundant traces of the mooncalves, and so straight and short in proportion to its vast arch that no part of it was absolutely dark. Almost immediately it began to lighten, and then far off and high up, and quite blindingly brilliant, appeared its opening on the exterior, a slope of Alpine steepness surmounted by a crest of bayonet shrub tall and broken down now and dry and dead, in spiky silhouette against the sun.

And it is strange that we men, to whom this very vegetation had seemed so weird and horrible a little time ago, should now behold it with the emotion a home-coming exile might feel at sight of his native land. We welcomed even the rareness of the air that made us pant as we ran and which rendered speaking no longer the easy thing it had been, but an effort to make oneself heard. Larger grew the sunlit circle above us and larger, and all the nearer tunnel sank into a rim of indistinguishable black. We saw the dead bayonet shrub no longer with any touch of green in it, but brown and dry and thick, and the shadow of its upper branches high out of sight made a densely interlaced pattern upon the tumbled rocks. And at the immediate mouth of the tunnel was a wide trampled space where the mooncalves had come and gone.

We came out upon this space at last into a light and heat that hit and pressed upon us. We traversed the exposed area painfully, and clambered up a slope among the scrub-stems, and sat down at last panting in a high place beneath the shadow of a mass of twisted lava. Even in the shade the rock felt hot.

The air was intensely hot, and we were in great physical discomfort, but for all that we were no longer in a nightmare. We seemed to have come to our own province again, beneath the stars. All the fear and stress of our flight through the dim passages and fissures below had fallen from us. That last fight had filled us with an enormous confidence in ourselves so far as the Selenites were concerned. We looked back almost incredulously at the black opening from which we had just emerged. Down there it was, in a blue glow that now in our memories seemed the next thing to absolute darkness, we had met with things like mad mockeries of men, helmet-headed creatures, and had walked in fear before them, and had submitted to them until we could submit no longer. And behold, they had smashed like wax and scattered like chaff, and fled and vanished like the creatures of a dream!

I rubbed my eyes, doubting whether we had not slept and dreamt these things by reason of the fungus we had eaten, and suddenly discovered the blood upon my face, and then that my shirt was sticking painfully to my shoulder and arm.

"Confound it!" I said, gauging my injuries with an investigatory hand, and suddenly that distant tunnel-mouth became, as it were, a watching eye.

"Cavor!" I said, "what are they going to do now? And what are we going to do?"

He shook his head, with his eyes fixed upon the tunnel. "How can one tell what they will do?"

"It depends on what they think of us, and I don't see how we can begin to guess that. And it depends upon what they have in reserve. It's as you say, Cavor: we have touched the merest outside of this world. They may have all sorts of things inside here. Even with those shooting things they might make it bad for us. . . . .

"Yet, after all," I said, "even if we *don't* find the sphere at once, there is a chance for us. We might hold out. Even through the night. We might go down there again and make a fight for it."

(*To be continued.*)

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

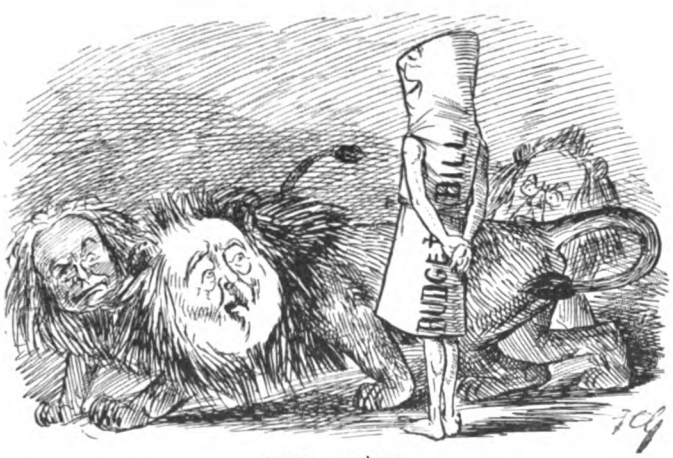
LXIV.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

LORDS AND COMMONS.

SIR H. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN is not an emotionable man. It is consequently difficult to determine whether in criticising the Queen's Speech in the December Session he was more moved by omission of the prayer with which such document customarily closes, or by the absence of direct address to the House of Commons when mention was made of intention to ask for further moneys to carry on the war. The Queen's Speech usually opens with address to "My Lords and Gentlemen" of both Houses. Midway comes a brief paragraph specially directed to "Gentlemen of the House of Commons," in which the question of money is delicately broached. That is formal acknowledgment of the constitutional fact that the Commons are exclusive guardians of the public purse. In all ordinary legislation, Lords and Commons work on a level footing. One may alter or throw out a Bill originating in the other House. But the Budget Bill, involving national expenditure, may not be meddled with by the House of Lords.

There has grown up a curious custom



IN THE LIONS' DEN.

illustrating this distinction and testifying to the secret desire of the peers to trespass as far as is safe upon forbidden ground. Dealing in Committee with a measure involving rating—say, an Education Bill—any peer may, if he pleases, propose an amendment to the Bill as it left the Commons. Also the House may, if the majority see fit, adopt the suggestion. But when after third reading the Bill goes back to the Commons any amendment touching money matters is printed in red ink, indicating that it is merely suggestive in character. If the Commons do not accept it, it is struck out, and there is an end of the matter.

In the case of ordinary Bills issuing from the Commons and amended in the Lords, they must go back to the Lords for consideration of the action of the Commons should they decline to agree to the amendments. This necessity does not exist in cases where the Lords' amendments affect the expenditure of money.

THE FOURTH PARTY AND AFTER.

The new Parliament, as far as it has gone, has not developed anything in the nature of an epoch-making party on the model of that Lord Randolph Churchill led twenty years ago. Mr. Labouchere and Sir Charles Dilke occupy the old quarters of the Fourth Party, and alternately lead Mr. McKenna. But the combination is not marked by any of that discipline and system that made the Fourth Party a power.

There was a time when the Welsh members showed a disposition to organize a Parliamentary guerilla force. They had the making of excellent leaders in Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Samuel Evans. As long as their own political friends were in power they showed themselves industrious and vigorous. They had a good deal to do with making Lord Rosebery's Government so uncomfortable that its members rather welcomed than resented dismissal on a side issue. The incentive, dear to the heart of a good Liberal, of opposing his titular leader being withdrawn, the Welsh party fell to pieces and has not been reconstituted.

SOME ELDER SONS.

In the early days of the last Parliament an interesting little party was formed on the Unionist side. It consisted of Lord Wolmer, Mr. George Curzon, and Mr. St. John Brodrick. Their crusade was limited in its scope and object. They shared in common the calamity of being the eldest sons of peers. Looking ahead they saw the inevitableness of the time when, in the course of nature, they would be withdrawn from the House of Commons and exiled to the funereal regions of the House of Lords. They drafted a Bill designed to avert what they justly regarded as a disaster to their loved mother-land. Its object was to enable a man succeeding to a peerage to sit in the House of Commons if he preferred the place and could get a constituency to accept him.

Crisis befell whilst the Bill was still under consideration. The first Earl of Selborne died and was buried with his fathers. Lord Wolmer became the second Earl, with a seat in the House of Peers. Here was opportunity of putting the question to the test. One night the second Earl of Selborne, escorted by his fellow-sufferers, the heirs to the Barony of Scarsdale and the Viscounty of Midleton, entered the House of Commons. The newly-succeeded peer took his accustomed seat below the gangway. He was promptly challenged by the Speaker, and after brief discussion was driven forth. Keen sympathy was evoked below the gangway opposite, more than one member being generously prepared to take on himself the young heir's hard lot. That, of course, was impossible. Lord Selborne, perforce, took his seat in the House of Lords, and was speedily rewarded by appointment to office that proved a stepping-stone to the post of First Lord of the Admiralty with a seat in the Cabinet.

A PRISONER IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS—LORD SELBORNE.

A SHORT CUT TO THE FRONT.

It is instructive and enticing to note how almost invariably these circlets of independent members lead to high promotion. The Ministerial career of Sir W. Harcourt and Lord James of Hereford dates back to the Session of 1873, when they sat below the gangway on the Ministerial side and girded at Mr. Gladstone. Of the Fourth Party, two members, Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Arthur Balfour, became in succession Leaders of the House of Commons. A third, Sir Henry Wolff, rose to high Ambassadorial rank. The fourth, Sir John Gorst, has filled several Ministerial offices with distinction to himself and comfort to his colleagues.

The party of three ten years ago ranking as private members, persons of no importance, have blossomed with equal brilliancy. One is Viceroy of India. The other two have seats in the Cabinet and share control of the two great spending departments of the State.

Mr. George Curzon, it must be admitted, has become a peer before his time. But note his shrewdness and his adherence to the principle at stake when he took part in the conspiracy for the contraband introduction of the Earl of Selborne to the Commons' House of Parliament. Constrained by the usages of the Vice-Royalty to accept a peerage, he selected one on the Irish roll. Thus if, on the term of his Vice-Royalty, Lord Scarsdale is happily still alive, Baron Curzon of Kedleston may, being duly elected, take his seat in the House of Commons.

THE HARD CASE OF MR. GIBSON BOWLES.

A later circlet within the ring of the Conservative Party has not proved as successful as the average in leading its constituent parts on to fortune. The nearest resemblance to the Fourth Party established since its dissolution was that formed in the Parliament of 1892–5 by Mr. Gibson Bowles, Mr. Hanbury, and Mr. Bartley. They followed closely the tactics of their prototype. Ever hanging on the flanks of the enemy, ready to take advantage of any opening of attack, they invested their procedure with attractive variety by sometimes flaunting their pastors and masters on the

THE RAIDERS—MESSRS. BOWLES, HANBURY, AND BARTLEY.

Front Opposition Bench. They appreciably contributed to the patriotic design of making office untenable by a Liberal Ministry. When that object was secured, they had a right to expect to share the spoils of victory. A bone was thrown to them. Mr. Hanbury was made Financial Secretary to the Treasury. But Mr. Bowles, the most brilliant of the trio, whose business training would have been useful in any Under-Secretaryship, was, in company with Mr. Bartley, left out in the cold.

Contrast with the good fortune of some men, whom extreme modesty could not prevent them from recognising as inferior in capacity, made the disappointment more bitter. When, last autumn, the Ministry was reconstructed after the General Election opportunity offered for redressing this wrong. Lord Salisbury neglected to seize it. It is true that Mr. Hanbury, admitted within the Ministerial circle, was advanced to Cabinet rank, having committed to his charge the only department of State of whose business he knew nothing. Mr. Bartley was offered a knighthood and a salaried post acceptance of which would have necessitated his withdrawal from the Parliamentary scene, and was, therefore, declined. If any overtures were made to Mr. Bowles he, amid a flux of confidence on the topic, preserved rare reticence.

A story current at the Carlton Club, probably wholly imaginative, alleges addition of insult to injury. When a vacancy in the Secretaryship of the Admiralty was created by the supersession of Mr. Macartney, Mr. Bowles (so the story runs) wrote to the Prime Minister pointing out the necessity in the national interests of appointing to the office a man who had practical knowledge of seafaring matters and well-defined ideas on the subject of Navy reform. In due course he received the following reply:—

"Dear Mr. Bowles,—I agree entirely with what you say as to the qualifications of the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty, and I have appointed Arnold Forster to the post."

TREES ON THE TERRACE.

Last year I ventured to suggest that the Terrace of the House of Commons might through the summer months contribute a desirable flash of colour to the river-side by having its long length varied by tubs or pots of flowering shrubs, after the fashion common enough on the terraces of country houses. The idea rather took on in the House of Commons. But Sir W. Thistleton-Dyer, Director of Kew Gardens, being privately consulted, was rather deterrent. He tells me, what most others have forgotten, that many years ago attempt was made to decorate the Terrace with bays in tubs. After the first Session the trees went to Hyde Park and the tubs to Kew Gardens and never returned. The place was found to be too exposed and wind-swept. But Sir William admits that tubs of flowering shrubs might be set out temporarily, though—and here is where his difficulty comes in—he surmises that they would have to be carried through the building.

That is a misapprehension. There is direct approach to the Terrace from Palace Yard. Nothing would be easier than to convey the shrubs to the Terrace, removing them at the end of the Session. The Bailiff of the Parks, who looks after the flower-beds in Parliament Square, could, on receiving the necessary authority, speedily effect the desirable transformation scene.

A PENNILESS PREMIER.

For those not personally concerned there is something pleasing in contemplation of the fact that the First Minister of the Crown, the principal agent in the Government of the richest Empire in the world, draws a salary of only £2,000 a year, less Income-tax severely deducted from quarterly payments. This is a fee the manager of a minor railway company would scorn. It is allotted to secretaries of prosperous commercial companies. It is frequently made in a day by operators on the Stock Exchange. Lord Salisbury accepts it with the measure of gratitude dictated by the fact that it is secured to him only by happy accident. As Prime Minister no salary is provided. Lord Cross, having obligingly retired from the office of Lord Privy Seal, the Premier succeeds him.

Some years ago, it being noted that the Lord Privy Seal had absolutely no work to do, the salary was, by rare application of logical principle, abolished. This was a matter of no practical importance to Lord Cross. Nearly a generation back that eminent statesman, finding it possible, to the surprise of some of his friends, to make the statutory declaration that his private means did not enable him to maintain the position proper for an ex-Cabinet Minister, obtained a pension of £2,000 a year. These pensions lapse on reappointment to office. Had Lord Cross drawn the £2,000 a year that pertained to the office of Lord Privy Seal he must needs have dropped the identical sum drawn from the national exchequer by way of pension. He simplified matters by holding on to his pension, and the pay of the Lord Privy Seal lapsed. It has now been revived in favour of the Prime Minister, otherwise unprovided for.

GOT NO WORK TO DO—VISCOUNT CROSS.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S SACRIFICE.

This arrangement brings into sharp light the fact of the inadequacy of the payment of Ministers of the Crown compared with the market value of some of them. Had Mr. Gladstone turned his great capacity into any other field than politics, he would have died a far richer man than he was shown to be by the modest disclosure of his will. The case of Sir William Harcourt affords exceptionally precise data for considering the question. When he entered Parliamentary life he deliberately sacrificed an income at the Parliamentary Bar three times greater than the highest salary he received in a year as a Minister of the Crown. His professional income was, of course, regular in its annual accretion; whereas as Home Secretary or Chancellor of the Exchequer he drew his £5,000 only in such years or periods of a year as found him in office. In Opposition he had to live on his private means.

A POORLY PAID PROFESSION.

Lord Hardwicke, challenged last Session with retaining his connection with a stockbroking firm whilst he acted as Under-Secretary for India, frankly explained the reason why. He could not afford permanently to abandon his position in the City for the price of being a few years in office as one of Her Majesty's Ministers.

That is a bluff, businesslike view of the situation. Regarded merely as a means of livelihood the profession of a Minister of the Crown is the most poorly paid open to men of capacity. Mr. Chamberlain is, perhaps, the most striking example of rapid advancement to Ministerial position. He became President of the Board of Trade within four years of taking his seat in the House of Commons. He has during his twenty-four years of Parliamentary life held office for an aggregate of something over ten years. During that time he has drawn about £37,000 in the form of salary, a sum which, had he devoted himself to commercial pursuits, he might have made in twelve months. Probably before he retired from business he achieved that record.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is bracketed with Mr. Chamberlain in the matter of brief apprenticeship before attaining the full honour of Ministerial position. He, too, sat on the Treasury Bench four years after he entered the House. Mr. Arthur Balfour and Mr. Ritchie each waited eleven years for promotion. Mr. Gerald Balfour was ten years a private member, and Mr. Hanbury sat on a back bench through twenty-three years. Parents considering "what they shall do with Charles" will do well, if their main

desire be to have his merits adequately recognised in the way of pecuniary remuneration, to think twice before they devote him to a political career.

FAMILY CIRCLES IN THE COMMONS.

Lord Salisbury, among other distinctions, has the largest family circle in the House of Commons. They muster five all told. It is a quiet reproach to much murmuring at the General Election Mr. G. W. Palmer, the Liberal member for Reading, effaces on a division the vote of his brother, Mr. W. H. Palmer, the Conservative member for Salisbury. The peculiarity of this case is increased by the fact that at the General Election each brother secured his seat by precisely the same majority—239.

Some years ago Sir William Harcourt had a brother on the Conservative side of the House of Commons. It was pretty to watch him, with stolid face, listening to the brilliant harangues of his Radical brother. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman occupies at this day a position identical in this respect with that of his predecessor in the Leadership of the Opposition. On big divisions his vote is nullified by that of his brother, the Conservative member for Glasgow University. Sir James Ferguson has a brother in the House, the relationship being sometimes unsuspected, since his name is Sir Charles Dalrymple. These two vote in the same lobby as do the brothers Balfour, Lord Cranborne and Lord Hugh Cecil, Sir Howard Vincent and Sir Edgar, Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett and Mr. Burdett-Coutts, and the *frères* Redmond. Mr. Tim Healy is left to lament severance from brother Maurice, bereavement accomplished by the General Election.

A FAMILY GROUP.

that at least two do not hold Ministerial office. These are his younger son, Lord Hugh Cecil, and his nephew, Mr. Evelyn Cecil.

The nearest approach to this preponderance was reached in the last Parliament by Sir Joseph Pease, who with stern impartiality gave a son to the Liberals and one to the Unionist Party. These balancing each other on a division, Sir Joseph, if he happened to be present at a division (not a matter of course), added one to the strength of the Opposition. Lord Salisbury's family, of course, vote in the same lobby.

Another curious instance of the votes of two constituencies being nullified by distribution of their representation in a single family is supplied by the case of Reading and Salisbury.

THE BROTHERS BALFOUR.

Sea Stories.—IV.

HOW WE WENT YACHTING IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

By John Arthur Barry.

I.

WANTED, a person capable of navigating a small craft to any part of the world. Must be sober, steady, and reliable. Good wages to a good man. Apply by letter only to Box 4,712, G.P.O., and inclose copy of references, etc.

"HALLOA," I said to Phil, as we sat having an after-breakfast pipe in the shabby parlour of our boarding-house in Lower Fort Street, Sydney, N.S.W. "Halloa, Phil, that reads curiously. I wonder what the game is! Shall I have a try for it?" and I handed my mate the daily paper in the "Wanted" column of which the advertisement had caught my eye.

"Might as well," replied Phil, after reading it. "There may be something in the business, and you about meet the bill. Funnily put, though, isn't it? Kind o' thing a man says when he wants a gardener or a station-hand. However, I think we're full up of big ships, eh, Harry? I was going to propose shark-fishing down the harbour for a change. Go in and win, old man! It's about time you made use of that ticket of yours."

So inclosing copies of discharges, with a short note to the effect that I held a master's certificate and possessed lots of experience, I strolled down to the G.P.O., dropped the packet in, and forgot all about it.

We had been rather unlucky, Phil and I, of late in our attempts to get a ship. All the coasting boats we knew of were full-handed, and there didn't seem any chance of a vacancy fore or aft till a death happened. Our money, too, was running low; and although old Mrs. Briggs, we were certain, would never trouble us, still we felt it was time to make a start, if only in the last ship the hard-up seaman seeks refuge in—a coasting collier. And even in these, at present, berths were scarce. You see, it was just after the big Australian maritime strike. And before Phil and I arrived in that old rattle-trap the *Ocean Rover*—four months from Monte Video—the rush back to work had finished. Three weeks now we had been pottering about Sydney's wharves and its Shipping Office to no purpose. Indeed, if something did not soon turn up, it was our intention to take to the bush again and either try our luck on the diggings or, as we so often had done before, go droving, fencing, or bullock-driving, all jobs that we had in our time tackled during seafaring intervals.

Two or three evenings after sending off my references Phil and I, coming home late from having a bob's-worth of "lean-over" in the topmost tier of the Tivoli Music Hall, found a letter addressed to "Captain Ward," and running as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—Your credentials, forwarded in reply to my advertisement, are satisfactory. With reference to the business mentioned in the letter I shall be pleased to see you at 8.30 to-morrow night. If you will ask at the private bar of the First Favourite Hotel for J. Benton you will be told where to find me."

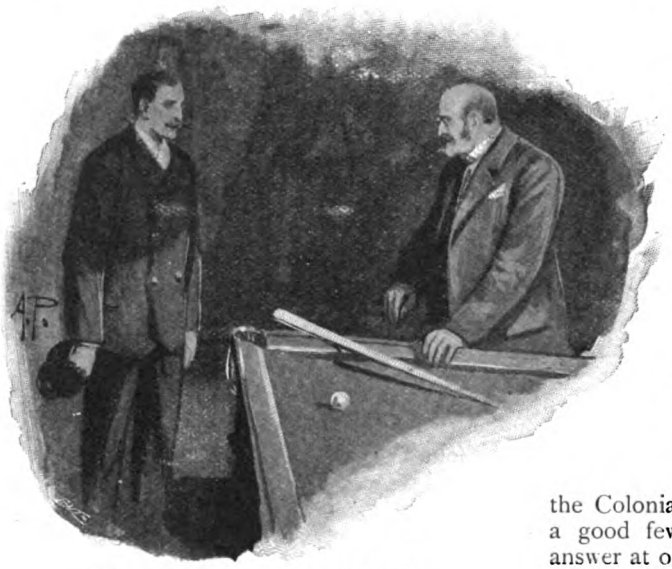
"Well, 'Captain,'" said Phil, laughing, "that looks promising, if a bit mysterious. Rather a low sort of pub, though, isn't it? You'd better take a 'gun' with you, I fancy. It might be a trap, you know."

"Precious little anybody'd get," I replied. "However, you can come too, if you like. Supposing the thing pans out payable I can introduce you." But Phil at the last moment decided to stay at home and finish some "Penny Dreadfuls" whilst waiting for my return. The pair of us used lots of that sort of stuff to pass the time away after our unsuccessful rounds of wharves and Shipping Office.

Punctually to time I pushed open the swinging door of the "Favourite's" sixpenny bar and asked a young woman behind the counter if she could tell me where Mr. Benton was. She directed me to the billiard-room, and I mounted the stairs. Guided by the click of ivory, I soon found the billiard-room, a small one with one table, and empty but for a man who was idly knocking the balls about. Turning as he caught sight of me, he threw the cue down and came round to where I stood, saying, "Captain Ward?"

"At your service, sir," I replied, "if you're Mr. Benton?"

"My name, Captain—Joshua Benton," replied the man, pressing a button as he



"'AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR,' I REPLIED."

spoke. "I'll order drinks and then we can talk. This place is perfectly private. Scarcely anyone comes up here. The class of customers who frequent this house do not, I fancy, go in for billiards much. There is no marker even."

Mr. Joshua Benton was stout and powerfully built, with a long face topped by a great forehead that stood out and overhung a pair of spectacled eyes whose colour, in the uncertain light of the one shaded gas-burner, puzzled me.

His nose was large and curved; he wore side-whiskers with a moustached upper lip, and showed a clean-shaven, massive chin. His voice was soft and suave; and, presently, as he took off his hat I saw the domed forehead ran up into a bald pate that shone as he polished it with a silk 'kerchief. He was dressed in a sac suit of dark serge, which sat on him as if he wore it for the first time in his life. I noticed that his hands were large and soft and white, and that on one finger gleamed a handsome ring. The man was palpably out of gear with his get-up, and I thought would have been more at home in a bell-topper, frock-coat, and patent leathers.

A dirty pot-boy took our orders; and as soon as he had brought the liquor and retired Mr. Benton, who in the meantime had been taking stock of me pretty closely from behind his glasses, and I suppose felt satisfied, at once began:—

"I and a friend wish to go on a long yachting cruise," said he, "and we are looking for a man and a vessel. A dozen applications have come to hand in reply to our advertisement. Some of the men I have seen. I think you are the fourth. As yet I have come to no decision. What is required is a small yacht, which you or the person ultimately chosen will purchase and fit out for a trip, perhaps as far as South America. The smaller she is and the fewer men she carries the better. What would be the cost of such a craft?"

Now it happened that, being well acquainted with the Colonial coasting trade, having spent a good few years in it, I was able to answer at once and to the point.

"Four pounds a ton—at the outside four-ten—including a couple of suits of sails and all requisite furniture. At odd times a bargain can be picked up for half the money. But it's no use counting on that!"

"Ah," he replied, evidently well pleased. "Now, what's the lowest tonnage that would serve, compatible with a fair amount of comfort and seaworthiness?"

"Nothing under fifty," I answered. "Of course a much smaller boat could be sailed across the Pacific. But fifty's little enough, and another ten wouldn't hurt where the comfort part comes in."

"Say, then, £240," he remarked, "for the vessel alone. Would another two hundred cover everything—wages, provisions, etc.?"

"Impossible to say," I replied. "All depends on the weather. But it should do so."

"And you would engage to furnish me with a yacht, hire men—not too many—and keep her in readiness to start at a moment's notice for any part indicated to you?"

"Certainly," I made answer. "It's simply a question of money."

For a while he paused, drumming absently on the table with his fingers, and evidently in a brown study. Then all at once he rose, lit the other burner, and, turning a sharp regard on me, said, "Well, Captain Ward, you're the only man I've met so far who seems to have a direct grip of the subject; and perhaps the best thing I can do will be to agree with you at once. But remember you must go about this business as if solely

on your own account. For reasons that I will presently explain, my friend and myself do not wish it to be known that we are thinking of leaving the Colony. If such a rumour got wind it would mean simply ruin, and worse, to us. I suppose you can give me some references—personal ones, I mean—before I intrust you with the money needful to carry out my wishes?"

"Well," I replied, "I'm afraid that I know nobody in Sydney except a few coasting skippers—who are mostly away just now—and Mrs. Briggs."

"Who is Mrs. Briggs?" he asked, quietly.

"Our boarding-house keeper," I replied.

"Our?" he snapped again, a harsh note in his voice.

"Phil's and mine," I explained; "Phil's my friend, and we sail together. If I took this boat of yours as skipper he'd come, too, as mate. We've been together now for the last three years. And Mrs. Briggs is a respectable woman and a house-owner," I added, earnestly, for I was desperately anxious to obtain what seemed to promise a rattling good thing.

"Very likely," he replied, in a somewhat sarcastic tone. "But hardly the kind of security I should care about at present prices of Sydney freeholds. However," he immediately added, "I'm a pretty keen judge of character, Captain, and have already made up my mind to trust you wholly in this affair. Inquire to-morrow at the Union Bank in Pitt Street, and you will find a credit account opened in your name to the extent of £300. Only, remember, I want secrecy Serve us well and you won't be sorry. Report progress as often as you think necessary to the G.P.O. box. And lest you may consider these conditions strange, and perhaps a little bit suspicious, I had better briefly tell you my reasons for imposing upon you the most absolute caution and reticence.

"A good many years ago, when myself and my partner were comparatively young men, we represented a large London mercantile house in St. Petersburg. Well, I dare say you've heard of certain people called Nihilists? Yes, of course. Young, foolish, and enthusiastic, we allowed ourselves to be persuaded into joining one of their associations, thinking, perhaps, that nothing would be easier than to drop the affair again when we wished. Indeed, we looked upon the entire business more as a joke than otherwise. But we were very quickly undeceived. Chosen for a special duty, needless to particularize here, we refused, and soon learned that the last dread sentence had been pronounced against us. No fewer than four attempts were made without success to murder us. Thoroughly frightened, and at last realizing, when too late, the mistake we had made, we fled and went to London, embarking there in trade on our own account. For some years we were left in peace. Then—but there is no necessity to go into details. Suffice it to say that to escape our persecutors we wound up our affairs and came to Australia. Here we were unmolested for a long time. Last week my partner was nearly stabbed in George Street by an apparently drunken foreign sailor. Two days ago I was fired at in the Domain, and since then we know that we have been constantly shadowed. Police protection would be useless. We have therefore resolved to quietly dispose of our concerns in this country and disappear, leaving, if possible, no clue behind."

I have been told since that this was a lame kind of yarn, capable of belief only by a sailor or a very green hand indeed. But if you'd seen the man as he leant forward on his chair, speaking in hoarse, earnest whispers and pausing at intervals to look nervously over his shoulder, you might have taken it all in as I did, like a cat lapping cream, and promised faithfully to keep his secret and help him in every way. Besides, there was no haggling or hesitation as to wages. I asked £20 per month for myself and £15 for Phil. And he agreed in a minute. And you know when a man trusts you with a lot of money, taking your bare word as a stranger that you'll do the square thing by him, it kind of warms you up and gives you a good opinion of human nature in general and your own honesty in particular. So it never occurred to me for one minute to question the truth of his story.

"And now, Captain," concluded Benton, impressively, as he rose to leave, "I have put myself entirely in your hands. If you like to play the rogue, of course, there's nothing to prevent you doing so. But if you do, be sure the Lord will requite you in full measure, some day, heaped up and overflowing."

We shook hands on that. Then producing a big silk 'kerchief, he muffled it round his neck so as to conceal the lower portion of his face, pulled his hat well down; raised the window blinds and peered out into the street; ostentatiously drew and examined a revolver, slipped it back into his pocket; and then, asking me not to follow him for some minutes, he left the room.

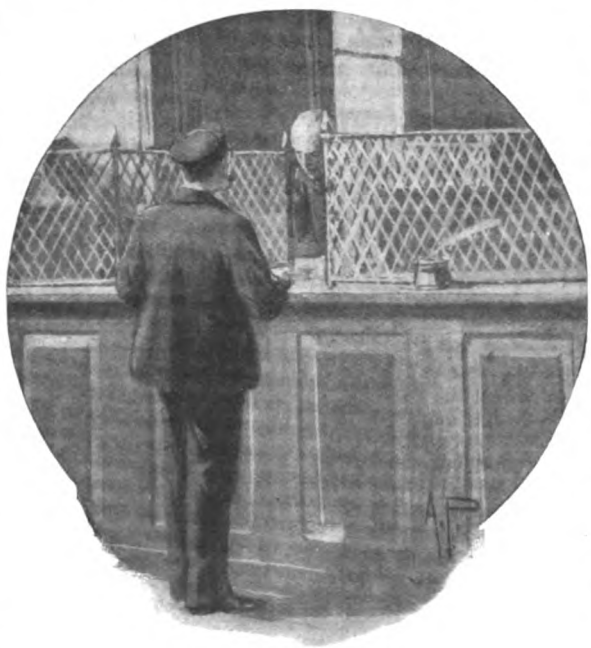
II.

I FOUND Phil still stretched on Mrs. Briggs's hard horsehair sofa, steadily working through his "Dreadfuls" to the accompaniment of a pint of "Colonial" and endless pipes.

"Well," he remarked, as I told my yarn, "it's rather a rum go, isn't it? But I'm inclined to think, all the same, that it's a genuine one. And look at the co-thingumbob, Harry," he continued, exposing to view the book he was reading, and upon whose cover, surrounding a thunder and lightning picture, was the title: "Nick the Nihilist; or the Romanoff's Revenge."

"I shall think more of the coincidence to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock if I find an open account at the Union Bank," I replied, laughing.

"It'll be there, old man," said my mate, in a tone of conviction, as I finished the beer. "And really, I think we might venture over to Chinnery's and treat our luck to stout and oysters before turning in."



"I INQUIRED AT THE BANK."

Sure enough when, half-doubtfully, I inquired at the bank next day, an hour after opening, I found to my intense satisfaction that the money had already been lodged to my credit.

For nearly a week Phil and I searched in vain, high and low, for the sort of craft I had in my mind's eye. Of course, we might have advertised, but I preferred to treat privately, if possible, in place of through the host of agents that I knew such a course would stir up. However, we found her at last—a cutter of some sixty tons or so, lying alongside a wood-yard wharf on whose water frontage was upreared a board with an inscription commencing with the ominous words: "By Order of the Mortgagees."

There was nobody about, and we made an inspection of the *Aline* there and then on the chance that she might—as proved the case—also be included in the *fieri facias* business as duly set forth on the poster.

Although sadly bruised and scratched, by much carrying of firewood from coastal bays and inlets to feed the now silent circular saws of the bankrupt timber merchant, she had evidently seen far better days. Her hull and spars, too, were sound as a bell. A roomy house aft especially took my fancy, for off it, astern, was a large berth that would do excellently well for Mr. Benton and his partner; whilst, for'ard, facing on to the deck, one to port and the other to starboard, with a microscopic pantry between them, were two others equally suitable for Phil and myself. In a lower forecastle were five or six bunks for the crew; a square galley, with a floor of tiles now all chipped and broken, stood amidships. Her lines were good; she was coppered well up to her bends, but carried a ton of weeds and shellfish on the sheathing; and her running-gear was a wreck, and no part of her had smelled paint for many a month. Otherwise she looked fit to go round the Horn in. Before noon the next day she was mine for £150, gladly accepted by the mortgagee, a building contractor on the North Shore, who knew nothing whatever of the poor thing's past history, and cared less. Another two days and she came off a floating slip with her bottom shining like a new kettle, spars scraped, hull painted white, with a gold beading; some new standing rigging and all new running-gear, blocks, etc.—looking, indeed, such a trim yacht that the oldest harbour pirate in Port Jackson would never have recognised in the graceful, spick and span *Darthea*—Phil got the name out of some book he had read—the grimy, old timber-drogher ***Aline***, bought for a song.

The pair of us worked like niggers, anxious to do something for our money. And we were amply satisfied with the result.

During all this time I had heard no word from Benton, although keeping him posted occasionally. Now, when at last I was able to tell him that the *Darthea*, lying snugly at anchor in a little cove off Middle Harbour, would be ready in a few days to start, I wrote, asking him if he would not like to see her. I received the reply:—

"I trust you implicitly to do all that is necessary for our flight from the dagger of the assassin. Another £100 to your credit."

"By jingo!" exclaimed Phil, "the old boy's sound on the financial question!"

In a day or so arrived a list of necessaries, the extent and quality of which made us aware that our employers were very far from intending to mortify the flesh. Cases of expensive wine, tinned luxuries of every description, from *foie gras* to French asparagus, turtle soup to green peas, figured lavishly. There was some furniture, too: couches and chairs, lamps, bedding, etc., comprised in the order which, it struck me, must have been drawn up by one who had, ere this, sailed in small craft. As the time drew closer for sailing I shipped four men and a boy, and was casting about for a cook, when to my surprise one found his way on board with a line from Benton, showing that he had been engaged.

He was a dark-skinned, evil-eyed, taciturn customer, who, giving his name as Rafael Diaz, said that he was a Spaniard, a friend of both Messrs. Benton and Sinclair. And these gentlemen, seeing him reduced to poverty, and knowing his culinary abilities, had offered him a berth on the cutter. All this in excellent English but for a foreign twang more pronounced at times than at others, and after which he shut up like a knife and spoke mostly in grunts. He brought with him in the boat, together with much galley furniture, four heavy coils of stuff marked: "Special rubber-tubing for pump," and bearing the ticket of a first-class Sydney firm of ironmongers. It was carefully sewn up in stout canvas; and, Rafael saying that the gentlemen wished it to be put in their berth, we lugged it inside and stowed it away in one of the spare bunks.

"Where's the pump?" I asked.

"Don't know," replied Rafael, grinning; "I heard say it was for a diving machine. Perhaps it's at the other end. None of my business, anyhow."

Then he took possession of the galley as if he knew his work, and I bothered my head about him no further.

Odd watermen now began to arrive with articles of personal luggage—portmanteaus, a pair of flat trunks, etc. And at last one dark, muggy night found the *Darthea's* boat waiting at the head of Middle Harbour near an unfrequented track leading down the hills towards the Spit from the Ben Boyd Road. A couple of hands and myself were in her; and presently we heard voices, and then a whistle, as two forms showed upon a large flat rock to which we had hooked on.

"*Darthea?*" asked one.

"Aye, aye, sir," I replied, recognising Benton's voice.

"Take these bags first, Captain," said he, handing in a couple of light "Gladstones" which, very wisely, was all they had kept to carry through the hot night along the rough road from the electric tram—over a mile distant.

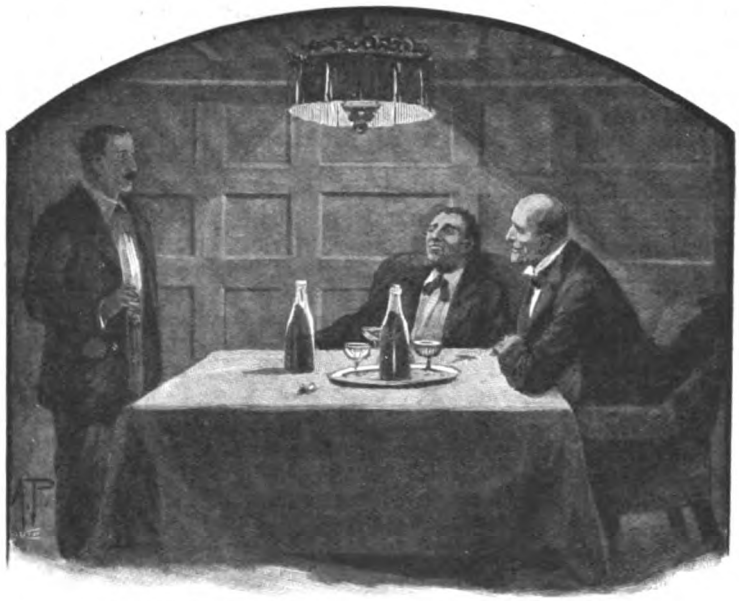
"Oh," said Benton, puffing a little, as I stowed them away, and he and his companion stepped in and we shoved off, "it will be a relief to meet the ocean breezes after such weather! Can we start at once, Captain?"

"Certainly," I replied; "the wind is fair for the Heads, although light. But we should be at sea by midnight."

It was too dark to distinguish faces, and the other man as yet had not spoken. All that I could make out was that he was slight and short, appearing quite smothered by the big bulk of Benton as they sat together in the stern-sheets. In a few minutes we were alongside and on board; and calling Rafael to show the pair into the cuddy I bustled around with Phil and the rest getting under way.

As under mainsail and foresail we swung round and began to make out into the Harbour, Rafael came up and said I was wanted in the cabin.

At the head of the table sat a man who at first glance I took to be a stranger. Still, the protruding forehead and bald head and curved beak seemed familiar. He nodded and laughed at my stare of bewilderment, and then I knew it must be Benton. But his face was now smooth as an egg; his glasses were gone, revealing a pair of sharp, greenish eyes; whilst the absence of the moustache showed a long, thin-lipped mouth drawn tight above the great chin. His companion was slight, brown, and undersized, also clean-shaven; and, to judge by



"HE NODDED AND LAUGHED AT MY STARE OF BEWILDERMENT."

the broad blue mark on each cheek, vivid as to be almost a stain, quite recently so.

He was grinning through a set of splendid teeth at my puzzlement; and his eyes, of the colour of agate and as opaque, showing only a narrow circle of whitish yellow, were fixed unwinkingly on mine. His hair was thick and coarse and curly, and at minute intervals he put up a long, slim finger and stroked a bare upper lip where ran a mark as blue and fresh as those on his cheeks. Somehow he reminded me vaguely of another person seen lately; but I was unable to fix the resemblance just then.

"My partner, Mr. Cornelius Sinclair," said Benton, with a flourish of his hand towards the other, who acknowledged the introduction by a curt nod and still kept his ugly eyes fast on my face. "Take a seat, Captain," continued Benton, "and a glass of wine."

There were a couple of open champagne bottles on the table, and I helped myself whilst the other went on in oily, suave, rounded tones that sounded like the plop-plopping of a shoal of bream on a quiet night: "I sent for you to say, Captain, that my partner and myself are, so far, very pleased and satisfied with what you have done in aiding us to escape the doom prepared for us by the cowardly wretches who seek our lives. And now, Captain, I may as well tell you that our destination—the harbour of refuge we have chosen—is—er—not far from Valparaiso, on the West Coast of South America. But we will not require you to go quite so far. Friends of my partner's are, it has been arranged, to meet us some considerable distance off the coast, and there, the better to hide all trace of our flight, we shall tranship. Then, Captain, as we shall have no further use for your invaluable services, you will be at liberty to return with the *Darthea*—as a parting gift. I think, Cornelius, I have expressed our intentions clearly?"

"Very much so indeed," replied his partner, twiddling away at that blue upper lip and speaking in a cordial enough tone, contrasting so strongly, however, with the mocking, sneering expression of his face as sensibly to modify the thrill of pleasure that ran through me as Benton finished his speech.

Just then Phil called me, and, rising, I thanked the pair in a few words and went on deck, hearing, as I closed the door, Benton's voice raised in remonstrance about something or other.

I found the cutter just breasting the ocean swell that comes in through the mile-wide gap between the heads of Port Jackson. Everything for'ard was in darkness.

"What's the course to be outside?" asked Phil, as the cutter gave a tumble to the sound of breaking glass below.

"East half south," I replied, whilst Phil whistled and sent a hand aloft to loosen the gaff topsail. So I stood there closely watching the *Darthea* with the pride of ownership already strong in me.

Then I told Phil; and his delight and pleasure were as great as my own to realize that we, who only a few weeks ago were about, as a last resource, to go a-colliering in some grimy, crazy old brig or schooner, were now owners of a ship—small though she might be.

III.

FOR a time after leaving the coast we had

a spell of fine weather, during which Benton and Sinclair read, smoked, played at chess, and drank, but never to excess.

That afternoon we sighted our first vessel, a huge, lead-coloured tramp, an island of steel and iron topped by a tall mass of bridges, boats, and ventilators grouped around a vast smoke-stack, half red, half black. She was flying light, and probably from some South American port where she had discharged coal, and was now off to the Colonies for wool and frozen stuff.

"Don't go any closer than you can help, Captain," remarked Benton, who, with Sinclair at his side, was watching the steamer. "Perhaps they'll be inquisitive. All the same, we mustn't seem to wish pointedly to avoid her."

Accordingly, I kept the *Darthea* away as much as I could, we being then on a wind. But the big boat's people were evidently curious to discover what such a tiny craft as the *Darthea* was doing so far along the 30th parallel, for first she made her number "P.K.Q.R.," and then, as we gave no reply, she asked for ours; also if we wanted any help; and slowed her great bulk to half-speed abreast of us, whilst all the time we edged off like a shying colt.

Presently, with Benton's permission, I replied that we were all right, requiring nothing. Then, hoisting the Australian ensign —white, with a blue cross in which were five stars, and the Union in the corner—we dipped it in token of farewell, whilst the big grey mass, her puzzled people surveying us through many glasses, sent her twin screws again beating the ocean into soapsuds.

"The *Redvers Buller*," I replied, in answer to a question from Sinclair; "one of the 'General' line from Glasgow."

He laughed, saying, "What will they name their ships next, I wonder? When shall we sight Juan Fernandez, Captain?"

"In another three weeks, I hope," I replied, "if we get strong and favourable breezes. Not for a month o' Sundays with these head-winds."

The other yawned and stared at me with those disconcerting, lifeless eyes of his. Then, with a grin, he remarked: "The sooner the better. I'm beginning to get tired. Send her, *Capitano mio*, when you get half a chance. Don't forget that fifty miles to windward of the island Pedro Garcia and his sloop will be waiting impatiently to relieve you of your passengers, and that the sooner you arrive the sooner will you be master and owner here." It was the longest speech he had ever made to me, also the first intimation given of the trysting-place they must have, long ere this, decided upon.

Presently came a week's calm, roasting weather which sorely tried our employers' temper and patience, and more than once set them to wrangle so fiercely with each other that, even through the closed door, some of their hot words came to our ears, such as "hypocrite," "scoundrel," "liar," and similar compliments very freely bandied between them. But when at last we got the wind matters seemed quite to resume their old footing again.

A couple of days after this, going off watch one morning at eight bells (4 a.m.), to my surprise I found young Frank, the boy, in my berth. He was a sharp, intelligent lad of about fourteen, whom I had shipped specially to be useful in the cabin, at table, etc. As I entered he lifted a white, frightened face to mine and whispered, "Captain, they're a-goin' to do for the lot of us. I heard 'em. It's all settled an' fixed up ready."

I stared, thinking the boy had suddenly gone mad. Then, noting the desperate eagerness in the imploring gaze he turned on me, I thought it best to humour him, and, shutting the door, I said, "All right, Frank; tell us the yarn, and you'll see how we'll euchre 'em."

My coolness and unconcern calmed him, and whilst I lit my pipe he told his story with hardly a break.

In the second dog watch, it appeared, Rafael had sent him into Benton's berth with a tray and some glasses. The steward rarely did this, preferring, even when pressed for time, to go himself. Thus it was the second occasion only that Frank had been in the private berths. Benton's was empty. And setting the tray upon the table he, boy-like, paused and took a look at the books and pictures lying around.

"Then, sir," he continued, "I 'eard 'em a-talkin' t'other side o' the curtain, instid o' bein' on deck where I'd thought they was. So I was just goin' to clear when Mister Sinclair says, 'Well,' says he, 'thank goodness it won't be very long now till Pedro begins to put his work in. They'll be raythe surprised, these jokers, won't they, when they feel the knives slippin' into 'em?' An' he chuckles, sir; an' I stan's there all of a sweat with wantin' to 'ear more, an' tremblin' les' I'd be caught listenin'. Anyway, I stays," continued Frank, "an' Benton says, arter a bit, 'Pedro 'll want this boat, I expec',' he says. An'

t'other answers, as fierce as you like. 'Then,' says he, 'want'll 'ave to be his master! The cutter an' all on board, excep' we three, mus' be sunk or, better still, burnt. Not a trace will we leave behind us that may possibly prove our ruin. But what's the use o' talkin'?' he says. 'You know all this business was settled long enough since, an' Pedro will 'ardly wait for fresh instructions.' Then says Benton, very quiet an' low, says he, 'Well, well, the Lord 'ave mercy on all their sinful souls.' An' with that I turns suddent to come out when my elber catches the tray, an' down she goes—wop! Nex' minute Benton shoves through the curtain, his big face turnin' as white as that paint when he sees me standin' there struck stupid-like. 'Why,' says he, arter a bit, 'it's only our little Frank. Good boy, Frank,' says he. But I seen a look in his eye, an' put my arm up, for I thought he was going to catch me a stousher. But he only says, 'Tut, tut, what a mess! Been 'ere long, Frankie?' speakin' as sweet as first-class caramels. 'No, sir, please, sir,' I says; 'jus' this minute come.' But I seen he didn't believe it, although he pats me on th' 'ead an' says: 'Good boy, there, don't cry. You go now and tell Rafael to come an' clear up.'

"I SEEN A LOOK IN HIS EYE, AN' PUT MY ARM UP."

"All the same, he's got it in for me 'eavy, sir," concluded poor Frank, snugging timidly closer to me upon the settee where I sat smoking and listening to this most extraordinary story.

"Now, Frank," I said, sternly, "are you sure you haven't been dreaming or inventing this cock-and-bull yarn? Mind, if I find you out in any goat-acting of the kind I'll put you on bread-and-water from here till we get home, and then have you sent on the *Sobraon* for three years."

"Sir," he replied, raising a pale, tear-stained face, and looking me straight in the eyes, whilst speaking with a sincerity there was no use in questioning further, "strike me pink but I've told you the truth, not leavin' out a word nor puttin' an extry one in."

"Well, well, sonny," I said, "I believe you. Now go to your bunk and don't so much as whisper to yourself about the matter, let alone to anybody else. You've done quite right in coming to me first, and I won't forget you when this raffle's laid out clear. Shouldn't wonder if it's all a mistake from beginning to end. There, get along, and don't look so much like a monkey in a fit."

Then I sat down again and did some hard thinking, scarcely knowing what to believe. It all seemed so monstrously incredible! Unsuspicious by nature, I found myself slow to credit the existence of such villains as the pair aft must be if Frank had heard aright. Still, somehow, as I smoked and overhauled the whole business from whipping to clinch, it was gradually borne in upon me that the boy's story might be true, and that we and the little ship that I had become quite accustomed to regard as my own property were to be sacrificed in order to cover the retreat of the cunning wretches who were using us so coolly and unscrupulously. And as I thought on it all, and my mind became slowly penetrated by conviction, a cold, hard fit of desperate anger took possession of me, so strong and sudden in its working that I had some trouble to restrain myself from rushing aft and taxing the pair with their treachery. Instead, I almost mechanically opened and turned over my chest till I felt

my revolver. Then, loading it, I put it in my pocket and went on deck.

Phil I found aft, near the tiller, and surprised to see me with scarce an hour of my watch passed. But making some excuse concerning the close air below, I led him out of earshot of the helmsman and told him the story. And at once, and almost without question, he believed it implicitly, and, as his manner was, completely lost heart and shivered, protesting we were all dead men, or words to that effect. Knowing, however, that the cold fit would presently pass off, leaving him his own brave self again, I simply laughed at him, advising him to go and get his revolver for fear of something happening, as for instance Pedro and his cut-throats becoming impatient and meeting us sooner than we expected, and then returned to my berth to lie and think and smoke for another hour before sleeping.

At seven bells (7.30 a.m.) when I stepped outside the first person to catch my eye was Rafael in his little pantry getting ready to lay the cabin table. One hand I noticed was bound up with white rag. On my asking what was the matter he said he had cut it whilst drawing a cork. He looked scared; and, in place of the usual dark brown, his face seemed to have turned a sort of nasty greenish-grey. He was shaky, too, for even as I spoke he dropped a dish, which smashed to pieces. Phil and his man were washing decks, and he gave me a wink as I passed aft that told me he was ready for anything. All at once I heard Rafael singing out, in the shrill foreign voice he at times affected, for "Fer-ank! Fer-ank!" But there was no answer, and he called again.

"Where's the boy?" I asked of Adams, who happened to be at the tiller that morning.

"I couldn't say, sir," replied the man. "He wasn't in his bunk when I came on deck."

Suddenly, all suspicion now, I remembered Rafael's cut hand, and his curious nervousness awhile ago, and my heart felt heavy as lead with the weight of a foregone conclusion. But who would have imagined the scoundrels could have been so quick? I suppose my face must have shown something of what I thought, for the man said, with nevertheless a flash of alarm coming into his eyes, "Surely, the kiddy's all right, Captain? Frank couldn't fall overboard, not if he tried. He's about somewhere."

But he was about nowhere! Search as we might we could find no trace of him except, to my mind, that lump of white stuff round Rafael's fingers. And bitterly enough I reproached myself for not having at least warned the boy to be on his guard, in place of making light of his story.

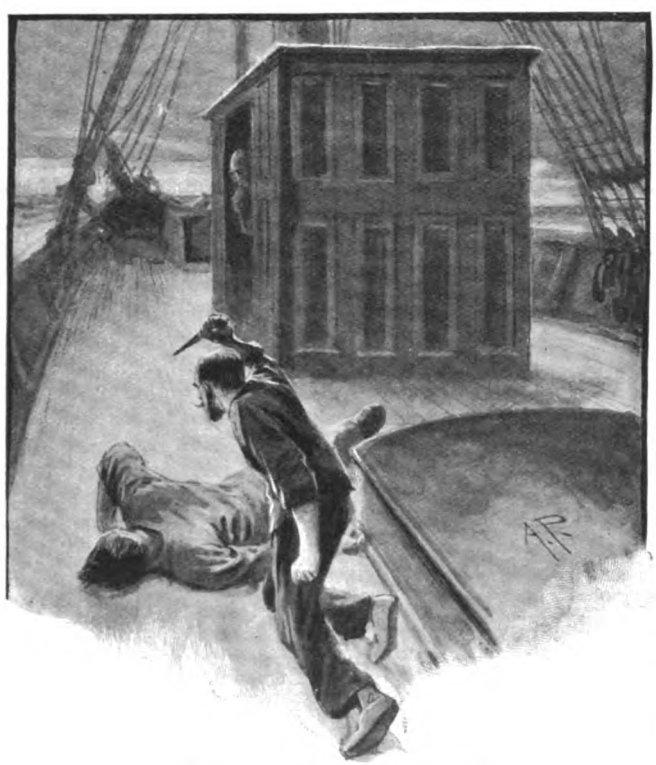
Presently Benton and Sinclair appeared, the former seeming very shocked, the latter totally unconcerned. "Poor lad, poor lad," exclaimed Benton, "I suppose he must have slipped or fallen into the sea, and thus gone to his last account without a moment's warning. Let us hope, however, that he was not totally unprepared. But the depravity of the Australian-born youth——" and he tch-tched with his tongue, and shook his head pityingly until I could have joyfully shot him where he stood. Also, I was aware that both men were watching me with a cat-like closeness, that, however, caused me in no whit to alter what I felt must seem to them a very forbidding and gloomy face.

With our little crew, and especially Phil, the lost lad had been a favourite. And, although the men were quite unwitting of anything like foul play, I could see that his mysterious disappearance seemed inexplicable to them, as, frowning and moody, they stared around and aloft, or went below and rummaged about in the hold, unable to believe that he really had gone. To Phil I told my suspicions, unsupported as they were by the least shred of substantial evidence. And, knowing what he did, I was quite prepared to learn that he had come to much the same conclusion with regard to Frank. Also, rather to my surprise, I found he had a plan, cut and dried, to seize Benton and Sinclair and carry them back to Australia as prisoners. I had thought of this myself. But there were difficulties. Suppose, after all, the whole thing was genuine, *i.e.*, that these men's story was true, and they really were escaping from Nihilists, or whatever they might be. Then, likely enough, furious at such treatment, they would call the law to their aid, careless of personal consequences, and make us all smart finely for our trouble. Altogether it was a tangled hank, and I scarcely knew which end to begin on first.

IV.

At midday I made our position 32deg. 15min. S., 90deg. 21min. E., or only some two hundred miles from Juan Fernandez; so that if anything were to be done it behoved us to do it quickly. As it turned out, all necessity of decision was taken from me presently by a mere accident.

In the second dog watch, striving with all my might to find a way out of my dilemma, whilst staring gloomily along the deck, I suddenly heard a scuffle and saw Adams's mate, Fisher, haul the cook out of his galley as one pulls a limpet from his shell, exclaiming, at the same time, "Ye yaller hound, I'll larn ye better manners than to abuse the poor kid what's gone. Blow me, if I'd like to swear you didn't give him a passidge yerself! No good, wasn't he? An' lazy, was he? An' dirty, was he, ye sneakin', monkey-faced baboon?" And at each question Fisher, holding Rafael by the back of the neck, kicked and belaboured him in great style, letting him go at last with a thrust that sent the cook sprawling over the main hatch. As he fell I heard the report of a pistol from just under where I stood, and saw Fisher throw up his arms and pitch forward, falling close to Rafael, whilst



"GRASPED A DRAWN SHEATH-KNIFE."

the latter, who had risen to his knees and grasped a drawn sheath-knife, buried it with a stroke swift as lightning in the sailor's body, and then ran aft. Like an inspiration came to me the certainty of an arrived opportunity, and shouting, "Phil! Adams! Johnson! After the murderers!" I drew my revolver and rushed into the deck-house, hearing the rest pounding along behind me with shouts and curses. The lamps had not been lit, and it was almost dark. There had been no time to shut the doors, and we entered nearly together, some on one side of the pantry, some on the other, to the sound of cracking pistols and falling glass as the bullets hit the swinging tray.

"Rush 'em, boys!" I shouted, as Phil, with a yell, sprang through the smoke to my side. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my shoulder, and, twisting round and seeing Rafael scrambling away across the table, I let drive at him. Then everything seemed to go round and round in my head, and I remembered no more till I came to in my own bunk, with Phil bending anxiously over me.

"It's all right, old man," said he; "don't get excited! We've got 'em tied up hard and fast. Rafael's goose is cooked. Adams has got a bullet through his leg—nothing serious; and the *Darthea's* lying W. by S., homeward bound, with a fine breeze after her. You've lost a lot of blood, but nothing worse. Now, not a word more out of you!"

I had only groaned—not with pain, but for thinking of what a pretty market I had brought all our fine pigs to.

It was a week before I was able to get on deck, during which time Phil nursed me like any professional; worked the cutter, short-handed as she was, and navigated her to a hair, notwithstanding the Marine Board had twice rejected him as incompetent. But at last I came out, white and shaky, but fast mending. Our prisoners, Phil said, had been very troublesome until one day, rummaging a locker, he had happened on some old handcuffs, which saved endless bother of tying and loosing. He had Benton secured in my old berth, Sinclair in his, taking theirs so as to be near me during his watch below. Also

they had offered him and myself £2,000 each to be set free—adrift, even, in a boat. This, after many threats of prosecution for mutiny, murder, robbery, and all sorts of crimes. "And, anyhow," says Phil, "where were they to get the money from? I don't believe they've more than a hundred pounds between 'em. They must have sent it on to Valparaiso. I had a good overhaul for knives and pistols and things after I had shifted the beggars out of their berths, and didn't come across much cash. Yes, of course, we buried poor Fisher, also the cook. My word, Harry, you took him neatly—right through the apple of the throat! I'd just tackled Sinclair when I saw you pot him. And now you're well again, old man," continued Phil, "I suppose we can't do better than keep all on for home, eh?"

"Why, no, Phil," I replied, "I don't see that there's any other course possible. There's something shockingly crooked about this racket that I can't get the hang of. I'm beginning to think we've been had from the very start. However, the straight plan's the best, and it'll all come out in the washing when we get to Sydney."

But we had not to wait for that. Seeing that I was still weak, Phil insisted on my lying down again. Adams, because of his game leg, was cook, also relieving Phil as mate now and again; and they were managing nicely in the fine weather. But I had no desire to interview either Benton or his partner. The pair of them had worked us mischief enough, and I was thoroughly determined to take them back to Australia and have the mystery cleared up.

I awoke about midday to find Phil in the berth.

"There's a small steamer, Harry," said he, "coming straight for us with the 'heave-to' signal flying. Perhaps you'd like to have a squint at her. What had we better do?"

"Heave to, as she requests us," I said, after taking a good look through the glasses at the boat fast meeting us from the westward. "I may be mistaken, but I fancy by her funnels that it's one of the South Coast Company's steamers, although what in the world she's doing out here beats me. And, by the way, Phil, which of those fellows was it who shot poor Fisher?"

"Nobody seems to know for certain," he replied. "Johnson thinks it was Sinclair, but he can't swear to it. You see, when they heard Rafael yelling, they both ran out with their pistols ready."

"I can read the name," remarked Phil, presently, working away at his glass. "Why, it's the *Cudgegong!*"

"Fastest boat out of Sydney!" I replied, "and, as I thought, one of the South Coasters."

We had already hauled down our square foresail and gaff topsail, and brought our main-boom amidships; lying nearly motionless as the steamer ranged alongside and without hailing dropped a boat into the water. It was fine weather, with a fairly smooth sea, and in a very few minutes three of her company were climbing up our gangway ladder.

"What cutter is this?" asked the first man on board—a short, stout, keen-eyed, red-cheeked customer with light, peaked beard and a brusque manner, who stared about him inquisitively.

"*Darthea*, of Sydney," I replied; "and who might you be, if it's a fair question?"

The man grinned as he asked, anxiously, "Surely you haven't landed your passengers already and got this far back again? Couldn't be done in the time."

"No," I replied, "our passengers are here safe enough. We're taking them home, as the trip doesn't suit them. And now, sir, what is your business?" I continued. "I'm in a hurry, and can't stop pottering about all day answering questions. Gaff-topsail halliards there!"

"Hold on!" exclaimed the man. "Perhaps I should have told you at first. I'm a detective officer in the service of the New South Wales Government; and these with me are police-constables. Here's my warrant. I'm in search of three swindlers supposed to have left Sydney in your cutter for a South American port. Will that satisfy you?"

"Amply," I replied. "Only I wish you'd said two in place of three. I'm afraid you're looking up the wrong spout this time. However, I'm glad to see you. Come inside."

"Not half a wrong spout, Captain!" exclaimed the detective. "This is business! Not that I understand it yet. Still, it's some comfort to know that we haven't burnt 300 tons o' coal for nothing. Now, sir, fire away, if you please. What you don't know, perhaps I can supply. Where's Number Three, I wonder?"

But I felt I had done enough talking, and, therefore, requested Phil to tell our story, omitting nothing.

"Thank you, Captain Ward," said the detective. "My name's Conway, by-the-bye. That'll do nicely. I see you're rather off colour," glancing as he spoke at my slung

arm and then at the bullet-marks that liberally dotted the walls. "Bit of a shivoo, eh? Well, now, Mr. Scott, don't think me impatient. All the same I am. There's more than you know of depending on the yarn. Capital sherry this. Now, gentlemen, I'm all attention."

But polite and suave as our new friend was, I noticed that his men had placed themselves at each door, and that they kept their hands in their jacket-pockets.

Not by a word did he interrupt Phil, and but for a slight twitching about the corners of his mouth as my mate mentioned the Nihilist story, his face might have been that of some attentive image. When, however, Phil got to the fight and described the death of Rafael, I noticed that he gave a start and a muttered exclamation.

As Phil finished there was silence for a few minutes. Then said Conway, in a sharp, curt tone, "And now, gentlemen, where's the money?"

For answer Phil rose and, going to the after-berth, returned with a couple of large writing-desks, which he put on the table, saying, "You'll find it all there. I came across it when I was hunting for weapons. Somewhere about £90, I should think, although I didn't count it."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed Conway. "I want £20,000! Where is it?"

At this I burst out laughing, whilst Phil said, angrily, "What do we know about £20,000? Do you think *we've* stolen it? Anyhow, I don't believe there's such a sum of money on this boat. Better search and make sure, though!"

"It must be here," replied Conway, rising; "they never had time to send it away. All in gold too! Hang it!" he continued, losing his temper for a minute, "did ever anybody hear such a wild story as I've sat here and listened patiently to? Do you mean to tell me," he cried, "that you never had any suspicions before that unfortunate boy came to you? Well, I tell you now that you've been conniving—I won't say knowingly—at the escape of three of the biggest rogues and swindlers on earth. Croft, that's Benton, was the business manager of the great Westralian Land Mortgage and Mining Company. The other two, the brothers Carlton, supposed to be South American Spaniards, and their real names Espartero, were directors of the same affair. And after converting every security they held into cash, besides taking a big sum in ready money, the trio cleared, leaving ruin and misery behind them."

"But there were only two," I said, the first long pause of surprise over.

"Three," replied Conway, cooling down; "the younger Carlton, your cook and steward, was Sinclair's brother. Oh, a clever scheme and three clever rogues; and, excuse me for saying so, two very simple sailormen. They disappeared like a dream, leaving no clue; and, until the *Redvers Buller* arrived saying she had met a small boat in mid-Pacific that fought very shy of her, we hadn't the least idea which way to turn. Then the shareholders chartered the *Cudgegong* yonder, and on spec we came at a fifteen-knot bat after you. Probably, if things hadn't taken this curious twist, we might have been just in time to steam over where you all lay at the bottom of the sea with your throats cut. A narrow squeak you've had! But the money's what I want. I must search the cutter—every inch of her!"

"Search and welcome," I replied. "Take her and do what you please with her. I'm sick and tired of the whole business. Seems to me that Phil here and I are apt to get more kicks than ha'pence for what we've done already."

"Only let us find the money," replied Conway, "and we'll talk about that. And don't forget that, at any rate, you've saved your own skins. Now, I think I'll have a word with Messrs.—what?—oh, yes, Benton and Sinclair. One at a time, please." And, Phil giving him the keys, he entered the former's berth. He was not more than five minutes with each prisoner.

"Yes," he said, when he re-entered the cabin, "they're my birds all right. I've only seen them once before this. But there's no possible doubt. Look!" and he threw a couple of photographs on the table, in whose features, even lacking whiskers and moustaches, were easily recognisable those of the men who had got us into such a mess. A third picture that Conway produced showed Rafael attired like the others in tall hat and frock-coat, and with a skin several shades lighter than we were accustomed to, but still unmistakably the late cook and steward of the *Darthea*, and as unmistakably resembling his brother the passenger. Presently it was arranged that the *Cudgegong* should take us in tow. Also Conway decided to transfer his prisoners to the steamer in charge of the constables, himself staying on board to make a search for the treasure. I was astonished to see the change a week had made in Benton and his "partner," as, with an officer guarding each, they came on deck.

Benton had obviously lost many pounds in weight, and the skin hung in folds and creases about his great face as he smiled and bowed to me and suavely hoped that I felt none the worse for my "little accident." Sinclair, too, was a shadow of his former self, and looked like a lean, yellow wolf as he showed his white teeth and scowled at me, staring out of torpid eyes, but saying naught.

Conway began his overhaul in high feather, Phil having told him of the offered £2,000 each—a detail forgotten at the first hurried recital. But as the days passed whilst we dragged along in the wake of the swift *Cudgegong*, and the detective, aided by the rest of us, nearly took the cutter to bits in fruitless endeavour to find the money, he lost heart somewhat. And certainly Phil and I could give him no encouragement, for both of us were morally sure that no such amount of gold could have come on board without our knowing of it.

At last one day he went on the *Cudgegong* to see if he could pump anything out of the prisoners. He returned in a very bad temper. They had indignantly denied having offered Phil a bribe, and declared that they possessed no money other than the sum already found. They asked, however, as a favour, that they might be allowed to see Adams. But this Conway refused.

When the detective was telling us all this we were, Phil and I, in the big stern berth which we had rooted up in all directions during our searchings.

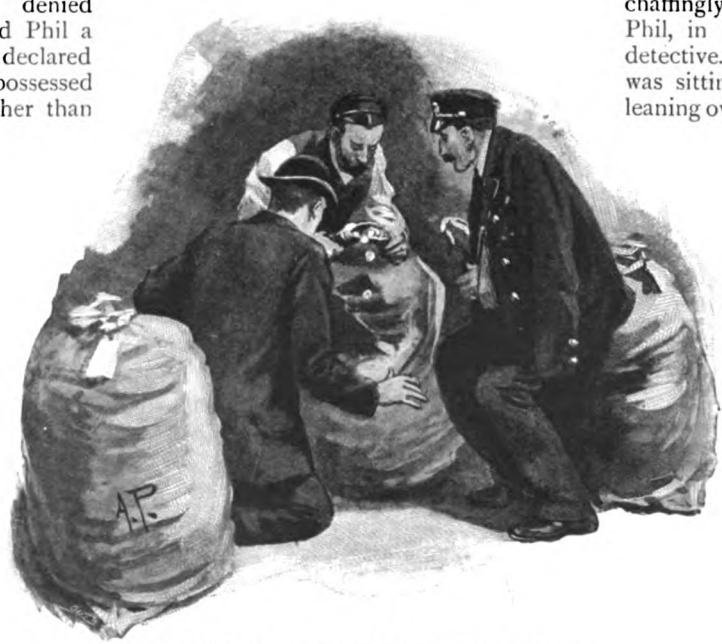
"What do they want with Adams, I wonder?" said Phil.

"To tell him where the stuff is," replied the detective; "or, at any rate, to sound him as to his willingness to secure it for 'em after we give up."

At this Phil and I both smiled. "I tell you it's here!" exclaimed Conway, in a rage, seeing us. "I'm as sure of it as that this is india-rubber."

At the moment he was sitting upon one of the packages we had dragged out from amongst a lumber of provision-cases, etc. The big coil was sewn up in canvas, attached to which, as I have before mentioned, were the trade tickets of a celebrated Sydney firm. Someone had drawn a sharp knife across the wrapper, exposing to view a section of the tubing that bulged black and shiny. There were three more similar packages, and I remembered now noticing that two had been shifted into Sinclair's half of the berth whilst the others remained in Benton's.

"Perhaps it isn't," chaffingly remarked Phil, in reply to the detective. The former was sitting near, and, leaning over, he gave a pull at the stuff, a short end of which sprang out and came away in his hand. "Oh, yes, it's india-rubber all right," said Phil, examining it closely. "Dashed solid stuff, though—eh—what? Oh, blazes!" The last word was a perfect shout. Whilst bending the stiff



"THE KNIFE HAD MADE A GLEAM OF YELLOW METAL."

hose over he showed us through a broad slash the knife had made a gleam of yellow metal. A minute more and a foot of ripped tube disclosed a nest of golden coins packed in such a way as not to interfere with the coiling of the loaded short lengths each parcel was composed of. Truly, a cunning device! And a most jubilant man was Conway as, together, we split up the portions with our knives and extracted the golden hoard.

"A tradesman's been at this business," said he. "You see, this is made specially for the occasion. Look at this seam, and notice how thin and yet strong the rubber is. First the gold was inserted, and then the pipe neatly closed. I shall have something to say presently to the skilled worker who fixed this up. These labels were a good notion. Blow me if it isn't the cutest dodge I ever heard of! No wonder they wanted to see Adams! Why, it's the greatest fluke in the world they didn't euchre us after all! Bet your life, once we got to Sydney, some of their friends would have been making inquiries about rubber-hose. And what finer fashion could be found of evading prying eyes if they had managed to reach the West Coast? Expect to find the lot? Not much, I don't! If it only comes out £1,000 short we'll be thoroughly satisfied. And I tell you what, I'm as pleased as Punch that one of you fellows sprung the plant and not myself. There's a reward for this job, and I'll see that you don't lose your whack of it—at least, I'll do my best. Gad! so far as I can see at present you're entitled to the lot."

"If I get the cutter for mine and Phil's share, together with enough to pay the men, I'll be satisfied," I replied.

"Well," said Conway, "we won't count our chickens before they're hatched. And if I'm not mistaken these chickens, as I expected, are a bit short. However, the shareholders can't growl, considering they never expected to see a penny of it. This is like shelling peas, isn't it? What's that last thousand? Nineteen? Well, there ain't anything like another though left." This was at the close of our second day's work at "shelling" and counting. And £19,200 was the grand total, exclusive of nearly another £100 in odd cash—a very satisfactory one, indeed, looked at full and by.

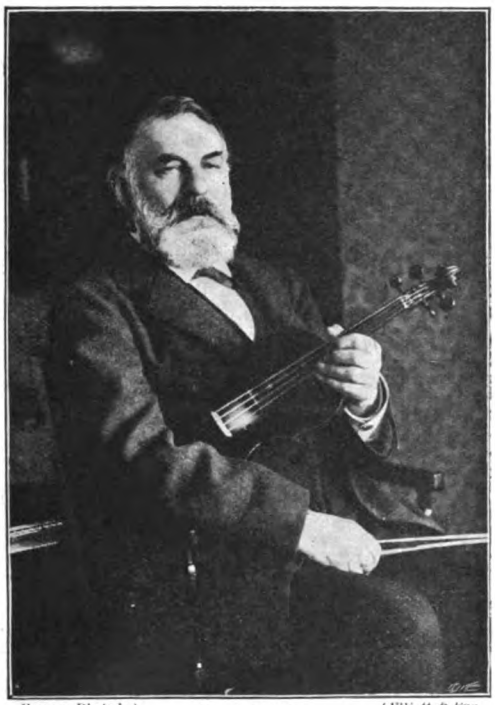
The shareholders evidently thought so, too, for they not only made Phil and me a present of the *Darthea*, but of £250 into the bargain. So that, after all, we did even better out of the adventure than if everything had been fair and above-board from start to finish.

Penal servitude for life fell to Benton and Sinclair, the latter only saving his neck through Johnson's inability to swear that he shot Fisher. I never had the slightest doubt about the matter myself. Nor that they instigated the death of poor little Frank and should both have hanged for it. The affair made some noise at the time—in fact, many people were good enough to say that we had behaved very well; whilst others averred that we were as deep in the mud as our employers were, and should by rights have gone to gaol with them. Those who know us only smile when they hear this. To the public at large who read the newspaper accounts of the "*Darthea* Tragedy: A Strange Story of Rascality by Land and Sea," I hope this plain tale of plain facts will sufficiently demonstrate that we were the "mere instruments in the hands of designing and crafty knaves" that Judge Bonnor held us to be, adding, at the same time, "that we had very bravely and to the utmost of our power done our best to repair any mischief of which we had been the unwitting cause."

What is the Greatest Achievement in Music?

(WITH THE OPINIONS OF DR. JOACHIM, M. JEAN DE RESZKE, SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, MADAME ALBANI, DR. FREDERIC H. COWEN, SIR HUBERT PARRY, SIR WALTER FARRATT, MR. BEN DAVIES, MISS CLARA BUTT, MISS ADA CROSSLEY, AND MR. HENRY J. WOOD.)

BY FREDERICK DOLMAN.



From a Photo by DR. JOACHIM. *Elliott & Fry.*

PROBABLY in no sphere of art is there so much conflict of opinion as in music. Putting aside the controversy of connoisseurs, to what extent does popular taste correspond with the expert judgment of professional artistes? With the hope of determining, in part at least, this very interesting question, I have been in communication with our most distinguished composers and interpreters of music. The answers I have received are sufficiently representative to serve this purpose, although in one or two cases they are somewhat embarrassingly comprehensive.

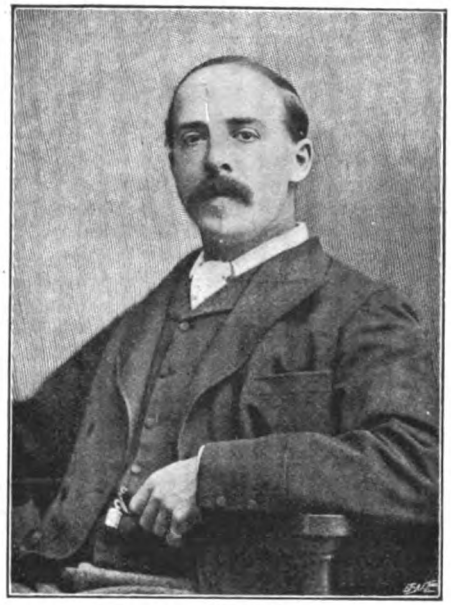
Dr. Joachim, to begin with, replied to my leading question—"Which piece of musical composition would you quote as an example of the most perfect art?"—with a list which comprised the following:—

All Bach's; Beethoven's nine symphonies, his quartets, sonatas, and concertos, and his "Fidelio"; many of Handel's Oratorios; Mozart's "Don Giovanni," "Figaro," and "Zauberfloté," four great symphonies, quartets, and quintets; Haydn's "Seasons," "Creation," symphonies, and quartets; Mendelssohn's overtures and "Elias"; Schubert's songs; Schumann's songs; Brahms's songs, his "German Requiem," and chamber music. It will be noticed that the choice of the greatest of living violinists is confined to German music, but it covers a period of nearly 200 years.

Sir Walter Parratt, the distinguished organist, treated my question in a similar spirit, although he was able to impose a greater restriction upon his selection. Sir Walter, who is Master of the King's Music, wrote to me from Windsor Castle as follows:—

"In varying moods I should give you different answers. Beethoven's C Minor Symphony, Bach's B Minor Mass, Brahms's 'Schieksalied,' even a far-off Palestrina would each at the psychological moment stir me most deeply." The "far-off Palestrina," it may be added, lived through the greater part of the sixteenth century and is sometimes referred to as "Princeps Musicæ"; whilst the three works specially mentioned by Sir Walter were written at long intervals from each other during the past two centuries. Bach's Mass in B Minor dates from about 1734, but with the rest of this master's work had to wait many years before its genius was appreciated. Brahms's "Schieksalied" was composed some years before his death in 1894.

SIR WALTER PARRATT.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.



DR. F. H. COWEN.
From a Photo. by Alfred Ellis & Walery.

Beethoven's Symphony in C Minor (No. 5), which was written in 1805, is also suggested by Dr. F. H. Cowen.

"There is so much music," remarks the composer of "The Better Land" and many other well-known songs, "which, at least in parts, deserves to be called great. But, in my opinion, the work which, taken as a whole, best embodies all the elements of perfect art is undoubtedly the C Minor Symphony of Beethoven."

The symphony was produced by Beethoven when he was about thirty-five—the composer himself was never certain on the subject of his age—and is usually regarded as the first work in which his genius freely expressed itself. As was the case with nearly all his other works, it was produced when Beethoven had lost the sense of hearing, and consequently he himself never knew its beauties. The symphony was written moreover in the country near Vienna—at Heiligenstadt, now a suburb of the Austrian capital—during a French invasion. On its first production in a Vienna theatre, on December 22nd, 1808, the symphony failed to please. This may be fully explained, however, by the theatre being unwarmed in intensely cold weather, and by the inefficiency of the performers, who actually broke down in another part of the concert.

To Beethoven Miss Ada Crossley, the famous Australian contralto, likewise goes.

"I hardly know," says Miss Crossley, "how to reply to your question! In relation to the public! The demands and associations of a singer's life are in the main of such a direct and personal character that I have long since ceased to marvel at the undesirable reputation vocalists possess of being the least catholic section in the whole world of art. The request for an opinion as to the most perfect example of musical composition is on that account, I fear, of far greater breadth than popular tradition will allow a singer to answer. None of us enter the circle of our own activities wholly without prejudice, and that is why I deliberately go outside it and devote my brief reply to a phase of music in which I now take no direct part. As a student of sixteen—fresh from the Australian backwoods—I first heard Beethoven's "Emperor Concerto." In its absorbing unity there was much to remind me of the great forest fastnesses I had recently left, and the riper knowledge that has come in the intervening decade has but deepened my youthful impression of its inspiring glory. By reason of its sublimity, vigour, melodic perfection, lofty thought, exquisite balance, and simple grandeur it appeals to me as an ideal work. And I also share the opinion that its composer's influence has been the most potent in the whole development of music during the century just closed."

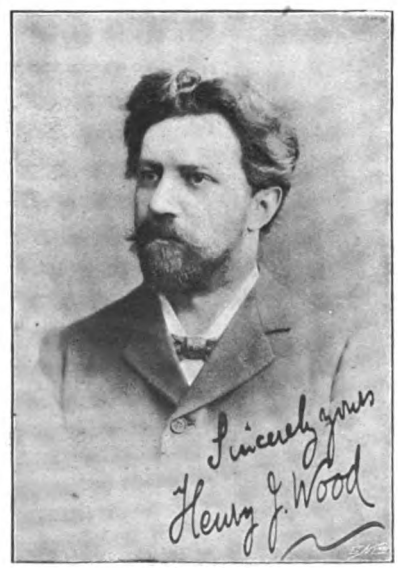
MISS ADA CROSSLEY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

The concerto, like the symphony, was written by Beethoven during war's harsh discords. Whilst he was at work upon it in Vienna in 1809 the French were actually bombarding the city. Beethoven's lodging was unfortunately on the wall, and it is recorded that on one occasion, disturbed by the firing, he took refuge in a cellar at his brother's house.

M. JEAN DE RESZKE.
From a Photograph.

M. Jean de Reszke wrote to me from New York, stating simply that his favourite composition is the prelude of "Parsifal," by Richard Wagner, a work which is not yet twenty years old. "Parsifal," it will be remembered, was the last work which Wagner produced, and, as with his other operas, he wrote both words and music. The score was begun at Bayreuth in 1877, when Wagner was sixty-five, and was finished five years later at Palermo, whither he had gone to recover from an attack of erysipelas. The opera was first produced at Bayreuth on July 26th, 1882, when it aroused among Wagner's admirers the enthusiasm with which it has ever since been regarded, sixteen performances being given. The opera has never been given on the English stage, it being thought that its mystically-religious character—the story is the legend of the Holy Grail—would be offensive to our national feelings.

The prelude itself, which is singled out by the renowned operatic artiste as the greatest achievement in music, was first played at a family gathering in Wagner's house at Bayreuth, the Villa Wahnfried, on Christmas Day, 1878, the Duke of Meiningen lending his own private orchestra for the purpose. The prelude has been described by a distinguished musical critic as "a foretaste of the solemn and ecstatic emotions inspired by the Grail, and of the sorrows of the sinful Amortas. Love, Faith, and Hope are its themes, and it is built up principally of the Holy Supper, the Grail, and the Faith motives."



MR. HENRY J. WOOD.
From a Photo. by the London Stereoscopic Co.

"In my opinion," declares Mr. Henry J. Wood, the admirable conductor of the Queen's Hall Concerts, "the greatest musical art work is Richard Wagner's 'Ring des Nibelungen.'"

This is the work, too, first mentioned by Sir Hubert Parry, the distinguished composer and Principal of the Royal College of Music. But Sir Hubert adds: "There are such a lot of great achievements in music that seem much on a par. I cannot decide between the claims of Wagner's 'Ring des Nibelungen' and his 'Meistersingers,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and his 'Fidelio,' J. S. Bach's 'Wohltemperirte Clavier' and the 'Matthew Passion' music, and Brahms's 'German Requiem.' So many things are great in different ways. Some are intrinsically great, some for the effect they have produced on the course of art; some little things are great in depth of thought, and some in style."

Wagner's well-known group of operatic compositions, "Der Ring des

Nibelungen," to which Sir Hubert Parry and Mr. H. J. Wood are thus united in giving a premier position in the art of music, were first produced at Bayreuth in August, 1876: "Das Rheingold" on the 13th of the month, "Die Walküre" on the 14th, "Siegfried" on the 16th, and "Gotterdammerung" on the 17th. Wagner meditated the theme of the work as long ago as 1850, and he published the libretto in 1863, between which date and 1876 the music was completed. The tetralogy, which embodies the old Teutonic legend of the "Nibelungenlied," was performed in the German cities 1,817 times in the course of fifteen years. Wagner himself, however, did not regard it as a work of equal merit, and he used to be much annoyed by the preference which theatre managers showed for "Die Walküre." Its initial production, which signalized the opening of the theatre specially built for Wagner at Bayreuth, resulted in a deficit of £7,500, but this was quickly made good by the profit on subsequent performances.

SIR HUBERT PARRY.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Wagner and Beethoven both claim the vote of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, who, since the death of Sir Arthur Sullivan, must probably be regarded as the first of living English composers.

"The first three movements of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony," writes Sir Alexander from Florence, where he was recruiting his health, "have always appeared to me to be the highest achievement in purely instrumental music. In answering your question, however, I find it difficult to ignore opera, and in this art Wagner's 'Meistersingers' holds the first place in my estimation."

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE.
From a Photo. by Elliott & Fry.

Beethoven's Ninth or Choral Symphony was begun in 1817, and it is said that the theme of it, Schiller's "Hymn of Joy," was contemplated in his boyhood. It was six years before the great work was finished. It occupied him incessantly during the summer of 1823, which the composer spent at Baden. At this time Beethoven was so absorbed in the work that, according to the testimony of friends, he was quite insensible to such mundane matters as the weather, his meals, and so forth, and would rush in and out of his house without a hat.

Great enthusiasm is said to have been evoked by the first performance of the symphony at a Vienna theatre, and Beethoven had to turn round on the conductor's stool to *see* the applause which he could not hear.

The manuscript of the Ninth Symphony, it may be interesting to add, is in the library of the London Philharmonic Society, which paid Beethoven £50 for it. The symphony, when published, was dedicated to the King of Prussia, but the MS. records the fact in Beethoven's handwriting that it was written for the London Philharmonic Society.

"The Meistersingers," which Sir Alexander Mackenzie couples with the Choral Symphony as the greatest achievement in music, was even longer maturing in its creator's mind. Wagner made the first sketches for the opera in 1845 at the age of thirty-two—and it was not completed until twenty-two years later. It was produced at Munich on June 21st, 1868, under the direction of Herr von Bülow as conductor and Herr Richter as chorus-master, and was an immediate success. Both libretto and music were Wagner's original work, although the former was founded on some

MR. BEN DAVIES.
From a Photo. by Russell & Sons.

incidents in the life of Herr Sachs, the popular poet-cobbler of Nuremberg.

I saw Mr. Ben Davies on the subject at his house in Compayne Gardens, Hampstead, where the distinguished tenor was taking his ease in the interval of important provincial engagements.

"I think highest," said Mr. Davies, as he reflectively puffed at a pipe, "of the composition which in the smallest compass contains the greatest amount of expression. And I am naturally disposed to select something from my own *répertoire*, because it is the music with which I am necessarily most familiar. Regarding the matter in this way, I have decided after a good deal of consideration to suggest to you the air, 'Behold and See,' from 'The Messiah.' It is only a little thing," added Mr. Davies, as he brought forth a copy of "The Messiah" from his music cabinet. "There are only twelve bars, as you see—a very small part of the Passion music as a whole — and it is, of course, very soft in tone. But there is more feeling in this little thing than anything else that I know of in music. I shall never forget the intense impression 'Behold and See' made upon me when I first heard Sims Reeves sing it at the Albert Hall. Of course, I never heard Sims Reeves in his glory, but I think that on this occasion he must have sung with as much power as ever. Many musicians would doubtless look to opera for examples of the finest achievement in music, and some will deny that there is any music at all in 'The Messiah.' But in England religion is closely associated with music, and it is as an expression of religious feeling in music that I regard 'Behold and See.' On the other hand, of course, if it is not given with proper feeling, the artistic effect is lost."

After weighing the matter for some time in her mind Madame Albani also chose a song from "The Messiah," with which her own name is closely associated, "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth." "It is," in her opinion, "most musicianly, melodious, and expressive."

The great oratorio to which our leading tenor and soprano thus pay tribute is by far the most popular of all Handel's works, although "Israel in Egypt," in the frequency

From a Photo by] MADAME ALBANI. *[Elliott & Fry.*

of its performance, is a good second. The story of "The Messiah" is one of the most extraordinary in the annals of music. It was written in twenty-four days! The words were chosen from Scripture by Mr. Charles Jennens, an English friend at whose country house Handel was staying. To Dublin belongs the honour of its first production, on April 18th, 1742. Handel was on a visit that spring to the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and with the aid of the Viceregal influence he was able to command for the performance the best musical resources of the Irish capital, the Cathedral choir, for instance, giving the choruses. The performance was given for the benefit of three Dublin charities, and there is reason to think that the frequency with which "The Messiah" has always been utilized for philanthropic purposes is only according to the purpose with which it was written.

MISS CLARA BUTT.
From a Photo. by Fellows Willson, London, W.

I cannot find any record that in the early days of "The Messiah" either solo, "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth" or "Behold and See," attracted exceptional attention. As to the impression the oratorio created on its first hearing our only source of information is *Faulkner's Dublin Journal*, whose critic wrote: "Words are wanting to express the exquisite delight it afforded to the admiring crowded audience. The sublime, the grand, and the tender, adapted to the most elevated, majestic, and moving words, conspired to transport and charm the ravished heart and ear." "The Messiah" was produced in London on March 23rd, 1742, but although Handel was then at the height of his fame no reference to the oratorio is to be found in the London Press of that year. Charles Jennens, Handel's "collaborator," at any rate, can have had no suspicion of the immortality to which such airs as "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth" were destined. "I shall show you," he writes to a friend in 1745, "a collection I gave Handel called 'Messiah,' which I value highly, and he has made a fine entertainment of it, though not near as good as he might and ought to have done. I have with great difficulty made him correct some of the grossest faults in composition."

Courage is generally required to recognise the greatest achievement in contemporary work, and Miss Clara Butt has certainly shown this quality in her reply to my question. "Of all the later works," declares the eminent singer, "Edward Elgar's 'The Dream of Gerontius' shows the highest art and genius, in my opinion."

It may be said, however, that Miss Butt has only crystallized into one sentence the judgment generally passed by the critics on this musical setting of Cardinal Newman's well-known poem when it was first heard at the Birmingham Festival last October. In a musical review of the year 1900, too, I find this reference to the work: "The cantata made a very deep impression, and for its scholarly attributes, in union with beautiful treatment of a sublime theme, was deemed worthy to rank among the best modern productions of its kind." The cantata, which treats of the feelings and emotions of the dying Gerontius, was sung by Mr. Edward Lloyd as the Roman soldier and Miss Marie Brema as the angel. Mr. Elgar, it may be added, is a Worcestershire man, residing at Malvern, who has been writing successfully for the festivals since about 1892.

My question was unfortunately misunderstood by Dr. Saint-Saëns, and before the misunderstanding could be removed the French musician was beyond reach, having left home for two or three months' travel. The reply, although not strictly within the scope of this article, will have its own interest, however, for the many admirers which Dr. Saint-Saëns has in this country, inasmuch as it indicates that of his own compositions the Third Symphony in C Minor has the first place in his own heart.

Ventilating Parliament.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK FOULSHAM AND A. C. BANFIELD.

ACCORDING to the late Dr. Percy, who held the office of Superintendent of Ventilation at the Houses of Parliament from 1865 up to the time of his death in 1889, human sensations are not always infallible with respect to judging of atmospheric temperature, as the same external temperature does not always equally affect the same individual. The state of the stomach as to the quantity of food which it contains, the amount of alcoholic liquor circulating through the system, previous muscular exertion, and the stimulation of mental excitement all tend to modify our susceptibility to atmospheric temperatures. Different individuals experience different sensations according to their habits (particularly as to the use of cold ablutions), their clothing, and the climate of the country in which they have mostly resided.

It has actually occurred that two members sitting in the Debating Chamber of the House of Commons have simultaneously complained that the temperature was atrocious—one declaring that it was most uncomfortably low, the other asserting that it was intolerably high!

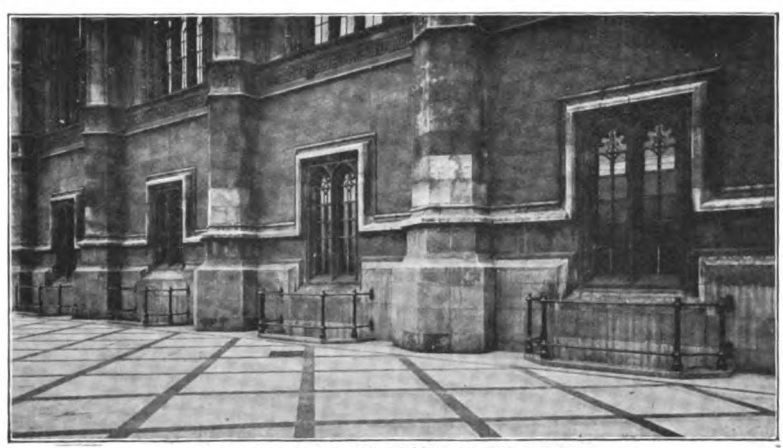
The task allotted to the Chief Engineer of the Houses of Parliament has been both complex and difficult; the difficulty has arisen largely from the site and construction of the present buildings and from the delicate conditions to be fulfilled. It has puzzled many brains to find a satisfactory solution to this problem. How can the most perfect hygienic arrangements be embodied in a huge and intricately-planned building designed more in consonance with sentimental and historical feelings than in compliance with hygienic arrangements?

During the past fifty or sixty years the subject has met with much attention, and committees have been appointed for the purpose of improving the ventilation of the building generally. Sometimes the committees distinguished themselves by totally reversing the opinions of their immediate predecessors; but by the help of competent men some few years ago a system was adopted which appears to give general satisfaction.

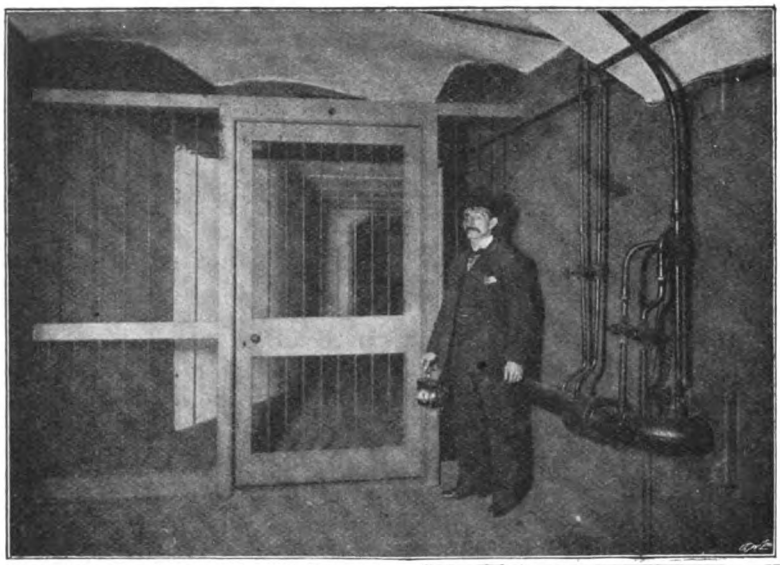
After an inspection of the present system of ventilating the Houses of Parliament the visitor cannot fail to regard the members as very spoilt darlings indeed, so elaborate are the devices and such enormous space sacrificed for the purpose of keeping the brains of our legislators at a normal temperature.

At one time the Clock and Victoria Towers were used as down-cast shafts for the admission of fresh air to the building, but as it was sometimes a puzzle to find the needful freshness amidst the smoke and other constituents of an elevation of from 250ft. to 300ft. above the level of London streets, the plan was finally abandoned.

One would think that a much healthier atmosphere could be captured higher up than the famous Terrace, which is almost on a level with the Thames, but notwithstanding the risk of occasional contamination due to passing barges containing refuse, the smoke issuing from the funnels of steamboats, and the plentiful supply of old-fashioned mud laid bare at low water, it was decided that the Terrace was the more favourable for the purpose, owing to the width of the river and the practical immunity from road-dust; whilst it was also argued by a distinguished scientist that the action of the tide was of



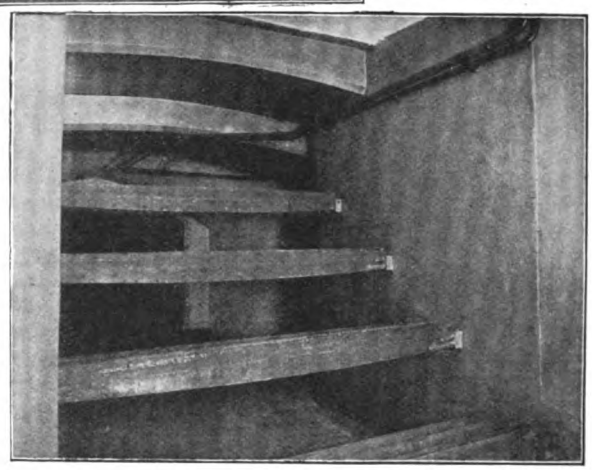
NO. 1.—THE FRESH AIR INTAKES ON THE TERRACE.



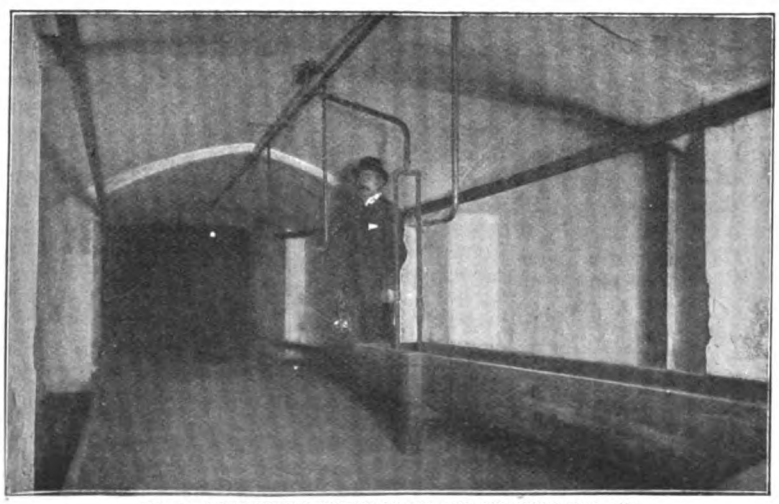
NO. 2.—ALL AIR USED PASSES THROUGH THIS GATEWAY.

advantage in producing a change or supply of air.

The House of Commons obtains its necessary ventilation, in the first place, from several intakes on the Terrace. Three of these, as shown in photograph No. 1, are exclusively appropriated to the ventilation of the Debating Chamber and lobbies. The air is drawn through the barred openings to three separate chambers in the basement of the building. In each of these chambers are fitted spray jets, forming, when in action, a sort of water-curtain through which the air passes to be cooled and cleansed from the smuts for which atmospheric London is infamous (No. 2.) The air, travelling through a passage (No. 3), may, if considered necessary, be further cooled by a series of similar sprays. The floors are, of course, waterproof. Screens of light, open canvas protect the walls and roof, at the same time acting as coolers. Here there is also an apparatus for humidifying the air when the temperature calls for such treatment. At the end of the passage are huge shelves or racks upon which blocks of ice are placed (No. 4), so that there is not much chance of the air retaining its summer warmth after reaching this point,



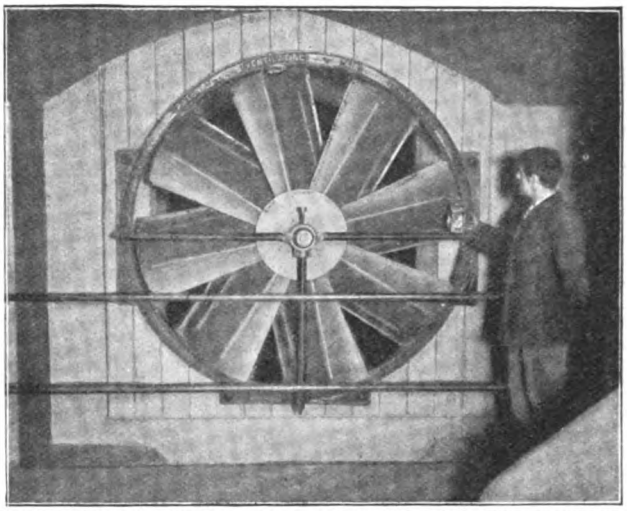
NO. 4. — ICE-RACKS OVER WHICH THE AIR IS DRAWN IN HOT WEATHER.



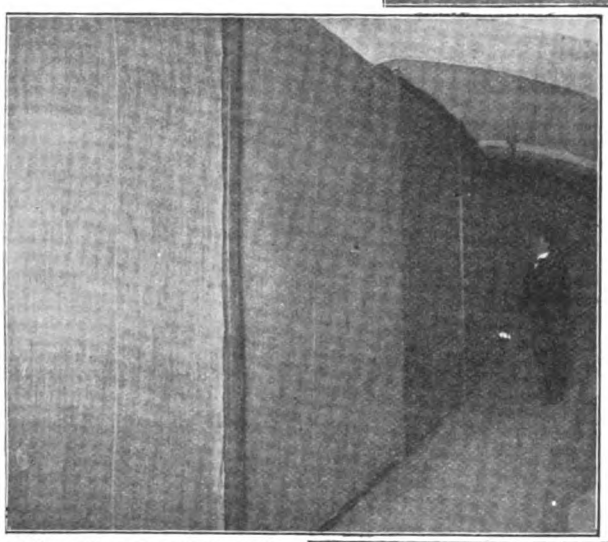
NO. 3.—TROUGHS AND WATER-SPRAYS FOR PURIFYING THE AIR.

Passing through a side passage, usually kept closed, the visitor comes in view of a 72in. diameter fan (No. 5), which is only used in foggy weather, for the purpose of forcing the air at greater velocity along the passages from the intakes on the Terrace towards an ingeniously constructed fog-filter to be described later.

When the atmosphere is free from fog a considerable inward draught is created by a huge coke fire always kept burning at the base of the Clock Tower, through which the contaminated air finally makes its exit.



NO. 5.—THE GIGANTIC FAN FOR FORCING THE AIR THROUGH THE FILTER.



NO. 6.—CANVAS SCREENS THROUGH WHICH THE AIR IS FILTERED.

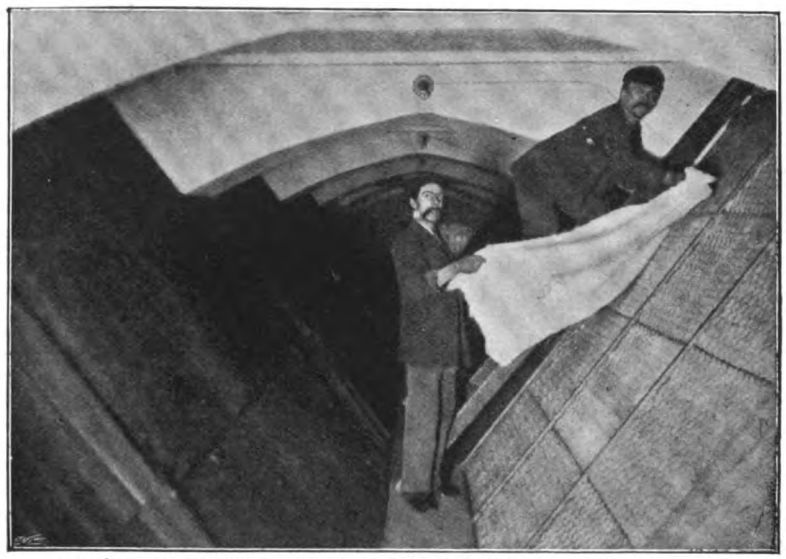
After passing through the ice-rack the incoming air passes along until it is discharged against a screen of canvas having the area of 600 superficial feet (No. 6). This effectually arrests any particles of dust or smuts that may have escaped through the water-sprays, whilst it permits a free passage of purified air through the corridor beyond.

In foggy weather still more elaborate precautions are taken to insure that only pure air shall reach the Chamber above. The fan already referred to is put in motion. This has the effect of forcing the air farther beyond the canvas screen into a most ingeniously constructed fog-filtering apparatus.

This is a V-shaped chamber, the sides being fitted with double frames of strong wire netting, between which are placed two layers of the finest cotton-wool. The doors of this chamber (No. 7), of which there are three, all dust-tight, are closed. The inrushing air from the canvas screen has, in its progress through the

NO. 7.—ENTRANCE TO THE FOG-FILTER

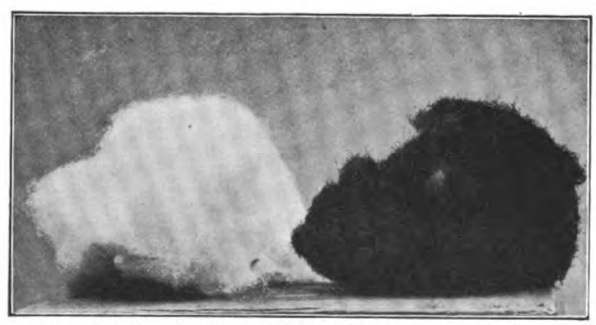
latter, left most of its "blacks," smuts, or dust behind, but its foggy character is not yet destroyed. The filter does the trick. Forced against the sloping sides of the chamber, the air pierces a double thick-



NO. 8.—INTERIOR OF THE FOG-FILTER—LAYING ON THE SHEETS OF COTTON-WOOL.

ness of cotton-wool (No. 8), leaving behind it all traces of impurities, as the outside layer of the material testifies after three days' use: it has turned from a pure and snowy white into a something strongly resembling a stoker's oil-rag! (No. 9). The fog-filtering surface exceeds 1,000 square feet in area. Should there be a continuance of foggy weather very frequent renewals of the wool are necessary, otherwise the filter becomes entirely clogged with sooty matter.

In fine weather the sloping fog-filtering screens are not used. The doors are open wide, allowing the air to enter from the passage leading from the canvas screen.



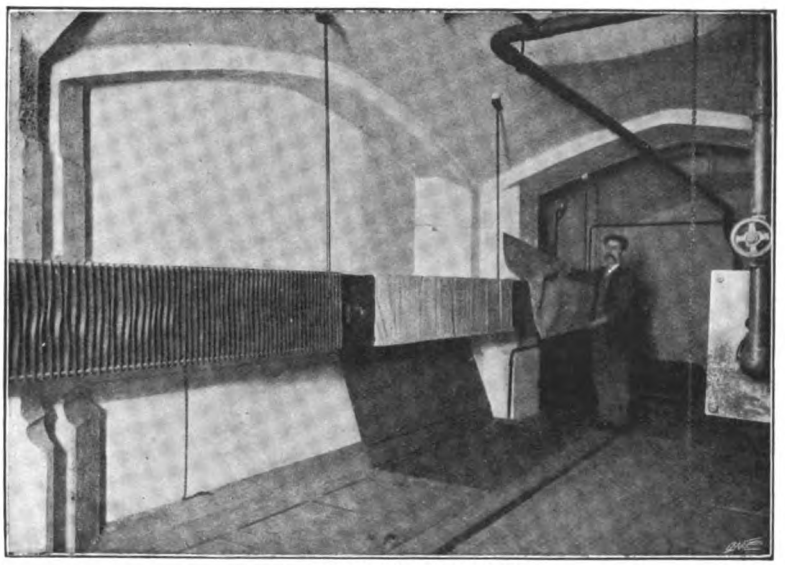
NO. 9.—COTTON-WOOL BEFORE AND AFTER USE IN THE FOG-FILTER.

The air, as soon as it reaches the interior of the V-shaped chamber shown in the photograph (No. 8), is as pure as the ingenuity of man can make it in London.

From this chamber the air passes upwards through regulating openings to one overhead, wherein is placed the warming apparatus, consisting of rows of steam-heated batteries, the invention of the late Sir Christopher Gurney. Each battery consists of a number of rectangular plates of copper or zinc The plates are fixed on a steam-pipe running through their centre, about two inches apart (No. 10.)

The thin layers of air between the plates are speedily warmed, and ascend to make room for other layers. Thus an upward current of gently warmed air is established. The flow of the heated current may be checked effectively by placing cloths over the batteries. This prevents the warm air escaping from the batteries to make room for a fresh supply, whilst the change is less noticeable than would be the case were the steam turned off altogether, an event likely to prove unpleasant to the members of Parliament assembled above.

From the battery-room the air, whether heated, cooled, or filtered, rises into another, the ceiling of which is low and sloping at



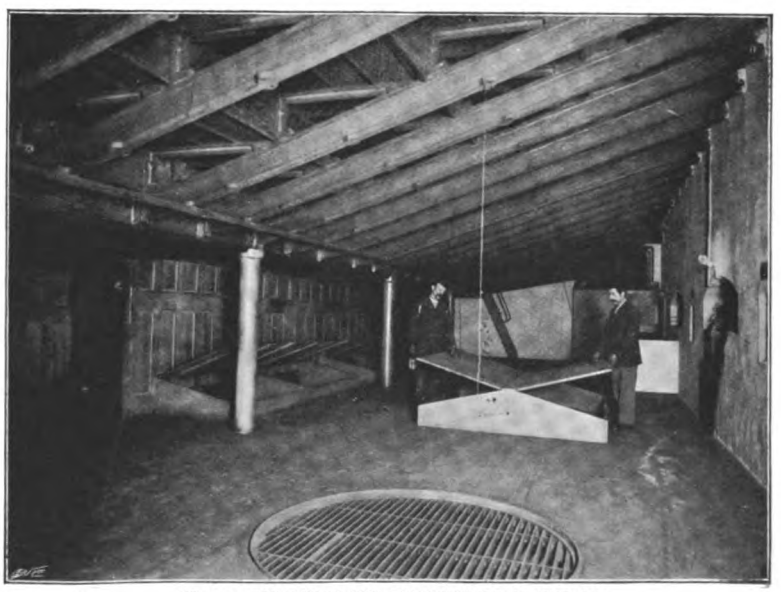
NO. 10.—THE AIR-HEATING CHAMBER.

each side, corresponding exactly with the tiers of seats in the Debating Chamber of the Commons, immediately above.

Here, under the feet of the legislators, is the necessary apparatus to insure an equable temperature in the Chamber. Here are the controlling flaps and valves, in charge of experienced attendants during the sittings, who are ready at any moment to send upwards currents strong enough, if necessary, to almost blow the mats off the Chamber floor; to direct a warm current to one corner, which may need it, owing to a lack of members on that particular spot; or to admit a cooler draught to the crowded portions of the House (No. 11).

Over each opening a thermometer is suspended, to guide the attendant in his endeavours to please the 600 odd men whose idiosyncrasies on the subject of ventilation are many and varied.

The air passes into the all-important Chamber through its floor of perforated iron plates, covered with a matting of net. In front of the benches are heavier mats, to protect the members' feet whilst they sit or stand up to address the House. Much of the flooring, however, is used for the ingress of air. Then there are side panels which are utilized for the same purpose, when desirable; and beneath the galleries are a number of flues, discharging fresh air from behind the fretwork of the cornice above the panelling, but at such an elevation as not to inconvenience members sitting near. Above



NO. 11.—EQUALIZING THE TEMPERATURE OF THE AIR.

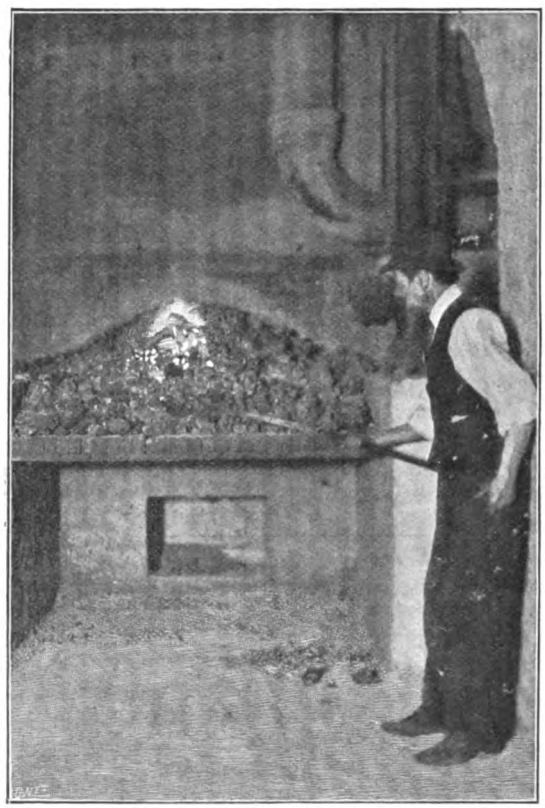
the floor-line right around the Chamber are means of air-ingress, whilst the Visitors', Ladies', and Press Galleries are also carefully supplied.

And what becomes of the vitiated air? The lighting of the Chamber helps in no little way to send it merrily on its way skyward. For this reason gas is likely to be retained in the Chamber for some time to come. There are sixty-four great lights in the ceiling, to each of which is fitted a 3½in. diameter flue-tube. The draught created here is immense, and helps to rush the vitiated air to a huge flue, which is carried a considerable distance through the spent-air passage to the Clock Tower shaft, where a coke fire creates the necessary upward draught (No. 12).

The glass panels in the ceiling of the Debating Chamber are raised sufficiently to give a considerable area of space between their edges and the beams that give support to the ceiling. Through these openings a great deal of the vitiated air escapes into a large space above, where there is a perfect network of ventilating tubes and shafts. This space is fitted with a great shutter, which can be hydraulically operated from the air-equalizing chamber beneath the floor of the House. When this shutter is opened the vitiated air rushes towards a wide-mouthed shaft, at the base of which a huge coke fire burns with a similar purpose to that already mentioned. In this way the bad air finds an outlet 200ft. above.

The Houses of Parliament throughout are ventilated with an equal amount of elaborate care. Over seventy hands are continuously employed in this department alone.

There is one thing that very forcibly strikes the visitor who may be privileged to see over this wonderful system of providing fresh air for the nation's legislative brains: His Majesty's Houses of Parliament must be the healthiest place in England wherein to spend a few hours daily!



NO. 12.—FIRE FOR HEATING THE AIR.
THIS FIRE HAS NOT BEEN OUT SINCE 1840.

How I Drove a Motor Car for Randal.

RANDAL was just about to start for the station to meet his aunt, Miss Ilchester, when word was brought that he was required at Mrs. Cranfield's immediately. It was a summons which a doctor could not possibly neglect. The motor-car was actually at the door. I was at the door; Holmes was at the door; and so was Randal. Mrs. Cranfield's house was within ten minutes' walk. The station was at a distance of about four miles.

Randal rubbed his chin.

"I shall have to go to that old woman's—and pretty quickly too—or I shall hear of it. And Miss Ilchester will have to be met; we shall have all our work cut out to get there. There's no time to put the mare in; not to speak of her being still lame. I suppose, Holmes, you couldn't drive the motor-car?"

"No, sir, begging of your pardon, but I could not."

The expression on Holmes's face as he said this was remarkable. He could not have looked more acidulated had Randal requested him to murder his mother.

Randal glanced my way—interrogation in his eye.

"Eh, Short?—think you could?"

"Well; I never have driven a motor-car, but that's no reason why I never should."

"It certainly isn't; all the other way. You've seen me drive. I've explained to you about the starting, stopping, and steering—all that's necessary for you to know. There's nothing in it—would you like to try your hand? My aunt will have to be met, and it seems that I can't meet her."

"Well; that's just what I was feeling."

"Then that's all right; off you go; there's no time to waste. Aunt will jacket you like anything if she's there first. Holmes will show you the way. I hope, Holmes, you do know the way to the station?"

"Yes, I do know the way to the station."

"Then jump up and sit by Mr. Short—unless you're afraid?"

"No, I'm not afraid."

"You understand, Short—you pull this handle when you want to start, and the farther you pull it the faster you go. This is the brake; this is the alarm; and this is the steerer—turn this way when you want to go to the right, and that for the left. Only have a light hand, because it answers to the slightest touch."

"I see. You pull this handle when you want to start—halloa!"

I must have moved the handle in question

quite inadvertently; because, on a sudden, the machine began to move in a forward direction, and in another couple of seconds we should have dashed into the one chestnut tree which gives Randal's house its name had I not, with great presence of mind, pulled up in time.

"Precisely," remarked the doctor. "Only, don't pull the handle unless you do want to start; as I've said, the whole machine answers to the slightest touch." He glanced at his watch. "Now you ought to be off."

An instant conviction flashed across my mind that he was right; though in a different sense to that which he intended. A glance which I caught at Holmes's countenance showed me that his conviction upon that point was even stronger than mine. The unexpected rush which the machine had made for that chestnut tree had given me quite a curious sensation. But Randal gave me no opportunity for that calm reflection which the matter demanded.

"Now then, start away." We did start; again almost inadvertently. It was with what almost amounted to a thrill of relief that I realized that we had cleared the gate and, after a sharp turn, were heading straight along the road. Randal's voice came after us: "Don't be afraid of giving her her head. She won't tire. You've only got just over twenty minutes to do it in."

No sooner was The Chestnuts being left behind and we were really off than it was borne in on to me with irresistible clearness that I was a person who was, in many respects, wholly unfitted to drive a motor-car. The puzzle of how I ever came to allow myself to occupy such a position was already filling me with bewildered amazement. In the first place, I never could drive anything. I hate driving. I have always been unhappy on the few occasions on which I have held a pair of reins. Then, I am short-sighted. For instance, on that particular occasion we had not gone a hundred yards before I became aware that my glasses were crooked. Although that fact naturally impeded my vision I dared not release either hand for the purpose of setting them straight. What might become of the machine if, while it was careering along at that rate, I let go of it for an instant, I did not like to think. And I did not know how Holmes would take it if I were to ask him to set them straight upon my nose. Again, I am of a nervous disposition, especially when I find myself in a situation to which I am unaccustomed. As the car wheezed and rumbled along I was becoming more and more conscious that I knew no more about the thing really than about the man in the moon. To my anxious fancy there seemed to be an unusual tone in the panting noise which it was making; while —although I did no more than keep my hand near the steering-wheel—it wobbled about in a manner which was distinctly unbecoming.

With a view of obtaining reassurance on certain points on which I was in doubt I addressed to Holmes what was intended to be a cheerful little observation.

"Going along nicely, don't you think?"

I do not hesitate to say that his reply was unexpected.

"Glad I'm insured. I've paid my club money regularly every week for two-and-twenty years."

What could have induced him to suppose that that was a subject in which I was interested at that particular moment, I was at a loss to imagine. No theme could have been farther from my thoughts. The idea that, in consequence of my innocent remark, he should have dragged it in by the head and heels really pained me. Yet, as I had gathered from Randal that the man was, in his way, a character, I felt that it perhaps might be as well not to show resentment.

"Very praiseworthy of you to persevere, I'm sure. Every person ought to have an eye to the future, no matter what his position in life may be. You seem to enjoy excellent health."

"It isn't only a question of health. I'm insured against accidents, too."

"Accidents? Ah! it is just as well to be prepared for every eventuality. Though why you speak of that just now I don't quite gather."

"Don't you? Then I do. I can't help it if the doctor discharges me to-morrow, but if I come back from this little trip alive it's as much as I expect! Are you going to take us through that hedge, sir?"

The fellow's words so startled me that I suppose that, without intending it, I must have given the steering-wheel a turn, because, without the slightest warning, swerving to one side, we began racing across the road towards the quickset hedge. I gave the wheel a twirl, which brought us back upon the road, and going pretty straight. Only in my anxiety to get the steering apparatus in the proper position I must have given an extra tug at the starting handle; in con-

sequence of which we began tearing along at what seemed to me to be a pace of about sixty miles an hour. Before I could correct my error and bring the machine to a standstill—which I did with a jerk which almost threw us on to the road—my glasses were all aslant, and my cap had been torn off my head by the rush of air.

My feelings, when we were stationary, were of a somewhat complicated kind. I was at any rate able to take advantage of the pause to place my glasses in their proper position on the bridge of my nose. Holmes indulged himself with comments of his own.

"That was a lively bit. This motor-car's a kind of a acrobat. It's all over the place at once."

"It was the remark you made which startled me."

"And it was the way you jumped us about which startled me. There's one thing to be thankful for — we are still alive!"

"May I ask you to get down and fetch me my cap? I fancy it must be lying some little distance behind us on the road."

"You'll excuse me, sir, but if I once do get off this beauty I'll never get on again, so long as I've my seven senses. Understand that."

I looked at the fellow. Randal had certainly been right in describing him as a character. I should have added to that description a few remarks of my own. But as, under the circumstances, I had no wish to be left in sole custody of that evidently erratic machine, I judged it prudent to go in search of my hat myself.

"I suppose if I leave you while I go and look for it, I can trust you not to play tricks with the machinery?"

"Play tricks with the machinery!—me! I wouldn't touch anything not if you was to give me £1,000."

The sincerity of his tone was unmistakable. While I hunted for my cap, which proved to be farther in the rear than I had supposed, I had reason to congratulate myself that that was a lonely country road. It proved to have found a haven in the ditch. As I endeavoured to free it from some portion of the wet and mud I was beset by a temptation to march straight back to The Chestnuts, leaving the motor-car—with Holmes in it—planted exactly where it was. But something which was not exactly principle prevailed, so that I retraced my steps towards that latest example of human ingenuity. When I reached it I tried to parley with Holmes.

"After all, Holmes, you know a great deal more about driving than I do, and you can't know less about a motor-car; so that I can't help thinking that the thing will be much safer in your hands than in mine. So strongly do I feel this to be the case that if you'll drive for the remainder of the distance I—I'll give you half a sovereign."

"MY CAP PROVED TO HAVE FOUND A HAVEN IN THE DITCH."

"Thank you, sir; but not for a hundred half a sovereigns. If you don't know more about a motor-car than I do, then I'm sorry for both of us. That's all I can say."

"But you are a coachman!"

"A 'oss coachman; but not a motor-car coachman—as yet; and that I never sha'n't be. I was as good as born in a stable, and was used to the ways of 'osses before I was breeched. There's nothing I wouldn't do for a 'oss—nothing. And all the 'osses ever

I come across knows it as soon as they get a smell at me. I never thought I should come to be sitting in a thing like this. And as to driving one—why, if I was to meet a 'oss as I was going along, I should have to get down and beg his pardon. I shouldn't be 'appy if I was to let him see me doing a thing like that."

Since, after such a confession of faith, reasoning would be plainly thrown away, I resumed my seat and we re-started. I am not about to suggest that the rest of the journey was a period of complete enjoyment, for either Holmes or myself. Or that it was wholly devoid of incidents. When we had gone some way farther—at varying rates of speed; I found it difficult to maintain the same rate; the fingers which held the starting handle would fidget—I descried, or thought I descried, an object in the distance. Previously we had had the road to ourselves.

"Isn't that someone in front?"

"It's a woman. She's half a mile away. You needn't get ready to pass her just at present."

For this remark I was indebted to the fact that the mere sight of a person who would have to be passed began to worry me right away. Possibly I did make a sudden movement across the road with the object of letting her have her side entirely to herself when we did draw near. With that cautious policy which always does actuate me in moments of difficulty I moderated the pace at which we were moving, apparently to a degree which Holmes considered unjustifiable.

"I should say you was going under four miles an hour, sir. It's about three miles to the station, and you've got about ten minutes to do it in. At this rate I don't see how you're going to get there in the time."

"Three miles in ten minutes; it's impossible!"

"Is it? I have been told these things can do sixty miles an hour, and Mr. Trafford Smith, who lent this one to the governor, I heard him say that he himself has done forty mile an hour in it."

"Forty miles an hour! I can assure you, Holmes, that I don't intend to attempt to do anything of the kind."

"No, nor yet four, not by the look of it. Only Miss Ilchester, she won't like being kept waiting—and the governor won't like it neither."

"Goodness, man! what do you want me to do? I'm doing the best I can, although I'll go faster if you think it's necessary."

"It's not so much that as it is that if you don't go faster it won't be no good going at all; because, from what I know of Miss Ilchester, she'll have gone back home before you get there."

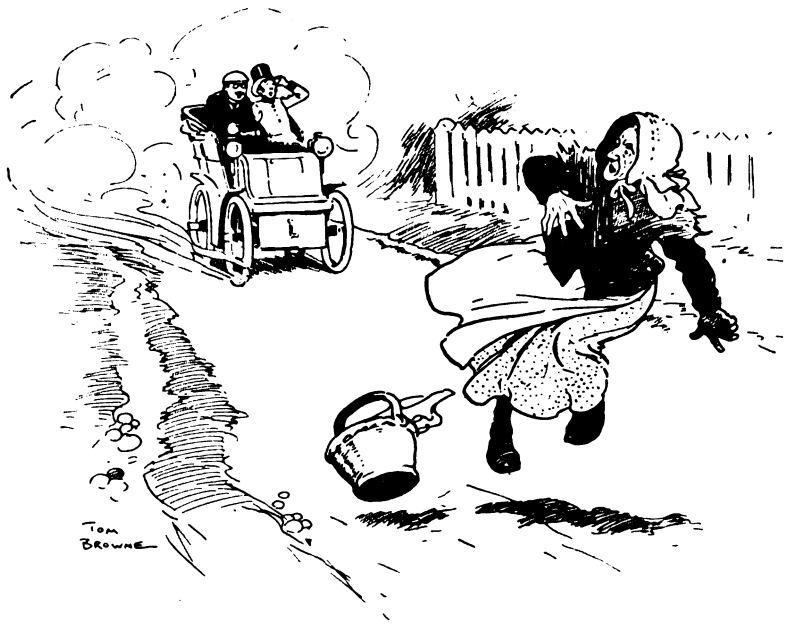
Although I was well aware of the hazard attending any hasty manipulation of the mechanism of the car, particularly as the foot-passenger—from whom I had never once removed my eyes—was now within sixty or seventy yards of us, the man's insistence so annoyed me that I resolved to increase our rate of progress. With that view I moved the starting handle just a little forward—at least, such was my intention. But, in my anxiety—for the propinquity of the female, who still seemed unconscious of our approach, made me ridiculously nervous—I must have moved it farther than I desired. Instantly the machine gave a kind of jump—a performance in which it seemed disposed to indulge on the slightest provocation — and we were rushing onward at goodness alone could tell what speed. Wishing to sufficiently advertise our coming I squeezed the india-rubber bulb which Randal had described as the "alarm." Immediately the air was rent by the most discordant sounds. The woman in front of us—who, I am convinced, must have been pretty nearly stone-deaf—seemed to be for the first time roused to a consciousness of our existence. The "alarm" affected her to an extent which was entirely unlooked-for. She positively leaped right off her feet. When, on twisting round her head, she saw us rushing towards her, she made not the slightest attempt to get out of our way, but collapsed—just as we were close upon her—in a heap upon the ground. The singularity of her behaviour caused me to make such a sudden attack upon the steering-wheel that it was a wonder we did not go right over her. Mercifully, however, we just grazed the hem of her dress, though, from the jolt we had, we must have come in contact with a basket, or a parcel, or something which she had dropped from her hand.

So unstrung was I by the thought of how nearly I had been the cause of the annihilation of a sentient human being that I was trembling like a child.

"Thank Heaven," I murmured, "that we didn't kill her quite."

The strange creature at my side immediately gave utterance to sentiments which filled me with amazement.

"Pity you didn't. It would be just as well if some of them old women was killed off.



"SHE POSITIVELY LEAPED RIGHT OFF HER FEET."

Seem to think that all the roads in the country was made for their own private and particular use. It's no use shouting at 'em—not a bit. The only way to get past is to drive straight into the hedge. And then if you do get upset they want to know what you think you was a-doing of."

I made no reply; feeling that it would be worse than waste of time to bandy words with an individual who could give utterance to sentiments of that description.

We did reach our destination at last, after one or two other little incidents. The railway company have placed their station at the extreme end of the village—Berrymead is a village, though its inhabitants amuse themselves by calling it a town. Its principal, and practically only, street is not a very wide one, nor a very straight one either. And as the people thereabouts have a way of leaving their vehicles by the road-side in charge of no one in particular, while their owners waste their time in what they are pleased to call "business," our progress was the cause of one or two rather lively diversions. A frisky pony dashed off with a governess-cart, under the apparent impression that something was going to happen; while a huge cart-horse insisted on standing on its hind legs, as if the very sight of us was sufficient to cause it to suppose itself a star performer in a circus. But these were trivialities. What was no trifle was the fact that when we did arrive at the station we were something like an hour behind the appointed time; while I was a mixture of heat, worry, rage, nervousness, and misery.

A large, fresh-complexioned lady was standing on the steps. At sight of her Holmes nudged me in the side.

"That's her," he murmured. Immediately adding, by way of increasing my comfort: "Now we're a-going to get it."

I brought the car to a standstill, not, I was aware, in very workmanlike fashion, nor as near to the steps as I had intended. I had found it difficult to arrest the machine exactly where I desired, and experience had already taught me that it was better to stop at what might be called a prudent distance. I had no wish to let the thing run right up the steps and into the station.

"Miss Ilchester?" I inquired, as I removed my muddy cap with a tremulous hand, painfully conscious of my dishevelled appearance. The lady looked at me, then at Holmes, then at the machine—very much at the machine—then back again at me.

"Who are you?" she demanded. I explained; so far as I was able. Her manner was not conciliatory. "It's a pity you should have troubled. There's a train starting in ten minutes to take me back again."

I remarked that I was aware that we were a little late, which I sincerely regretted.

She favoured the motor with another stare.

"Do you mean to say John Randal has sent that thing to carry me to his house?" I was about to repeat my former attempt at an explanation when she cut me short, addressing herself to Holmes: "Isn't there a Christian vehicle about the place, adapted to the requirements of a Christian woman?"

Holmes touched the brim of his hat.

"Mare's lame, miss. Ain't been no time to get another."

She marched round the car, examining it in detail. By this time a little crowd of loafers had assembled, who also evinced a disposition to be curious. My sense of dissatisfaction was not growing less. Finally, planting herself beside me, she regarded me with a pair of keen eyes.

"Is the thing perfectly safe? And are you an expert driver?"

"Good gracious, no. Very much the other way. Are you?"

"Am I?—Man!—What do you mean?"

"I can only tell you, madam, that I never drove a machine of the kind before; and I'll take uncommonly good care that I never do again."

I do not know what there was about my remark—which was spoken in a perfectly audible tone of voice—to cause certain of the bystanders to giggle. They did. My candour seemed to surprise Miss Ilchester.

"It's very extraordinary that John Randal should send such a thing, in charge of such a person, to carry me to his house. I hope, at least, that you don't career along at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, as I have been told that these things can do."

At this the wretched Holmes—towards whom I was becoming conscious of a feeling almost amounting to positive hatred—broke into a distinct chuckle.

"Mr. Short, he don't do no hundred miles an hour, miss. More like one. We've took two hours to get here. I could have 'opped it in less time."

The statement was a preposterous exaggeration. But I could not consent to argument with a common coachman. The fellow's words—which certain members of the crowd seemed to find amusing; if I had not exercised great self-control I should have resented the behaviour of an individual who, I am persuaded, was a butcher—apparently tended to reassure Miss Ilchester. She directed the porter to bring out her luggage. It was brought out, proving to be contained in thirteen or fourteen packages, as is the manner of a particular kind of female when travelling. The various articles were distributed about the car in such a manner that I really thought we should have to get off to make room for them. Finally, I found that my feet were resting on what looked like a bundle of rugs, causing my knees to be hunched up in the neighbourhood of my chin. A bonnet-box was on the seat between Holmes and myself, nearly forcing both of us into the road. A huge dress-trunk was on the dash-board, while how they found space for Miss Ilchester and her property on the seat behind was a problem I do not pretend to solve.

"Now for the hundred miles an hour!"

The remark emanated from the person who I was convinced was a butcher. As a matter of fact we were so encumbered with Miss Ilchester's impedimenta that it was actually dangerous for us to move at all, as events quickly showed. But I had been so annoyed by the remarks which had been made in my own hearing, and by the manner in which they had been received, that I was quite resolved to show Holmes and Miss Ilchester, and everybody else who had been good enough to show themselves interested in the matter, that there were occasions on which it might be difficult to out-hop that motor-car. The butcher's observation—I am sure he was a butcher!—clinched the matter.

"Out of the way!" I shouted—just to let them understand that I did mean business.

Before one or two of the loiterers had really time to leap aside I had pulled the starting-lever, twisted the steering-wheel, and we were tearing down the village street at a pace which, I rather fancy, took some of their breath away. I know it took nearly all mine. Miss Ilchester screamed; I could hear her voice above the cries of the people.

"Give her her 'ead!" exclaimed Holmes. "Lord save us all from sudden death!—There's a cart in front!"

I had learnt that in such cases it was wiser to leave the task of getting out of the way to the other side.

I was dimly conscious that some sort of vehicle was dragged, as it seemed, from right under our wheels. Observations of a distinctly objectionable kind reached my ears. I believe they proceeded from the driver, who, I have a faint notion, was standing up in the cart in an attitude of violent indignation. But details went unnoticed. We were going very much faster than I had intended. That diabolical machine seemed to have an incendiary inclination to increase its speed upon the slightest provocation. But allusions had been made to a hundred miles an hour; and also to hopping. I was quite determined to let everybody see that there were moments during which pace was to me absolutely no object. So I made not the slightest effort to moderate our mad career.

There is a vague impression in my mind that our proceedings created no slight amount of interest. People ran to the doors, and some of them rushed off the footpaths into

the houses. Windows were thrown up; heads thrust out. The whole place was in a condition of excitement. Something tumbled off the car. I am confirmed in the belief by a remark which came from Holmes.

"There goes two boxes and a bundle!"

I have a faint notion that someone—probably Miss Ilchester—shrieked out to me to stop and pick up the fallen property. But the lady kept indulging in a series of shrill exclamations; and the car was making such a noise upon its own account, that it was difficult to distinguish exactly what was said. All at once, however, some unmistakably audible observations did salute my ear.

"MISS ILCHESTER SHRIEKED OUT TO ME TO STOP."

"Stop! Stop there! You're going too fast!"

By whom the words were uttered I, personally, had not the least idea. But it seemed that Holmes had. I should not have been surprised to learn that he had eyes all round his head.

"That's the p'liceman; that's old Coppard. I owe him one. Mr. Short, sir, don't you stop for no such man as him."

I did not. To be frank, I could not. An unpleasant suspicion was beginning to dawn on me that the motor was beyond my control; that the jerk I had given the starting-lever had caused something dreadful to happen to the machinery. It seemed to me that the handle was resisting the attempts I was making to persuade it to move. There was a sudden jolting.

"Run over something!" exclaimed Holmes. "Is it a baby?" He looked behind. My heart was in my mouth. "Mail-cart. Took the baby out just in time. We shall run over something worth running over if we go on very long like this."

I was becoming aware that people were calling at us as we passed, that warnings were being shouted to moderate our pace. The thing was easier talked about than done. The lever would not act. It was becoming momentarily more obvious that something had gone wrong.

"I'm afraid," I ejaculated, between the intervals of tugging at the handle, "that I can't go slower. Something's—broken."

Holmes's comment filled me—not for the first time—with amazement.

"Then that's all right. I dare bet Coppard means business. He's run himself off his fat old legs, and now I shouldn't be surprised but what he telegraphed over to 'em to lock us up at the other end. Let's hope that if we do kill someone it won't be no one what's of any account."

There was another jolt. Yells seemed to assail me from every side. Again Holmes twisted himself round in his seat.

"Unless I'm wrong, that's Mrs. Perkins. She ain't dead. Only leg broke, or something. So long as you keep to them kind you won't do much harm. Old woman like her's better off in 'ospital than she is out of it."

The man's sanguinary sentiments made my blood run cold. Metaphorically, that is; for as a plain matter of fact the perspiration was dropping off my brow. The motor-car

was running away. There was not the slightest doubt about it. The more I tugged at the lever the more it declined to move even so much as the fraction of an inch. I have no notion what was our rate of speed. I know that we seemed to be flying past surrounding objects on the wings of the wind, and the air pressure against my features was unpleasantly conspicuous. Mercifully, as I dragged at the lever with both hands, I had to leave the steering-wheel alone, or I do not know what would have happened. What actually did take place I am not prepared to state. I can only hope that every jolt did not mean that we had run over someone or something.

At last, realizing that the case was hopeless, I ceased to struggle with the handle which was supposed to keep the murderous monster under proper control, exclaiming :—

"It's no good. Heaven help us, for no one else can!"

"This is better than 'opping," was all that Holmes observed.

All at once the car began to tremble—almost as if it were gasping for breath.

"What's going to 'appen?" demanded Holmes. "If it's going to bust up, the question is if it'd be better to jump off and get smashed up that way or sit tight and get blown to pieces t'other."

Hardly were the words out of his mouth than the car stopped dead. I am unable to say why. Possibly it had run itself to a standstill; though I am not in a position to furnish a logical and scientific disquisition as to the why and the wherefore. Throughout the creature's erratic proceedings had been quite beyond my comprehension. I know that it did stop dead. And that was enough for me.

In a remarkably short space of time we were surrounded by an excited, and distinctly abusive, crowd of persons. There seemed to be a general impression that I was to blame. To attempt to explain, either then or afterwards, was simply to waste my breath.

I was summoned for furious driving; and fined, with costs. The persons on the Bench delivered themselves of some exceedingly objectionable remarks, which were reported at full length in the local Press. I had to compensate the woman Perkins for injury to her leg, which was not broken, and which I do not believe was really damaged. All sorts of ridiculous claims were made against me for all sorts of ridiculous things. Miss Ilchester actually suggested that I should pay her money because — owing to there being so much too much of it — some of her property tumbled overboard.

"THERE SEEMED TO BE A GENERAL IMPRESSION THAT I WAS TO BLAME."

But I kept my temper on that peculiarly trying occasion. I wish to preserve it now. And would merely remark that the next time John Randal sends a motor-car to meet his aunt I hope he will intrust it to the hands of a more efficient conductor. I have had one experience of the vagaries of that kind of vehicle. I came out of it alive, even physically uninjured. I have no intention of tempting fate again in that particular form.

The German "Punch."

For the first time in its history the proprietors of the German *Punch* have allowed a number of their drawings to be reproduced in another publication, and this exception to a hitherto invariable rule has been made in favour of THE STRAND MAGAZINE, which presents in this paper twenty-three excellent drawings from the last three volumes of *Fliegende Blätter*.

JUST as for sixty years *Punch* has been a national institution in this country, so has *Fliegende Blätter* been a national institution, parallel in almost every way, in Germany; though for a period shorter by three years. For while our own *Punch* first offered itself to the public in July, 1841, it was not until October, 1844, that the German *Punch* began its equally and similarly brilliant career. And just as our own *Punch* (to speak of its past artists alone) records with pride the names of Keene, Leech, Doyle, Tenniel, du Maurier, and H. K. Browne, so in the pages of the German *Punch* is preserved the finest work of Braun, Schwind, Illé, Spitzweg, Busch, Oberlander, and Barth. While in Steub the German publication still has the services of one of its old brigade, a man of amazing industry as well as of remarkable ability; in parallel, perhaps (though the character of their work is wholly different), with our own Linley Sambourne, whose work now takes the place of honour lately held by that of Sir John Tenniel.

In the year 1843 Kaspar Braun, an artist, and junior partner in the firm of Dessauer and Braun, wood engravers, of Munich, left his firm and made a fresh partnership with Friederich Schneider, under the style of Braun and Schneider. The idea of the young firm was to carry wood-engraving to its highest possible perfection, and with the view of making an outlet for such work in the following year *Fliegende Blätter* was instituted. And truly from the first the paper has been distinguished for superlative excellence in the art of its founders, and even at the present day, when wood-engraving is in most places looked upon as an extinct art, *Fliegende Blätter* continues to give many fine examples every week. The last number for 1900, for instance, now before us, out of nineteen illustrations has eight beautiful woodcuts, in addition to the title design.

BUSINESS ALWAYS.—*Sprawling Book-Canvasser.* "Sir! You have assaulted me! You have kicked me downstairs! I shall summon you before a magistrate instantly! I mean it! And here! You had better be prepared with this little manual of police-court procedure and the law of assaults. I can do it on special terms!"

The title *Fliegende Blätter* (Flying Leaves) was first conceived as an expression of the idea that loose sheets of drawings and writings had blown through the office window, and were collected to make up the periodical; the words having the collateral advantage of suggesting the publication of fugitive writings. At first the paper dealt freely with political matters, but of late years all political allusion has been strictly excluded. Of the original partners, Schneider died in 1864, while Kaspar Braun survived to see the thirty-fifth anniversary of the paper's birth, dying late in 1879. But the firm is still Braun and Schneider, for the eldest sons of the old partners still carry on the business at Munich.

Kaspar Braun's own drawings, of course, made a prominent part of the attractions of the earlier numbers; and here we have still another parallel between our own *Punch* and the German paper.

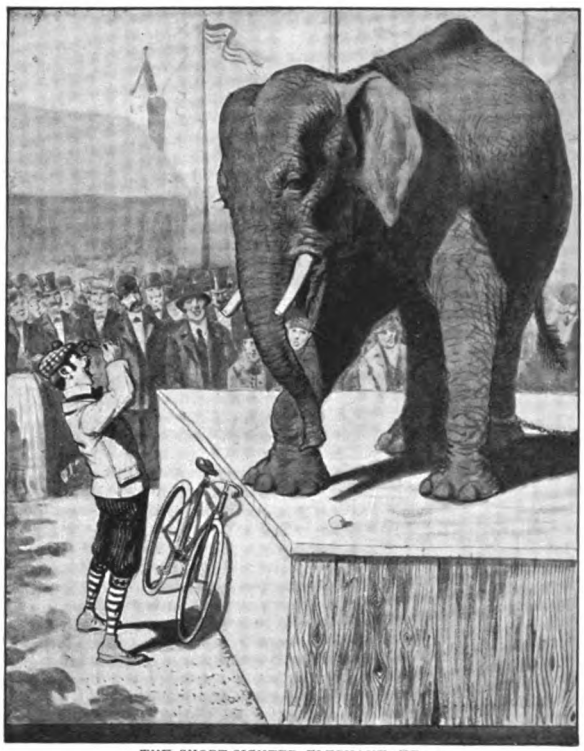
A LIQUID ECHO.—*Tourist.* "Isn't there an extraordinary echo to be heard just here?"
Guide. "Extraordinary! Why, yes, sir. I should think so. Just try now. Shout 'Two pots of beer' as loud as you can."
Tourist shouts. A pause. Then:—
Tourist. "The sound doesn't seem to come!"
Guide (with triumphant fervour). "No, sir—but here comes the beer!"

For Braun's admirable work bears a remarkable resemblance in conception, spirit, and manner to that of Richard Doyle, appearing contemporaneously in *Punch*. In the very early days *Fliegende Blätter* appeared (or didn't) with a certain free and easy irregularity, it being no uncommon thing for a week's issue to be missed altogether. But that state of affairs did not last long. Still, the notion of binding the publication in half-yearly volumes does not seem to have struck the proprietors till 1857, since which time they have been bound and issued regularly, the last—to the end of 1900—being numbered 113, volumes being counted as from the beginning.

We have here little space to speak in detail of the fine work contributed during the first half-century of the paper's existence by such men as Moritz Schwind, Eduard Illé (still living); Horschelt, the delineator of horses; Edmund Harburger, who made drawings of student life; Dietz, Vogel, and Oberlander. Perhaps of all the artists of this period Wilhelm Busch is the best known in this country. His comic engravings were often sold in sheets over here; one representing the fate of the two naughty little Athenians who set Diogenes's tub, with the philosopher in it, rolling down hill, must still be fresh in the memory of many. But it is time to come to the *Fliegende Blätter* of to-day, in no way less excellent than the *Fliegende Blätter* of old time.

The first is a specimen of the work of Hengeler, an artist of considerable comic power and force. A joke does not always translate well, though we can all appreciate this instance of the ruling passion strong in defeat. Until the last book-canvasser has been finally kicked down the ultimate flight of stairs and the world is whelmed in chaos a good book-canvasser joke will always be welcome to the patrons of comic journals. Next is a drawing by H. Stockmann, of whom we present other

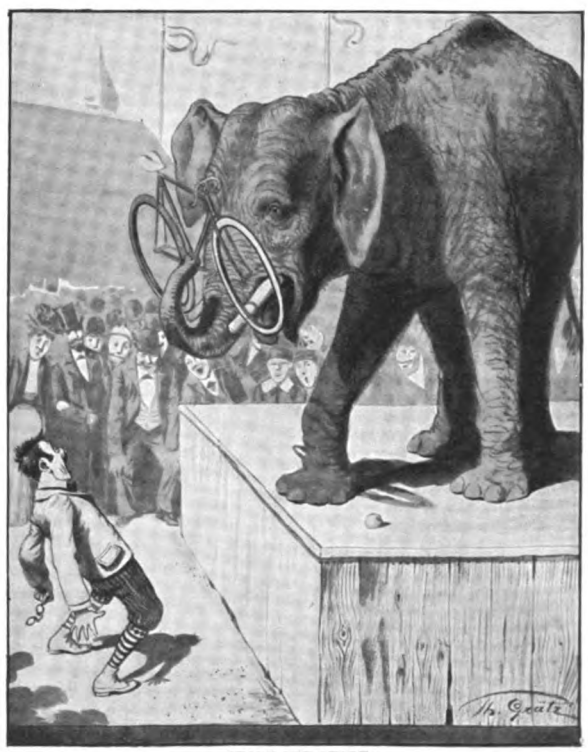
A TICKLISH SITUATION.



THE SHORT-SIGHTED ELEPHANT, OR—

specimens later ; and, following that, one by Gratz, who is a forcible and usually very humorous draughtsman. The tricks of guides on travellers, common material of the funny story-teller, receive an accession in Stockmann's drawing by the presence of mind of the sly old chap who makes a supposed echo the occasion for extracting an extra drink from his employer. You observe his foresight. If he had suggested the shout of "*A* pot of beer" his principal might have turned the joke disastrously against him by emptying the pot himself. But two pots—to drink *both* would be merely piggish, and so he is sure of his reward, and already cocks his eye in thirsty anticipation. In Gratz's drawing of "A Ticklish Situation" the tortured waiter's face is put in with a freedom of grotesqueness that is distinctively German. Who shall say what wildernesses of gravy-anointed backs, what acres of sauced shirt-front, what loads of slopped *entrée* are avenged by the point of that feather! Truly he must have been a waiter wicked beyond the common to come on such a punishment in this world.

Two other drawings of Gratz, making a pair, present a quaint conceit of an elephant and a bicycle. The bicyclist, arrived at a fair, has placed his machine against a show platform and has presumed to gaze, with something of derision, through his double eye-glasses at the performing elephant. The intelligent pachyderm, having no eye-glasses of its own, rather than be at a disadvantage in returning the stare, borrows the bicycle for the purpose, and very good *pince-nez* it makes. Some other of Gratz's drawings here reproduced may be superior pictorially, but the idea of this pair is new and quaint. The other drawing, of the ladies with their "lap dog," is in his best vein of humour. The disconcerted official, the ponderous quadruped, and the chorusing ladies all alike are admirable.



STARE FOR STARE.

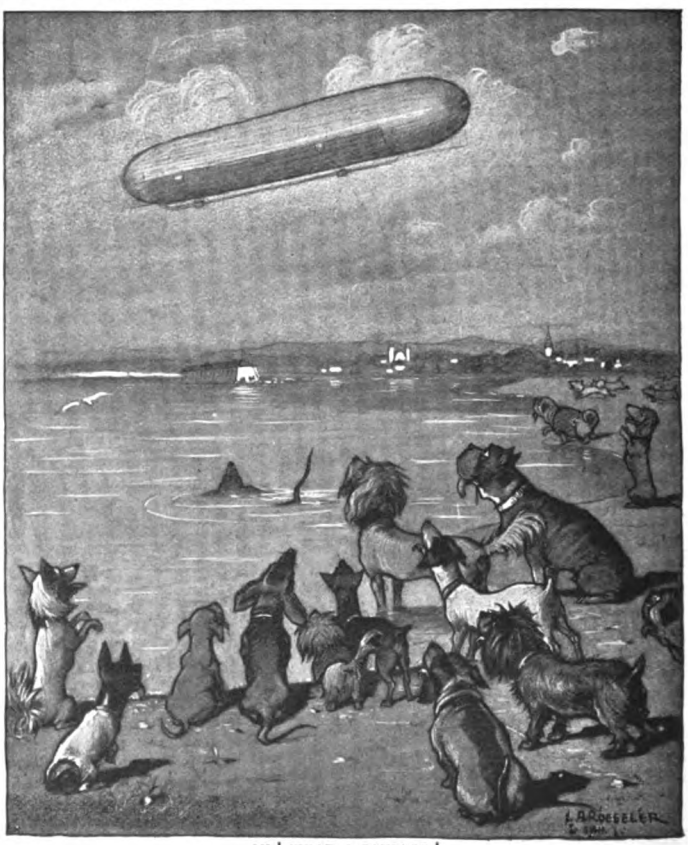
Chorus of Ladies. "Only lap dogs allowed? Oh, but this *is* a lap dog!"

wigs. The instinct of the innocent pug teaches it that the person it is anxious to fondle lies somewhere buried under that extraneous pile of hair, and it dives; whereat the sleeper wakes, and all is horror.

In *Fliegende Blätter*, by-the-bye, never-ending fun is extracted from the slowness of the train service in most parts of the country, and Stockmann has made many draw-

Another artistic contributor of later times is A. Roeseler, an excellent draughtsman, and one who can draw dogs. The great interest shown of late in Germany in airships -- the Zeppelin particularly — gives him the chance to show us, in the next picture, a little mob of dogs of all sorts and kinds collected, eager and hungry, to await the fall of what seems to them quite the biggest sausage Germany ever produced.

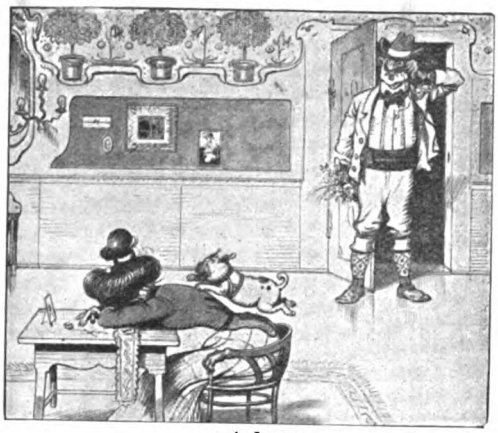
We return, now, to Stockmann, the draughtsman who gave us the artful guide in an earlier page. Here we have from him a set of five little drawings -- one of those comic series of which Wilhelm Busch was so great a master. Here we have one of those calamities that (rather cruelly, perhaps) always overtake —at any rate in comic papers—ladies who wear



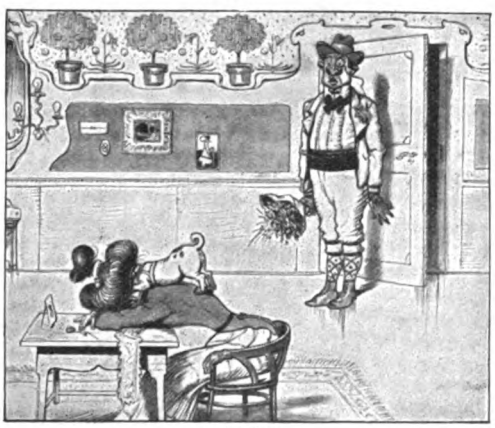
OH! WHAT A SAUSAGE!

INSTINCT OR REASON.

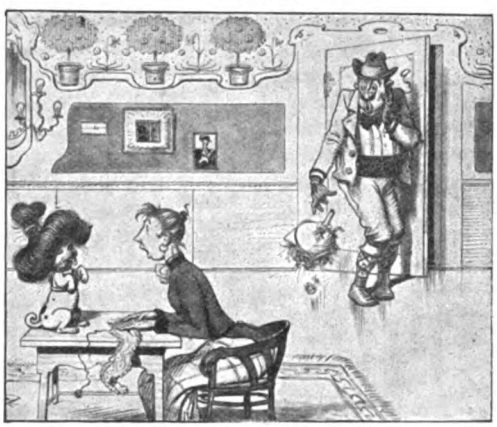
1. A Run.



2. A Jump.

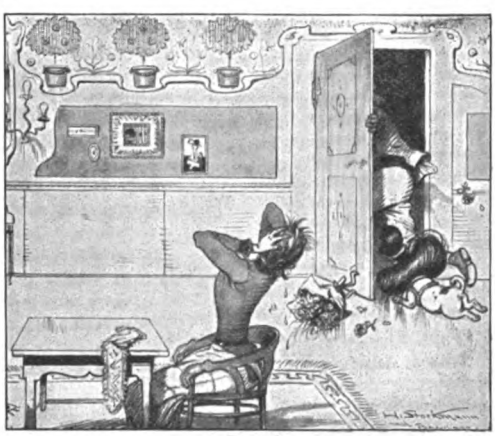


3. A Dive.



4. A. Surprise.

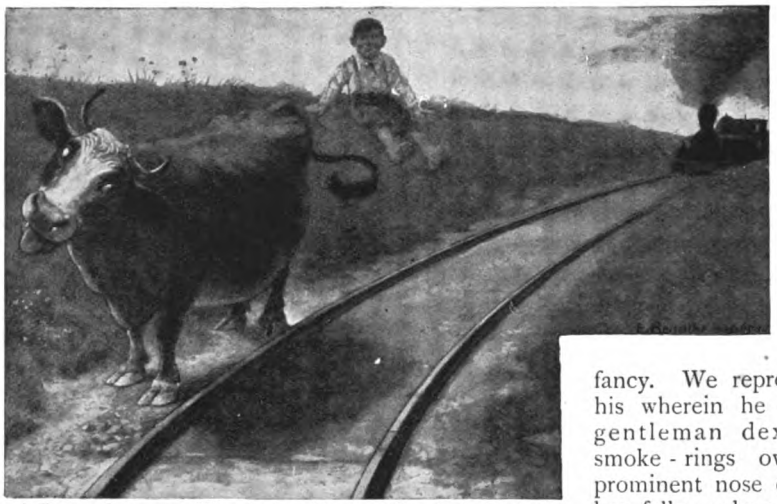
ings to that end. Not more than others, perhaps, for every artist has a turn at the theme — representing passengers tying on their dogs behind, reaching to pluck wayside flowers as they pass, running beside, and occasionally leaping over, the engine to warm themselves, and the like.



5. Despair.

We give next, indeed, a specimen of a railway joke by E. Reinicke, whose work has something in common with both Gratz and Hengeler, though he often allows himself a freer play of pictorial fancy. The patient and comfort-loving old cow is good, indeed, as is the joke she illustrates, though probably no slow-train joke comes quite up to the good old English one of the man who attempted to commit suicide by lying across the rails on a certain line, and died—of starvation!

Another railway joke we give is the work of Schliessmann, a Vienna draughtsman, and then we have a specimen of the work of Steub, whom we mentioned earlier as an old and prolific worker on *Fliegende Blätter*. We perceive in it all the fine detail that distinguishes but never confuses his work. He has drawn a promising

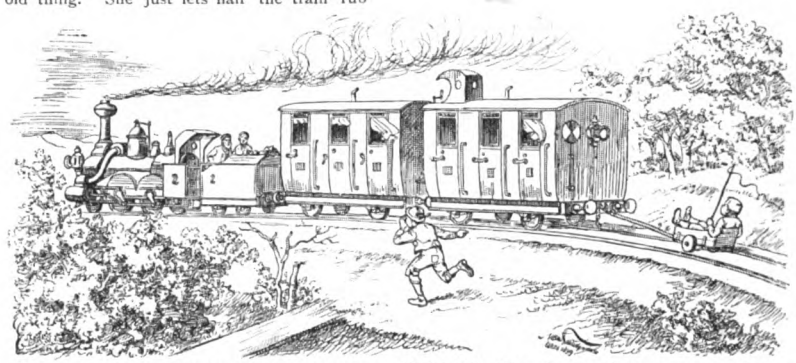


A DAILY COMFORT.—What is the old cow waiting for? Don't you know? She waits like that every day for the ten o'clock express to rub her sides, poor old thing. She just lets half the train rub along one side, and then turns the other. Wonderful how it comforts her!

America is a frequent contributor to *Fliegende Blätter*—Henry Mayer, who is German by birth, though he lives in New York. Mayer is a most prolific worker, and he has a very free and smart command of line, as well as a quaint fancy. We reproduce a drawing of his wherein he shows us a young gentleman dexterously blowing smoke-rings over the somewhat prominent nose of a neighbour who has fallen asleep.

shop-boy, who will make his way in the world if only he can escape the trick of being found out.

An artist whose work is familiar both in England and



UNACCOUNTABLE DELAY OF THE EXPRESS.—"Hi! hi! driver! Here's someone hanging on behind!"

PROOF POSITIVE.—*Master.* "What? said it wasn't a real tiger skin?"
Assistant. "Yes, sir, and he wouldn't buy it, though I assured him I'd strangled the tiger with my own hands!"

Roeseler, a crowd of whose dogs we lately caught a glimpse of hungering for the Zeppelin air-sausage, next offers another little dog-joke, this time at the expense of the dachshund, who has afforded amusement proportionate to his length in most countries where his processional appearance is familiar. The joker suggests selling him by

INTELLECTUAL RECREATION AT A BEER-HOUSE.

the yard, giving him wheels in the middle to keep him from wearing in half against the ground, kennelling him in a stove-pipe, and the like. And now he is objected to because of another useful source of fun. And here is a very good joke, indeed, on that theme. And with that we come again on a drawing of Steub's. This time it is a jest of sport—a

A SUMMER DOG.—"I say, Mr. Forester, I don't like that sort of dog this cold weather!"
"Why not?"
"He keeps the door open such a long time coming in. The draught's enough to kill one!"

the prolonged draughts caused by his entry! The servant who borrows her mistress's clothes without the formality of asking first is beater peppered, reminding one of the classic case in our own country when the short-sighted novice shouted, "Ah! at last I've hit

a—a—a *pheasant*, isn't it? No, no, it's a *peasant*, I do believe!"

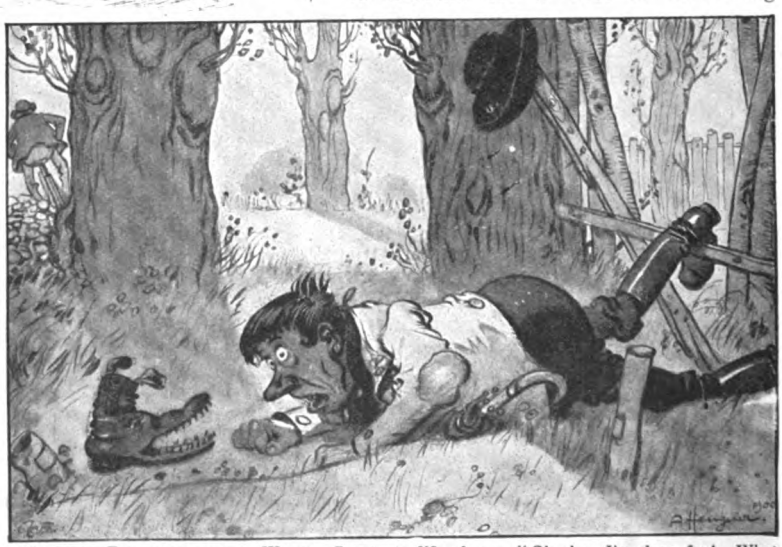
Next we come back to Hengeler, who gave us the first of our specimens. Here we have a simple rustic who, having come a cropper over a broken fence, finds himself as he sprawls face to face with a most amazing and threatening monster with a vast mouthful of sharp teeth, a wrinkled forehead, and alert ears. It is a monster, however, as familiar in this country as in Germany, much frequenting rubbish heaps and suburban spaces, in intimate society with tin cans and broken crockery.

COMPOSITE.—"Do you know the lady?"
"Well—the dress is my wife's. The parasol—that's my daughter's. The hat's my sister's; and the face—yes, the face is my cook's!"

Our second example of Reinicke

Beater. "Beg pardon, Herr Baron, but—at the shoot last week you peppered my leg with shot!"
Baron. "Well, I know that. And didn't I compensate you—pay you handsomely?"
Beater. "Certainly, Herr Baron, thank you kindly. But there's to be another shoot on Tuesday, and I thought perhaps—a little on account would be very convenient!"

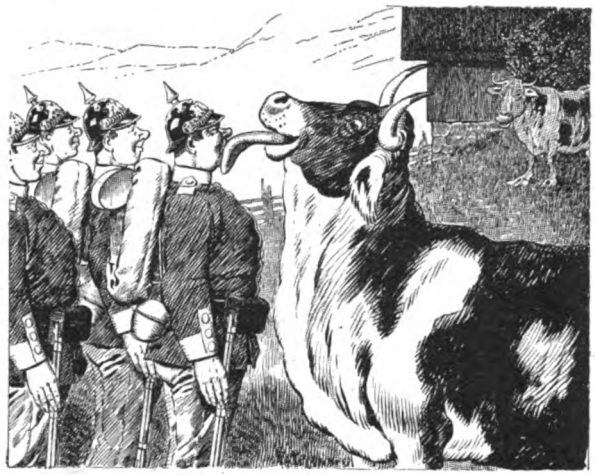
illustrates an awkward incident during drill at the German manœuvres. German discipline is notoriously strict, and what would be done to the florid countryman (whose flaming countenance the wandering cow seems to mistake for a beet or something



TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER IN A WOOD.—*Prostrate Wanderer.* "Oh, lor, I'm done for! What awful creature's this?"

equally desirable) if he ventured to budge from the "order arms" to defend his face, imagination fails to realize. Exactly how a cow's tongue feels about the features one may not know, but one is reminded, with a shudder, of Leech's unhappy sandwich-man, boxed tight between four boards, running frantically but hopelessly while a demon boy trots leisurely by his side, tickling his ear with a straw.

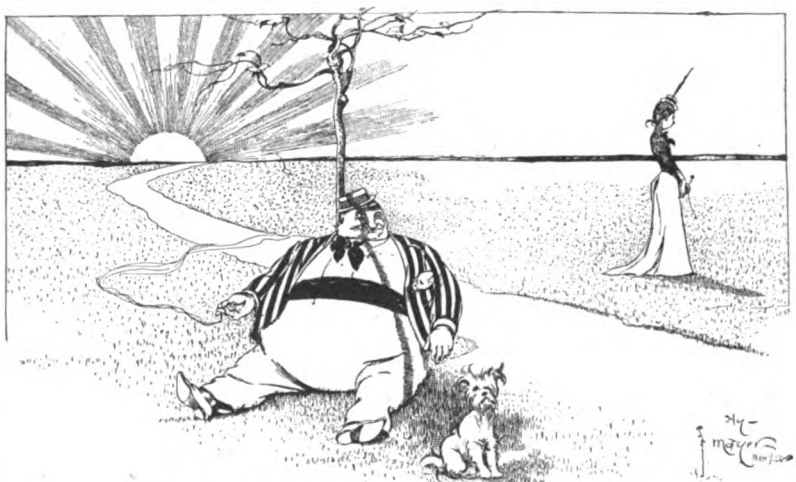
We have two more pictures, and the first introduces us to Kirchner, a regular contributor to *Fliegende Blätter*, and a very able artist, who usually works in wash. It is to be trusted that the patient is deriving



AT THE MANŒUVRES.—Perplexing incident during drill.

CHEAP AND THOROUGH.—*Visitor.* "Why, why! You're not well, are you? What's all this?" *Victim.* "No, I'm not well, and the doctor's ordered me heavy massage treatment. So with the help of my nephews I'm getting it!"

real benefit from his "cure," and it seems a pity that the father of the classic Budgie and Toddie (you will remember his flat chest and their rides on it) went through his affliction before this sort of treatment was fashionably prescribed; for a prescription might have consoled him. Our last selection is by Henry Mayer, and a very neat specimen. And with that we finish our brief view of *Fliegende Blätter*, sorry that it cannot be made longer. For all these "flying leaves," from the first that fluttered modestly from the Munich engraver's office more than fifty-six years ago, are distinguished by good drawing and good fun.



AN OPTIMIST.—"Come, Elsa! come and sit here in the shade!"

THE HAUNTED YEWS

BY WINIFRED GRAHAM

"TIRED?"

"Yes, very. What a confession to make to my hostess!"

"Your face first made the confession."

"Yes; but, my dear Barbara, you should pity me. I am suffering from nerves—it's horrible! I don't know how I have managed to drag through the season. Arthur did not want to leave town till the Parliamentary recess, but last week he grew suddenly frightened about my health, so we are going to Lichen Hall to-morrow for absolute quiet. No house party this summer—by doctor's orders—rural simplicity, early hours, a sort of rest-cure, in fact."

"Is Denise in town with you?"

"No, I think children are better in the country. I left her with a governess at Lichen Hall, where she runs wild to her heart's content. Her holidays begin to-morrow—poor little Denise, she is simply longing for our return."

Barbara Annesley, who would not willingly have parted with her own children for a single day, looked critically at the nervous, fair-haired woman, with the wide, blue eyes and sensitive mouth. Marian Howard was known as a beauty, but lately she had lost her lovely colouring through ill-health, and the vivacious society woman was now languid and tired looking.

"The country will do you good, Marian," said Barbara, with that cheerfulness so frequently adopted by healthy women towards their weaker sisters. "Nerves are frequently imagination, the result of hysteria. You have overtaxed your strength, but you will soon pick up again."

Mrs. Howard smiled wanly. The buzz of conversation wearied her. She thought, with a sense of relief, that to-morrow she would be far away from the hum of the busy world, in the dear old ivy-covered house standing in its great, grand gardens, with the sombre fir trees, pale fountains, and frowning yews.

Barbara turned to her other guests, a fresh voice occupying Marian Howard's attention.

"Is it true that Lichen Hall has the reputation of being haunted?" asked Miss Fowkes, a long-necked individual, heavily laden with barbaric ornaments.

"Oh, yes; all the village people believe firmly in our haunted grove, an avenue of trees much frequented by ghosts. Even my little girl, Denise, has grown up rooted and grounded in the family superstition. She hardly dares to look out of her window on moonlight nights for fear of seeing an apparition!"

"Ah!" murmured Miss Fowkes, "that comes of leaving children too much to themselves; the servants tell such silly stories. I hear your little girl is quite sweet, so pretty and bright."

"You heard that? Well, I am not surprised; it is one of the reasons why I do not bring Denise to London. People talk about her, and I am afraid she may grow conceited. At present she is absolutely natural — has not an idea she is even pretty. It is a great charm in a child."

"Yes," said Miss Fowkes, thoughtfully. "I wondered how you could part with her for months at a time, but perhaps you are right."

Miss Fowkes found herself interrupted by the entrance of the men, of whom the majority drifted towards Mrs. Howard. It was a fashion to consider her beautiful under any circumstances. Very agreeable and very clever she certainly proved, yet on that last evening of her London treadmill she bore some resemblance to those portraits which wear an eternal smile.

"THEY MADE A PRETTY PICTURE."

The gates of Lichen Hall were set wide open, and in the twilight following a brilliant summer afternoon a carriage passed up the haunted grove, so named for centuries by the Howard ancestors. Denise, in a white frock, her picturesque little face framed by curls of burnished copper, waited excitedly on the steps.

Her eyes sparkled as they caught the first glimpse of the carriage; her feet moved impatiently, as if eager to dance an impromptu *pas de seul;* her voice sounded breathless as she gasped the single word, "Mother!"

The pale lady in the carriage flushed as she strained the child to her heart. They made a pretty picture, the lovely miniature of the once lovelier woman, lip to lip — Denise trembling with joy as she disentangled herself in order to give her father a welcoming hug.

"It is so nice, your coming back — alone — just you two!" said Denise, as she tripped after them into the house. "I shall have you all to myself for once. Last summer we got no time for nice long talks, did we, mother?"

"No, dear," replied Mrs. Howard, with a sigh, as she thought of the fatigues of the previous year, when Royalty had been entertained at Lichen Hall.

It did not strike Denise to wonder why there was no house party, till her father remarked upon his wife's health.

"Mother has been doing too much lately, Denise," he said. "You must take great care of her. I shall constitute

you nurse. How would the *rôle* suit Miss Merrylegs?"

Denise looked at her mother's tired face. She put her gentle little fingers against the faded cheeks, and stroked them ever so softly.

"Are you ill?" she asked, and the bright eyes dimmed at the mere idea.

"Not really ill—only silly!" laughed Mrs. Howard. "I dream more than is good for me, and wake with a bad headache. The country is going to cure all that"

"Oh!" said Denise, earnestly. "I hope you won't see the ghost!"

The thought struck her suddenly; the words slipped out.

"My dear, the ghost is a humbug; nobody ever sees it, because there is nothing to see," replied Mrs. Howard, reassuringly.

"But Charlotte saw it only last night," Denise continued, mysteriously, "and she had a terrible fit of hysterics in the kitchen. She went out to look for the yellow kitten, which we thought was lost—she forgot about the haunted grove, till suddenly she saw a dark figure creeping along the ground and vanishing into the monk's tree!"

"Don't let me ever hear such nonsense again," said Mr. Howard, quite sternly. "The servants have no right to tell you these absurd stories. Be sure, Denise, there is not a word of truth in them!"

A pensive look came in the child's eyes, something which would have told a keen observer that Denise still believed. Small wonder, considering the lonely months passed, without parents or childish companions, at Lichen Hall. She was afraid to own with what dread the thought of the haunted grove possessed her. Never had she dared walk alone under the shade of those noted yew trees after dusk, since they held a thousand terrors.

Rumours of spiritual visitants lurking beneath the dark branches and vanishing into the gnarled trunks infected her with their contagion, filling the child's innocent soul with unhealthy fear. She was environed by a superstitious atmosphere which touched, enfolded, and marred her young life.

As she did not answer Mr. Howard thought she had forgotten, and no further allusion was made to the apparition seen by Charlotte.

The following morning Denise learnt that her father had received an important business telegram summoning him to London.

"I shall only be away one night," he said to the child, drawing her aside and speaking in low, confidential tones. "I want you, Denise, to take great care of mother; be with her as much as ever you can, and promise me you will sleep with her. If she seems restless, or in any way frightens you, call her maid at once—you have a lot of sense for your age, I think I can trust you."

Denise put up her face and kissed him, as if to seal the promise, and whispered, fervently:—

"Oh! I'll take such great, great care, you don't know! I'll be ever so careful!"

She noticed he looked worried and her mother seemed upset. He whispered reassuring words as she blinked back a tear at parting, ashamed of her weakness. Almost the first request she made to Denise after he drove away re-echoed Mr. Howard's last injunction:—

"You will sleep with me to-night, Denise?"

"Oh! yes. I promised papa."

"So he asked you?"

Denise nodded, and at the same time wrinkled her brow. What had he meant by those mysterious words: "Or in any way frightens you"? She wished she had asked him, for now it was too late. She remembered he hesitated, as if he had more to say, then seemed to change his mind and closed his lips again.

All that day Denise remained like a helpful little shadow by her mother's side. Usually given to running about, climbing trees, and generally playing the tomboy, this enforced quiet proved a strange effort. But the child kept a firm hold upon herself, and watched for the smallest opportunity of doing her mother service.

"Come and sit down," said Mrs. Howard, as they strolled in the garden after tea. "I love this old seat by the monk's tree."

She led Denise to a lichen-covered bench under one of the frowning yews.

"Doesn't the house look sweet from here? You would not like to give it up, Denise—you would not like to be obliged to go away?"

"Oh, no——"

A very genuine note rang in the child's reply.

"We love it so, don't we, Denise? But it is just possible we may have to sell the dear old place--if things go wrong. We shall know to-morrow. It is all about money, a law-suit, to be decided immediately. The anxiety has preyed on my mind, though your father is quite confident of success."

"Poor mamma," whispered Denise. "You must not sit here if you are sad. This is

where Charlotte saw the black figure. Let us go back to the rose garden."

Mrs. Howard smiled.

"Are you really frightened of these funny, quaint trees? It's such nonsense, you know."

"Everybody is frightened—except you and papa," replied Denise, in self-defence. "The village people always use the other path—they call this the devil's entrance."

"Very rude of them! I don't invite devils to Lichen Hall."

"No, but they come uninvited, and that's the bother of it," said Denise, gravely, as she coaxed her mother away to a more congenial spot.

Denise did not sleep easily that night, though the soft air blowing through the open window kept the room deliciously cool. She watched her mother fall into deep slumber before she allowed herself to close an eyelid, then the voices of the nightingales outside grew hushed, and Denise also slept.

Some hours elapsed, time drifted, then she woke suddenly, a flood of moonlight falling full upon her face. The blind had not been drawn, and the pale rays gave the room a singularly ghostly appearance.

"The light will wake mamma," she thought; "I must pull the curtains, I must shut it out."

With this intention Denise stole on tiptoe to the open window. She thought involuntarily of the sombre yew trees with their gloomy verdure silvered by the moon. Through summer, through winter—ever the same, they seemed devoid of sensitiveness, hard, mysterious, unfeeling!

"A TALL, WHITE FIGURE MOVED SLOWLY."

Denise, shivering slightly with fear, yet emboldened by the knowledge that her mother was with her in the room, peeped cautiously at the bright garden lying so silently under the stars. Her eyes strayed from the gay flower-beds sending up their mingled odours to the dark grove, and as they did so a chill blast stirred the dishevelled curls framing her terrified face.

Beneath the dark line of waving boughs a tall, white figure moved slowly—a pale, transparent form—which seemed to carry the light along with it. Denise could see loose strands of hair, like that of a human being, floating from the creature's upright head. It glided like a moonbeam, as if wafted by the faint breeze.

With a cry of terror Denise hid her eyes and, rushing wildly to the bed, flung herself down with her face to the pillows.

"It's there! It's there! I saw it! I saw it!" she found herself moaning aloud before she realized she was betraying her father's trust. Then, pulling herself together, she looked up quickly to discover if she had disturbed her charge. She looked, but could see nothing—she felt with both hands—she called to her mother, but the room was empty—Mrs. Howard had disappeared!

An idea came to Denise in that moment of terror which sent her running back to the window, with her heart thumping like a steam-engine. The white figure took a familiar form in her mind's eye, and she looked for it now with an equal sense of alarm, though her fear was of a different kind.

Yes—now there could be no mistake, the pale wanderer she had mistaken for an

apparition was a flesh-and-blood woman—her own mother—out alone in the solitary garden at midnight.

Denise watched her slowly vanishing down the haunted grove, at the end of which lay a broad lake. Where was she going and why was she up? Evidently she had not wished Denise to know. It was all very mystifying! And, oh! how could she walk under those terrible yews? The child experienced a great thrill of admiration as she thought of her mother's courage, knowing personally that she herself would never have dared.

But even as these thoughts passed with their vivid sensations a fresh idea came to Denise. Her father had told her to stay with mamma, to take care of her, to be with her as much as possible, and clear along the path of duty stood the haunted grove, the deserted moonlit garden, with its mysterious legends!

Oh, no, no; of course she need not follow; she would hide her head under the bedclothes and wait till her mother came back. Physical terror spoke the smooth words, but stern reality echoed her promise, "I'll take such great, great care; I'll be ever so careful!"

For some moments she stood battling with cowardice, struggling to muster courage. To face the unseen foes of darkness seemed a petrifying task for the nervous, overwrought child, and her very fear made Denise doubly a heroine, as she mastered self, obeying her nobler instincts.

Braving the terrors of the night, the little white-robed figure ran noiselessly down the broad staircase, across the hall, paved in black and white marble, over numerous Turkey rugs, passed an old Indian lac screen to a narrow doorway leading into the garden. A stream of moonlight told her this door stood open; in another moment she would be crossing the dreaded ground, running swiftly in her mother's footsteps.

Hesitation meant retreat, so Denise rushed blindly forward, hardly conscious of the cold air blowing on her bare neck and fluttering the thin, white gown. She held her breath as she neared the monk's tree, keeping her eyes cast down, quite sure she would have seen something supernatural had she ventured to glance round.

"A SMALL HAND GRASPED HER ARM."

Denise flew like lightning, for at the end of the grove she overtook the wanderer, whose feet were on the brink of the lake, just as a small hand grasped her arm, drawing her gently back.

"What are you doing, mamma?" Denise asked, in a whisper.

She looked up as she spoke into the vacant face. The unanswering eyes, the rigid features, told their own story. Denise guessed in that painful moment what had happened: her mother was sleep-walking, and for this reason needed guarding with the greatest caution. This, then, explained those mysterious words: "If she in any way frightens you!"

"I am glad I came by myself," thought the wise little Denise. "Mother would not have liked anyone else to see."

She put her arms round Mrs. Howard without waking her, leading her back under the shade of the yews. Quite slowly they walked, each rustle of the

leaves overhead making the child's heart beat faster.

As they reached the lichen-covered bench Mrs. Howard sighed deeply and, drawing away from Denise, seated herself under the monk's tree, with folded hands.

It was the very spot of all others which petrified the child, but she kept her presence of mind.

"Poor mother wants to rest a few moments," she told herself. "How lucky I stopped her from falling in the lake; it would have made her so very wet and cold."

Denise did not realize she had in all probability saved Mrs. Howard's life. She stood patiently by the haunted tree, in which the wraith of a sinful monk was supposed to have enshrined itself, her gaze fixed upon the old house, the much-loved home whose fate hung in the balance.

Was she dreaming? Could she believe her eyes? Someone was surely standing by the open door at the side of the house—a man, holding a lantern. Denise watched curiously. That was no ghost, but a human form, in ordinary dark clothing. But why was he there at such an hour? A moment later and a second figure joined him, a very short man, almost a dwarf, carrying a basket which seemed familiar to Denise. She looked again, and as she did so the moon burst from under a thin, white cloud, shedding its full light upon surrounding objects. Yes, the basket was one Denise knew well: it belonged to the pantry, and contained silver.

"DROPPING THE SPOIL, THEY VAULTED A GATE."

A sudden idea struck her. These men were robbing her house, these thieves had the audacity——

She did not wait to consider further, for the thought set her blood boiling. No living creature could make Denise afraid; the nervous child trembling at a shadow was a perfect lioness when real danger threatened and her parents' interests suffered.

With arms upraised, as if denouncing vengeance, the romantic little form sprang from the shade of the grove, speeding like a lapwing towards her enemies. The men saw her—saw, too, the motionless woman seated under the monk's tree, and never doubted for a moment the gruesome stories of the haunted avenue.

As Denise advanced they retreated in fear, but, looking back, the moonlight showed them the white child following, gaining on their steps.

The horror of her presence shattered nerve and reason. Dropping the spoil, they vaulted a gate and made away across the fields, leaving the garden of phantoms far behind.

"They knew I meant to hurt them," said Denise, as she stooped down to gather the scattered silver carefully into the basket. "I would have killed them if I could."

To carry the stolen goods back to the house was no light matter, and Denise staggered under the weight of the plate-basket, her face crimson with the effort, her forehead moist, her teeth set. More than

once she stumbled and fell, cutting her knees on the gravel, but returned with fresh zeal to her task, determined not to be baffled.

As she reached the open door she saw her mother, still wrapt in slumber, slowly moving towards the house. Together they entered, the calm, statuesque woman and the hot, exhausted child panting slowly after her, with strained and aching arms.

Back, up the wide staircase into the moonlit room, a silent little heroine, in no way proud of saving life and property, fell half-fainting on her mother's bed.

Thus she lay, her hands still clutching the handle of the heavy basket, listening to Mrs. Howard's even breathing, which seemed to mingle with her own loud heart-beats.

When day dawned, and the delicious breath of an early summer morning stirred fresh life in the child's pulses, Denise crept forth again at the first sound of the housemaid busy in the passage. The child looked very pale as she deposited a burden of silver before Charlotte's astonished eyes.

"I thought this plate-basket wasn't very safe downstairs, so I brought it up. It got dropped, and the things are all in a muddle; that was my fault. You might tell Johnson mother and I left the side door open; it was rather hot in the night, so we went for a stroll."

Before Charlotte could answer Denise darted back to her mother's room, where she waited for Mrs. Howard to wake.

"Mother must never know," thought Denise; "it would only frighten her."

There was joy at Lichen Hall. It seemed as if an angel with glittering rainbow wings had come with a gift straight from Heaven—yet the angel after all only wore the prosaic garb of a telegraph boy, carrying a yellow envelope.

Mrs. Howard opened the message with trembling fingers, and Denise peeped over her shoulder. Then the sun burst through the mist of doubt, and each knew the dear old home was safe—the malicious enemy had been conquered!

Two radiant faces awaited Mr. Howard at the station, while he, equally elated, waved his hat out of the window before the train had time to stop and allow Denise to fly into his arms.

A happy trio drove back through the country lanes, with so much to say to each other that even the beauty of the summer twilight escaped them.

As they passed the haunted grove Denise glanced disdainfully at the monk's tree.

"The ghosts are all a fraud," she told herself, "or they would never have let us sit there last night without doing something unpleasant."

Denise dined with her parents that evening and drank prosperity to the old home in what she called "fizzy wine."

After dinner she begged her father to come into the garden just to look at the yews by moonlight.

Under the shade of their sombre branches she told him, quite simply, the tale of her night's daring, the adventures of which her mother was blissfully unconscious.

Denise could not see his face as she listened, but she never forgot the kiss he gave her as she concluded the story with a stifled yawn.

"You know you told me to take great care of mother," she said, "and I'm just a little sleepy, for—you see, it was rather a long sort of night."

Her head fell wearily on his shoulder.

"I feel so safe now," she whispered as he carried her in to bed.

Some Wonders From the West.

XIV.—SAND-PICTURES.

By Alfred Burkholder.

MR. W. S. O'BRIEN, THE SAND-ARTIST.
From a Photo. by A. Horning, McGregor, Iowa.

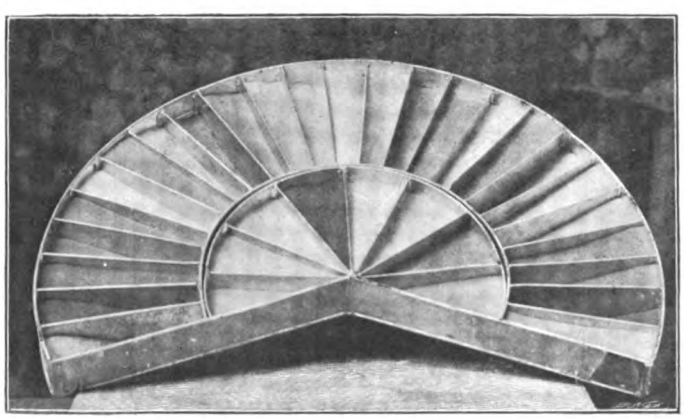
PICTURES made with different coloured sand is a new art which has been developed by Mr. W. S. O'Brien, manager of the Western Union Telegraph Company's offices at McGregor, Iowa. The art consists in so arranging sand of different colours in glass bottles as to make perfect pictures and lettering. Even natural scenery can be set forth by this wonderful art, as the accompanying illustrations will show.

"I cannot claim," said Mr. O'Brien, "to have been the originator of this unique and fascinating art, for it was really evolved by Andrew Clemmens, a deaf-mute; but following in his footsteps I have made many beautiful pictures, which are now scattered throughout the country in possession of private individuals. I have not made a business of the work, having had my profession to furnish me a livelihood. Any success which I may have won is due to the inspiration derived from the marvellous accomplishments of Mr. Clemmens.

"To begin with, the sand which I have used has not been ordinary sand, but is a special kind obtained from the pictured rocks in the vicinity of McGregor. These rocks form a canyon between cliffs about 400ft. high, facing on the Mississippi River. The formation of the rocks is massive, running back several miles from the river.

"The colours in some places are in regular layers, and in others mottled and variegated most fantastically. A cascade at the head of the ravine causes dampness, and lichens soon grow over the exposed faces of the rocks, hiding many beautiful colour effects and substituting many beauties of their own. The colours in the rocks are caused by waters flowing from the mineral deposits.

"In glacial times, when the rest of the country was 'planed off,' so to speak, a



CASE FOR HOLDING SANDS OF VARIOUS COLOURS.
From a Photo. by A. Horning, McGregor, Iowa.

THE PICTURED ROCKS ON THE MISSISSIPPI, WHENCE THE COLOURED SANDS ARE OBTAINED.
From a Photograph.

skip seems to have occurred in the neighbourhood of McGregor, and a strip about 200 miles north and south by about fifty miles wide was left standing in pristine ruggedness, through the centre of which flows the mighty Mississippi River. It is necessary to explain this formation in order that the peculiarity of the sand manipulated may be better understood.

"Having secured my sand I proceed to place it in the bottle, layer upon layer, and with very simple tools work in the designs or letters desired. While the sand is being placed in the bottle the latter is held at varying angles.

"According to the law of gravitation the picture cannot be worked in from the back or sides, as will be understood. The sand is placed in the bottle perfectly dry, and I often have difficulty in convincing persons who have not seen it done that no glue or oil has been used

From a Photo. by] SPECIMENS OF MR. O'BRIEN'S SAND PICTURES. *[A. Horning, McGregor.*

to make the grains remain in their proper positions.

"In order to prove that nothing is used but the sand I have frequently broken bottles and thus destroyed pictures. This is not the only way in which bottles get broken, however. Quite often in pressing the sand down tight, which process requires much care, the bottle breaks, it being absolutely necessary to have the sands as tightly packed as they will go, and, on the other hand, impossible to gauge the strength of the glass.

"After the bottle is properly filled and sealed down it will stand any amount of shaking and can be transported in safety anywhere. Moreover, the colours of the picture will never fade, not having been dimmed by the use of oil, water, or spirits. They maintain all the pristine brightness of their hues. I have thus far obtained thirty-three shades in sands, and expect to secure more. One illustration shows the way in which I keep these different shades separated.

THE STARS AND STRIPES IN SAND.
From a Photo. by A. Horning, McGregor, Iowa.

"The number of shades used naturally varies with the picture produced. Some of the work that I have done shows the natural scenery in the vicinity of McGregor. One represents a waterfall and others are of similar pastoral subjects. The words shown in some of the pictures are worked in simply to produce odd effects. It is possible to produce in these pictures anything desired."

XV.—THE HUMAN OSTRICH—THE GREATEST PUZZLE TO THE MEDICAL WORLD.

As is well known, the ostrich evinces a strong propensity for devouring such indigestible comestibles as nails, glass, china, and various flotsam and jetsam of a similar character. This peculiar tendency, however, is attributed to eccentricity on the part of the bird, since there is no accounting for tastes. Yet the ostrich is not the only member of the brute creation to dine off such unique edibles, since Mr. Henry Harrison, a native of Syracuse, U.S.A., is afflicted with a similar peculiarity, and in fact outrivals the ostrich in the selection of his delectable dainties. In view of the delicate nature of the internal organism of the human body it comes somewhat as a shock to know that this man consumes such fare as blades of pocket-knives, pins, nails, screws, and glass with as perfect impunity as the ordinary individual partakes of the more conventional articles of diet. But Mr. Harrison neither suffers from indigestion nor experiences the slightest ill-effects from such a repast. Under these circumstances, therefore, he is certainly entitled to the strange sobriquet "The Human Ostrich," as which he is familiarly known.

MR. HENRY HARRISON, THE HUMAN OSTRICH, AT HIS DINNER OF KNIVES, PINS, NAILS, AND GLASS.
From a Photo. by [*The Helios, New York.*

Mr. Harrison is a typical young American of middle stature. There is nothing in his appearance to suggest his remarkable proclivity, for he is of splendid physique. He possesses prodigious strength, his muscles being as hard as iron—attributable perhaps to the vast quantity of that metal which he has eaten during his life. His chest measurement normally is 38¼in., but he is capable of expanding it an additional 10¾in., making 49in. in all. Another peculiar feature is that he can make any of the muscles throughout his body dance at will, without moving a limb, a circumstance which is due to his remarkable muscular energy. Indeed, one would opine from his splendid athletic build that he indulged in violent and regular training, but, strange to say, he does not follow any exercise whatever beyond a little walking.

THE HUMAN OSTRICH DINES ON A LAMP CHIMNEY.
From a Photo. by The Helios, New York.

Harrison first discovered his unique propensity when he was a small boy, six years of age. One day he swallowed a pin. Feeling no discomfort, several other pins rapidly followed the course of the first. His mother, somewhat alarmed, summoned the assistance of a physician, who extracted three pins. He also paid £50 for permission to operate upon the child, and succeeded in removing forty other pins from the boy's stomach. The surgeon was intensely interested in the case, and feeling convinced that the boy would live but a short while, if he continued swallowing such articles, offered the parents £200 for the child's body when he died. That was eighteen years ago, and still Harrison is in robust health, notwithstanding the physician's convictions regarding his early demise.

Young Harrison continued to pursue his inexplicable idiosyncrasy. One day he broke a glass lamp chimney, and was duly castigated by his mother for the offence. When the punishment was concluded, either as a penance for his misdemeanour or to spite his mother, he deliberately devoured the glass fragments of the chimney he had broken. He then concluded this peculiar meal by eating an assortment of rusty nails which he discovered. A few months later he ran away from home and joined a travelling circus, where he exhibited his unique gastronomical accomplishments, and has continued the performance for the last eighteen years.

During this prolonged period he has swallowed a huge variety of articles of a more heterogeneous nature, probably, than was ever eaten by an ostrich. Yet he has never suffered the slightest inconvenience, and has never experienced any illness, with the exception of that which he contracted during the exposure of an X-ray photograph of his stomach, and is in possession of all his faculties. He always eats a good, hearty meal of starchy foods before he commences his performance. After he has swallowed each piece of hardware he takes a drink of water. When the entertainment is concluded he enjoys another sound meal, similar in nature to the first. By thus eating a large quantity of farinaceous substances the inside of his stomach becomes well lined, thus obviating the possibility of any of the points of the nails, glass, or knife-blades injuring him. The most remarkable circumstance in connection with the achievement is that the gullet is not lacerated, not even by the sharp edges of the glass, during the passage of the substances down the throat.

He is considered an inexplicable prodigy by the whole of the medical profession throughout the United States. He has visited all the principal medical colleges and placed himself unreservedly in the hands of the most brilliant *savants* of the profession. They have closely diagnozed his peculiarity, but they have all been absolutely baffled. Innumerable theses have been advanced to account for the phenomenon and animated discussions have raged in the columns of the medical Press from time to time, but no feasible solution or explanation of the case has yet been advocated. On nine occasions eminent surgeons have paid Harrison £50 for per-

mission to operate upon him, so that they might carry out their investigations at close quarters. His body is literally covered with scars showing where the surgeons' knives have been at work. The last operation was made upon his neck, the doctor desiring to examine his throat. But Harrison still remains a human puzzle. Personally he does not regard the feat as very extraordinary. He naïvely opines that "any man with a good constitution and a strong nerve can do the same thing. It is simply a matter of cultivating the palate. Rusty nails are very nice when you acquire a taste for them, and glass is a particular dainty." A plausible explanation of his powers, no doubt, but one that is scarcely likely to tempt the prosaic man in the street to emulate his efforts.

HIS NEXT COURSE CONSISTS OF A COUPLE OF SCREWS. [*From a Photo. by*] [*The Helios, N.Y.*]

Probably the finest exhibition of his peculiarity was that given at the Medico-Chirurgical College, in Philadelphia, on Thanksgiving Day last year. This festival is one of the greatest of the American institutions, and the dinner on this occasion resembles very closely in character that enjoyed by Englishmen on Christmas Day—roast turkey and other dainty victuals in season. Harrison's dinner on this auspicious day, however, was indubitably the most original on record. This was the menu :-

Forty Carpet Tacks.
Six Pieces Broken Glass.
Twenty Lath Nails.
One Glass Milk Pitcher.
Six Horseshoe Nails.
Five Two-inch Screws.
One Broken Lamp Chimney.
Aqua Pura.

DESSERT.
Two Bone-handled Pocket-Knives.
Three Minced Pen-knife Blades.

The table was set in the amphitheatre of the college, in view of a large concourse of prominent members of the medical profession and students, by all of whom the progress of the dinner was followed with intense interest.

Harrison swallowed the forty carpet tacks without the slightest hesitation. It must not be imagined, however, that he swallows the articles in an indiscriminate manner. "Incur no risks," is his motto, and to prevent one stopping in his throat and choking him he adopts a certain method of swallowing them. On one occasion he consumed a packet of tacks, and by some mischance the package lodged in one of his digestive organs. It did not entirely obstruct the passage of his food, however, but it caused a certain amount of discomfort, and he was compelled to undergo an operation to have it removed. This is the only misadventure he has ever experienced during the whole of the eighteen years. His *modus operandi* is to place the tack, or screw, carefully on his tongue, point outwards, give a gulp and it is gone, head foremost.

The broken glass was then eagerly devoured. This, to a certain extent, is the most noteworthy part of his performance. Glass possesses so many sharp edges and fine points, and yet his gullet is so hardened and elastic that the glass passes through without injuring it in the slightest. The twenty lath nails constituted the next dish on the menu, and they vanished from sight in an incredibly short space of time. The glass milk pitcher came next, followed in turn by the six horseshoe nails. The latter are particularly formidable articles of diet to consume, owing to their length—3in.—and large pyramidical heads. Before swallowing these Harrison bends the point into the shape of a staple, and thus gulps it down, staple foremost. His rapacity was then somewhat further allayed by the five large 2in. screws, supplemented by the broken glass lamp chimney, which the human ostrich consumed with as much relish as a child eats a biscuit. He now partook of a copious drink of water, which concluded the first section of the dinner. Dessert was now brought forward, but the strangest dessert ever yet offered to a human being. There were two bone-handled pocket-knives on the dish. But without any comment Harrison opened the knives and quickly severed the blades from the handles with his teeth, with the greatest facility, and the blades soon followed in the wake of the

previous dishes. The final course was three pen-knife blades minced together, at the conclusion of which the unique diner rose from the table.

The performance aroused the greatest attention, and many of the doctors of the college regarded the feat with undisguised wonder. One of the most prominent surgeons present declared that he had "never seen the human system subjected to such marvellous misuse," in which statement he voiced the opinion of the majority of people who have witnessed the spectacle.

THE BLADE OF A KNIFE FORMS HIS DESSERT.
From a Photo. by The Helios, New York.

But several members of the profession were sceptical. Doubts on this point were soon allayed, however, by Dr. Nihran K. Kassabian, who requisitioned the X-ray apparatus to photograph the stomach of the human ostrich. Harrison has good cause to recollect this part of the proceedings, since he was so burned by the application of the rays that he was incapacitated for nineteen months, and has ever since experienced a certain weakness.

When the negative was developed a dark spot was present in the region of the abdomen, showing the location of the various articles of hardware that Harrison had swallowed. This proof was incontrovertible, and the sceptics immediately speculated as to how it was the man could so abuse his system without suffering injuries of any description. Their theories were as deficient, however, as those of the other physicians who had previously, and have since, examined Harrison, and they were reluctantly compelled to acknowledge the futility of their diagnoses.

The human ostrich has an extensive collection of pocket-knives, the blades of which he has consumed, and he naturally regards this assortment with a certain touch of pride. When he obtains a knife from a spectator he makes it a *sine quâ non* that he retains the handle, which after the blade has been removed is relegated to his museum. Harrison has also swallowed on several occasions doses of powerful poisons such as strychnine, without experiencing any ill-effects. He proposes to pay a visit to England shortly to display his wonderful gastronomical proclivities, and doubtless they will create as much interest in that country, both among the ordinary public and the medical profession, as they have done in America.

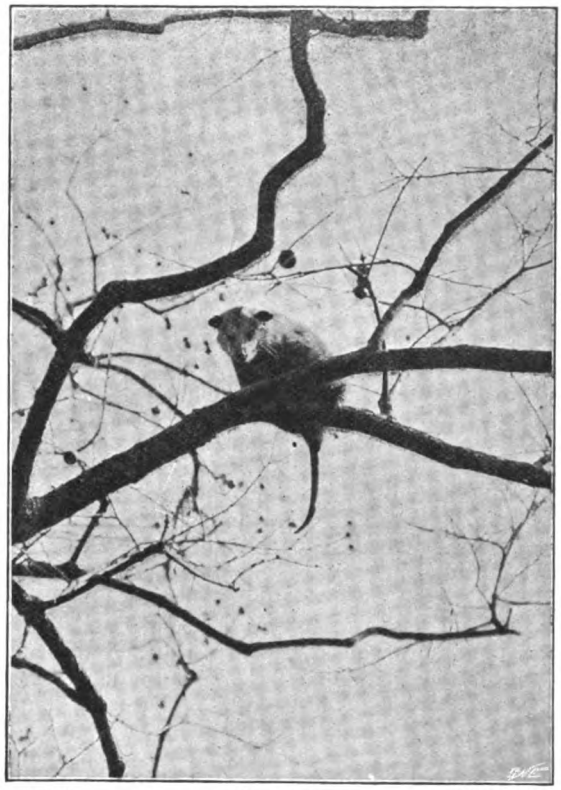
XVI.—'POSSUMS AND 'SIMMONS.

WHEN Indian summer paints the Missouri woods with red and gold and the ground is white with frost to the morning sun, the persimmon is ripe. Among the hills and valleys the trees abound, laden with the orange-coloured fruit, and the opossum grows fat and sleek with the coming of plenty.

Inherited instinct makes the opossum nocturnal in his habits, and he dreams the day away in cosy hollow tree or log till the night falls. Then he awakes. Full of woodcraft, and equipped by Nature for fierce battle, the opossum is the bully of the woods among the smaller quadrupeds, but in man and dog he recognises his superiors in craft, and yields up his life without battle.

Go out into the woods on a frosty autumn night with lantern and axe. Far off in the darkness the dog ranges ahead casting to and fro, testing the fugitive air-currents for scent of game. Under foot the leaves, softened by the white frost, scarcely rustle and the smell of the woods rises pungent. Above the stars prick out the blackness of the sky with glittering points of light and the wood birds twitter uneasily at the invasion of their solitude. Borne up from the cool ground, the scent of the opossum rises and drifts through the woods on vagrant air-currents. In his persistent hunt the dog breathes it in and traces it to the very spot, then with head up he roars out his find. Far in the blackness of the woods the roar is thrown

back from the hills till the air vibrates. The sound falls on the alert ears of the game, and starts him into mad flight. Up among the broken hills is a rocky den that means safety, and forgetful of his woodcraft in his sudden fear the opossum flees noisily.



From a] "TREED." *[Photograph.*

Down the trail comes the dog, a whirlwind of sound, and far behind the hunters yell encouragement. Through the uproar the patter of swift feet comes to the back-turned ears of the quarry, and he scales the nearest tree, perching far up in the darkness. With a rush the dog reaches the end of the chase and tears at the rough bark of the tree till his mouth bleeds; then through the sudden stillness rings his sharp yell telling that the game has "treed."

Probably the most wonderful governing trait controlling any animal is the instinct that makes the opossum curl up inert and grinning "'possuming," a horrible picture of death, at the approach of the only enemies he fears. With lips drawn back from needle teeth and eyes half open, glazed with the semblance of death, the opossum is far from it. Possessed of enormous vitality and the patience of ages, the first opportunity for escape is swiftly seized, and with a rush the dead is alive.

From a] "POSSUMING"—I.E., FEIGNING DEATH BEFORE AN ENEMY. *[Photograph.*

A Ten-Year-Old Sapper.

A TALE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. FROM THE FRENCH OF F. SOULIÉ.

IN 1812 there was in the 9th Regiment of the Line a little drummer who was only ten years old. He was the child of the regiment, whose real name was Frolut, but to whom the soldiers had given the nickname of "Bilboquet." To those English readers who do not know the meaning of the word "Bilboquet" I may explain that it is the French name of the game known to us as "Cup-and-Ball." The application of the word to the little drummer Frolut will be easy to understand. His body was so long, so thin and slight, surmounted as it was by a very large head, that he really looked not unlike the plaything whose name was given him by the soldiers. Except for this grotesque resemblance to a cup and ball his appearance was in no way remarkable.

The drum-major had taken a dislike to him, and far more frequently than was necessary he was in the habit of beating the tattoo upon the boy's shoulders with his long cane, in order, as he said, to give him a practical idea of his trade.

Everybody laughed at poor Bilboquet. His comrades played no end of tricks upon him. They kicked him about without ceremony, and called him a "knock-kneed skulk," on account of his thin and ill-formed legs, and whenever he showed an inclination to complain they dubbed him "The Sniveller."

One day, the 12th July, 1812, the General who commanded the brigade to which the regiment of Bilboquet belonged received from the Emperor the order to seize upon a position which was on the other side of an enormous ravine. This ravine was defended by a battery which mowed down entire ranks of soldiers, and, in order to reach the place which the Emperor had designated, it was absolutely necessary to silence this terrible battery. At this moment the regiment of Bilboquet was on the bank of the Dwina, for the story I am relating to you took place during the campaign in Russia.

Suddenly there arrived at the top of his speed an aide-de-camp, bringing the order to two companies of Voltigeurs to charge the battery. It was a bold and difficult operation, and to effect it it was foreseen that more than three-quarters of the men engaged in the enterprise would be killed or wounded. Thus the Voltigeurs, in spite of their bravery, looked at each other, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders.

"Soldiers!" cried the aide-de-camp, "it is the order of the Emperor!" and he galloped away.

"Why didn't you say so before, greenhorn?" growled an old sergeant, fixing his bayonet at the end of his gun. "Well, well, I suppose we mustn't keep the Little Corporal* waiting. When he tells you to go and get killed, he doesn't like any answering back."

Still, there remained some hesitation among the troops of the company, and already the captain had twice given the order to the drum-major to take two drummers and advance in beating the charge. But the drum-major remained leaning upon his long cane, shaking his head and very little disposed to obey.

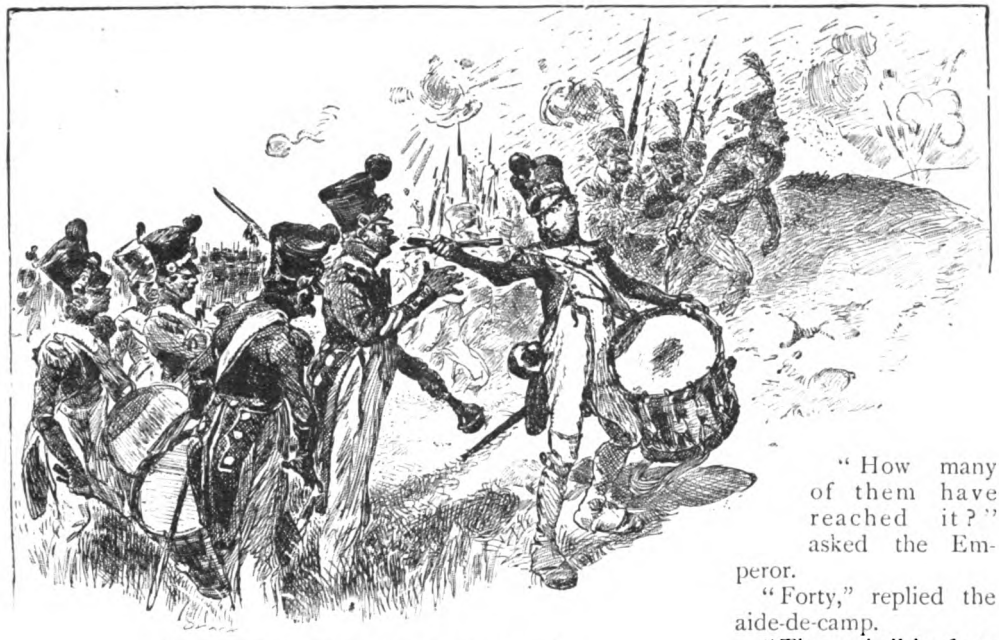
During this time Bilboquet, seated astride of his drum and his eyes fixed upon his chief, whistled a lively air and beat the charge with his fingers on the side of his drum. For the third time the order to advance was given to the drum-major, who showed no disposition to obey; when, all at once, little Bilboquet rose, hung his drum at his side, seized his drum-sticks, and passing before the drum-major looked him up and down with scorn, returning in a single sentence all the abuse which his superior had so often inflicted upon him.

"Why don't you come along, you big skulk?"

The drum-major lifted his cane, but already Bilboquet was at the head of the two companies, beating the charge with enthusiasm.

At sight of this the soldiers rushed after him and ran towards the terrible battery. In another instant a broadside of fire burst from the enemy's cannon, and entire ranks of the brave Voltigeurs fell, never to rise again. The smoke driven by the wind enshrouded them, the noise of the cannon stunned for a moment the brave fellows who were unhurt; but as the smoke finally lifted, and the noise ceased for an instant, they saw, proudly standing twenty paces in front of them, the intrepid Bilboquet, still vigorously beating the charge. It was enough for them to hear his drum, whose beat seemed to taunt all the big cannon levelled against the advance of the little troop.

* "The Little Corporal" was the nickname given to Napoleon I. by his soldiers.



"WHY DON'T YOU COME ALONG, YOU BIG SKULK?"

Forward, still forward, ran the Voltigeurs, and still in front of them could be heard the tattoo of the drum calling upon them to follow. Then there was a second volley from the battery, and a whirlwind of grape-shot again mowed down the two heroic companies. At this moment Bilboquet turned round and saw that there remained scarcely more than fifty of his comrades out of two hundred who had commenced the charge. Instantly, as if transported by the fury of vengeance, he commenced beating his drum louder than ever—one might have imagined twenty drums all rattling together, and certainly the drum-major himself had never so boldly beaten a drum. With a final "Hurrah!" the soldiers rushed forward like an avalanche and entered the battery, Bilboquet the very first, shouting to the Russians:—

"The bits of us left are all right! Here they are! So look out for yourselves!"

During all this time Napoleon was on a hillock surveying the performance of this heroic exploit. At every discharge of the battery he started with excitement upon his white horse. Then, when the soldiers at last carried the battery, he lowered his field-glass, muttering to himself, "My brave boys!"

Immediately afterwards, by order of Napoleon, an aide-de-camp rode to the battery and returned at the top of his speed. "How many of them have reached it?" asked the Emperor.

"Forty," replied the aide-de-camp.

"There shall be forty Crosses of the Legion of Honour for them to-morrow," said the Emperor, as he returned to his head-quarters.

The next day the entire regiment formed a circle around the remnant of the two companies, the names of the forty brave men who had taken the battery were called in succession, and to each was given the coveted Cross of the Legion of Honour. The ceremony was finished, when a childish voice from the ranks exclaimed, with a singular accent of surprise:—

"How about me? Don't I get anything?"

The General who distributed the Crosses turned round and saw standing before him our little comrade, Bilboquet, his cheeks reddened and his eyes filled with tears.

"You!" said the General. "What do you want?"

"Why, General," said Bilboquet, in a tone of repressed anger, "I was one of them. I went forward and beat the charge, and I was the first to enter the battery."

"Never mind, my lad," replied the General. "It seems you've been forgotten. Moreover," he added, "you are still very young, but you shall have the Cross when you get a beard on your chin. In the meantime, here is something to console you."

With these words the General offered him a twenty-franc piece, which Bilboquet looked at without attempting to take it. There was a dead silence around him, and everyone

looked at him attentively. He remained motionless before the General, and great tears rolled down his cheeks. Those of his comrades who had most turned him into ridicule were softened, and perhaps they would have clamoured that the Cross should be given to him, when all at once he raised his head, as if he had just taken a great resolution, and said :—

"All right, General. Give me the twenty francs. The Cross will do next time."

And without further ceremony he put the money in his pocket and returned to the ranks, whistling with a deliberate and satisfied air.

Some time after this the French troops entered Smolensk, victorious and full of ardour. Bilboquet was amongst them, and on the very day they entered the town, strolling about the place, he saw a little shop kept by a man with a magnificent beard. The merchant approached the drummer and asked him humbly, in bad French :—

"What can I sell you, my little gentleman?"

"I want your beard," said Bilboquet, bluntly.

"My beard?" said the stupefied merchant. "You must be joking."

"I tell you, I want your beard," replied Bilboquet, proudly, placing his hand on the hilt of his sabre. "But don't imagine that I wish to steal it. Here is a napoleon in payment. I suppose you don't want more than that for it?"

The poor man tried to argue the question with the little drummer; but he was as obstinate as a blind horse, and presently the two were engaged in such a hot dispute that the attention of some passing soldiers was attracted. They gathered round to learn the cause of the quarrel, and the idea of the drummer-boy seemed to them so droll that they compelled the Russian shopkeeper to give up his beard. One of them, a Gascon, and barber of the regiment, brought forth a razor from his pocket and commenced shaving the poor merchant, without either water or soap, and after scraping him for some time finally got off his beard, which he gave to Bilboquet, who carried it off triumphantly.

On returning to quarters he had his trophy sewn by the tailor to a bit of ass's skin from the top of a broken drum, and put it in the bottom of his kit. The soldiers joked about it for several days, but it was not long before they had more serious matters to think about. The march of the army was resumed, and no one thought more about little Bilboquet and his beard when Napoleon arrived at Moscow.

Then terrible misfortunes took place. The intense cold and the devastation of the country deprived the French army of every resource. It suffered from famine, and soon was obliged to retreat through a country deserted and covered many feet deep with snow. Each man dragged himself along as best he could, and there remained very few regiments in sufficient order to obey their generals. In some, however, order was still maintained, and the regiment of Bilboquet was one of these. It formed part of the rear-guard which prevented the Cossacks from butchering the miserable stragglers of the army.

One day they succeeded in crossing a small river, and, in order to retard the pursuit of the enemy they had attempted to blow up two arches of the wooden bridge they had just crossed; but the barrels of powder were so hastily placed that the explosion produced little effect. The arches, however, were shattered, but the framework of the bridge was still upheld by a stout beam which, should the enemy arrive, would have enabled them to partially reconstruct the bridge.

"THE BARBER OF THE REGIMENT BROUGHT FORTH A RAZOR AND COMMENCED SHAVING THE POOR MERCHANT."

The General in command, perceiving that the safety of the army absolutely depended upon the total destruction of the bridge, gave orders to some sappers to cut down the beam and thus destroy the remains of the framework; but at the moment when they were about to undertake the work the enemy arrived on the other side of the river and commenced a fire so terrible that it seemed unlikely that any of the sappers would be able to reach the fatal beam alive. In fact, they were about to retreat, defending themselves as well as they could, when all at once a soldier was seen to throw himself into the river, with an axe on his shoulder. At first he plunged under water, but soon reappeared above the surface. By his beard it was seen that he was a sapper who was risking his life for the safety of his comrades and the army. The entire regiment attentively followed him with their eyes and saw him swim towards the bridge, whilst a hail of bullets struck the water all round him, but the brave sapper still continued to swim vigorously. At last, after unheard-of efforts, he reached the bridge, mounted upon the arch, and with a few strokes of his axe cut through the remains of the beam, which at a distance seemed enormous, but which in reality had been fortunately partly destroyed by the explosion.

"WITH A FEW STROKES OF HIS AXE HE CUT THROUGH THE BEAM."

Immediately afterwards the entire woodwork of the bridge fell with a great splash into the river, and the brave sapper could no longer be seen.

But all at once his comrades spied him amongst the floating fragments swimming towards the bank. The soldiers sprang forward, filled with joy and admiration; hundreds of hands were stretched out to the swimmer by way of encouragement; the General himself approached the bank of the river, and was greatly astonished to see Bilboquet come out of the water with an immense black beard hanging from his chin.

"What's all this?" he cried, "and what is the meaning of this beard?"

"Oh, General," replied the drummer, "it is only Bilboquet, to whom you said that he should have the Cross of Honour when he got a beard on his chin. This is a famous one, I think you'll admit. You see, General, I have done my best to obtain full value for the money, and, in fact, I spent the whole twenty francs you gave me to decorate my chin."

The General, surprised at so much courage allied with wit and cunning, took Bilboquet by the hand, as if he had been a man, and gave him on the spot the Cross of the Legion of Honour which the General himself wore on his breast. And from that moment the old soldiers of the regiment saluted Bilboquet with friendship, and the drum-major never again beat the tattoo on the boy's shoulders.

*Curiosities.**

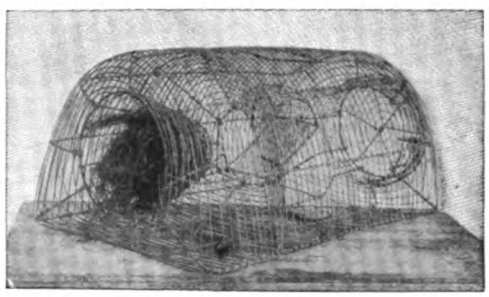
[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

DARKY'S CHUM.

Mr. E. C. Skelt, of 45, Lordship Lane, Wood Green, N., writes: "I think the photo. I send you may interest your readers. As you will see, it is a picture taken at Bournemouth of a little boy and his 'coloured' attendant. You will be surprised to hear that the negro boy is simply a figure and not flesh and blood. I think the illusion is made more complete by the expression on the face of the figure, and also if you will notice you will find that the left hand is raised as if to catch the hat when it falls off, or to prevent the youngster tumbling." The photograph was taken by the Royal Central Photographic Co., Bournemouth.

AN AMPHIBIOUS TRAIN.

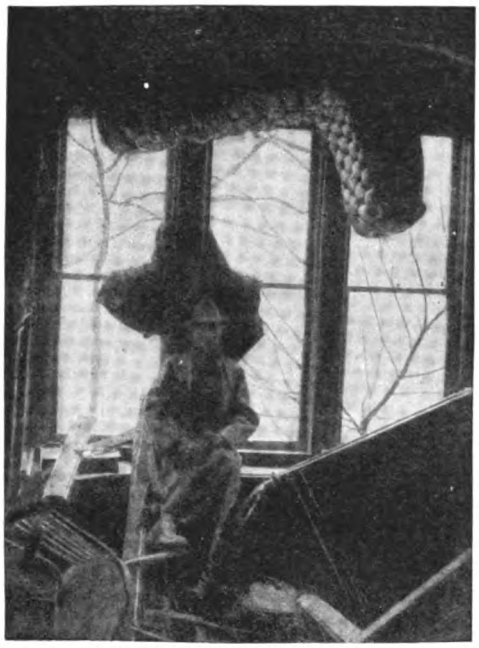
"The next photo. was taken during the spring floods in the St. Francis Valley, Canada, last year, when they were exceptionally high. The photograph is of a Boston and Maine freight train running about five miles an hour on a track under water to a depth varying from 2ft. to 3ft. The tree to the left is quite 10ft. or 12ft. under water, as there is a sharp embankment on that side, so that the perilous position of the train can be well imagined." Thus Mr. E. M. Morris, B.C.S., of Lennoxville, P.Q., Canada.



A MOTHER'S CARE.

This photograph is a proof of what even rats will do to protect their young. Mr. Livingstone, Port Askaig Hotel, the owner of the trap, says he had been in the habit of catching two and three young rats in it almost every day, but his surprise may be imagined when one day he found the opening had been completely closed up with some teased rope. This occurred within twelve hours of his previous visit, and the only explanation is that during the night the mother-rat had teased a piece of rope which had been lying in the place and closed up the trap-way (as will be seen in the photo.) in order to prevent her young ones being trapped. Miss Mina Clark, Port Askaig, Islay, sends this photo. and description.

* Copyright, 1901, by George Newnes, Limited.

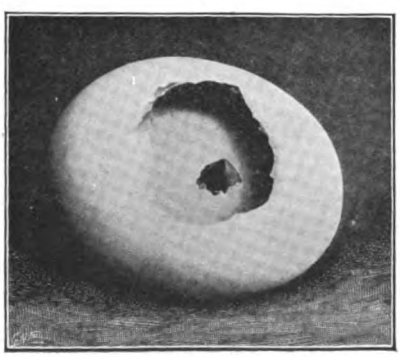


A FREAK OF AN EXPLOSION.

Mr. le Moyne L. Parkinson, of Beaver Falls, Pa., sends a curious instance of a lucky escape from the effects of a terrible explosion. He says: "Part of the stone foundation of this frame house was blown out, the rear of building completely blown away, and the front extended out in an obtuse angle, while, strange to relate, the family and visitors were not injured in the least. The photograph shows a heavy leather couch turned upside down and sticking in the ceiling, caused by the force of the explosion."

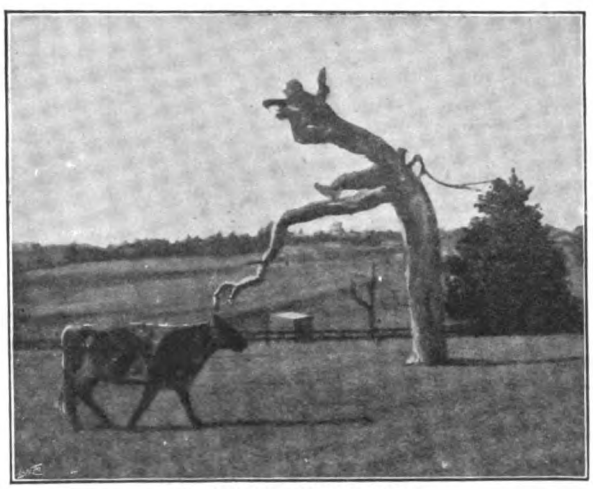
WHEN IS AN EGG NOT AN EGG?

Miss Clara Tilling, of Highfield, Westmoreland Road, Bromley, Kent, is the fortunate possessor of an extraordinary egg, or, to be more accurate, eggs, for the curiosity in her possession consists of two perfectly formed eggs found one within the other. This extraordinary find was laid on Michaelmas Day, September 29th, 1900, by a Plymouth Rock hen. It weighed 6oz., and was larger than that of a goose. When it was blown an ordinary egg was found floating in the white of the large one, which had no yolk. The inner egg had the usual white and yolk, and the shell of the outer one was very thin. The hen had not laid for four days before the occurrence, and has not laid since.



HOW DID IT GET THERE?

Mr. R. C. Hardman, of Meadhurst, Uppingham, has been the fortunate finder of a coin dated 1397 embedded in a lump of coal, which formed part and parcel of a ton of that useful commodity bought at current prices.

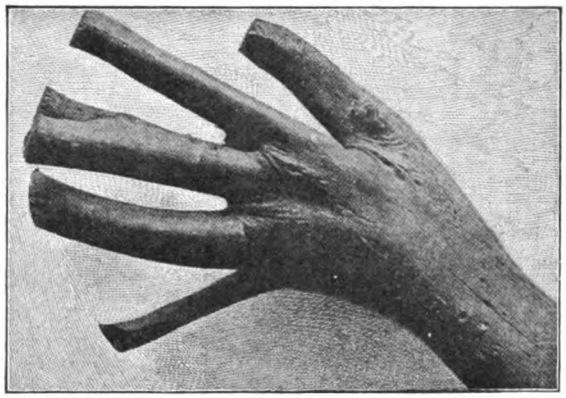


NATURE'S LITTLE JOKE.

The weird picture shown above was sent to us by Mr. John Bee, of Avonville, Albert Street, Kew, Melbourne. It represents a curious old gum tree in the paddock at the back of Mr. Bee's house. The cow happened to be walking past when Mr. Bee took the snap-shot, and the curious though unexpected result shown here was noticed only on developing.

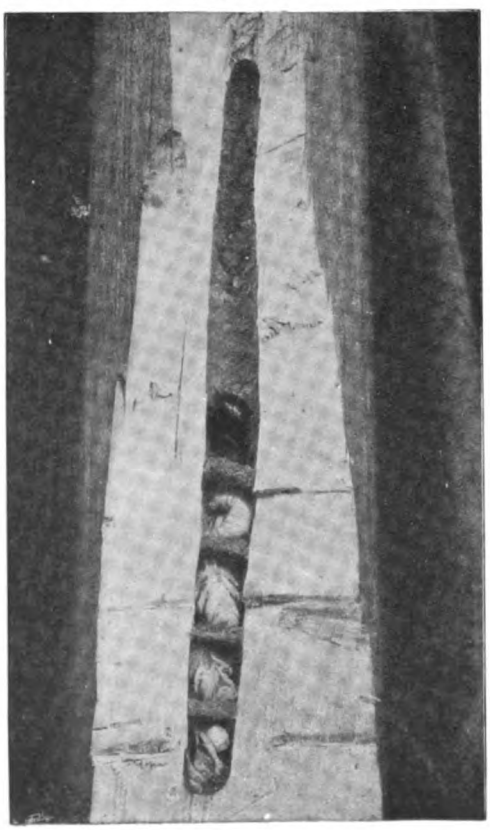
THE WOODEN HAND OF NATURE.

This hand-like curiosity was taken from a branch of a tree grown in the Cairns District, Queensland, and was obtained from Ranger Duffen on a recent visit to the north by Mr. L. Board, the Inspector of State Forests, who kindly sent the photograph to us.

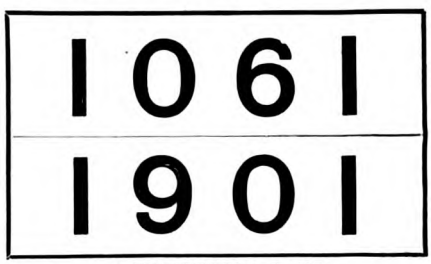


A CURIOUS BEE STORY.

An admirer of THE STRAND sends the next picture from New Rochelle, N.Y. It appears that while repairing his sail-boat in the spring he noticed a hole bored in the mast, and on opening it found this nest of bees. The mother-bee had bored out a tunnel about 8in. in length, boring both forward and back, making the entrance in the middle of the tunnel. She then laid four eggs, walling up each within a space by a partition formed of the sawdust made in boring the tunnel. This partition was a thin but a very firm and tough membrane. When found, three of the eggs had developed into bees, perfectly formed, but white; the fourth was still in the pupa form, and the mother-bee was lying outside the last wall, dead.



Shortly the two oldest bees died, the third and the fourth, the pupa, developed into bees; they laid on their backs and slowly changed to brown and finally black, beautiful bees; the only signs of life noticeable for days was a vibratory oscillation sideways when the stick was moved or shaken. Each compartment had a store of little black seed in it when found. When the remaining two bees were fully grown they were fed with a little sugar and water, which they ate greedily. They grew strong enough to walk, and finally one day were put out in the fresh air, and on learning the strength of their wings flew away. Several puzzling questions were suggested during these interesting developments. Does the mother-bee always die and block the entrance to her prospective family's home? Again, how does the oldest bee, which is the farthest from the entrance, make its way out, and how does this wonderful mother-bee make her partition so delicate and yet so strong?

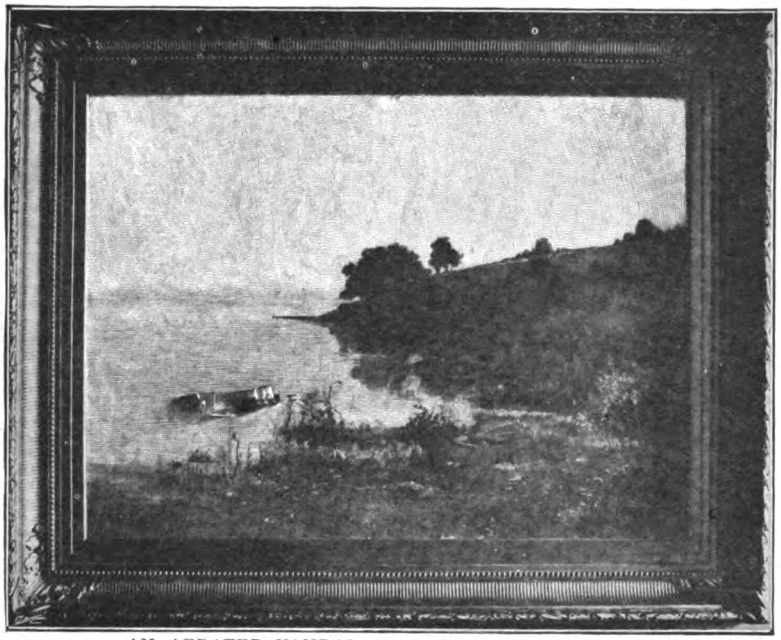


A REVERSIBLE DATE.

1061. In this year reigned King Edward the Confessor, the first English Sovereign of that name and one of the best of English kings. Turn the figures upside down and you obtain 1901. In this year reigns Edward VII. The above type is taken from a January calendar, and sent by Mr. J. H. Helps, Beechwood, Tyne Road, Bristol.

CAUGHT!

This dog tried to jump a fence; much to his amazement, however, he found himself, though unhurt, a prisoner between the spikes in the manner shown. Since when he has jumped no other. Photo. by Mr. A. H. Shorey, 76, Redpath Street, Montreal.

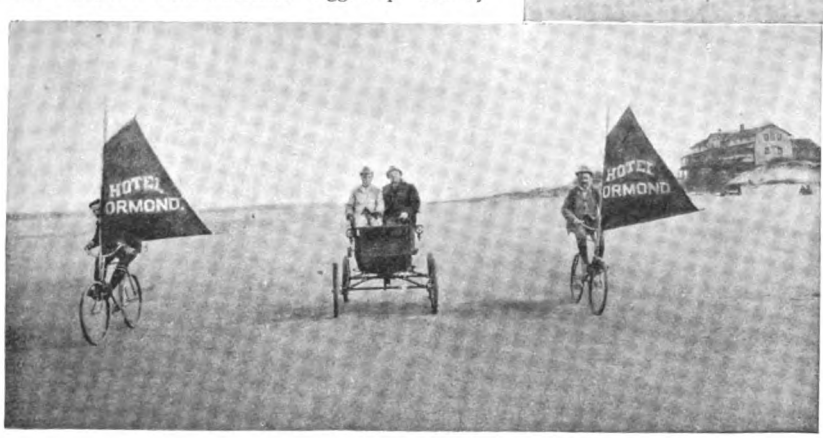


AN AERATED VANDAL.

Mr. J. Ross McMillan, in sending the next photograph, says: "I send you the photograph of an injured picture hanging in my house, 16, Bon Accord Square, Dublin. An ordinary sized soda-water bottle was left standing on the dining-room table on retiring at night, and in the morning the splintered pieces of the bottle were found strewn round the room, the head of the bottle being lodged, as you will see by the photograph, in the picture. The piece which has thus injured the picture measures 6in. long."

SAIL-BIKE *v.* MOTOR.

"This is what might be called a twentieth century race, and it is undoubtedly the first photograph ever published of a contest between an automobile and a bicycle 'under sail.' The affair came off recently at Ormond, Fla. Here the beach along the coast is so smooth and hard that it has long been a favourite place for trotting horses and for taking bicycle trips. This winter several 'mobile' owners brought their machines with them. Taking advantage of a favourable wind, two of the wheelmen 'rigged up' sails by attaching masts to the front framework of their bicycles. Hoisting the sails they jumped on and let the wind carry them. Frequently the wheelmen can coast at a speed of from twenty to twenty-five miles an hour. In the contest illustrated the automobile won by only a few lengths." So writes Mr. D. A. Willey, of Baltimore.

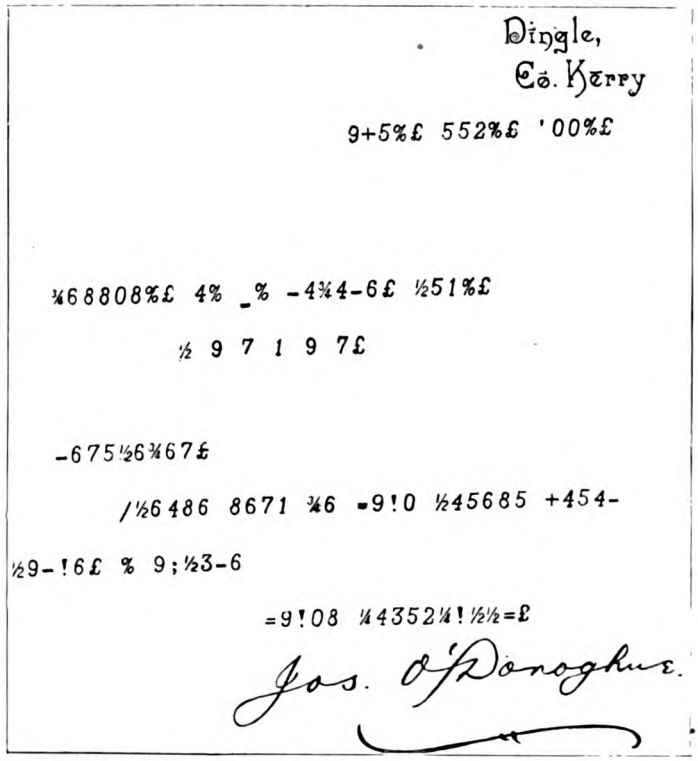


A "RIGHT"-MINDED DOG.

Miss Mildred Hunter, of 30, Clarence Square, Gosport, sends a pretty dog story, together with a photo. of her pet, who, to say the least of it, is a very clever dog indeed. Miss Hunter says: "I send you a photo. of my fox-terrier dog, who will refuse all food if offered in the left hand. In the picture he is being tempted with a piece of biscuit of which he is particularly fond, and you can see from his appearance that it is not because he is dainty that he will not take it, but that he is only waiting for it to be changed to the right hand, when he will snap it upat once. However you may try to deceive him he recognises the left hand at once, unless you stand back to him, and then he is not certain."

AN ACCIDENTAL PUZZLE.

Mr. Jos. O'Donoghue, of Dingle, Ireland, writes: "Inclosed please find a letter for your 'Curiosities.' It is a copy of a letter written by me to a firm asking for their latest catalogue. The figure shift-key of the typewriter got out of order, with the result that neither shift-key would work. I wrote the *facsimile* of the letter without knowing it until almost finished, then I decided to complete it for your Magazine. It will make an excellent puzzle for your readers to solve." Perhaps our readers will try. It is not at all difficult.



UMBRELLA-STICK HEROES.

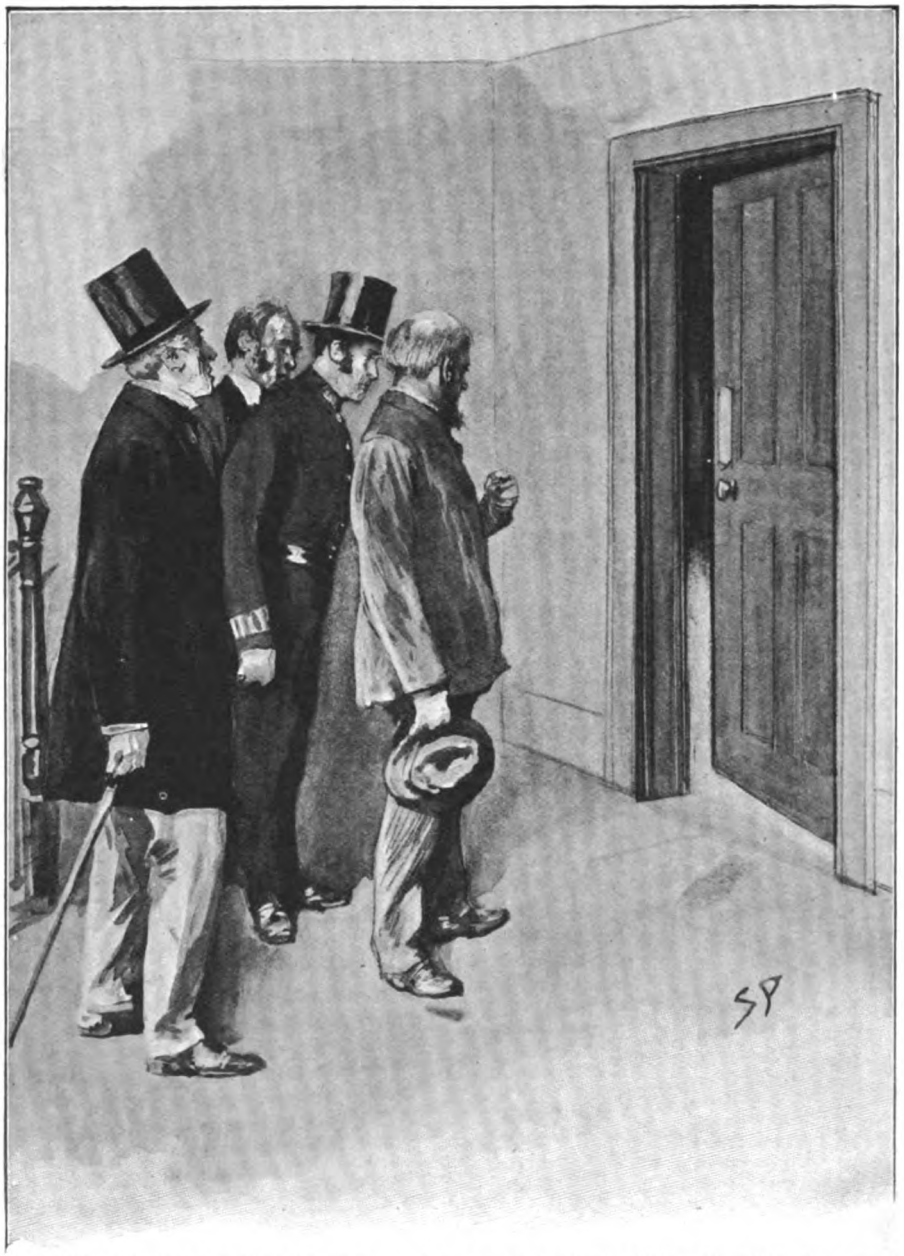
A dozen years ago or more an enterprising firm of umbrella-stick manufacturers struck on the novel idea of placing umbrellas on the market the handle of which should contain the profile of some notable personage. The design was duly registered, but, for some reason or other, the sale was not large. Now that hero worship is at concert pitch something of the kind might possibly "catch on." Some ladies, for instance, might like to carry about with them either Bobs or that general favourite known as B.-P., not to mention selections from scores of others. No

one will fail to recognise in the above photograph the outline of the late Mr. W. E. Gladstone's face, and it will be noticed that the ever-familiar collar is particularly prominent. The handle is made of composition, and the result is obtained by means of a pair of clamps or dies. Mr. C. H. Chandler, of 10, Allison Road, Harringay, N., is responsible for this interesting contribution.

WHAT THE KETTLE DID.

Our next photograph shows how necessary it is for good housewives to make adequate provision for the prevention of accumulation of lime and fur in the kettle, which plays such an important part in every

household. The marble which may be plainly seen in the photo. was placed in a kettle some three months ago, and has gathered, ever since the first day of its incarceration, a coating of lime and fur, which has increased daily to the extraordinary proportions shown in the photograph. The use of this marble has been the cause of considerable saving of fuel by its having collected the lime which would otherwise have formed a coating on the inside of the kettle. Mr. Albert J. Judd, of 36, Clifford Street, Watford, Herts, sends this contribution.



"IT WAS THE FOOTPRINT OF A MAN DIMLY OUTLINED ON THE FLOOR."

(*See page* 484).

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxi. MAY, 1901. No. 125.

Strange Studies from Life.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

[*The cases dealt with in this series of studies of criminal psychology—studies of which the moral is more full of warning than that of many sermons—are taken from the actual history of crime, though occasionally names have been changed where their retention might cause pain to surviving relatives.*]

III.—THE DEBATABLE CASE OF MRS. EMSLEY.

IN the fierce popular indignation which is excited by a sanguinary crime there is a tendency, in which judges and juries share, to brush aside or to treat as irrelevant those doubts the benefit of which is supposed to be one of the privileges of the accused. Lord Tenterden has whittled down the theory of doubt by declaring that a jury is justified in giving its verdict upon such evidence as it would accept to be final in any of the issues of life. But when one looks back and remembers how often one has been very sure and yet has erred in the issues of life, how often what has seemed certain has failed us, and that which appeared impossible has come to pass, we feel that if the criminal law has been conducted upon such principles it is probably itself the giant murderer of England. Far wiser is the contention that it is better that ninety-nine guilty should escape than that one innocent man should suffer, and that, therefore, if it can be claimed that there is one chance in a hundred in favour of the prisoner he is entitled to his acquittal. It cannot be doubted that if the Scotch verdict of "Not proven," which neither condemns nor acquits, had been permissible in England it would have been the outcome of many a case which, under our sterner law, has ended upon the scaffold. Such a verdict would, I fancy, have been hailed as a welcome compromise by the judge and the jury who investigated the singular circumstances which attended the case of Mrs. Mary Emsley.

The stranger in London who wanders away from the beaten paths and strays into the quarters in which the workers dwell is astounded by their widespread monotony, by the endless rows of uniform brick houses broken only by the corner public-houses and more infrequent chapels which are scattered amongst them. The expansion of the great city has been largely caused by the covering of district after district with these long lines of humble dwellings, and the years between the end of the Crimean War and 1860 saw great activity in this direction. Many small builders by continually mortgaging what they had done, and using the capital thus acquired to start fresh works which were themselves in turn mortgaged, contrived to erect street after street, and eventually on account of the general rise of property to make considerable fortunes. Amongst these astute speculators there was one John Emsley, who, dying, left his numerous houses and various interests to his widow Mary.

Mary Emsley, now an old woman, had

MRS. MARY EMSLEY.

lived too long in a humble fashion to change her way of life. She was childless, and all the activities of her nature were centred upon the economical management of her property, and the collection of the weekly rents from the humble tenants who occupied them. A grim, stern, eccentric woman, she was an object of mingled dislike and curiosity among the inhabitants of Grove Road, Stepney, in which her house was situated. Her possessions extended over Stratford, Bow, and Bethnal Green, and in spite of her age she made long journeys, collecting, evicting, and managing, always showing a great capacity for the driving of a hard bargain. One of her small economies was that when she needed help in managing these widespread properties she preferred to employ irregular agents to engaging a salaried representative. There were many who did odd jobs for her, and among them were two men whose names were destined to become familiar to the public. The one was John Emms, a cobbler; the other George Mullins, a plasterer.

Mary Emsley, in spite of her wealth, lived entirely alone, save that on Saturdays a charwoman called to clean up the house. She showed also that extreme timidity and caution which are often characteristic of those who afterwards perish by violence—as if there lies in human nature some vague instinctive power of prophecy. It was with reluctance that she ever opened her door, and each visitor who approached her was reconnoitred from the window of her area. Her fortune would have permitted her to indulge herself with every luxury, but the house was a small one, consisting of two stories and a basement, with a neglected back garden, and her mode of life was even simpler than her dwelling. It was a singular and most unnatural old age.

Mrs. Emsley was last seen alive upon the evening of Monday, August 13th, 1860. Upon that date, at seven o'clock, two neighbours perceived her sitting at her bedroom window. Next morning, shortly after ten, one of her irregular retainers called upon some matter of brass taps, but was unable to get any answer to his repeated knockings. During that Tuesday many visitors had the same experience, and the Wednesday and Thursday passed without any sign of life within the house. One would have thought that this would have aroused instant suspicions, but the neighbours were so accustomed to the widow's eccentricities that they were slow to be alarmed. It was only upon the Friday, when John Emms, the cobbler, found the same sinister silence prevailing in the house, that a fear of foul play came suddenly upon him. He ran round to Mr. Rose, her attorney, and Mr. Faith, who was a distant relation, and the three men returned to the house. On their way they picked up Police-constable Dillon, who accompanied them.

The front door was fastened and the windows snibbed, so the party made their way over the garden wall and so reached the back entrance, which they seem to have opened without difficulty. John Emms led the way, for he was intimately acquainted with the house. On the ground floor there was no sign of the old woman. The creak of their boots and the subdued whisper of their voices were the only sounds which broke the silence. They ascended the stair with a feeling of reassurance. Perhaps it was all right after all. It was quite probable that the eccentric widow might have gone on a visit. And then as they came upon the landing John Emms stood staring, and the others, peering past him, saw that which struck the hope from their hearts.

It was the footprint of a man dimly outlined in blood upon the wooden floor. The door of the front room was nearly closed, and this dreadful portent lay in front of it with the toes pointing away. The police-constable pushed at the door, but something which lay behind it prevented it from opening. At last by their united efforts they effected an entrance. There lay the unfortunate old woman, her lank limbs all asprawl upon the floor, with two rolls of wall-paper under her arm and several others scattered in front of her. It was evident that the frightful blows which had crushed in her head had fallen upon her unforeseen, and had struck her senseless in an instant. She had none of that anticipation which is the only horror of death.

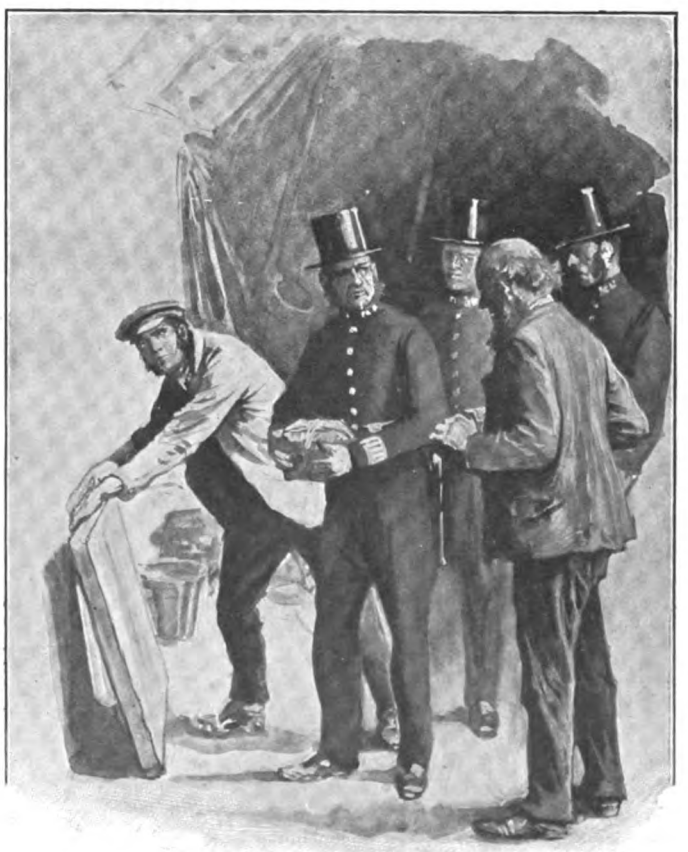
The news of the murder of so well known an inhabitant caused the utmost excitement in the neighbourhood, and every effort was made to detect the assassin. A Government reward of £100 was soon raised to £300, but without avail. A careful examination of the house failed to reveal anything which might serve as a reliable clue. It was difficult to determine the hour of the murder, for there was reason to think that the dead woman occasionally neglected to make her bed, so that the fact that the bed was unmade did not prove that it had been slept in. She was fully dressed, as she would be in the evening, and it was unlikely that

she would be doing business with wall-papers in the early morning. On the whole, then, the evidence seemed to point to the crime having been committed upon the Monday evening some time after seven. There had been no forcing of doors or windows, and therefore the murderer had been admitted by Mrs. Emsley. It was not consistent with her habits that she should admit anyone whom she did not know at such an hour, and the presence of the wall-papers showed that it was someone with whom she had business to transact. So far the police could hardly go wrong. The murderer appeared to have gained little by his crime, for the only money in the house, £48, was found concealed in the cellar, and nothing was missing save a few articles of no value. For weeks the public waited impatiently for an arrest, and for weeks the police remained silent though not inactive. Then an arrest was at last effected, and in a curiously dramatic fashion.

Amongst the numerous people who made small sums of money by helping the murdered woman there was one respectable-looking man, named George Mullins—rather over fifty years of age, with the straight back of a man who has at some period been well drilled. As a matter of fact, he had served in the Irish Constabulary, and had undergone many other curious experiences before he had settled down as a plasterer in the East-end of London. This man it was who called upon Sergeant Tanner, of the police, and laid before him a statement which promised to solve the whole mystery.

According to this account, Mullins had from the first been suspicious of Emms, the cobbler, and had taken steps to verify his suspicions, impelled partly by his love of justice and even more by his hope of the reward. The £300 bulked largely before his eyes. "If this only goes right I'll take care of you," said he, on his first interview with the police, and added, in allusion to his own former connection with the force, that he "was clever at these matters." So clever was he that his account of what he had seen and done gave the police an excellent clue upon which to act.

It appears that the cobbler dwelt in a small cottage at the edge of an old brickfield. On this brickfield, and about fifty yards from the cottage, there stood a crumbling outhouse which had been abandoned. Mullins, it seems, had for some time back been keeping a watchful eye upon Emms, and he had observed him carrying a paper parcel from his cottage and concealing it somewhere in the shed. "Very likely," said the astute Mullins, "he is concealing some of the plunder which he has stolen." To the police also the theory seemed not impossible, and so, on the following morning, three of them,



"THEY CAME ON A PAPER PARCEL OF A VERY CURIOUS NATURE."

with Mullins hanging at their heels, appeared at Emms's cottage, and searched both it and the shed. Their efforts, however, were in vain, and nothing was found.

This result was by no means satisfactory to the observant Mullins, who rated them soundly for not having half-searched the shed, and persuaded them to try again. They did so under his supervision, and this time with the best results. Behind a slab in the outhouse they came on a paper parcel of a very curious nature. It was tied up with coarse tape, and when opened disclosed another parcel tied with waxed string. Within were found three small spoons and one large one, two lenses, and a cheque drawn in favour of Mrs. Emsley, and known to have been paid to her upon the day of the murder. There was no doubt that the other articles had also belonged to the dead woman. The discovery was of the first importance then, and the whole party set off for the police-station, Emms covered with confusion and dismay, while Mullins swelled with all the pride of the successful amateur detective. But his triumph did not last long. At the police-station the inspector charged him with being himself concerned in the death of Mrs. Emsley.

"Is this the way that I am treated after giving you information?" he cried.

"If you are innocent no harm will befall you," said the inspector, and he was duly committed for trial.

This dramatic turning of the tables caused the deepest public excitement, and the utmost abhorrence was everywhere expressed against the man who was charged not only with a very cold-blooded murder, but with a deliberate attempt to saddle another man with the guilt in the hope of receiving the reward. It was very soon seen that Emms at least was innocent, as he could prove the most convincing *alibi*. But if Emms was innocent who was guilty save the man who had placed the stolen articles in the outhouse—and who could this be save Mullins, who had informed the police that they were there? The case was prejudged by the public before ever the prisoner had appeared in the dock, and the evidence which the police had prepared against him was not such as to cause them to change their opinion. A damning series of facts were arraigned in proof of their theory of the case, and they were laid before the jury by Serjeant Parry at the Central Criminal Court upon the 25th of October, about ten weeks after the murder.

At first sight the case against Mullins appeared to be irresistible. An examination of his rooms immediately after his arrest enabled the police to discover some tape upon his mantelpiece which corresponded very closely with the tape with which the parcel had been secured. There were thirty-two strands in each. There was also found a piece of cobbler's wax, such as would be needed to wax the string of the inner parcel. Cobbler's wax was not a substance which Mullins needed in his business, so that the theory of the prosecution was that he had simply procured it in order to throw suspicion upon the unfortunate cobbler. A plasterer's hammer, which might have inflicted the injuries, was also discovered upon the premises, and so was a spoon which corresponded closely to the spoons which Mrs. Emsley had lost. It was shown also that Mrs. Mullins had recently sold a small gold pencil-case to a neighbouring barman, and two witnesses were found to swear that this pencil-case belonged to Mrs. Emsley and had been in her possession a short time before her death. There was also discovered a pair of boots, one of which appeared to fit the impression upon the floor, and medical evidence attested that there was some human hair upon the sole of it. The same medical evidence swore to a blood mark upon the gold pencil which had been sold by Mrs. Mullins. It was proved by the charwoman, who came upon Saturdays, that when she had been in the house two days before the murder Mullins had called, bringing with him some rolls of wall-paper, and that he had been directed by Mrs. Emsley to carry it up to the room in which the tragedy afterwards occurred. Now, it was clear that Mrs. Emsley had been discussing wall-papers at the time that she was struck down, and what more natural than that it should have been with the person who had originally brought them? Again, it had been shown that during the day Mrs. Emsley had handed to Mullins a certain key. This key was found lying in the same room as the dead body, and the prosecution asked how it could have come there if Mullins did not bring it.

So far the police had undoubtedly a very strong case, and they endeavoured to make it more convincing still by producing evidence to show that Mullins had been seen both going to the crime and coming away from it. One, Raymond, was ready to swear that at eight o'clock that evening he had caught a glimpse of him in the street near Mrs. Emsley's. He was wearing a black billy-

cock hat. A sailor was produced who testified that he had seen him at Stepney Green a little after five next morning. According to the sailor's account his attention was attracted by the nervous manner and excited appearance of the man whom he had met, and also by the fact that his pockets were very bulging. He was wearing a brown hat. When he heard of the murder he had of his own accord given information to the police, and he would swear that Mullins was the man whom he had seen.

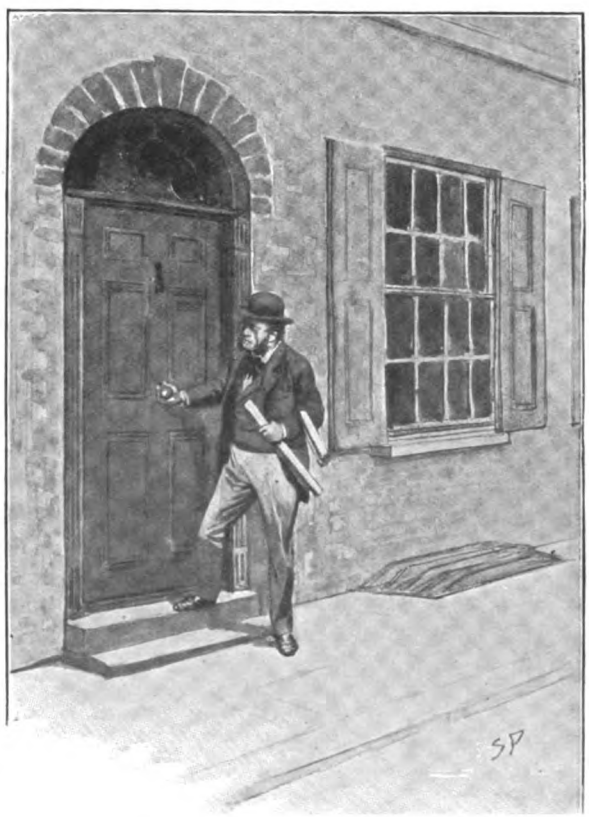
This was the case as presented against the accused, and it was fortified by many smaller points of suspicion. One of them was that when he was giving the police information about Emms he had remarked that Emms was about the only man to whom Mrs. Emsley would open her door.

"Wouldn't she open it for you, Mullins?" asked the policeman.

"No," said he. "She would have called to me from the window of the area."

This answer of his—which was shown to be untrue—told very heavily against him at the trial.

It was a grave task which Mr. Best had to perform when he rose to answer this complicated and widely-reaching indictment. He first of all endeavoured to establish an *alibi* by calling Mullins's children, who were ready to testify that he came home particularly early upon that particular Monday. Their evidence, however, was not very conclusive, and was shaken by the laundress, who showed that they were confusing one day with another. As regards the boot, the counsel pointed out that human hair was used by plasterers in their work, and he commented upon the failure of the prosecution to prove that there was blood upon the very boot which was supposed to have produced the blood-print. He also showed as regards the bloodstain upon the pencil-case that the barman upon buying the pencil had carefully cleaned and polished it, so that if there was any blood upon it it was certainly not that of Mrs. Emsley. He also commented upon the discrepancy of the evidence between Raymond, who saw the accused at eight in the evening in a black hat, and the sailor who met him at five in the morning in a brown one. If the theory of the prosecution was that the accused had spent the night in the house of the murdered woman, how came his hat to be changed? One or other or both the witnesses must be worthless. Besides, the sailor had met his mysterious stranger at Stepney Green, which was quite out of the line between the scene of the crime and Mullins's lodgings.



"HE HAD SEEN ONE ROWLAND, ALSO A BUILDER, COME OUT OF SOME HOUSE."

As to the bulging pockets, only a few small articles had been taken from the house, and they would certainly not cause the robber's pockets to bulge. There was no evidence either from Raymond or from the sailor that the prisoner was carrying the plasterer's hammer with which the deed was supposed to have been done.

And now he produced two new and very important witnesses, whose evidence furnished another of those sudden surprises with which the case had abounded. Mrs. Barnes,

who lived in Grove Road, opposite to the scene of the murder, was prepared to swear that at twenty minutes to ten on Tuesday morning—twelve hours after the time of the commission of the crime according to the police theory—she saw someone moving paper-hangings in the top room, and that she also saw the right-hand window open a little way. Now, in either of these points she might be the victim of a delusion, but it is difficult to think that she was mistaken in them both. If there was really someone in the room at that hour, whether it was Mrs. Emsley or her assassin, in either case it proved the theory of the prosecution to be entirely mistaken.

The second piece of evidence was from Stephenson, a builder, who testified that upon that Tuesday morning he had seen one Rowland, also a builder, come out of some house with wall-papers in his hand. This was a little after ten o'clock. He could not swear to the house, but he thought that it was Mrs. Emsley's. Rowland was hurrying past him when he stopped him and asked him—they were acquaintances—whether he was in the paper line.

"Yes; didn't you know that?" said Rowland.

"No," said Stephenson, "else I should have given you a job or two."

"Oh, yes, I was bred up to it," said Rowland, and went on his way.

In answer to this Rowland appeared in the box and stated that he considered Stephenson to be half-witted. He acknowledged the meeting and the conversation, but asserted that it was several days before. As a matter of fact, he was engaged in papering the house next to Mrs. Emsley's, and it was from that that he had emerged.

So stood the issues when the Chief Baron entered upon the difficult task of summing up. Some of the evidence upon which the police had principally relied was brushed aside by him very lightly. As to the tape, most tape consisted of thirty-two strands, and it appeared to him that the two pieces were not exactly of one sort. Cobbler's wax was not an uncommon substance, and a plasterer could not be blamed for possessing a plasterer's hammer. The boot, too, was not so exactly like the blood-print that any conclusions could be drawn from it. The weak point of the defence was that it was almost certain that Mullins hid the things in the shed. If he did not commit the crime, why did he not volunteer a statement as to how the things came into his possession? His remark that Mrs. Emsley would not open the door to him, when it was certain that she would do so, was very much against him. On the other hand, the conflicting evidence of the sailor and of the other man who had seen Mullins near the scene of the crime was not very convincing, nor did he consider the incident of the key to be at all conclusive, since the key might have been returned in the course of the day. On the whole, everything might be got round except the hiding of the parcel in the shed, and that was so exceedingly damning that, even without anything else, it amounted to a formidable case.

The jury deliberated for three hours and then brought in a verdict of "Guilty," in which the judge concurred. Some of his words, however, in passing sentence were such as to show that his mind was by no means convinced upon the point.

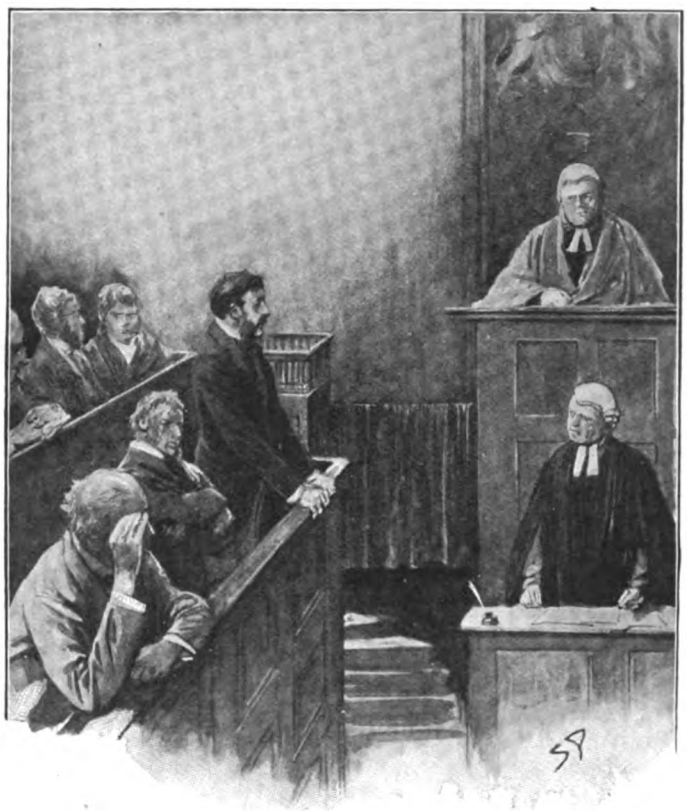
"If you can even now make it manifest that you are innocent of the charge," said he, "I do not doubt that every attention will be paid to any cogent proof laid before those with whom it rests to carry out the finding of the law."

To allude to the possibility of a man's innocence and at the same time to condemn him to be hanged strikes the lay mind as being a rather barbarous and illogical proceeding. It is true that the cumulative force of the evidence against Mullins was very strong, and that investigation proved the man's antecedents to have been of the worst. But still, circumstantial evidence, even when it all points one way and there is nothing to be urged upon the other side, cannot be received with too great caution, for it is nearly always possible to twist it to some other meaning.

In this case, even allowing that the evidence for an *alibi* furnished by Mullins's children was worthless, and allowing also that Mr. Stephenson's evidence may be set aside, there remains the positive and absolutely disinterested testimony of Mrs. Barnes, which would seem to show that even if Mullins did the crime he did it in an entirely different way to that which the police imagined. Besides, is it not on the face of it most improbable that a man should commit a murder at eight o'clock or so in the evening, should remain all night in the house with the body of his victim, that he should do this in the dark—for a light moving about the house would have been certainly remarked by the neighbours—that he should not escape during the darkness, but that he should wait for the full

sunlight of an August morning before he emerged?

After reading the evidence one is left with an irresistible impression that, though



"A VERDICT OF 'GUILTY.'"

Mullins was very likely guilty, the police were never able to establish the details of the crime, and that there was a risk of a miscarriage of justice when the death sentence was carried out.

There was much discussion among the legal profession at the time as to the sufficiency of the evidence, but the general public was quite satisfied, for the crime was such a shocking one that universal prejudice was excited against the accused. Mullins was hanged on the 19th of November, and he left a statement behind him reaffirming his own innocence. He never attempted to explain the circumstances which cost him his life, but he declared in his last hours that he believed Emms to be innocent of the murder, which some have taken to be a confession that he had himself placed the incriminating articles in the shed. Forty years have served to throw no fresh light upon the matter.

Has Baby a Clever Head?

By Gertrude Bacon.

Illustrated with Photographs by J. W. Righton, Newbury.

THERE are such wonderful possibilities about Baby!

As he lies on his mother's knee, a little bundle of pink flesh and tiny, rounded limbs, he represents the most unfathomable mystery in creation. We guess hopelessly at the thoughts that lie within his fluffy head. We strive fruitlessly to break down ever so little that impenetrable barrier that as yet stands between him and all the world. He is less than human. He is more than human. He is beyond appeal, beyond knowledge, beyond reach.

And for the future? What may not that hold? Will those tiny, curling fingers that twine so tightly round our own one day wield the pen or the sword? Behind that lineless brow are there nestling the germs of great thoughts that shall sway men's minds, or wise counsels that will rule the nation, burning eloquence or inspired song, music, science, or art? When thirty years have rolled over his innocent head, will they find Baby a senior wrangler or a famous actor; a rising politician or a Royal Academician; will he be on his way to a bishopric or the Woolsack?

Who can tell? Whichever way we look is mystery, and Baby in the midst is greatest mystery of all. And yet, though we can in no way hope to lift even a corner of the veil that shrouds what is to come, still from Baby himself we may perchance gather a stray hint or two, here and there, which shall shed a spark of light over the unknown path he has to tread.

There are many who sneer at the science of phrenology as elaborated nonsense and charlatanism, and deny the possibility of arriving at the contents of a head from studying its outward form. There are many more who do not dispute its tenets in the main, but refuse to allow that they can hold good in the case of infants. "All babies' heads are alike," they declare (and it is unnecessary to go on to state that these people are all men, and mostly unmarried). No mother will be found to allow that babies' heads resemble each other more than the heads of adults, and it will need but a moment's glance at the tiny mites whose portraits adorn these pages to prove their dissimilarity. Compare, for example, the rounded poll of Baby No. 15 with the flattened crown of Baby No. 8. Contrast the narrow forehead of Baby No. 3 with Baby No. 16's broad brows. Is there the slightest resemblance between the heads of Nos. 9 and 12? and so on through our whole assortment. Even the most confirmed bachelor will be unable to deny the difference.

Granted then that differences really exist, we have next to go to work to find the signification thereof, and learn to apply our knowledge to the solving of that all-important question, "Has Baby a clever head?" But we must always bear in mind that as Baby's faculties and tendencies are as yet undeveloped, so are they proportionately difficult to trace; and that just as time and education

will tend to accentuate certain features, so will they, in like manner, tend to hide and obliterate others that belong exclusively to childhood. For if, as is averred, the heads of grown people continually change and alter, then the soft skull of an infant will change within far larger limits, and each succeeding year will leave its well-marked trace. It is, therefore, but upon the broadest outlines that we must build up our inferences concerning these little people.

One of the first teachings of phrenology tells us that the outward expression of purely intellectual qualities is found in the forehead and fore part of the head, while those that we possess in common with the animal world are at the back. In other words, the *cleverness* is in front and the *lovableness* behind. Suppose we begin by studying Baby side-face, and see what we can learn from the length of his or her skull. This is a view of a baby that is very rarely to be obtained in ordinary photographs, which are almost invariably taken full face. There is no denying it that profile is not these tiny ones' strong point. There is a lack of character in the wee dab which does duty as a nose, and the rosy mouth over the toothless gums, though very sweet and kissable, is neither very definite nor very indicative of what it may presently grow to. Nevertheless, it is the profile we should first examine.

NO. 1.—THE HOME BIRD.

If the head is long, as seen sideways, measured from the ear backward, then Baby has a well-developed "bump of philoprogenitiveness"! Phrenologists love long words, and this is the longest of all, though in plain English it may be simply translated as "love of offspring." Better translated still, it will stand as "motherliness," at least with the female sex, and it is, perhaps, the most lovable characteristic of all. It means love and tender sympathy with all that is weak and helpless, pity for all sorrow and suffering, and a loyal defence of the oppressed. The little girl with the long head will be a devoted mother to her dolls; the little boy will cherish a family of pets, if he is so allowed; and both will, all their lives, have a specially soft place in their hearts for children, and hold no music so sweet as the laugh of a child.

And if the head is not only long at the back but broad there also, there will further be added the love of friends, the joy of companionship, the social tendency. Baby with the long but narrow head will probably be shy and reticent. He will refuse to "show off" when the proud mother would display his charms to strangers. He will hide his head in her shoulder and loudly resent all attempted overtures. Broad-headed Baby, on the contrary, will early display his sociability, rather delighting in the presence of a new face, and quickly earning for himself the adjective of "friendly."

Baby No. 1 in our illustration sprawling on the woolly mat, has a long head, but in his case the length comes chiefly higher up, on the level of the eyes, while the back is well rounded. This boy is a "home bird," a boy with the home ties strongly developed. If he could give intelligible utterance to the private opinions he holds very strongly in his little brain, they would be to the effect that his own nursery and his own cot are the best and most comfortable in existence, and he defies the world to produce their equal. Later on he will extend this view to his own house, then to his village, then to his country. He will never willingly roam far from his "ain fireside"; and if another day finds him, perforce, at the far ends of the earth, his thoughts and longings will ever be turning to "the old folks at home."

These three characteristics, then—love of children, love of friends, love of home, together with other similar qualities which belong more particularly to later life—are represented by length of head, and are less

NO. 2.—A FUTURE BULLER.

NO. 3.—GOING TO BE AN EDITOR.

strongly developed, though never wholly absent, in heads of the squarer shape. Wherefore, oh, fond mother, rejoice if your tiny one's soft little skull projects backward, for then, no matter what more intellectual attributes he has or lacks, he at least possesses the power of love, which is greatest of all.

About the region of the ear, above and behind it, lie the outward manifestations of the presence or absence of a series of qualities essential to that most important business called "getting on in the world." A very noteworthy set these, for not only are they all-important as natural attributes, but it is to their abuse and undue development that we owe the seamier side of life. Phrenology owns to no "bad bumps" *per se*, holding that so-called bad qualities are only abuses of good and natural ones, which have been suffered to obtain undue preponderance; as, for example, when the natural instinct of self-defence is allowed to grow into actual aggressiveness, or the useful power of keeping a secret develops into downright deception. Mothers, then, need fear to find no trace of ill in the little innocent heads of their tiny ones, while it rests with them, more than all the world, to see that none may hereafter be discoverable there.

Measure Baby's head a little behind the ears and parallel with the top of them. If there is plenty of breadth here, then your boy has all the instincts of the soldier

NO. 4.—A TYPICAL JOHN BULL.

NO. 5.—A PEACEABLE CITIZEN.

—courage, daring, self-reliance, persistence in the face of difficulties. Look at Baby (No. 2) for example—a born fighter, if ever there was one. The development behind the ears in his case is particularly well shown, and the head is carried a little on one side, as is usually the way with such natures. If Baby No. 2 one day has his way he will be a trusty member of His Majesty's forces. If fate wills otherwise, and he becomes a peaceful citizen, then let County Councils, Boards of Guardians, and such-like bodies have heed of their dealings with one who will stand so firmly by his rights and take such good care that he gets them. Baby No. 3 also is going to be a very tolerable warrior, as also sturdy little boy

NO. 6.—A LITTLE MOTHER.

NO. 7.—PLENTY OF "GO."

No. 4. In Baby No. 5, with the rather pathetic, wee face, this fighting trait is perhaps less noticeable than in most, as also —and rightly—in bright-eyed, motherly little lady No. 6.

Lower down over the ears than the "bump of combativeness" is a kindred organ of which energy is the leading characteristic and what we are pleased to call a "strong" personality. When very evident, this tends to depress the ear, and of all our interesting examples, Baby No. 7 has her ears set lowest in her little head. This is a good sign, they say, inasmuch as it indicates large brain capacity above, and at this rate our small lady may certainly be expected to make her mark in the world. A very energetic young person she is, no doubt, always lively and with plenty of "go." Not improbably a "bit of a pickle" at times, with a passion for investigating the interior economy of her toys. Another day she is likely to excel at outdoor games and exercises.

Undoubtedly the most curious-shaped head in our whole collection belongs to solemn Baby No. 8, the lateral development, in his case, at the back of the head, halfway between the back of the ear and the beginning of the crown, being exceedingly conspicuous. If this child's head is, indeed, a true index to his character he should be prudence personified. In a young infant this instinct of cautiousness is often particu-

NO. 8.—"LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP."

larly marked, as is only wise and natural in a being so defenceless and weak. Baby No. 8, when he is a man, will be able to keep his own counsel, and secrets with him will be in safe holding.

A head that is pointed, or approximates to

NO. 9.—A WILL OF HIS OWN.

NO. 10.—ABLE TO HOLD HIS OWN.

a point, at the top means firmness, and here Baby No. 9 affords a splendid example. Tinies (Nos. 5 and 10) display the same peculiarity, though in a less marked degree. Height of head, measured directly above the ear, is a gift to rejoice over, for it carries with it will-power, perseverance, fixedness of purpose, and the ability to decide—all admirable qualifications. Never mind if Baby No. 9 is a bit obstinate at times. There are occasions in life when it is a good thing to be stubborn and none when vacillation will stand him in any stead.

It has been said that it is easier by far to read a man's character phrenologically at a glance than a woman's, and this not only because his hair does not so obscure his bumps, but because you can immediately tell from his hat! The wearers of long hats are affectionate and clever, and those whose hats are broad will be tactful, amiable, full of common sense, and excellent men of business. In this way a hatter should have a unique opportunity of studying his fellowmen.

Phrenology entirely bears out this statement. We have seen already why a long head should be loving—we shall understand in a moment why it will be clever also; and as to the broad head, there lie about the region of the crown the sentiments of self-respect, conscientiousness, hope, and laudable ambition, which are, above all others, the virtues of good citizenship.

NO. 11.—A FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

The bonny little gentleman of our illustration who is represented by No. 11 is a splendid case in point of the broad-hatted fraternity. It needs but a glance at the solemn, wee face with the big, earnest eyes to be filled with respect for the owner thereof, and recognise at once the rectitude of his morals. Conscientiousness is his ruling star—courteousness his peculiar charm. He is a little gentleman by nature, whether his father be an earl or a groom, and he will be uniformly considerate, honourable, and kindly in his dealings with high or low. He is a clever boy, and a boy to be implicitly trusted, and what higher compliment can we render him than this?

And now we have come—by slow degrees—to the abode of the qualities which we are

NO. 12.—A BUDDING POET.

pleased to consider as constituting what we call "cleverness"; the qualities which go especially to the making of poets and painters, and musicians and actors, and writers and thinkers. It is probably just this part which appeals most particularly to the fond parent—for who does not cherish the hope that their child may prove to be a genius, no matter what exceedingly uncomfortable sort of people to have as intimate relations real geniuses often are? It is unfortunately, too, just here where the study of baby heads becomes most difficult, for these are the organs which specially develop later with use. An infant may be self-willed from birth, and his head will early indicate the fact; but though an artist may be born, not taught, yet his talent must perforce lie dormant and undeveloped during the years before he is able to hold a brush.

Nevertheless it is not wholly impossible to trace in the little ones the germs of their special tastes. Perhaps the most interesting little head in all our batch of babies is owned by the tiny boy we make answer to Baby No. 12, who, it will be noticed, has a very pronounced development some distance behind the temples, which gives an almost overhanging appearance to that part of the brain. It is just about here that are gathered the organs of "marvellousness," "sublimity," and "ideality." This last has sometimes been called the organ of poetry, for it prompts to the love of all that is beautiful, exquisite, and sublime, whether in Nature or art. It represents taste and refinement, and in Baby No. 12's case it is combined with a most impressionable nature and great imagination. If appearances are to be trusted this little lad should one day make his mark in the poetical or artistic world.

The musical faculties give breadth and fulness to the face—a certain rounded appearance to the forehead immediately above the outer angle of the eyebrows. The little girl with the big, dark eyes and curly hair, whom it were rather an insult to call *Baby* (No. 13), shows this peculiarity very plainly, especially on the left side of the head. The very winsome-looking little maiden (No. 14), with the big curl and little bare feet pressed together, is apparently deficient in this particular respect. As a make-up for it she has the organ of calculation, which is shown in the overhanging brow at the outer corner of the eye, unusually well developed for her age, which signifies that figures will come easy to her, and she will have the much-

NO. 13.—A MUSICIAN.

NO. 14.—MENTAL ARITHMETIC.

to-be-desired gift of mental arithmetic, denied, alas, to so many of the rest of us.

Arching eyebrows give the sense of colour, and are most apparent in Baby No. 3 and little girl No. 13. This is an all-essential gift in an artist, though it scarcely follows that its possession implies the artistic power. Brows which overhang close to the nose, giving the eyes a sunken appearance, indicate perception of size and weight. These are all-important faculties for the architect, the engineer, the sculptor, and the marksman. Prominent eyes endow with the gift of tongues, making the learning of foreign languages an easy task. A considerable distance between the eyes means not only a frank and open nature, but signifies the possession of the sense of form. Children with eyes wide asunder are said to learn to read quickly, and to rarely forget a face. Fighting Baby (No. 2) will probably live to congratulate himself upon both these useful acquirements in his future career. He will make an excellent scout.

NO. 15.—A THIRST FOR INFORMATION.

It will have been noticed at the first glance through our portrait gallery that two of our infants (Nos. 15 and 3) have a very special and marked development of the centre of the forehead. This is the bump of "eventuality" in phrenological jargon, and means "the sense of events." It endows the lucky possessor with a good memory, with quickness to learn, observation, a grasp of facts, a love for information. History in particular is specially fascinating to those with such foreheads, and Babies Nos. 15 and 3 are passionately fond of stories and narratives. Time and opportunity will determine whether they are presently to become editors, teachers, or historians, but they are well suited to fill either capacity — that is to say, of course, as far as frontal development goes.

NO. 16.—OUR PHILOSOPHER.

Grandest of all the faculties with which mankind is blessed, that which raises him highest above the brute creation, is the power of reason; the power not only to observe and feel and remember, but to compare, classify, and argue from the results; to trace the cause from the effect; to deduce from the fall of the apple the law which holds the universe in place. It is a matter of universal knowledge that the great thinkers, those in whom the reasoning power is most highly developed, have broad, high foreheads. It is equally a matter of ordinary observation that men of small intellect have narrow and receding ones. The "reflective" faculties, in short, lie along the upper part of the forehead, just below where the hair begins. Who does not recognise the power of the broad, open brow, even when, as in the case of twelve months' old baby, there can be little yet to justify the respect we yield? In our infant album are several foreheads that promise well for another day; but surely out of all, the happy mother of bonny, bright Baby No. 16 can best answer in the affirmative, when she asks herself the mother's query, "Has my baby a clever head?"

The First Men in the Moon.

By H. G. Wells.

CHAPTER XVIII.—*(Continued.)*

I STARED about me with speculative eyes. The character of the scenery had altered altogether by reason of the enormous growth and subsequent drying of the scrub. The crest on which we sat was high and commanded a wide prospect of the crater landscape, and we saw it now all sere and dry in the late autumn of the lunar afternoon. Rising one behind the other were long slopes and fields of trampled brown where the mooncalves had pastured, and far away in the full blaze of the sun a drove of them basked slumberously, scattered shapes, each with a blot of shadow against it like sheep on the side of a down. But never a sign of Selenite was to be seen. Whether they had fled on our emergence from the interior passages, or whether they were accustomed to retire after driving out the mooncalves, I cannot guess. At the time I believed the former was the case.

"WE MUST GET A FIXED POINT WE CAN RECOGNISE."

"If we were to set fire to all this stuff," I said, "we might find the sphere among the ashes."

Cavor did not seem to hear me. He was peering under his hand at the stars, that still, in spite of the intense sunlight, were abundantly visible in the sky. "How long do you think we have been here?" he asked, at last.

"Been where?"

"On the moon."

"Two days, perhaps."

"More nearly ten. Do you know, the sun is past its zenith, and sinking in the west! In four days' time or less it will be night."

"But—we've only eaten once!"

"I know that. And—— But there are the stars!"

"But why should time seem different because we are on a smaller planet?"

"I don't know. There it is!"

"How does one tell time?"

"Hunger—fatigue—all those things are different. Everything is different—everything. To me it seems that since first we came out of the sphere has been only a question of hours—long hours—at most."

"Ten days," I said; "that leaves ——" I looked up at the sun for a moment, and then saw that it was halfway from the zenith to the western edge of things. "Four days! . . . . Cavor, we mustn't sit here and dream. How do you think we may begin?"

I stood up. "We must get a fixed point we can recognise; we might hoist a flag, or a handkerchief, or something, and quarter the ground and work round that."

He stood up beside me.

"Yes," he said, "there is nothing for it but to hunt for the sphere. Nothing. We may find it—certainly we may find it. And if not——"

"We must keep on looking."

He looked this way and that, glanced up at the sky and down at the tunnel, and

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astonished me by a sudden gesture of impatience. "Oh! but we have done foolishly! To have come to this pass! Think how it might have been, and the things we might have done!"

"We may do something yet."

"Never the thing we might have done. Here below our feet is a world. Think of what that world must be! Think of that machine we saw, and the lid and the shaft! They were just remote, outlying things; and those creatures we have seen and fought with, no more than ignorant peasants, dwellers in the outskirts, yokels and labourers half akin to brutes. Down below! Caverns beneath caverns, tunnels, structures, ways. . . . . It must open out and be greater and wider, and more populous as one descends. Assuredly. Right down at last to the central sea that washes round the core of the moon. Think of its inky waters under the spare lights! If, indeed, their eyes *need* lights. Think of the cascading tributaries pouring down their channels to feed it. Think of the tides upon its surface and the rush and swirl of its ebb and flow. Perhaps they have ships that go upon it; perhaps down there are mighty cities and swarming ways and wisdom and order passing the wit of man. And we may die here upon it and never see the masters who *must* be—ruling over these things. We may freeze and die here, and the air will freeze and thaw upon us, and then——! Then they will come upon us; come on our stiff and silent bodies and find the sphere we cannot find, and they will understand at last too late all the thought and effort that ended here in vain!" His voice for all that speech sounded like the voice of someone heard in a telephone, weak and far away.

"But the darkness?" I said.

"One might get over that."

"How?"

"I don't know. How am I to know? One might carry a torch, one might have a lamp——! The others — might understand."

He stood for a moment with his hands held down and a rueful face, staring out over the waste that defied him. Then with a gesture of renunciation he turned towards me with proposals for the systematic hunting of the sphere.

"We can return," I said.

He looked about him. "First of all we shall have to get to earth."

"We could bring back lamps to carry and climbing irons and a hundred necessary things."

"Yes," he said.

"We can take back an earnest of success in this gold."

He looked at my golden crowbars and said nothing for a space. He stood with his hands clasped behind his back staring across the crater. At last he sighed and spoke: "It was *I* found the way here, but to find a way isn't always to be master of a way. If I take my secret back to earth, what will happen? I do not see how I can keep my secret for a year—for even a part of a year. Sooner or later it must come out, even if other men rediscover it. And then . . . . Governments and Powers will struggle to get hither; they will fight against one another and against these moon people; it will only spread warfare and multiply the occasions of war. In a little while, in a very little while, if I tell my secret, this planet to its deepest galleries will be strewn with human dead. Other things are doubtful, but that is certain. . . . It is not as though man had any use for the moon. What good would the moon be to men? Even of their own planet what have they made but a battle-ground and theatre of infinite folly? Small as his world is, and short as his time, he has still in his little life down there far more than he can do. No! Science has toiled too long forging weapons for fools to use. It is time she held her hand. Let him find it out for himself again—in a thousand years' time."

"There are methods of secrecy," I said.

He looked up at me and smiled. "After all," he said, "why should one worry? There is little chance of our finding the sphere, and down below things are brewing. It's simply the human habit of hoping till we die that makes us think of return. Our troubles are only beginning. We have shown these moon-folk violence, we have given them a taste of our quality, and our chances are about as good as a tiger's that has got loose and killed a man in Hyde Park. The news of us must be running down from gallery to gallery, down towards the central parts. . . . No sane beings will ever let us take that sphere back to earth after so much as they have seen of us."

"We aren't improving our chances," said I, "by sitting here."

We stood up side by side.

"After all," he said, "we must separate. We must stick up a handkerchief on these tall spikes here and fasten it firmly, and from this as a centre we must work over the crater. You must go westward, moving out in semi-circles to and fro towards the setting

sun. You must move first with your shadow on your right until it is at right angles with the direction of your handkerchief, and then with your shadow on your left. And I will do the same to the east. We will look into every gully, examine every skerry of rocks; we will do all we can to find my sphere. If we see Selenites we will hide from them as well as we can. For drink we must take snow, and if we feel the need of food we must kill a mooncalf if we can, and eat such flesh as it has—raw; and so each will go his own way."

"And if one of us comes upon the sphere?"

"He must come back to the white handkerchief and stand by and signal to the other."

"And if neither ——?"

Cavor glanced up at the sun. "We go on seeking until the night and cold overtake us."

"Suppose the Selenites have found the sphere and hidden it?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Or if presently they come hunting us?"

He made no answer.

"You had better take a club," I said.

He shook his head and stared away from me across the waste. "Let us start," he said.

But for a moment he did not start. He looked at me shyly, hesitated. "Au revoir," he said.

I felt an odd stab of emotion. I was on the point of asking him to shake hands—for that somehow was how I felt just then—— when he put his feet together and leapt away from me towards the north. He seemed to drift through the air as a dead leaf would do, fell lightly, and leapt again. I stood for a moment watching him, then faced westward reluctantly, pulled myself together and, with something of the feeling of a man who leaps into icy water, selected a leaping-point, and plunged forward to explore my solitary half of the moon world. I dropped rather clumsily among rocks, stood up and looked about me, clambered on to a rocky slab, and leapt again. When presently I looked for Cavor he was hidden from my eyes, but the handkerchief showed out bravely on its headland, white in the blaze of the sun. I determined not to lose sight of that handkerchief whatever might betide.

"HE SEEMED TO DRIFT THROUGH THE AIR AS A DEAD LEAF WOULD DO."

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. BEDFORD ALONE.

In a little while it seemed to me as though I had always been alone on the moon. I hunted for a time with a certain intentness, but the heat was still very great and the thinness of the air felt like a hoop about one's chest. I came presently into a hollow basin bristling with tall, brown, dry fronds about its edge, and I sat down under these to rest and cool. I intended to rest for only a little while. I put down my clubs beside me and sat resting my chin on my hands. I saw with a sort of colourless interest that the rocks of the basin, where here and there the crackling dry lichens had shrunk away to show

them, were all veined and splattered with gold, that here and there bosses of rounded and wrinkled gold projected from among the litter. What did that matter now? A sort of languor had possession of my limbs and mind. I did not believe for a moment that we should ever find the sphere in that vast desiccated wilderness. I seemed to lack a motive for effort until the Selenites should come. Then I supposed I should exert myself, obeying that unreasonable imperative that urges a man before all things to preserve and defend his life, albeit he may preserve it only to die more painfully in a little while.

Why had we come to the moon?

The thing presented itself to me as a perplexing problem. What is this spirit in man that urges him for ever to depart from happiness and security, to toil, to place himself in danger, to risk even a reasonable certainty of death? It dawned upon me up there in the moon, as a thing I ought always to have known, that man is not made simply to go about being safe and comfortable and well fed and amused; but that man himself, if you put the thing to him — not in words, but in the shape of opportunities — will show that he knows that this is so. Sitting there in the midst of that useless moon-gold, amidst the things of another world, I took count of all my life. Assuming I was to die a castaway upon the moon, I failed altogether to see what purpose I had served. I got no light on that point, but at any rate it was clearer to me than it had ever been in my life before that I was not serving my own purpose, that all my life I had in truth never served the purposes of my private life. I ceased to speculate on why we had come to the moon and took a wider sweep. Why had I come to the earth? Why had I a private life at all? . . . . I lost myself at last in bottomless speculations. . . . .

"THE HANDKERCHIEF SHOWED OUT BRAVELY ON ITS HEADLAND."

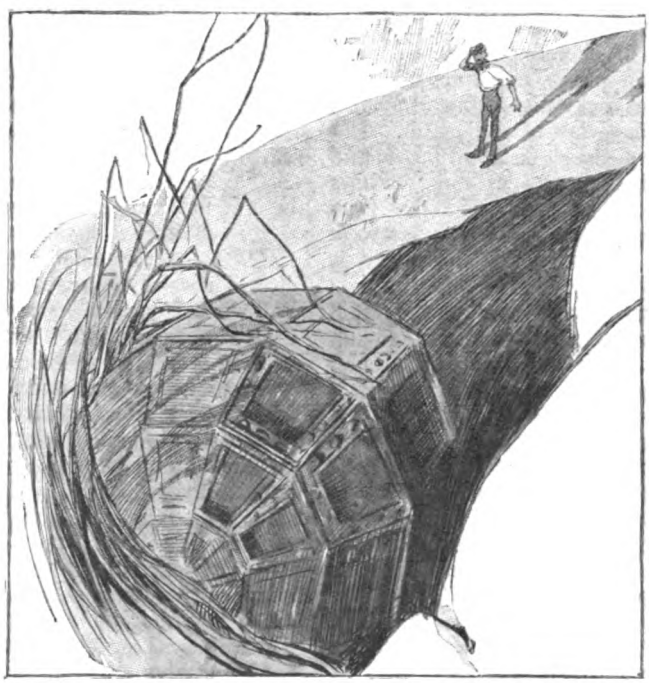
My thoughts became vague and cloudy, no longer leading in definite directions. I had not felt heavy or weary — I cannot imagine one doing so upon the moon—but I suppose I was greatly fatigued. At any rate, I slept.

Slumbering there rested me greatly, I think, and the sun was setting and the violence of the heat abating through all the time I slumbered. When at last I was roused from my slumbers by a remote clamour I felt active and capable again. I rubbed my eyes and stretched my arms. I rose to my feet—I was a little stiff—and at once prepared to resume my search. I shouldered my golden clubs one on each shoulder and went on out of the ravine of the golden-veined rocks.

The sun was certainly lower, much lower than it had been; the air was very much cooler. I perceived I must have slept some time. It seemed to me that a faint touch of misty blueness hung about the western cliff. I leaped to a little boss of rock and surveyed the crater. I could see no signs of mooncalves or Selenites, nor could I see Cavor, but I could see my handkerchief afar off spread out on its thicket of thorns. I looked about me, and then leapt forward to the next convenient view-point.

I beat my way round in a semi-circle and back again in a still remoter crescent. It was

very fatiguing and hopeless. The air was really very much cooler, and it seemed to me that the shadow under the westward cliff was growing broad. Ever and again I stopped and reconnoitred, but there was no sign of Cavor, no sign of Selenites, and it seemed to me the mooncalves must have been driven into the interior again. I could see none of them. I became more and more desirous of seeing Cavor. The winged outline of the sun had sunk now until it was scarcely the distance of its diameter from the rim of the sky. I was oppressed by the idea that the Selenites would presently close their lids and valves and shut us out under the inexorable onrush of the lunar night. It seemed to me high time that he abandoned his search and that we took counsel together. We must decide soon. Once these valves were closed we were lost men. We must get into the moon again, though we were slain in doing it. I had a vision of our freezing to death, and hammering with our last strength on the valve of the great pit.



"I WAS IN A STATE OF HYSTERICAL AGITATION."

Indeed, I took no thought any more of the sphere. I thought only of finding Cavor again. I was weighing the advisability of a prompt return to our handkerchief, when suddenly——

I saw the sphere!

I did not find it so much as it found me. It was lying much farther to the westward than I had come, and the sloping rays of the sinking sun reflected from its glass had suddenly proclaimed its presence in a dazzling beam. For an instant I thought this was some new device of the Selenites against us, and then I understood and shouted a ghostly shout, and set off in vast leaps towards it. I missed one of my leaps and dropped into a deep ravine and turned over my ankle, and after that I stumbled at almost every leap. I was in a state of hysterical agitation, trembling violently and quite breathless long before I got to it. Three times at least I had to stop with my hands resting on my side, and spite of the thin dryness of the air the perspiration was wet upon my face.

I thought of nothing but the sphere until I reached it; I forgot even my trouble of Cavor's whereabouts. My last leap flung me with my hands hard against its glass, then I lay against it panting and trying vainly to shout "Cavor! Here is the sphere!" I peered through the thick glass and the things inside seemed tumbled. When at last I could move I hoisted it over a little and thrust my head through the man-hole. The screw stopper was inside, and I could see now that nothing had been touched, nothing had suffered. It lay there as we had left it when we had dropped out amidst the snow. For a time I was wholly occupied in making and re-making this inventory. I was trembling violently I found when I came to handle one of the blankets. But it was good to see that familiar dark interior again. Presently I crept inside and sat down among the things. I packed up my gold clubs in the bale and took a little food, not so much because I wanted it, but because it was there. Then it occurred to me that it was time to go out and signal for Cavor.

After all, everything was coming right!

There would be still time for us to get more of the magic stone that gives one mastery over men. Away there close handy was gold for the picking up, and the sphere would travel as well half full of gold as though it were empty. We could go back now masters of ourselves and our world, and then——!

I had an enormous vision of vast and dazzling possibilities that held me dreaming for a space. What monopolist, what emperor, that could compare for a moment with the men who owned the moon?

I roused myself, and it was time to fetch Cavor. No doubt he was toiling despairfully away there to the east.

I clambered out of the sphere again at last and looked about me. The growth and decay of the vegetation had gone on apace and the whole aspect of the rocks had changed, but still it was possible to make out the slope on which the seeds had germinated and the rocky mass from which we had taken our first view of the crater. But the spiky scrub on the slope stood brown and sere now and 30ft. high, and cast long shadows that stretched out of sight, and the little seeds that clustered in its upper branches were black and ripe. Its work was done, and it was brittle and ready to fall and crumple under the freezing air so soon as the nightfall came. And the huge cacti that had swollen as we watched them had long since burst and scattered their spores to the four quarters of the moon. Amazing little corner in the universe this—the landing-place of men! Some day I would have an inscription standing there, right in the midst of the hollow. It came to me if only this teeming world within knew of the full import of the moment how furious its tumult would become! But as yet it could scarcely be dreaming of the significance of our coming. For if it did, then the crater would surely be an uproar of pursuit instead of as still as death! I looked about for some place from which I might signal to Cavor, and saw that same patch of rock to which he had first leapt still bare and barren in the sun. For a moment I hesitated at going so far from the sphere. Then, with a pang of shame at that hesitation, I leapt. . . .

From this vantage-point I surveyed the crater again. Far away at the top of the enormous shadow I cast was the little white handkerchief fluttering on the bushes. It seemed to me that by this time Cavor ought to be looking for me. But he was nowhere to be seen.

I stood waiting and watching, hands shading my eyes, expecting every moment to distinguish him. Very probably I stood there for quite a long time. I tried to shout, and was reminded of the thinness of the air. I made an undecided step back towards the sphere. But a lurking dread of the Selenites made me hesitate to signal my whereabouts by hoisting one of our blankets on to the adjacent scrub. I searched the crater again.

It had an effect of complete emptiness that chilled me. And it was still. Any sound of the Selenites in the world beneath even had died away. It was as still as death. Save for the faint stir of the scrub about me in the little breeze that was rising, there was no sound—no shadow of a sound. And it was not warm now; the breeze was even a little fresh.

Confound Cavor!

I took a deep breath. I put my hands to the sides of my mouth. "Cavor!" I bawled, and the sound was like some manikin shouting far away.

I looked at the handkerchief; I looked behind me at the broadening shadow of the westward cliff; I looked under my hand at the sun. It seemed to me that almost visibly it was creeping down the sky.

I felt I must act instantly if I was to save Cavor, and set off in a straight line towards the handkerchief. Perhaps it was a couple of miles away—a matter of a few hundred leaps and strides. I have already told how one seemed to hang through those lunar leaps. In each suspense I sought Cavor, and marvelled why he should be hidden. I tried to think of it only in that way, as if that were the only possibility.

A last leap, and I was in the depression below our handkerchief; a stride, and I stood on our former vantage-point within arm's reach of it. I stood up straight and scanned the world about me, between its lengthening bars of shadow. Far away, down a long declivity, was the opening of the tunnel up which we had fled, and my shadow reached towards it, stretched towards it and touched it like a finger of the night.

Not a sign of Cavor, not a sound in all the stillness, only that the stir and waving of the scrub and of the shadows increased. And suddenly and violently I shivered. "Cav--" I began, and realized once more the uselessness of the human voice in that thin air.

Silence. The silence of death.

Then it was my eye caught something—a little thing, lying perhaps fifty yards away down the slope, amidst a litter of bent and

broken branches. What was it? I knew, and yet for some reason I would not know.

I went nearer to it. It was the little cricket cap Cavor had worn.

I saw then that the scattered branches about it had been forcibly smashed and trampled. I hesitated, stepped forward, and picked it up.

I stood with Cavor's cap in my hand, staring at the trampled ground about me. On some of them were little smears of some dark stuff, stuff that I dared not touch. A dozen yards away, perhaps, the rising breeze dragged something into view, something small and vividly white.

It was a little piece of paper crumpled tightly as though it had been clutched tightly. I picked it up, and on it were smears of red. My eye caught faint pencil marks. I smoothed it out and saw uneven and broken writing, ending at last in a crooked streak upon the paper.

I set myself to decipher this.

"I have been injured about the knee — I think my knee-cap is smashed, and I cannot run or crawl," it began — pretty distinctly written.

Then, less legibly: "They have been chasing me for some time and it is only a question of——" the word "time" seemed to have been written here and erased in favour of something illegible — "before they get me. They are beating all about me."

Then the writing became convulsive. "I can hear them," I guessed the tracing meant, and then it was quite unreadable for a space. Then came a little string of words that was quite distinct: "a different sort of Selenite altogether who appears to be directing the ——" The writing became a mere hazy confusion again.

"They have larger brain-cases, and are clothed, as I take it, in thin plates of gold. They make gentle noises and move with organized deliberation. . . . .

"And though I am wounded and helpless here, their appearance still gives me hope." (That was like Cavor.) "They have not shot at me or attempted . . . injury. I intend——"

Then came the sudden streak of the pencil across the paper, and brown on the back and edges was—blood!

"I SET MYSELF TO DECIPHER THIS."

And as I stood there, stupid and perplexed with this dumfounding relic in my hand, something very, very soft and light and chill touched my hand for a moment and ceased to be, and then a thing, a little white speck, drifted athwart a shadow. They were tiny snowflakes, the first snowflakes, the heralds of the night.

I looked up with a start, and the sky had darkened almost to blackness, and was thick with a gathering multitude of coldly watchful stars. I looked eastward, and the light of that shrivelled world was touched with a sombre bronze, westward, and the sun, robbed now by a thickening white mist of half its heat and splendour, was touching the crater rim, was sinking out of sight, and all the shrubs and jagged and tumbled rocks stood out against it in a bristling disorder of black shapes. Into the great lake of darkness westward a vast wreath of mist was sinking. A cold wind set all the crater shivering. Suddenly, for a moment, I was in a puff of falling snow, and all the world about me grey and dim.

And then it was I heard, not loud and penetrating as at first, but faint and dim like a dying voice, that tolling—that same tolling that had welcomed the coming of the day:

"Boom . . . . Boom . . . . Boom . . . ." And suddenly the open mouth of the tunnel down below there shut like an eye and vanished out of sight.

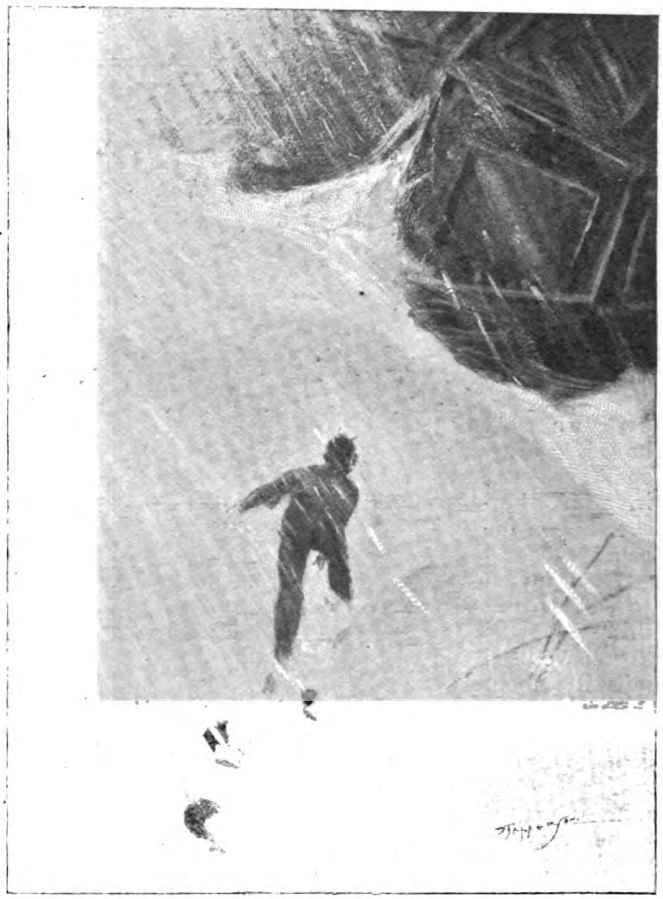
Then, indeed, I was alone.

Over me, among me, closing in on me, embracing me ever nearer, was the Eternal, that which was before the beginning and that which triumphs over the end; that enormous void in which all light and life and being is but the thin and vanishing splendour of a falling star, the cold, the stillness, the silence, the infinite and final Night of space.

"No!" I cried. "*No!* Not yet! not yet! Wait! Wait! Oh, wait!" And frantic and convulsive, shivering with cold and terror, I flung the crumpled paper from me, scrambled back to the crest to take my bearings, and then, with all the will that was in me, leapt out towards the mark I had left, dim and distant now in the very margin of the shadow.

Leap, leap, leap, and each leap was seven ages. Before me the pale, serpent-girdled sector of the sun sank and sank, and the advancing shadow swept to seize the sphere before I could reach it. Once, and then again my foot slipped on the gathering snow as I leapt and shortened my leap; once I fell short into bushes that crashed and smashed into dusty chips and nothingness, and once I stumbled as I dropped and rolled head over heels into a gully and rose bruised and bleeding and confused as to my direction. But such incidents were as nothing to the intervals, those awful pauses when one drifted through the air towards that pouring tide of night. "Shall I reach it? Oh, Heaven! shall I reach it?"—a thousand times repeated, until it passed into a prayer, into a sort of litany. And with the barest margin of time I reached the sphere.

Already it had passed into the chill penumbra of the cold. Already the snow was thick upon it, and the cold reaching my marrow. But I reached it—the snow was already banking against it—and crept into its refuge, with the snowflakes dancing in about me, as I turned with chilling hands to thrust the valve in and spun it tight and hard. And then with fingers that were already thick and clumsy I turned to the shutter-studs.



"ALREADY THE SNOW WAS THICK UPON IT."

As I fumbled with the switches—for I had never controlled them before—I could see dimly through the steaming glass the blazing red streamers of the sinking sun dancing and flickering through the snowstorm, and the black forms of the scrub thickening and bending and breaking beneath the accumulating snow. Thicker whirled the snow and thicker, black against the light. What if even now the switches failed to obey me?

Then something clicked under my hands,

and in an instant that last vision of the moon-world was hidden from my eyes. I was in the silence and darkness of the inter-planetary sphere.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. BEDFORD IN INFINITE SPACE.

It was almost as though I had been killed. Indeed, I could imagine a man suddenly and violently killed would feel very much as I did. One moment, a passion of agonizing existence and fear; the next, darkness and stillness, neither light nor life nor sun, moon, nor stars—the blank Infinite. Although the thing was done by my own act, although I had already tasted this very effect in Cavor's company, I felt astonished, dumfounded, and overwhelmed. I seemed to be borne upward into an enormous darkness. My fingers floated off the studs, I hung as if I were annihilated, and at last very softly and gently I came against the bale and the golden chain and the crowbars that had drifted to meet me at our common centre of gravity.

I do not know how long that drifting took. In the sphere, of course, even more than on the moon, one's earthly time-sense was ineffectual. At the touch of the bale it was as if I had awakened from a dreamless sleep. I immediately perceived that if I wanted to keep awake and alive I must get a light or open a window, so as to get a grip of something with my eyes. And, besides, I was cold. I kicked off from the bale, therefore, clawed on to the thin cords within the glass, crawled along until I got to the man-hole rim, and so got my bearings for the light and blind studs; took a shove-off, and, flying once round the bale and getting a scare from something big and flimsy that was drifting loose, I got my hand on the cord quite close to the studs and reached them. I lit the little lamp first of all to see what it was I had collided with, and discovered that old copy of *Lloyd's News* had slipped its moorings and was adrift in the void. That brought me out of the infinite to my own proper dimensions again. It made me laugh and pant for a time, and suggested the idea of a little oxygen from one of the cylinders. After that I lit the heater until I felt warm, and then I took food. Then I set to work in a very gingerly fashion on the Cavorite blinds to see if I could guess by any means how the sphere was travelling.

The first blind I opened I shut at once, and hung for a time flattened and blinded by the sunlight that had hit me. After thinking a little I started upon the windows at right angles to this one, and got the huge crescent moon and the little crescent earth behind it, the second time. I was amazed to find how far I was from the moon. I had reckoned that not only should I have little or none of the "kick-off" that the earth's atmosphere had given us at our start, but that the tangential "fly-off" of the moon's spin would be at least twenty-eight times less than the earth's. I had expected to discover myself hanging over our crater and on the edge of the night, but all that was now only a part of the outline of the white crescent that filled the sky. And Cavor——?

He was already infinitesimal.

Under the inspiring touch of the drifting newspaper I became very practical again for awhile. It was quite clear to me that what I had to do was to get back to earth, but as far as I could see I was drifting away from it. Whatever had happened to Cavor, I was powerless to help him. There he was, living or dead, behind the mantle of that rayless night, and there he must remain until I could summon our fellow-men to his assistance. That briefly was the plan I had in my mind: to come back to earth and then, as maturer consideration might determine, either to show and explain the sphere to a few discreet persons and act with them, or else to keep my secret, sell my gold, obtain weapons, provisions, and an assistant, and return with these advantages to deal on equal terms with the flimsy people of the moon, and either to rescue Cavor or to procure a sufficient supply of gold to place my subsequent proceedings on a firmer basis. All this was pretty clear and obvious, and I set myself to decide just exactly how the return to earth should be contrived.

I puzzled out at last that I must drop back towards the moon as near as I dared to gather velocity, then shut my windows and fly behind it, and when I was past open my earthward windows, and so get off at a good pace homeward. But whether I should ever reach the earth by that device or whether I might not simply find myself spinning about it in some hyperbolic or parabolic curve or other, I could not tell. Later I had a happy inspiration, and, by opening certain windows to the moon which had appeared in the sky in front of the earth, I turned my course aside so as to head off the earth, which it had become evident to me I must pass behind without some such expedient. I did a very great deal of complicated thinking over these problems—for I am no mathematician—and in the

end I am certain it was much more my good luck than my reasoning that enabled me to hit the earth. Had I known then, as I know now, the mathematical chances there were against me, I doubt if I should have troubled even to touch the studs to make any attempt. And having puzzled out what I considered to be the thing to do, I opened all my moonward windows and squatted down—the effort lifted me for a time some foot or so into the air, and I hung there in the oddest way—and waited for the crescent to get bigger and bigger until I felt I was near enough for safety. Then I would shut the windows, fly past the moon with the velocity I had got from it—if I did not smash upon it—and so go on towards the earth.

"I WAS IN DARKNESS SAVE FOR THE EARTH SHINE AND THE GLITTER OF THE STARS BELOW ME."

A time came when this was done, and I shut out the sight of the moon from my eyes, and in a state of mind singularly free from anxiety or any distressful quality, I sat down to begin my vigil in that little speck of matter in infinite space that would last until I should strike the earth. The heater had made the sphere tolerably warm, the air had been refreshed by the oxygen, and, except for that faint congestion of the head that was always with me while I was away from earth, I felt entire physical comfort. I had extinguished the light again lest it should fail me in the end; I was in darkness save for the earth shine and the glitter of the stars below me. Everything was so absolutely silent and still that I might indeed have been the only being in the universe, and yet, strangely enough, I had no more feeling of loneliness or fear than if I had been lying in bed on earth. Now, this seems all the stranger to me since during my last hours in the crater of the moon the sense of my utter loneliness had been an agony. . . .

Incredible as it will seem, this interval of time that I spent in space has no sort of proportion to any other interval of time in my life. Sometimes it seemed that I sat through immeasurable eternities like some god upon a lotus leaf, and again as though there was a momentary pause as I leapt from moon to earth. In truth, it was altogether some weeks of earthly time. But I had done with care and anxiety, hunger or fear, for that space. I sat thinking with a strange breadth and freedom of all that we had undergone, and of all my life and motives and the secret issues of my being. I seemed to myself to have grown greater and greater; to have lost all sense of movement; to be floating amidst the stars, and always the sense of earth's littleness and the infinite littleness of my life upon it was implicit in my thoughts.

I can't profess to explain the things that happened in my mind. No doubt they could all be traced directly or indirectly to the curious physical conditions under which I was living. I set them down here just for what they are worth, and without any comment. The most prominent quality of it was a pervading doubt of my own identity. I became, if I may so express it, dissociate from Bedford; I looked down on Bedford as a trivial, incidental thing with which I chanced to be connected. I saw Bedford in many relations—as an ass or as a poor beast where I had hitherto been inclined to regard him with a quiet pride as a very spirited or rather forcible person. I saw him, not only as an ass, but as the son of many generations of asses. I reviewed his schooldays and his early manhood and his first encounter with love very much as one might review the proceedings of an ant in the sand. . . . Something of that period of lucidity, I regret, still hangs about me, and I doubt if I shall ever recover the full-bodied self-satisfaction of my early days. But, at the time, the thing was not in the least painful, because I had that extraordinary persuasion that, as a matter of fact, I was no more Bedford than I was anyone else, but only a mind floating in the still serenity of

space. Why should I be disturbed about this Bedford's shortcomings? I was not responsible for him or them.

For a time I struggled against this really very grotesque delusion. I tried to summon the memory of vivid moments, of tender or intense emotions, to my assistance; I felt that if I could recall one genuine twinge of feeling the growing severance would be stopped. But I could not do it. I saw Bedford rushing down Chancery Lane, hat on the back of his head, coat-tails flying out, *en route* for his public examination. I saw him dodging and bumping against and even saluting other similar little creatures in that swarming gutter of people. *Me?* I saw Bedford that same evening in the sitting-room of a certain lady, and his hat was on the table beside him, and it wanted brushing badly, and he was in tears. *Me?* I saw him with that lady in various attitudes and emotions—I never felt so detached before. . . . I saw him hurrying off to Lympne to write a play, and accosting Cavor, and in his shirt-sleeves working at the sphere, and walking out to Canterbury because he was afraid to come! *Me?* I did not believe it.

I still reasoned that all this was hallucination due to my solitude and the fact that I had lost all weight and sense of resistance. I endeavoured to recover that sense by banging myself about the sphere, by pinching my hands and clasping them together. Among other things I lit the light, captured that torn copy of *Lloyd's*, and read those convincingly realistic advertisements again about the Cut-away bicycle, and the gentleman of private means, and the lady in distress who was selling those "forks and spoons." There was no doubt *they* existed surely enough, and, said I, "This is your world, and you are Bedford, and you are going back to live among things like that for all the rest of your life." But the doubts within me could still argue: "It is not you that is reading—it is Bedford; but *you are not Bedford*, you know. That's just where the mistake comes in."

"Confound it!" I cried, "and if I am not Bedford, what *am* I?"

But in that direction no light was forthcoming, though the strangest fancies came drifting into my brain, queer, remote suspicions like shadows seen from far away . . . Do you know I had a sort of idea that really I was something quite outside not only the world, but all worlds, and out of space and time, and that this poor Bedford was just a peephole through which I looked at life? . . . .

Bedford! However I disavowed him, there I was most certainly bound up with him, and I knew that wherever and whatever I might be I must needs feel the stress of his desires and sympathize with all his joys and sorrows until his life should end. And with the dying of Bedford—what then? . . . .

Enough of this remarkable phase of my experiences! I tell it here simply to show how one's isolation and departure from this planet touched not only the functions and feeling of every organ of the body, but indeed also the very fabric of the mind with strange and unanticipated disturbances. All through the major portion of that vast space journey I hung thinking of such immaterial things as these, hung dissociated and apathetic, a cloudy megalo-maniac as it were, amidst the stars and planets in the void of space, and not only the world to which I was returning, but the blue-lit caverns of the Selenites, their helmet faces, their gigantic and wonderful machines, and the fate of Cavor, dropped helpless into that world, seemed infinitely minute and altogether trivial things to me.

Until at last I began to feel the pull of the earth upon my being, drawing me back again to the life that is real for men. And then, indeed, it grew clearer and clearer to me that I was quite certainly Bedford after all, and returning after amazing adventures to this world of ours, and with a life that I was very likely to lose in this return. I set myself to puzzle out the conditions under which I must fall to earth.

(To be continued.)

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LXVI.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

THE KING AND PARLIAMENT.

IT is pretty certain that when, next year, the King opens Parliament in person, the scene will be moved to Westminster Hall. Members of the House of Commons who took part in the football scrimmage on Valentine's Day this year are not likely to invite further experience of the same kind. When the proposal of Westminster Hall as an alternative stage for the ceremony was suggested, Mr. Balfour, the charges of the war pressing gruesomely upon him, demurred on the ground of cost. Gentlemen of the House of Commons who vote public money will not grudge anything reasonable if it deliver them from the mingled indignity and damage attendant upon their share in the pageant of the new King opening his first Parliament in an infant century.

His Majesty, who, like his Imperial nephew, has a keen eye for scenic effect, instantly approved the suggestion about Westminster Hall. It is certainly worth a modest expenditure to secure such effect as is here possible. Our forefathers, to the remotest verge of recorded history, used the stately building as the scene of historic gatherings. It is true they largely took the form of trials, ending in sentence of death. But that was part of the manners of the day.

"TO SEE THE KING IN HIS GOLDEN CROWN."

The last great trial in this peerless vestibule to the Houses of Parliament was that of Warren Hastings in the closing years of the eighteenth century. Two hundred and forty years earlier Charles I. here sat through his trial, disdainfully conscious of the Royal colours taken at the Battle of Naseby flaunting over his head. Others who have been tried and condemned to death in Westminster Hall were William Wallace, the Duke of Buckingham, Sir Thomas More, and Strafford. Through the eighteen days this last trial occupied Charles I., concealed behind the tapestry of a cabinet, looked on and listened, not realizing that in consenting to the execution of Strafford he was preparing for signature his own death-warrant.

The Hall seems as if it had been specially built with a view to such a ceremony as the opening of Parliament. At the far end the floor is raised by several steps, forming a unique stage on which the King and Queen, being seated, command full view of the multitude in the body of the Hall, themselves conveniently seen from every corner of its vast area. The stage will be approached by the broad corridor and stairway leading from the Royal robing-rooms in the House of Lords.

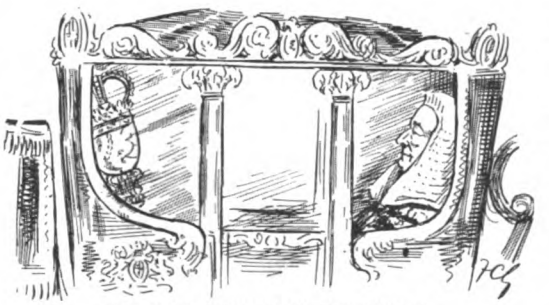
THE CORONATION BANQUET.

King Edward is not likely to lose sight of opportunity of another revival of historic spectacles that may be added to London's too scanty list. Since the time of George IV. the Coronation Banquet following on the ceremony in the Abbey was always held in Westminster Hall. In the archives of the ancient Port of Hythe there is to this day a musty document giving a lively account of the personal experiences of two barons of the Cinque Port who, in exercise of their privilege, were present at this last banquet.

The series goes back beyond the reign of Richard II. He introduced a picturesque adjunct. Whilst the King and his guests sat at meat in the spacious Hall with which William Rufus dowered the country, the door was suddenly flung open. Amid a blare of trumpets the Royal Champion rode in, clad in armour from head to heel. Flinging his gauntlet on the floor he defied to single combat any who dared dispute the rights of his Sovereign. Thrice the trumpets brayed. Thrice the champion, advancing up the Hall, delivered his challenge. The King pledged him in a silver cup, which he afterwards sent to the champion with gracious command for its acceptance.

We have still with us Dymokes of Schrivelsby, direct descendants of the Plantagenet Kings' champions. I wonder whether in their Lincolnshire home there is preserved one of these kingly cups?

The Champion, his blusterous entrance, his champing steed, his steel gauntlet ringing on the floor of Westminster Hall, rode away into obscurity long before the prosaic era of the Georges. He is not likely to be revived in the twentieth century. But there is no reason why the Coronation Banquet should not again be spread. To sit at the head of his table, under the very roof of cobwebless beams of Irish oak that were arched over the head of Richard II. on his Coronation day, is an opportunity that will appeal strongly to the imagination of Edward VII.



THE MACE ACCOMPANIED THE SPEAKER.

THE MACE.

In some of the pictures published in the illustrated papers descriptive of the scene in the House of Lords when the King opened Parliament in person the Serjeant-at-Arms is shown standing at the Bar near the Speaker with the Mace on his shoulder. This is an error, which recalls an ancient and interesting piece of etiquette. The Mace was not on view in the House of Lords on February 14th, for the sufficient reason that it was not carried within the portals. It is true the Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms escorting the Speaker (Mr. Erskine, in another honorary capacity, was in personal attendance on the King) bore it on his shoulder in advance of the surging mass of Commoners struggling to obey the command of the King to hear the Royal Speech read. Arrived at the door of the House of Lords the Mace was there deposited, and there remained till the returning procession re-formed.

This procedure is in accordance with the regulation that the Mace is never carried into the presence of the Sovereign. At the Diamond Jubilee, when the Speaker and the House of Commons proceeded to Buckingham Palace to offer their congratulations to Her Majesty the late Queen, the Mace accompanied the Speaker in his carriage. But it was left there when the right hon. gentleman entered the Palace to make obeisance to Her Majesty.

THE LETTER TO THE QUEEN.

In a recent number of THE STRAND, talking about the letter to the late Queen nightly written from the House of Commons by the Leader, I quoted its formula of address as follows: "Mr. Balfour presents his humble duty to the Queen and informs Her Majesty——" A correspondent writes from Sussex: "In reading the lives of Prime Ministers I have often been struck with the singular departure from customary forms shown in the Ministers writing in the third person and putting the Sovereign in the second. For instance, Lord Palmerston, 11th June, 1859: 'Viscount Palmerston presents his humble duty to your Majesty and has the honour of assuring your Majesty,' etc. Again, Lord Russell, 9th June, 1866: 'Lord Russell presents his humble duty to your Majesty. He is,' etc. To take an earlier date, Earl Grey, 8th February, 1831: 'Earl Grey with his humble duty to your Majesty has in the first place again to entreat your Majesty,' etc. I have taken these instances quite at random from the first books I have put my hands on, but there are scores of others down to the end of Lord Russell's correspondence. It would be interesting to know if this rather odd formula had at last been altered."

The formula I cited as pertaining to Mr. Arthur Balfour's letter to the Queen was communicated to me as having been the usage of Mr. Gladstone, and I assumed it was common to all such letter-writers. It will be noted in the interesting compilation of my correspondent that the quaint phrase, "presents his humble duty," is used with whatever variety of the personal pronoun.

UNDER WHICH KING?

The opening of the first Session of the premier Parliament of a new century was fraught with much mental tribulation to Mr. Caldwell. To begin with, there was the title of the King. Edward VII. he called himself, amid the acclaim of the people who had feared the apparition of Albert I. But Scotland, to-day an integral part of Great

Britain, knew no preceding King Edward, much less six. Whatever His Majesty might be south of the Tweed, he was Edward I. in Scotland. Mr. Caldwell had compunctions about taking the Oath of Allegiance. He yielded with mental reservation he is prepared to set forth in detail at any time the House of Commons may have a couple of hours to spare.

A NICE POINT OF LAW.

Another scarcely less serious difficulty almost simultaneously presented itself. Were Scotch and Irish members secure in their seats in the Parliament elected last October; or must they, within the limit of six months, again go to their constituents? On this point the law seemed lamentably clear. The Reform Act which Dizzy carried through the House of Commons in 1867 provided that thereafter the dissolution of Parliament should not be made peremptory by the demise of the Crown. In the days of the Stuarts the death of the King (unless his head were cut off, when it didn't matter) automatically dissolved Parliament. The inconvenience of this doubly-disturbing event being recognised, an Act was passed in the reign of William III. declaring that an interval of six months should follow between the death of the Sovereign and the dissolution of Parliament. A clause of the Act specifically enjoined that it should not extend to Scotland or Ireland.

AN AMENDMENT BY MR. CALDWELL.

Mr. Caldwell, concentrating his powerful mind on the Act of 1867, was driven to the conclusion that the Act of William III. remains operative in cases of Scotland and Ireland, and that before July Scotch and Irish members must seek re-election.

The ingenuity of the Law Officers of the Crown, one himself a Scotch member, avoided catastrophe. Concurrently with the Reform Act of 1867 separate Bills were passed regulating the Scotch and Irish Franchise. The draughtsman of the main measure, having this exclusively in mind, added the clause limiting the Reform Act to England and Wales. The combined wisdom of the two Houses of Parliament—Mr. Caldwell had not at the time a seat in the House of Commons — overlooking this blunder, it was embodied in a Statute. The Law Officers ruled it was no bar to the existence of the full House elected in October, 1900. But Mr. Caldwell is not wholly content.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED.

Parliament had escape from another dilemma more real and less widely observed. Whilst the law controlling the existence of Parliament sitting at the time of the demise of the Crown is more or less clearly dealt with by Statute, no provision is made to meet the quite possible case of the Sovereign dying during the process of a General Election. It is no secret that the state of the Queen's health in the autumn of last year gave rise to the gravest anxiety in high places. It is not a matter that can be openly stated by a Minister. But the fact is it had much to do with the decision which Mr. Asquith denounced as "hustling the country into a General Election." The strong constitution of Queen Victoria enabled her to rally from the prostration in which the approach to winter plunged her. Had the end come in October whilst the elections were going forward it would have been necessary forthwith to summon the old Parliament, just as, at less than twenty-four hours' notice, Parliament was summoned in January immediately on the death of the Queen.

There was, as usual, appreciable delay in the completion of the election for Shetland and Orkney. Had the Sovereign died in that interval the 669 elections already completed would have been invalid. The old Parliament called together again would have been got rid of as soon as possible, fresh writs issued, and the General Election taken over again. Which shows afresh, with startling novelty, how in the midst of life we are in death.

THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

When, early in the Session, the salary of Lord Privy Seal came to be voted, objection was taken in the House of Commons to Lord Salisbury's selection of that office with conjunction of the Premiership. It was urged in some quarters that he would have done better to prefer the title of First Lord of the Treasury. To Mr. Arthur Balfour, present holder of the office, to whom the criticism was offered, this seemed to partake of the courteous communication made to a Chinese mandarin when his Sovereign desires that he should commit suicide. Ignoring that personal aspect of the question, Mr. Balfour dwelt on the objection that, whereas Lord Privy Seal is highly placed in the Table of Precedence, the First Lord of the Treasury is unknown to that august edict. With the Prime Minister merely First Lord of the Treasury — though, as in the case of the present incumbency, he were Leader of the House of Commons—he must yield precedence to the Master of the Horse or to an Irish Bishop.

THE LORD PRIVY SEAL.

To *nous autres*, unless we are in a hurry to catch a train or exceedingly hungry, it is a matter of small importance whether we leave a dining-room last or enter it first. Amongst our betters it is a question of the highest, keenest interest. Mr. Gladstone, with the weight of the Empire on his shoulders, was never oblivious to it. I remember, at a time when he was Prime Minister, seeing him halt at the door after leaving a dinner-table, waiting for a comparatively unimportant member of his Cabinet to pass out first. The noble lord demurred.

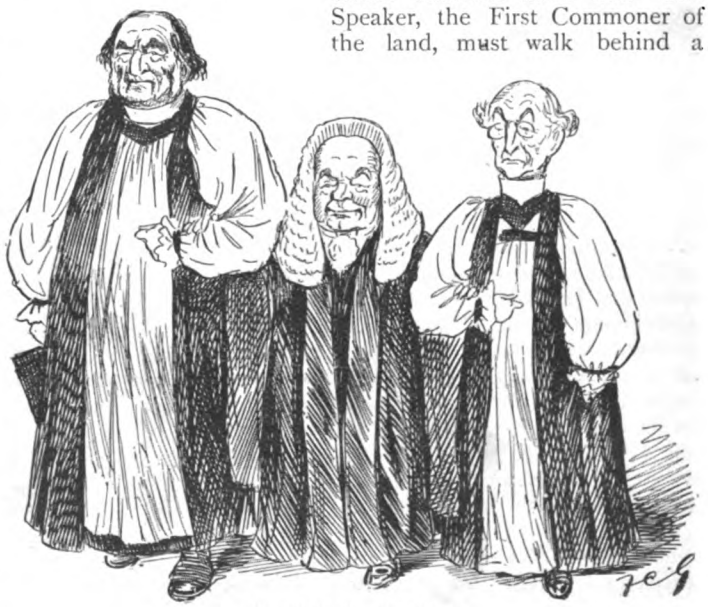
"Yes," said Mr. Gladstone, smilingly, "we are both in the Cabinet, but you are of the baronial rank."

And so the First Minister of the Crown, one of the greatest statesmen of his age, gave the *pas* to the blushing Baron.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF PRECEDENCE.

The order of the Table of Precedence passeth ordinary understanding. Whilst the existence of the Prime Minister is ignored, the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom he has created, comes next to the Royal Circle, the outer rims of which are marked in succession by the Sovereign's younger sons, his grandsons, his uncles, and his nephews. Next to the Archbishop of Canterbury stands the Lord High Chancellor, comforted on the other side by the Archbishop of York. The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, not a correspondingly important person in the Administration, comes third in precedence among Ministers. The Lord President of the Council and the Lord Privy Seal, both minor Ministerial offices, stand third and fourth. The Treasurer of the Household, the Comptroller, and the Vice-Chamberlain, Ministerial posts filled by young gentlemen of good family, to whom a thousand a year is a comfort, take precedence of Secretaries of State under baronial rank.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer sits below the salt. As for the Secretary for War, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the President of the Board of Trade, and even the Colonial Secretary, the Table of Precedence knoweth them not. The Speaker, the First Commoner of the land, must walk behind a



THE ORDER OF PRECEDENCE.

marquis's younger son, must even give the *pas* to an Irish Bishop if, on going down to dinner, his lordship can show that he was consecrated prior to the Irish Church Act of 1869.

A TWENTIETH-CENTURY EPHRAIMITE.

The House of Commons, watching with friendly interest the appearance on the Parliamentary scene of the son and heir of Lord Randolph Churchill, observes a curious mannerism in his speech. It is more than hinted at in the following translation of the warrant for the arrest of Mr. Winston Churchill issued after his escape from Boer clutches: "Englishman, twenty-five years old, about 5ft. 8in. high — indifferent build — walks a little with a bend forward — pale appearance — red brownish hair — small moustache hardly perceptible — talks through the nose, and cannot pronounce the letter S properly."

It will be remembered that a similar peculiarity marked another body of fugitives of war. When the Gileadites, under command of Jepthah, took the passes of Jordan, the defeated Ephraimites attempted to cross the river. "And it was so that when these Ephraimites which were escaped said 'Let me go over' that the men of Gilead said unto him, 'Art thou an Ephraimite?' If he said nay, then said they unto him, 'Say now shibboleth,' and he said 'sibboleth,' for he could not frame to pronounce it right. Then they took him and slew him at the passages of Jordan."

It is certain that had Mr. Winston Churchill fought against Jepthah instead of Mr. Kruger his body would centuries ago have been swept away by the River Jordan.

WILLIAM IV.'S CIVIL LIST.

An examination of the Household accounts of William IV., the system inherited from the Georges, discloses the existence of a number of official personages whose style smacks of the *dramatis personæ* in some of Mr. Gilbert's plays. There was a Gentleman of the Pantry drawing £200 a year; a Groom at £60, and a Porter at £50. Officials of the same rank, drawing something like the same salary, presided in the Wine Cellar, the Ewry, the Spicery, the Wood Yard, the Silver Scullery, the Pewter Scullery, in the composing of Confectionery and in the product of Pastry.

There was a Deliverer of Greens who drew £85 per annum from the taxpayer. There was a Clerk Comptroller of the Kitchen, who ranked as Esquire, and pocketed £300 a year. There was a First Master Cook rated at £237 per annum, and a Second Master Cook who took £20 less. There was a Yeoman of the Mouth, cheap at £138. He was not, as some might think, connected with dentistry, that being a profession apart. There were Master Scourers and Assistant Scourers, and eke a Keeper of the Butter and Egg Office at £60 a year. There were Purveyors of bacon, butter, and cheese, of milk and cream, and of "oisters." There was a Glassman, a Teaman, a Trunk Maker, and a Cork Cutter. Nothing was lacking to the majesty of the Household.

The reforming hand, just beginning to be felt in high places, swept away many of these ancient servitors. Some still remain, preserving the old style, and will be drawing modest salaries in King Edward VII.'s newly-settled Civil List.

A RACE TO THE ALTAR.

To recall the fact that Prince Albert, coming to this country on his bridal errand, drove from Dover to London by road, sharply illustrates the profound changes in daily life brought about within the reign of Queen Victoria. The bridegroom-elect crossed the Channel on January 6th, 1840, and was rudely buffeted by the sea. He was so upset that, in spite of the urgency of his errand, he lay all night at Dover. Setting forth at midday he reached Canterbury at two o'clock next day, halting there long enough to receive an address from the Mayor and Corporation and to attend service in the Cathedral. At half-past nine he resumed his journey, rattling through Chatham and Rochester, where the Mayors and Corpora-

CUPID AS POSTBOY.

tions stood by the roadside looking for opportunity to present addresses.

Once on the wing the bridegroom travelled swiftly. At New Cross an escort of the 14th Dragoons was in waiting, with orders to conduct His Serene Highness with due state across the Metropolis. The Prince fled from them as if they also had addresses to present, arriving at Buckingham Palace an hour ahead of them. The journey was concluded at 4.30 in the afternoon, the road from Canterbury having been covered in just seven hours.

AN OLDER RECORD.

Among the letters and despatches stored at Hatfield dating back to the spacious times of Elizabeth there are many which still preserve on the envelopes, in faded ink, the record of their homeward journey. One despatch from Sir Robert Cross, "on board Her Majesty's ship the *Vanguard*," is interesting by way of comparison with Prince Albert's historic ride. It is addressed to Sir Robert Cecil, and dated 29th January, 1597. It is indorsed by the writer: "Haste, Haste. Post Haste. Haste. Robt. Crosse." Underneath is the postboy's record, running thus: "At Dover, at seven o'clock at night; Canterbury, past ten o'clock at night; at Sittingbourne, at one o'clock in the morning; Rochester, 30th of Jan., at three o'clock in the morning; Dartford, the 30th day, at half-hour past six in the morning; London, the 30th day, at ten o'clock in the morning."

It will be seen Prince Albert, following the precise route of the sixteenth-century postboy, beat him between Canterbury and London by five hours.

"WHERE IS DAT BARTY NOW?"

Five years ago, at the opening of the first working Session of the Parliament that placed Lord Salisbury in power, a notable document was circulated among the Liberal Opposition. It was signed by a score of members prominent in the Radical wing. Confronted by the accomplished defeat of the Liberal Party at the poll in 1895 they set themselves the task of studying its causes, with a view to regaining lost ground. They came to the conclusion that it pointed to "the necessity of such reorganization of Liberal forces as will evoke and focus on one great question all its fighting energy both in Parliament and in the country."

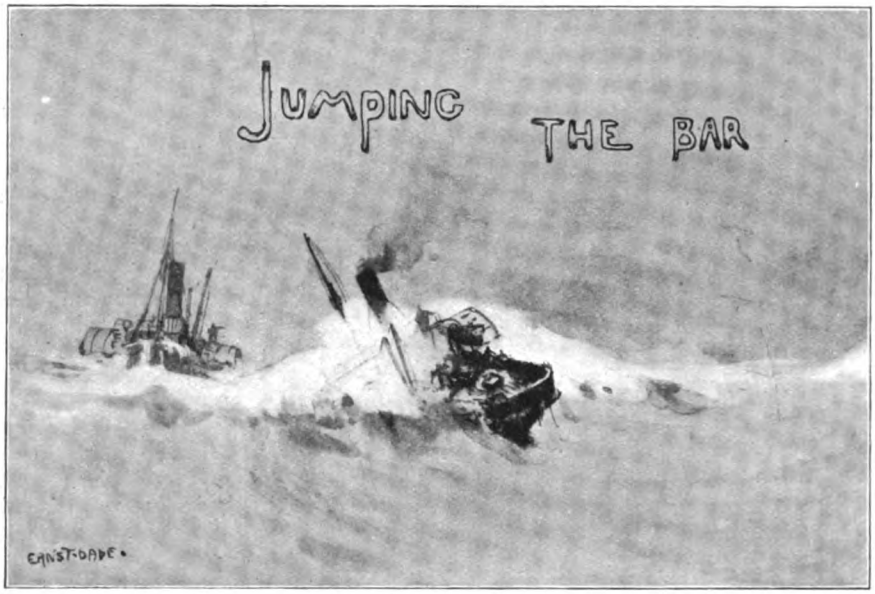
A SURVIVAL.

Having thus admitted that unity was the only hope of salvation to the Liberal Party, the signators proceeded to elaborate a scheme for the creation of a new faction in the Opposition camp. "It has been resolved," so the document ran, "to form a distinctive advanced Radical section in Parliament, and to appeal to the Radical element in the Liberal Party and in the constituencies to carry on an active and energetic campaign in support of the principle herein laid down."

The first principle was that "an advanced Radical section be and is hereby constituted of those members of Parliament who agree to co-operate in independent Parliamentary action for the promotion of Radical principles in legislation and in public opinion." This was a cheering prospect for Sir William Harcourt, who had just undertaken the thankless task of leading in the House of Commons a discredited, disheartened, and, even if united, hopelessly small Opposition.

The new Party did not succeed in establishing any influence in the direction of curbing the autocracy of a bloated Ministry. The intimacy of the Committee Room, where at the outset meetings were regularly held, revealed the painful fact that the Treasury Bench had not a monopoly of wrong-headedness. The new Party gradually dissolved, leaving not a wrack behind, unless we cluster under that word Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. McKenna, who at least continued to sit together on the front bench below the gangway.

Looking along the benches it is curious to note what a large proportion of those who signed this manifesto in May, 1896, have disappeared from the scene, as it opens with the century on the new Parliament. Among them are Dr. Clark, Mr. W. Allen, Mr. Maden, Mr. Pickard, Mr. Philip Stanhope, and Sir W. Wedderburn. In addition to Sir Charles Dilke, Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Atherley Jones, and Mr. McKenna, there are still with us Mr. W. Allan, Mr. Dalziel, Mr. Samuel Evans, Mr. William Jones, Mr. Lloyd George, and Captain Norton. But there has been no sign yet of resuscitation of "the Radical Party."



By Walter Wood.

SQUAT and sodden, glistening from stem to stern, with water running from her scuppers as it gushes from spouts in time of heavy rain, the paddle trawler *Fearless* nosed into the waves, and like a valiant and gigantic bantam, the paddles standing for extended wings, threw defiance at the sea. A short, hard gale which had sprung up was dying down; and the steep, torn seas were giving place to a sullen, heavy swell. The gale had done its best to smash the steamboat, swooping upon her at all points, forward, aft, and broadside; but like a wary bird the *Fearless* was not caught. Her oil-skinned skipper, tugging at the wheel, cunningly kept her up to meet and baffle the assaults, and save for one big sea which came and swept a few odds and ends of machinery and gear from her deck, burst three or four yards of the port bulwarks out, and flooded the engine-room—which had, in short, made a noble effort to overwhelm and bury her, and so be rid of her for all time—the *Fearless* kept her paddles beating, and generally had the look of asking the seas to come on and try again.

"Now this," said the skipper, "is what I call a fine old craft. She's behaved like a lady, considerin' the funny old breeze we've had. Why, durin' the last hour the wind worked right round the compass, an' now it's gone out altogether. What a December! What a steamboat! I'm proud of her. Halloa! There's the *Patriot* goin' 'ome. Shove 'er along, Jack, easy, just to run down a bit with the *Patriot*. I want to 'ave a word wi' 'Lijah." He spoke this to the engineer, who was standing to his levers in the wondrous hole between the box-like bridge—battered by the breaking seas—and the gaunt, black funnel, whitened with the salt of flying spray.

The *Patriot*, a hoary structure which was fit sister to the *Fearless*, thumped towards her.

"What cheer, 'Lijah?" shouted the master of the *Fearless*, as the *Patriot*, looking vastly important, came within hail.

"How do, Bob?" replied a black, oil-skinned figure on the *Patriot's* bridge.

"Nice breeze!" said Bob.

"Very," answered Elijah, with sarcastic emphasis. "You seem to have enjoyed it, don't you? You're a bit knocked about, though, aren't you?"

"Nothing to speak of," retorted Bob. "A mere trifle. Nothing that a ten-pun' note won't cover.'

"Oh! I saw that sea hit you. I thought it 'ud done for you. It went right over your stack."

"The *Fearless* isn't the *Patriot*," said Bob, looking scornfully at the other steamboat. "If the water had come on board you as it came on board us, you'd ha' 'ad no stack standin'. I can see daylight through the top o' yours. What is it—paper, or do you burn acid, an' not coal?"

"Keep your criticisms to yourself," snarled Elijah.

"You go 'ome an' get a tinker to patch 'er up," retorted Bob, with rising temper.

"Shall I tow you?" asked Elijah, with infuriated politeness.

"No, thank you," answered Bob. "I don't want draggin' to the bottom. I could shove the boat through that hole in your counter. Pass the trawl warp round the poor old thing's body, or she'll be dissolutin', an' your injun'll drop out o' the bottom."

"Good-bye," said 'Lijah—he was something of a luminary at the Little Bethel on the foreshore at home, and dared not let himself speak the words his wrath dictated.

"Come, now, 'Lijah," said Bob, engagingly, "there's a chance for you to show what you're made of. I'll give you a challenge. I'll give you a knot start, an' I'll knock the steam out o' you before we're alongside o' the 'Igh Light."

"But why 'Igh Light?" asked the skipper of the *Patriot*, inquisitive despite his anger.

"Becoss that's as far south as I'm goin'," answered Bob. "Don't you know that to-morrer's Christmas?"

"An' wot o' that?"

"Well, I've a partic'lar appointment for to-night, an' I'm goin' to keep it. We'll run down together with the tide. If you get to the bar first I'll stand you a bottle o' whisky."

"I don't drink," said Elijah, gruffly, "an' you know it."

"'Bacca, then?"

"Nor yet smoke," answered the suffering skipper of the *Patriot*.

"Well, then, a bundil o' tracts — or a plum-puddin'," continued Bob. "Or any other trifle o' food or readin' you might fancy."

The *Patriot's* crew, with storm-capped pipes gripped between their teeth, smoked and grinned as they leaned against the rail and listened to this exchange of words. "Ah! I've known the day," said the mate, sadly, "when Bob 'ud have been no match for 'Lijah in language. But the skipper's fallen off a lot lately."

"Shove her along," ordered Elijah, staring stubbornly ahead, and setting his course for home and his Christmas dinner.

"If you *will* run away from me, tell 'em I've gone into Jetby because I've a very special appointment to keep there to-night. Will you?" shouted Bob.

"I'll tell 'em," answered Elijah, still gazing sullenly ahead.

"I'm goin' on," said Bob; "I'm rather in a 'urry, an' there's someb'dy watchin' an' waitin' for me at Jetby."

"At Jetby? Why, by the time you get there there won't be watter enough to float you over the bar."

"Oh, yes, there will," answered Bob. "You know, I'm not watterlogged like you. Ha! ha! So long. Sorry I shall have to leave you. Now, Jack, give her beans."

Jack let his levers go, and the *Fearless* began to draw away from the *Patriot*, which was badly handicapped by the weight of water that the gale had hurled on board, and had fallen into the hold instead of going back to the sea.

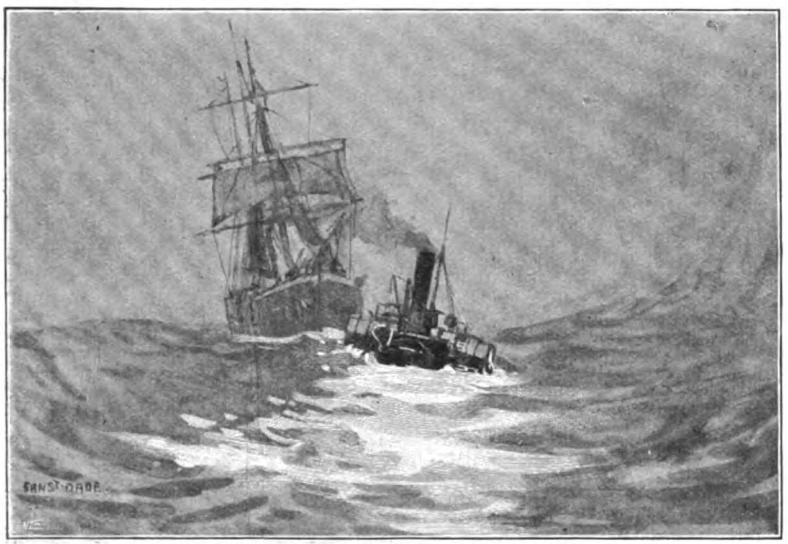
The *Fearless* churned on her way, her hull at times sinking into the hollows of the swell, and at other times poising totteringly on the summits. Within an hour she had been lost to sight in a fog that was driving up from the south. As she disappeared Elijah heard the distant wail of her siren. It was, he recognised, more a message to himself than the warning signal which the law demanded; and by way of indicating that his wrath had passed and that he bore no malice he let his own steam-whistle loose, and its fearful tones spread through the clammy air and over the grey waste of sea. In such fashion the two skippers bade each other a Merry Christmas.

When the *Fearless* began her run for Jetby Harbour so that Bob could keep his appointment there she was twenty miles away, and it was two hours from high water. Assuming, therefore, that with the help of the tide and all the steam that Jack dared to give her she made ten miles an hour, she would cross the bar at the top of the flood; but Bob knew the coast and the season too well to delude himself into the comforting belief that his arrangements would be carried out to the strict letter. It is one thing to say that you will do a thing on the North Sea and another for the North Sea to let you.

The fog, which drove in from the south, gave promise of preventing Bob from keeping an engagement either at Jetby or anywhere else for that night. If he had been a wise man he would have slackened down and reconciled himself to the worst; but he was just a hardy North Sea skipper, and a stubborn one, and he went ahead into the

thick fog without slackening speed, and with hideous wails of the siren—the one modern thing in the equipment of the *Fearless*.

Once a great three-masted schooner, becalmed on the swell, with her canvas still shortened as it had been reefed for the gale, rose up ahead like an apparition. Bob twirled the wheel round, and the *Fearless* ran past the ship, her starboard sponson grinding against her side. A deadly collision had only been averted by his quickness to think and act.



"A DEADLY COLLISION HAD BEEN AVERTED."

He caught sight of a shock-headed man on the poop, and the shock-headed man saw him. They roared together, bellowing words which had no reference to any place on the North Sea chart or the map of the world; and which did not relate to the compliments of the season.

"You go there yourself," shouted Bob, as the *Fearless* vanished in the wet gloom. "It's too hot for fogs, an' so you needn't plant yourself in the way of honest steamboats an' try to sink 'em. You're not even a wind-jammer—you're a derelict."

The *Fearless* ran on for an hour longer, and Bob, becoming uneasy in spite of himself, ordered her to be slowed down, and then stopped altogether. "Let her drift a bit, so we can try an' find out where we are," he said, and Jack obeyed.

When the engine was stopped the *Fearless* wallowed on the swell, groaning dismally. Bob, on the bridge, shivered in the cold, thick fog, looking hard and listening harder. Where he was exactly he did not know. All he felt sure of was that he was somewhere between the Tyne and the Humber, and not far from the shore; but whether close to or distant from Jetby he did not know. It was very exasperating, and he said so. The crew, who were quite as anxious to get ashore as he was, agreed with his remarks, and when Bob said they might as well shove along a bit as stay there Jack agreed, and said that for his own part he'd as soon be under the sea as on it, in weather like this.

They kept the *Fearless* going slowly for an hour; then they stopped her, and with the lead tried to locate their position.

"One thing's certain," said the skipper, "and that is that Jetby isn't very far away, That's the sort o' sand that comes down from the river. Go on again, nice an' easy. Surely the fog'll have the decency to go at such a 'appy season as this."

The engine clanked, the paddles thumped, and the trawler went ahead. Again, like a lost, bewildered creature, she stopped.

"The tide's turned," said Bill, the mate, "an' soon there'll be no chance o' gettin' in. I do believe we're lying off Jetby."

"Yes—it's turned; its been ebbin' for an hour," agreed the skipper, dolefully. "Just look at the time we've lost since this fog came on."

"If it doesn't clear very soon you'll not get in to Jetby," said Bill.

"Clear or no clear I'll get into Jetby to-night," replied the skipper, firmly.

Bill flapped his oil-skinned arms about his body, to warm himself. From the sounds one might have thought he was beating himself with boards. He laughed—one or two deep notes which were more like guffaws than laughter.

"You may get in an' you may not," he said. "I fancy the fog an' the bar'll have somethin' to say on the point."

"I shall get in," asserted the skipper, "fog an' bar notwithstandin'."

"Oh!" exclaimed Bill. "I meant you wouldn't float in. Of course, if you mean to plump on the sand an' ride over on the paddles, like a fish-cart goes on wheels, it's different."

He spoke with some heat and sarcasm; but the skipper did not answer.

"Is it a very partic'lar appointment you've got?" asked Bill, after a pause.

"It is—very special," said the skipper; "or do you suppose I'd be foolin' about like this?"

"Why not run down 'ome? You couldn't get a snugger place to spend yer Christmas in," said Bill. "You see, even if you get into Jetby there's no gettin' out till to-morrer mornin'—and a man doesn't want to go to sea on Christmas. Anyway, I don't; to say nothing of the fact that Christmas this year's on a Friday."

"I don't mean to go to sea for a week when we get in. It's holiday time, an' I don't see why we shouldn't enjoy ourselves as much as anybody," said the skipper. "As for them as doesn't want to put in time at Jetby, I'm willin' to pay their railway fares 'ome. You can't grumble at that, can you?"

"I'm not grumblin'," said Bill. "I'm askin'. You don't say what your appointment ashore at Jetby is."

"No," replied the skipper; "I don't."

"It can't be fish, becoss we haven't got any," continued Bill.

"No, it isn't fish, an' it isn't the gear, an' it isn't the hull, an' I'm not due at a county-court or the gaol. It isn't seekin', an' it isn't salvage, an' it isn't the Customs, nor it isn't——"

"Then it's a woman," interrupted Bill. "You've got a girl on the sly, an' you're wantin' to see 'er bad. But I wouldn't jump Jetby bar for all the women in creation; that I wouldn't. Not me."

"No, your wife wouldn't let you," replied the skipper. "But shut up an' listen. Didn't that sound like the buoy?"

"By George, yes," answered Bill, after listening for a few seconds. "Ugh! Doesn't it give you the 'orrors?"

"Let her go," ordered Bob, going to the wheel.

He steamed over the great swell towards the spot from which the doleful toll of the bell-buoy came. His purpose was to run into the harbour while there was yet water, but the thick fog forced him to abandon it. There was nothing for it but to let the anchor go and hold on to a known spot. This the skipper did, and the *Fearless* rolled and pitched at her cable, with nothing visible but dense, wet atmosphere, and nothing to be heard except the clang of the buoy and the seething roar of the surf on the beach at the base of the cliffs.

Bob, silent at the wheel, waited patiently for the fog to lift, but there was no wind to break and carry it away, and he saw that there would be no chance of entering the harbour now until high water. Darkness was coming down, and his position was dangerous and unpleasant if a breeze sprang up again. He had pledged his word that, fair weather or strong weather, he would keep his Christmas Eve at Jetby, and here he was, held prisoner by the fog and sea, a stone's throw from the piers. When he had talked of jumping the bar he had not really meant it—he had his vessel, in which he was largely interested, his crew, and himself to think of, to say nothing of a disapproving party ashore; but now he began to vow that if the fog would only give him the chance he would let the *Fearless* go and swing over the bar on the top of one of the great rollers that were sweeping in from the north. It was only fair, he reckoned, if he determined on this, that he should let his people know, and accordingly he told them. "We'll get the anchor up," he said, "as soon as the piers show big enough to let us steer through 'em; then Jack'll let her go, an' I'll jump in on top of a sea."

"And knock her to bits?" said Bill.

"Well, she's mostly my steamboat, isn't she; an' a man can do what 'e likes with his own?" said the skipper. "You stand by an' get the anchor up—there's a lift in the fog, an' I can just see the piers. We'll do it on our heads—there's six feet o' watter on the bar now if there's an inch. Come, my lads, lively. Now, then, Jack, be ready—when I say 'go,' let her fly."

Jack stood to his levers. When the anchor was clear of the ground the skipper roared "Go!" and the *Fearless* was swept round towards the piers, between which enormous rollers were surging. The steamboat rose on the top of one of these, the paddles beat furiously, and the old craft, held for the harbour mouth by the skipper, was swept onward like an empty cask.

The skipper did not speak, and the crew held on in silence as the steamboat was picked up by the sea and cast towards the shore. She was thrown up by an immense wave which was roaring in, and broke in surf

around her as she jumped the bar that was made by the silt of sand between the two piers at the mouth of the harbour. Her keel touched the sandy ridge, the hull shivered, the paddles thrashed the broken water alongside, and it seemed for a moment as if the craft would be swept clear into the harbour and dropped there. But although the engineer tried his hardest and the skipper did his best, and although the sea hurled the *Fearless* on until her bow threatened to work mischief in the solid masonry beneath the lighthouses, the jump did not succeed.

The broken roller roared on and left the

"THE BROKEN ROLLER ROARED ON."

Fearless resting on the bar, with other rollers sweeping in and threatening to smash her into fragments.

Bob tumbled from the bridge to the deck. "I must rouse 'em up ashore," he shouted. "They're near enough to heave a line and haul us in. They can't see us, or they'd be hailin'. I'll give 'em a signal; then they'll know."

"What are you goin' to do?" asked Bill.

"Send up a gun-rocket," answered Bob. "If there's anybody in sound there'll be an answer; if there isn't, well, we've got to take our luck, an' that isn't very promisin'."

The skipper went below, and from a locker took a gun-rocket, which was charged with dynamite, and was, therefore, a destructive article. Returning to the deck he ordered the crew to stand clear as soon as he had fixed the stick on the steamer's rail. "They have a way," he said, "of goin' off when you don't expect 'em, an' I shouldn't like to be a party to the damage of any one of you."

"What about yourself?" asked Bill.

"Never mind me," replied the skipper. "I can look after number one. Besides, if anything went wrong, there'd be some club money. Now, then, is all clear? Here goes."

He struck a match and lit the fuse. Having done so he hurried away and crouched behind the cabin hatchway.

There was a spluttering noise and a fierce hiss.

"Keep clear," shouted the skipper, warningly.

"It isn't risin'," cried Bill, in alarmed tones.

The skipper darted up from his shelter. "Not risin'?" he roared. "Why, we shall all be blown to bits! Keep where you are, all of you. Leave the thing to me." He sprang towards the rocket, clenching his fist as he advanced.

"Lie down," cried Bill. "Flat—it's goin' to bust!"

"Not if I know it," said Bob. "I don't want the deck blowin' in."

"Lie down—it'll kill you!" roared Bill. "It'll——"

He did not end his sentence. He saw the skipper with his fist strike the stick, so that the hissing missile would fall into the sea. Then he heard a crash, and saw that the rocket had exploded in the skipper's face. When the sound had finished, and the blaze had died away, Bill rushed from his refuge and bent over the body of his chief, who was lying on the deck with blackened, bleeding face.

"Are yer dead?" inquired Bill, in scared tones, holding a lamp near the skipper.

By way of answer Bob gave a deep groan.

"He's goin'—it's done for 'im!" exclaimed Bill, in horror. "'Ere, Jack, you're used to patchin' the machinery—come an' see wot you can do."

The engineer unwillingly advanced. He knelt by his superior, and demanded that Bill should wave the lamp before the skipper's eyes. "If there's such a thing as a feather," he said, authoritatively, "bring it. If he don't move when the lantern dances in his face; if 'e don't jump when 'e's tickled by a feather, we shall have to try a dose o' turps an' treacle. If *that* don't cure 'im, then I give 'im up."

The engineer raised Bob's head; Bill waved the lantern energetically, and the rest of the crew stood by, staring helplessly.

For a moment nothing was heard but the roar of the breakers on the beach; then there was a dull grind and a terrific heave forward of the *Fearless*. Two of the smacksmen were jerked down to the deck, the rest were hurled against each other.

The injured man was thrown into a sitting posture. His senses and his speech returned at the same instant.

"What the blazes are yer dancin' about like this for?" he asked. "Can't yer see she's bumped off the bar an' is floatin'? Get to yer injuns, Jack, an' plug her up the river as far as she'll go. She's done the jump, after all. I knew she would."

The skipper staggered to his feet, Jack bounded to his levers, and Bill tumbled up on the bridge and gripped the wheel.

"'Ard over!" roared the skipper.

"'Ard over!" came the bellowed answer from the helmsman.

"Full speed ahead!" added Bob.

"It is so," cried Jack, in answer.

"The jetty or the Scaur in a jiffy," cried the skipper. "Shove 'er in between the piers, lads—steady—now she does it. Grip for your life, Bill."

"I'm grippin'," answered Bill, grimly.

The skipper, dazed, deafened, clung to the hatch near him, and wondered vaguely how it would end. He himself would have dashed to the wheel and steered the *Fearless* in, except that the power of acting sanely seemed to have left him. He could only hang on and shout an order, in the full belief that it would be obeyed.

The trawler swung round to the East Pier, then swerved to the West Pier, and for a moment looked as if she would crash into the massive stonework and sink beside the bar. Then a lumbering sea came up, gave her a twist so that her bow faced the river, tilted up her stern, and the engine, being helped tremendously, carried her with a long sweep up the river and banged her down on the sand there, to wait for the flood to come and float her off.

On the quay, in the clammy air, were crowds of fishermen and women and Christmas holiday-makers, peering at the place where the *Fearless* lay, squatter than ever, because she was leaking very badly. A coble was got off, her people boarded the steamboat, and Bob was helped into it.

"It's no good shoutin' at me," he said. "I'm knocked daft an' deaf, an' can't hear. Just take me to old Benson's cottage, someb'dy. I've an appointment there."

They took him as directed, and left him. Before he knocked for admission Bob stole to a neighbouring pump and laved his face.

"THE ROCKET HAD EXPLODED IN THE SKIPPER'S FACE."

In this way he got rid of much salt and dirt and blood. Old Benson and a beautiful young woman, his daughter, came to meet him.

"I told you so, dad!" exclaimed the girl. "I told you that, if Bob swore he'd come to see me on Christmas Eve, he'd come."

"Well," said the old man, shaking his head, "it beats me. Who've you bin fightin', lad?"

The girl stood still, white and quiet. She had not seen her lover's face until he came and stood by the lamp on the table.

"Don't be scared," said Bob, putting his sou'-wester on the dresser and preparing to peel his oilskin off his body. "I got stuck on the bar an' was firin' a rocket that wouldn't go. It seemed to strike me all over; but there, I'm getting better—I can hear now. I shall be all right by mornin'. It's this dashed fog."

"THE GIRL STOOD STILL AND WHITE."

"Fog! Call this fog?" said the old man. "Why, it's sunshine compared with what I've seen off Newfundland. I remember——"

The girl pleasantly put a hand across his mouth and stopped him. Then she pushed Bob into a chair, and, after gazing at him in strong admiration for a minute, kissed him, and said: "That's due to a man who'll jump the bar at dead low water, just to keep his word with his sweetheart."

Three weeks into the New Year, Bob, smoking his pipe, was standing in front of a printed bill on a hoarding on the foreshore of his native town. The bill set forth that on a certain date there would be offered for sale by public auction 64-64th shares in the wooden paddle steam-tug *Fearless*, built and engined in 1867; that her dimensions were 86·4 by 17·6 by 9·3; that she was of 17·87 tons register; that she had one side lever compound condensing engine of 40 horse-power, and that the stores were on board as she ceased work. The hull was delicately alluded to as wanting repair.

As Bob gazed at the announcement 'Lijah, just in from sea, strolled up.

"What cheer, Bob?" he said

"How do, 'Lijah?" said Bob.

"So it's true you're givin' up trawlin' an' goin' into business?" said 'Lijah. "An' at Jetby, too."

"Correct," said Bob.

"Firewood, isn't it?"

"You've guessed right, 'Lijah."

"Then why don't you keep the *Fearless*, to start you? She'd break up nice."

"You're mistaken, 'Lijah," said Bob, sweetly. "You're mixin' up the *Fearless* with the *Patriot*."

"Anyway," said 'Lijah, "the trick you did warn't very successful. There wasn't a fat lot of spring in your jump, was there? You plomped down on the bar like a load o' bricks."

"You'd ha' plomped through the bottom o' the sea," said Bob.

'Lijah abandoned the contest. "What made you do it?" he inquired.

"What made me do it?" answered Bob. "Now, what d'ye suppose could make a man do a thing like that, 'xcept love or drink? It isn't drink in my case; it was t'other thing. I'd promised the girl I'd be 'ome for Christmas, and I'm not a man to go back on my word."

"I shouldn't call it either love or drink," said 'Lijah. "I should call it devilment."

My Life on Devil's Island.

By CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS.

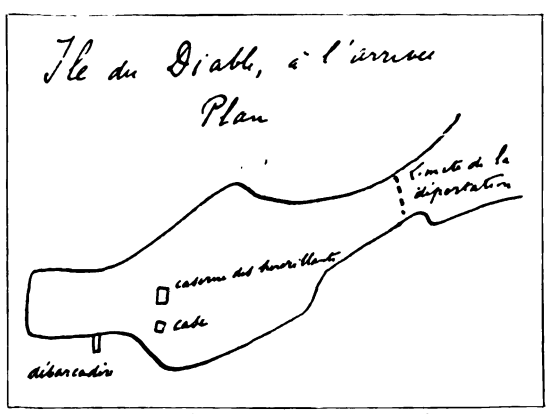
[While a prisoner on Devil's Island Captain Dreyfus kept a Diary, in which he noted down from time to time the events, the sensations, the despairing agonies of his terrible experience. This Diary, which reveals to the world for the first time what life on Devil's Island really meant, and which was written in the hope that, in the event of his death, it might be delivered to his wife and children, forms one of the most graphic and most moving narratives ever put on paper. Few things in fiction equal in effect the realism of these rough notes, dashed down under the suffering of the instant with a vividness which almost makes the reader a companion of his exile. From these unique pages we are now privileged to give a selection of extracts, illustrated with drawings by Captain Dreyfus himself.

Those who desire to read the Diary complete—and their name is legion—are referred to the volume entitled "Five Years of My Life," by Captain Alfred Dreyfus, published (price 6s. net) by George Newnes, Limited. In this enthralling volume, which is destined beyond doubt to live in history, Captain Dreyfus describes from first to last the inner workings of the events with which the whole world rang. Every incident is set forth in detail—his sudden arrest in November, 1894; his trial in secret; his public degradation; his sensations when, before the eyes of his comrades, his stripes and buttons were torn off and his sword broken; his danger of being torn to pieces by the mob; the bitter parting from his wife and children; his conveyance to Devil's Island in a cage on the ship's deck; his years of life in exile; and finally his restoration to honour, liberty, and happiness at Rennes.

As regards the following extracts from the Diary, the few sentences necessary by way of introduction and conclusion are given in Captain Dreyfus's own words.]

THE Devil's Island is a barren rock, previously used for the isolation of lepers. The hut for my use was built of stone, and measured about 13ft. square. The windows were grated. The door was in lattice-work, with simple iron bars. This door opened out on an entrance about 6½ft. square, which was attached to the front of the hut; this entrance was closed by a door of solid wood. In this entrance stayed the keeper who was on guard. These guards were relieved every two hours, and were ordered not to lose sight of me day or night. To facilitate the carrying out of this latter part of their service the hut was lighted during the hours of darkness. By night the door of the entrance was closed inside and out, so that every two hours at guard-relief there was a horrible racket of keys and iron-work. Five keepers and their chief had charge of the execution of the service and of guarding me. By day I had the right to move about, but only in that part of the island comprised between the landing-place and the little valley where the lepers' camp had been, a space of about 220 yards and utterly bare. I was absolutely forbidden to leave these limits under penalty of being confined to my hut. The moment I went out I was accompanied by the guard, who was ordered not to lose sight of the simplest of my movements. The guard was armed with a revolver; later on there were added to this a rifle and a cartridge-belt. I was expressly forbidden to speak to anyone whomsoever.

The following pages are the exact reproduction of the diary which I wrote from the month of April, 1895, until the autumn of 1896. It was destined for my wife. This diary was seized with all my papers in 1896, and was never handed over to my wife. I was able to obtain possession of it only at the time of the Rennes trial, in 1899.



CAPTAIN DREYFUS'S OUTLINE SKETCH OF DEVIL'S ISLAND.

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MY DIARY.

(TO BE HANDED TO MY WIFE.)

SUNDAY, 14TH APRIL, 1895:—

To-day I begin the diary of my sad and tragical life. I had decided to kill myself after the iniquitous sentence passed on me. However, I yielded to my wife—I have summoned courage to live. I have undergone the most frightful punishment which can be inflicted on a soldier—a punishment worse than any death. Then, step by step, I have endured the horrible journey which has brought me hither, by way of the Santé Prison and the depôt of the Ile de Ré, supporting, without flinching, the shouts and insults of the mob, but leaving a fragment of my heart at every turn of the road. My conscience bore me up. Day by day my reason told me: "Truth will at last shine forth triumphant; in a century like ours the light cannot long be overclouded." But, alas! every day brought with it some new disappointment or deception. The light not only did not break, but all things seemed to tend to keep it shadowed. I was, and I am still, in the strictest close confinement. All my correspondence is read and checked off at the Ministry, and often not forwarded to me at all. I thought that, once in my exile, I might find, if not rest—this I cannot have till my honour is given back—at least some tranquillity of mind and body which might permit me to wait for the day of rehabilitation. What a new and bitter disappointment! After a voyage of fifteen days, shut up in a cage, I first remained for four days in the roadstead of the Iles du Salut without going on deck, in the midst of tropical heat. My brain and my whole being melted away in despair.

CAPTAIN ALFRED DREYFUS.
From a Photo. taken by the French police immediately after his degradation.

SUNDAY NIGHT, 14TH TO 15TH APRIL, 1895:—

It is impossible for me to sleep: this cage, before which the guard walks up and down like a phantom, appearing in my dreams, the irritation of all the insects which run over my skin, the rage which is smothered in my heart for being here, when I have always and everywhere done my duty—all this overexcites my nerves, which are already shattered, and drives away sleep. When again shall I pass a calm and tranquil night? Perhaps not until I am in the tomb, when I shall enjoy the sleep that is everlasting. How good it will be to think no longer of human vileness and cowardice! The sea which I hear muttering beneath my little window has always a strange fascination for me. It soothes my thoughts as it did before, but now they are very bitter and sombre. It calls dear memories to mind, of the happy days I have passed with my wife and darling children. I have again the violent sensations which I felt on the boat, of being drawn almost irresistibly towards the sea, whose muttering waters seem to call to me as some great comforter. This tyranny of the sea over me is strangely powerful.

On the boat I had to close my eyes and call up the image of my wife to prevent myself from yielding to it. Where are the beautiful dreams of youth and the aspirations of my manly age? Nothing lives in me any longer; my brain wanders under the effort of my thoughts. What is the mystery of this drama? Even now I understand nothing of what has passed. To be condemned without palpable proof, on the strength of a bit of handwriting! Whatever the soul and conscience of a man may be, is this not more than enough to demoralize him? The sensitiveness of my nerves, after all this torture, has become so acute that each new impression, even from without, produces on me the effect of a deep wound.

VIEW OF DEVIL'S ISLAND, SHOWING THE PRISON-HUT INSIDE THE INCLOSURE OF PALISADES, WITH THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND.

THE SAME NIGHT:—

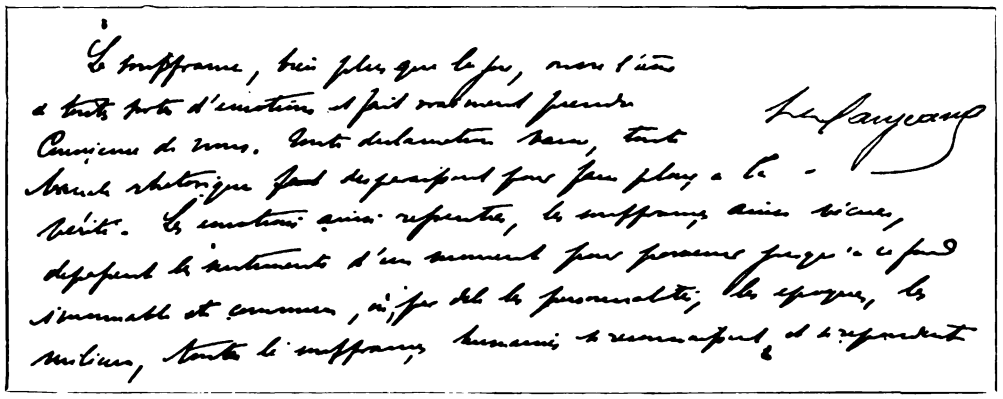
I have just tried to sleep, but after dozing a few minutes I awoke with burning fever, and it has been so every night for six months. How has my body been able to resist such a combination of torments, physical as well as moral? I think that a clear conscience, sure of itself, must give invincible strength.

I open the blind which closes my little window and look again upon the sea. The sky is full of great clouds, but the moonlight filters through, blanching certain portions of the sea like silver. The waves break powerless at the foot of the rocks which mark the shape of the island. There is a constant lapping of the water as it plays against the beacon, with a rude staccato rhythm that pleases my wounded soul. And in this night, in the deep calm, there come back to my mind the dear images of my wife and children. How my poor Lucie must suffer from so undeserved a lot, after having had everything to make her happy! And happy she so well deserves to be, by the uprightness of her character, by her tender and devoted heart. Poor, poor, dear wife! I cannot think of her and of my children without my heart becoming soft within me. My thoughts of them also inspire me to do my duty. I am going to try to work at my English.* Perhaps the work will help me to forget a little.

MONDAY, 15TH APRIL, 1895:—

At ten o'clock they bring me my day's food: a bit of canned pork, a little rice, a

*During his imprisonment Dreyfus gave much time to the study of English. Some lines from "Hamlet" in his own handwriting are reproduced on the next page.



FACSIMILE FROM THE DIARY, SHOWING THE KEEPER'S SIGNATURE IN THE CORNER.

few green coffee-berries, and a little brown sugar. I throw it all into the sea*, and then try to make a fire. After several fruitless efforts I succeed. I heat water for my tea. My luncheon is made up of bread and tea.

MONDAY, 15TH APRIL, EVENING:—

I was again on the point of having only a bit of bread for my dinner, and I was fainting. The guards, seeing my bodily weakness, passed in to me a bowl of their broth.

TUESDAY, 16TH APRIL, 1895:—

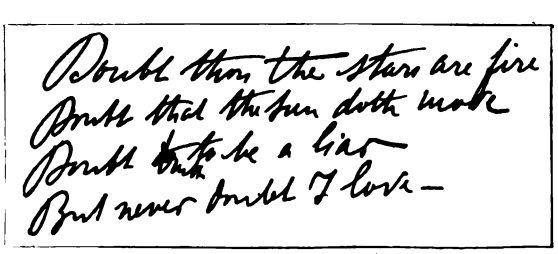
At last I have been able to sleep, thanks to utter and complete exhaustion. My first thought as I awoke was for you, my dear and beloved wife. I asked myself what you were doing at the same moment. You must have been occupied with our darling children. May they be your comfort and inspire you with your duty if I give way before the end. Next I go out to cut wood. After two hours of effort I succeed in getting together enough for my needs. At eight o'clock the keepers bring me a piece of raw meat and bread. I kindle my fire; but the smoke is blown back on me by the sea-breeze, and my eyes are running. As soon as I have coals enough I put the meat on a few bits of iron which I have gathered together here and there, and grill it. I breakfast a little better than yesterday, but the meat is tough and dry. As to my bill of fare for dinner, it was very simple—bread and water. All these efforts have worn me out.

FRIDAY, 19TH APRIL, 1895:—

To-day I boiled my meat, with salt and with the wild peppers I had found in the island. This took three hours, during which my eyes suffered horribly. But what I find so bitter and inhuman is that the authorities intercept all my correspondence. I understand that they should take every possible and imaginable precaution to prevent my escape. That is the right, and I would even say the strict, duty of the prison administration. But that they should prevent all communication, even by open letter, with my family—this is against all justice. You might think we were thrown back by centuries. For six months I am in close confinement without being able to help towards the restoration of my honour.

SATURDAY, 20TH APRIL, 11 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING:—

I have finished cooking for the day. This morning I cut my piece of meat in two: one piece is to boil, the other is for a steak. To cook the latter I have manufactured a grill with an old piece of sheet-iron which I picked up in the island. For drink I have water. And all this is done in pots of old rusty iron, without anything to clean them and without plates. I must summon all my courage to live under such conditions, to say nothing of all my moral tortures. Utterly



FACSIMILE OF A QUOTATION FROM "HAMLET," WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN DREYFUS IN HIS DIARY.

* I threw it all into the sea because the tinned pork was not eatable, the rice which was brought me was so filthy as to be offensive, and I had nothing with which to roast the coffee, which, in bitter derision, was given me raw.

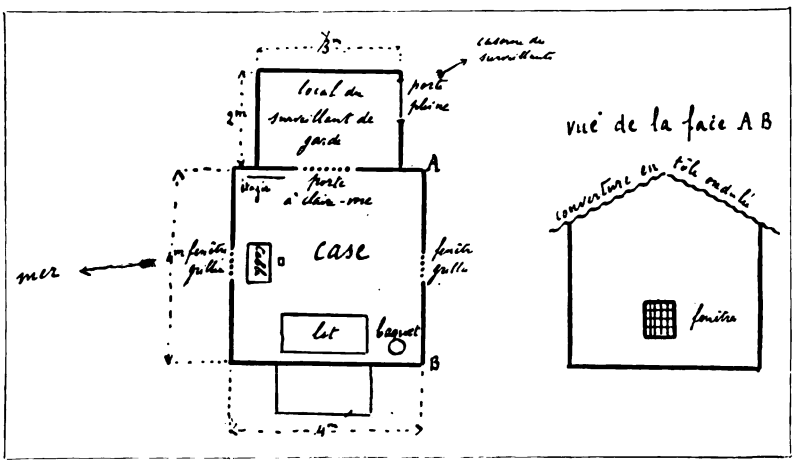
exhausted, I am going to stretch myself upon my bed.

SAME DAY, EVENING :—

I was so hungry this afternoon that, to still the gnawings of my stomach, I devoured raw ten tomatoes which I found in the island.*

MONDAY, 22ND APRIL, 1895 :—

Yesterday I asked the Commandant of the islands for one or two plates, of no matter what kind. He answered that he had none. I am forced to use my ingenuity, and to eat either off paper or old sheets of iron gathered on the island. The dirt I eat in this way is inconceivable. Yet I hold out in spite of all, for the sake of my wife and children. I am always alone, in communion with my thoughts. What a martyrdom for an innocent man, as great, surely, as that of any Christian martyr! I am still without news from my family, in spite of my repeated demands. For two months I have had no letters. I have just received some dried vegetables in old preserve cans. In trying to transform these cans into plates while washing them, I cut my fingers. I have also just been told that I must wash my own linen. Now, I have no soap to do it with. I set myself to the task for two hours together, but the result is not great. At all events the linen will have soaked in water. I am worn out. Shall I be able to sleep? I doubt it. I have such a mingling of physical weakness and extreme nervousness that, the moment I am in bed, the nerves get the upper hand, and my thoughts turn anxiously toward my dear ones.



PLAN OF PRISON-HUT BEFORE THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE INCLOSURE OF PALISADES.
From a Sketch by Captain Dreyfus.

NIGHT FROM THURSDAY, 25TH APRIL, 1895, TO FRIDAY :—

These sleepless nights are fearful. I manage to get through the day, because I am occupied with the thousand and one details of material life. I must clean my hut, do my cooking, find and cut wood, wash my linen, etc. But as soon as I lie down, no matter how exhausted I may be, my nerves get the upper hand and my brain begins working. I think of my wife and the sufferings she must be enduring; I think of my darlings and their gay and careless babble.

SATURDAY, 27TH APRIL, 1895 :—

On account of the heat from ten o'clock in the morning I am changing my habits. I rise at daybreak (half-past five) and light my fire to make coffee or tea. Then I put the dried vegetables on the fire, and afterwards make my bed, clean up my chamber, and perform a summary toilet. At eight o'clock they bring me the day's rations. I finish cooking the dried vegetables and, on meat days, place these rations on the fire. Thus all my cooking is over by ten o'clock, for I eat in the evening what was left over from the morning, not caring to pass three more hours before the fire in the afternoon. At ten o'clock I lunch. Next I read, work, dream, and, most of all, suffer until three o'clock. Then I make a thorough toilet. As soon as the heat has gone down, towards five o'clock, I cut my wood, draw water from the well, wash my linen, and so on. At six o'clock I eat the cold remains of my luncheon. Then I am locked up. The night is my longest time. I have not been able to obtain permission to have a lamp in my hut. There is a lantern in the guard-post, but the light is too dim for me to work by it long. Nothing is left for me but to lie

* The lepers had cultivated the island a little, and there were still traces of it. The tomatoes, which now grew wild, were very numerous.

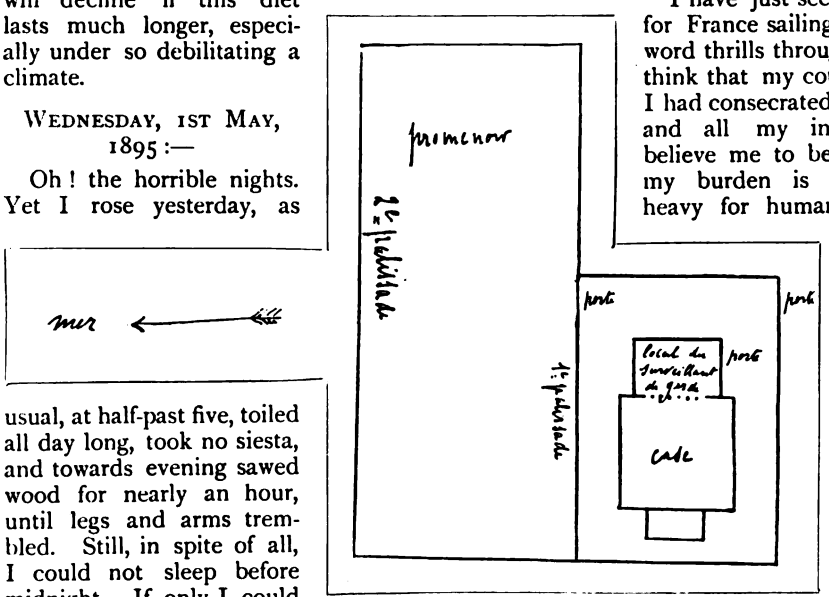
down, and then my brain begins to work; all my thoughts turn to the frightful drama of which I am the victim, and all my remembrances go back to my wife and children and to those who are dear to me. How all of them must suffer likewise!

MONDAY, 29TH APRIL, 1895, 10 O'CLOCK A.M. :—

Never have I been so tired as this morning, having had to draw water and cut wood several times. With all that, the luncheon that is waiting for me is made up of old beans which have already been on the fire four hours and will not cook, and a little spiced meat and water to drink. Notwithstanding all my energy my physical force will decline if this diet lasts much longer, especially under so debilitating a climate.

WEDNESDAY, 1ST MAY, 1895 :—

Oh! the horrible nights. Yet I rose yesterday, as usual, at half-past five, toiled all day long, took no siesta, and towards evening sawed wood for nearly an hour, until legs and arms trembled. Still, in spite of all, I could not sleep before midnight. If only I could read or work through the evening! But they shut me up without lights at six or half-past six; my hut is not sufficiently lighted by the lantern of the guard-post, and yet this light is too strong for me when I am in bed.



PLAN OF THE PRISON AFTER THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE PALISADES.
From a Sketch by [*Captain Dreyfus.*

THURSDAY, 2ND MAY, 5 O'CLOCK, EVENING :—

The canoe coming from the Ile Royale is in sight. My heart beats, as though it would break. Does the boat at last bring me my wife's letters which have been at Cayenne more than a month? Shall I read her dear thoughts, and receive the echo of her affection? My joy was boundless on finding there were letters for me at last, but this was soon followed by a cruel, horrible disappointment when I saw they were letters still addressed to the Ile de Ré, and dated previous to my departure from France. Are the authorities suppressing the letters addressed to me here? Or do they, perhaps, send them back to France so that they may be read there first? Could they not, at least, notify my family that they have to send their letters through the Ministry? In spite of all, I have sobbed long over these letters, dated more than two months and a half ago. Would it be possible to imagine such a drama? Every night I shall dream of Lucie and my precious children, for whom I must live. Nothing has come of all that I asked from Cayenne—cooking utensils or food.

SATURDAY, 29TH JUNE, 1895 :—

I have just seen the mail-boat for France sailing by. How the word thrills through my soul. To think that my country, to which I had consecrated all my strength and all my intelligence, can believe me to be so vile! Ah, my burden is sometimes too heavy for human shoulders to bear!

WEDNESDAY, 10TH JULY, 1895 :—

Every kind of vexation is beginning worse than ever. I can no longer walk round my hut, I cannot sit down behind it in front of the sea—the only place where it was a little cool and where there was shade. Finally, I am put on the diet of convicts.

FRIDAY, 2ND AUGUST, 1895, MORNING :—

What a horrible night I have passed! And I must struggle on always and ever. I have sometimes a crazy desire to sob, sob aloud, my sorrow is so overwhelming; but I must swallow my tears; I should be ashamed of my weakness before the keepers who guard me night and day. Not even for an instant am I alone with my grief. These shocks wear me out, and to-day I am broken in body and soul. But I am going to write to Lucie, hiding my condition

from her, to try to give her courage. Our children must enter life holding their heads high and proud, whatever happens to me.

26TH OCTOBER, 1895 :—

I no longer know how I live. My brain is crushed. Ah, to say that I do not suffer beyond all expression, that often I do not aspire to eternal rest, that this struggle between my deep disgust for men and things and my duty is not terrible, would be the height of falsehood. But every time I fail, in my long nights or in my solitary days, every time my reason, wavering from so many shocks, asks at last how, after a life of toil and honour, it is possible I should be here, and then, when I would close my eyes, to listen and think and suffer no more, I pull myself together with a violent effort of my whole being, crying aloud to myself : " You are not alone, you are a father ; you must stand up for the good name of your wife and children." And then I begin again with new strength—to fall, alas ! in a little further time, and then begin again. This is my daily life.

CAPTAIN DREYFUS, WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.
From a Photo. by Gerschel, Boulevard des Capucines, Paris.

30TH NOVEMBER, 1895 :—

I will not speak of the daily pin-pricks, for I despise them. It is enough for me to ask from the chief guard no matter what insignificant thing of common necessity, to have my request abruptly and instantly refused. Accordingly, I never renew a request, preferring to go without everything rather than humiliate myself. But my reason will end by sinking under this inconceivable treatment.

12TH DECEMBER, 1895, MORNING :—

Oh ! the ceaseless complaining of the sea ! What an echo to my ulcerated soul ! Such wild, black anger sometimes fills my heart against all human iniquity, that I could wish to tear my flesh, so as to forget, in physical pain, this horrible mental torture !

20TH DECEMBER, 1895 :—

No affront is spared me. When I receive my linen, which is washed at the Ile Royale, they unfold it, search through it in every possible way, and then throw it to me as to a vile creature. Every time I look upon the sea there comes back to me the remembrance of the sweet and happy moments I have passed upon its shore with my wife and children. I see myself taking my little Pierre along the beach, where he plays and gambols, while I dream of a happy future for him.

MONDAY, 7TH SEPTEMBER, 1896 :—

Yesterday evening I was put in irons. Why, I know not. Since I have been here I have always strictly followed the line traced out for me and observed the orders scrupulously. How is it I did not go crazy during the long, fearful night? What wonderful strength a clear conscience and the feeling of duty to be fulfilled toward one's children give one !

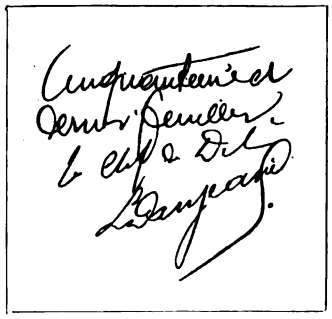
TUESDAY, 8TH SEPTEMBER, 1896 :—

These nights in irons : I do not even speak of the physical suffering, but what moral ignominy, and without any explanation, without knowing why, or for what cause !

In what an atrocious nightmare have I not been living for nearly two years! In any case, my duty is to go to the limit of my strength. I shall do it simply.

WEDNESDAY, 9TH SEPTEMBER, 1896:—

The Commandant of the islands came yesterday evening.* He told me that the last measure which had been taken against me was not a punishment, but "a measure of precaution," for the Prison Administration had no complaint to make against me. Putting in irons a measure of precaution! When I am already guarded like a wild beast night and day by a guardian armed with a gun and revolver. No, the truth should be told—that it is a measure of hatred and torture, ordered from Paris by those who, not being able to strike a family, strike an innocent man, because neither he nor his family will or should bend before the most frightful judicial error which has ever been made. Who is it that thus constitutes himself my executioner and the executioner of my dear ones? I do not know. Yet, as I keep thinking of all this, I no longer become angry; I have only an immense pity for those who thus torture human beings! What remorse they are preparing for themselves when all shall be known, for history knows no secrets! Everything is so sad with me, my heart so over-wrought, my brain ground down, that it is with difficulty I can gather my thoughts together. Oh! I suffer too much with this frightful riddle always present before me.



THE HEAD-WARDER'S SIGNATURE ON THE LAST PAGE OF THE DIARY.

THURSDAY, 10TH SEPTEMBER, 1896:—

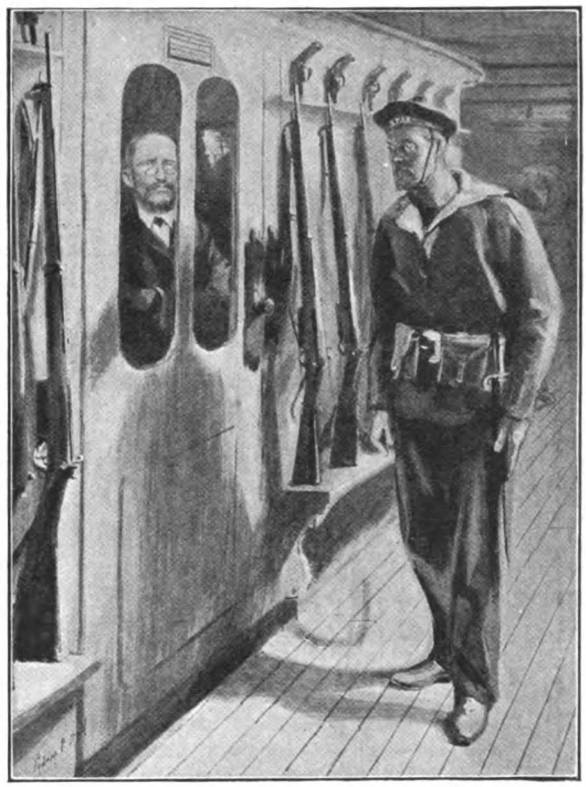
I am so utterly weary, so broken down in body and soul, that to-day I stop my diary, not been able to foresee how long my strength will hold out or what day my brain shall yield under the weight of so great a burden. I finish it by addressing to the President of the Republic this supreme appeal, in case my strength and sanity fail before seeing the end of this horrible tragedy: "Monsieur le Président de la République,—I take the liberty to ask you that this diary, written day by day, may be handed to my wife. There will be found in it perhaps, Monsieur le Président, cries of anger, of affright at the most awful condemnation which ever struck a human being—a human being who never forfeited his honour. I no longer feel the courage to re-read it and to live those bitter days over again. To-day I have no recriminations to make against anyone. Everyone has thought himself acting in the fulness of his right and conscience. I simply declare once more that I am innocent of this abominable crime, and I ask ever and again for this one thing, always the same thing, the search after the real culprit, who is the author of this base crime. And the day when he is discovered I beseech that the compassion which so great a misfortune as mine inspires may be passed on to my dear wife and my darling children."

THE END OF THE DIARY.

In the autumn of 1896 the régime, already so severe, to which I was subjected became more rigorous still. The 4th of September, 1896, the prison officials received from M. Lebon, Minister of Colonies, the order to keep me, until further notice, shut up in my hut throughout the twenty-four hours, with the *double boucle* at night, to inclose the space left for my walk close around the hut with a solid palisade, and to have another guard in my hut in addition to the one already there. Besides this, they withheld the letters and packages sent to me; and the transmission of my correspondence was henceforth ordered to be made only by copies of the originals. Conformably with these instructions, I was shut up night and day, without a minute's walking exercise. This absolute confinement was continued during the whole time needed for the bringing of the wood and the construction of the palisade, that is to say, nearly two months and a half. The heat that year was particularly torrid. It was so great in the hut that the guards made complaint after complaint, declaring that they felt as if their heads were bursting. It became necessary on their account to have their quarters in the shed attached to my house sprinkled every day with water. Dating from the 6th of September, I was put

* The Commandant, who always kept to a correct attitude and whose name I have never known, was shortly afterwards replaced by Deniel.

in the *double boucle* at night. This torment, which lasted nearly two months, consisted in the following measures: two irons in the form of a "U" were fixed by their lower part to the sides of the bed. In these irons an iron bar was inserted, and to this were fastened two *boucles*. At the extremity of the bar, on one side, there was a ring and at the other a padlock, so that the bar was fastened into the irons and consequently to the bed. Therefore, when the feet were inserted in the two rings, it was no longer possible for me to move about; I was fastened in an unchangeable position to my bed. The torture was hardly bearable during those tropical nights. Soon also the rings, which were very tight, lacerated my ankles. The hut was surrounded by a palisade over 8ft. high, and distant about (not quite) 5ft. from it. This palisade was much higher than the little grated windows of the hut, which were hardly 3½ft. above the ground, so that I had no longer either air or light. Outside this first palisade, which was one of defence, and therefore completely closed, was a second one, built quite as close and quite as high, and which, like the first, hid everything from my sight. But, during one of these long nights of torture, when riveted to my bed, with sleep far from eyes, I sought my guiding star, my guide in moments of supreme resolve. I saw all at once the light before me dictating to me my duty: "To-day less than ever have you the right to desert your post, less than ever have you the right to shorten, even by a single hour, your sad and wretched life. Whatever the torments they inflict on you, you must march forward until they bring you to the grave; you must stand up before your executioners so long as you have a shadow of strength, a living wreck to be kept before their eyes by the unassailable sovereignty of the soul which they cannot reach." Therefore, I have formed the resolution of struggling with more energy than ever.



CAPTAIN DREYFUS ON HIS WAY BACK FROM DEVIL'S ISLAND.

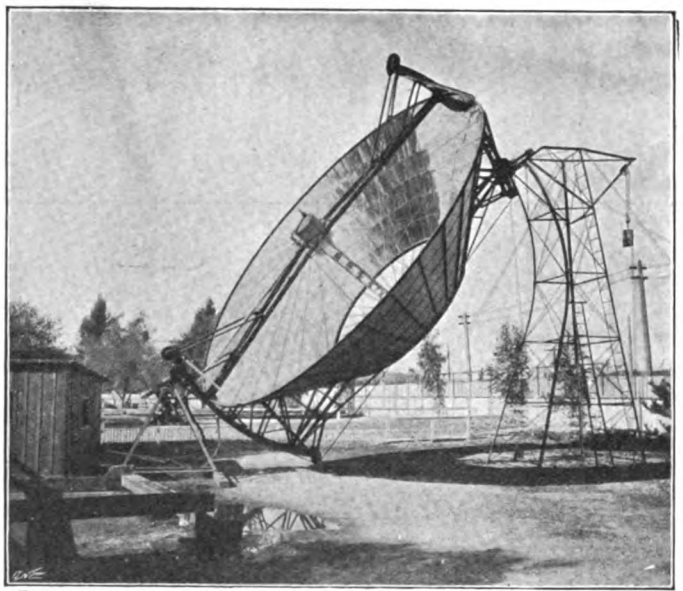
Insects hatched out everywhere in my hut: mosquitoes in the rainy season, ants in all seasons, and these in such considerable numbers that I had to protect my table by placing the legs in old tin cans filled with petroleum. Water was not enough, for the ants formed a chain across its surface and, when the chain was complete, the other ants passed over it as on a bridge. The most harmful of these creeping creatures was the spider-crab, whose bite is poisonous. The spider-crab is an animal whose body has the look of a crab, while the legs have the relative length of those of a spider. The size is about that of a man's hand. I killed any number in my hut, into which they came through the holes in roof and walls.

[Such was the condition of the wretched prisoner in September, 1896. But his sufferings were far from being at an end. It was not until July, 1897, that the first rays of hope began to dawn upon the lonely exile, and not until June, 1899, that from the deck of the *Sfax* he looked for the last time on Devil's Island.]

Some Wonders from the West.

XVII.—SOLAR MOTOR AT SOUTH PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.

By H. Lukens Jones, Pasadena, California.



From a] THE SOLAR MOTOR, SHOWING THE CENTRAL BOILER. *[Photograph.*

A VAST amount of scientific thought and study have been lavished on the subject of solar physics, and at last a device has been perfected through the agency of which the sun's heat can be utilized in creating steam power. The new device is a solar motor.

At an extensive ostrich farm in South Pasadena, California, surrounded by a vast audience of dignified birds, that delightedly admire their wealth of plumage in the glittering expanse of mirrors, the machine is in daily operation. It may be likened to a huge umbrella, open and inverted at such an angle as to catch the sunshine on the hundreds of mirrors which compose its inside surface and reflect the heat on the long, slim boiler which takes the place of the umbrella handle. The machine is set in meridian, on two fixed supports, so as to balance the entire frame, and rests on an equatorial mounting, like a telescope, the axis being due north and south, and the machine turning east and west in following the sun. The reflector is 33ft. 6in. in diameter on top and 15ft. on the bottom. It contains 1,788 mirrors about 3½in. by 24in. in size. The weight of the device is about 8,300lb.

The boiler is of tubular form, 13ft. 6in. in length, with a capacity for 100 gallons of water, and eight cubic feet additional steam space. The boiler is made of fire-box steel covered with an absorptive material, of which lampblack is one of the principal ingredients. Steam is conducted from the boiler to the engine by a flexible pipe made of phosphor bronze, and is entirely metallic. The machine is designed to withstand a wind pressure of 100 miles an hour.

The operation of the motor has been reduced to the simplest possible point, and requires very little human labour. When power is desired the reflector must be swung into focus, which is done by turning a crank. This is not beyond the power of a good-sized boy. An indicator shows when a proper focus has been obtained, and when this is done the reflector follows the sun all day, being regulated by an ordinary clock.

THE SOLAR MOTOR—BACK VIEW. THE OSTRICH IN THE FOREGROUND IS "CECIL RHODES." *From a]* *[Photograph.*

The motor is pumping from an underground tank 12ft. deep, and lifts 1,400 gallons per minute, equivalent to 155 miners' inches. The present model is guaranteed to produce ten horse-power, but under the most favourable conditions it will yield fifteen or twenty horse-power.

The solar motor is a complete solution of the question of making use of the surplus sunshine and underground waters of the deserts.

XVIII.—AN INGENIOUS ENGRAVER.

MR. SAMUEL E. DIBB ENGRAVING ON THE HEAD OF A PIN.
From a Photograph.

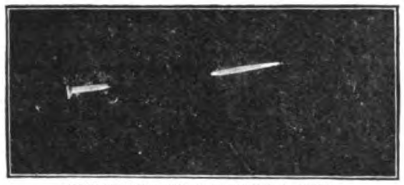
A FEW years ago a man engraved the Lord's Prayer on a United States 3-cent piece (exactly the same size as an English threepenny-piece), and the achievement was talked of all over the world. An engraver in New York undertook to beat that record, and he engraved the alphabet in capital letters upon the head of a pin. This feat was greatly talked about, the New York papers giving protraits of the engraver and drawing representing the pin in its actual size and magnified forty-five diameters. The pin was exhibited in public and optical institutions. But this performance has been quite eclipsed, and with it all previous records, by a young man in Toronto, Canada.

Mr. Samuel E. Dibb is an engraver employed by the "Grip Publishing Company," of Toronto. Mr. Dibb, although not claiming to be an expert engraver, and without any previous trials, set himself to beat the New York engraver. Just how far he succeeded the accompanying illustrations will show. Selecting an ordinary-sized pin, 1⅛in. long, and with a smooth head, he first drove the pin into the end of a soft wood block for convenience of handling, and then with the aid of an ordinary magnifying-glass, and with what is known among engravers as a "No. 1 tint" tool, proceeded with the engraving in the manner shown in the illustration. It is not so much to skill that Mr. Dibb attributes his success as to being the possessor of a very steady hand. On the first pin tried he engraved the alphabet, all the letters being cut in relief. Not content with this performance he next cut on the same-sized pin all the letters of the alphabet,

ENLARGEMENT OF A FIVE-CENT PIECE—THE SIZE OF A THREEPENNY-PIECE—ENGRAVED BY MR. DIBB.
From a [*Photograph.*

the figures from 1 to 10, and the year 1899.

Mr. Dibb next turned his attention to engraving on a Canadian five-cent piece, which is the same size as an English three-penny-piece. After polishing the surface of the coin on one side he cemented it to the surface of a small block of wood to enable him to handle it more readily, and then with the same glass and tool which he had used to engrave the head of the pin he engraved on the coin the following: the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, his name and address, the date, Oct., 1898, and the words, "There are 1,593 letters engraved on this coin." To the naked eye the surface of this coin merely seems to be roughened with indentations, but when examined with a powerful magnifying-glass everything claimed to be upon it was found to be there in capital letters, and evidently with plenty of room and no evidence of crowding. We reproduce on the preceding page an enlarged photograph of the coin.



THE ENGRAVED PIN, ACTUAL SIZE.
From a Photograph.

THE BLACK DOT REPRESENTS THE HEAD OF THE PIN ENGRAVED.
From a Photograph.

After finishing this coin Mr. Dibb believed he could do still better, and started on another coin the same size as the first one used. He had engraved the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, and part of the xix. Psalm, and with all this, which was more than was on the entire surface of the first coin, he had only used half of the space on the face, when much to his dismay the coin was stolen and no trace of it could ever be found. But Mr. Dibb, with a true British spirit, would not be beaten, and again turning his attention to pins he engraved on the pin which has been sent to THE STRAND MAGAZINE in order to prove that all that is said is correct, the following: "A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z, and 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0. THE STRAND MAGAZINE welcomes the New Century 1901."

In all there are seventy-eight characters in capital letters. The accompanying photo., showing the pin's head enlarged, does not show up the work as well as can be seen by looking through a strong magnifying-glass. The work of engraving this pin-head took Mr. Dibb four hours, and we think this beats all previous records in this line. We found it very difficult to secure a good photo. of the pin, as the camera distorted it somewhat, but the difficulty was partly overcome by placing the pin-head pointing out of a board and then placing the same glass that was used in the engraving of the pin directly over it, and the camera at a distance of about 3ft. The exposure gave a negative about one-quarter of an inch in diameter. The photo. here produced was enlarged from a print of this negative.

ENLARGEMENT OF THE PIN'S HEAD, SHOWING THE ENGRAVING.
From a Photograph.

XIX.—THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE PROJECTILE EVER INVENTED.

IN spite of Peace Conferences and humanitarian efforts toward the suppression of warfare, the man who can invent the weapon calculated to wreak, in the shortest possible time, the greatest possible destruction of life and property is still a popular hero and certain winner of wealth and glory.

Year by year the power of these death-dealing agencies has increased until the possibilities would seem to be exhausted, but now to inaugurate the new century comes a gun apparently more deadly than any of its predecessors.

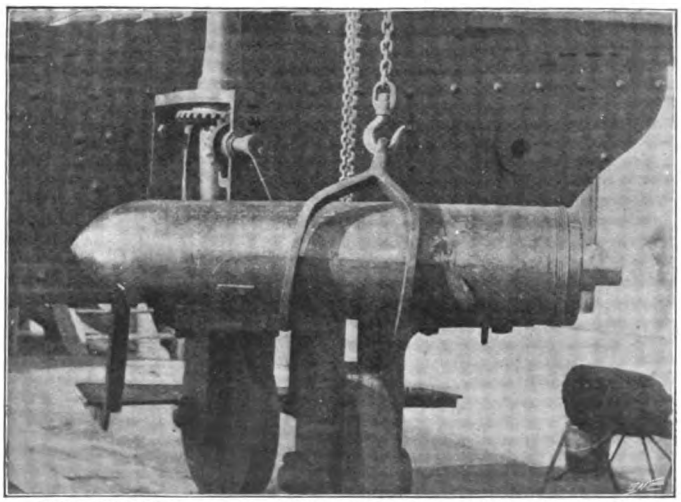
It is the invention of Louis Gathmann, of Chicago, and after a series of exhaustive tests has just been officially adopted by the United States Government. It will be of 18in. bore, and will throw 600lb. to 800lb. of gun-cotton a distance of five miles.

This new Gathmann arm, in a word, is a high explosive projectile, with a gun for firing it. It makes possible the use of

enormous charges of gun-cotton in shells discharged from high-power rifled cannon of the most modern construction and the longest effective range. It practically converts the modern cannon into a torpedo-tube and the modern explosive projectile into an aerial torpedo.

It has long been the dream of artillerists to use high explosives in projectiles. All attempts to do so have proved abortive or inefficient. Dynamite guns have been comparative failures on account of the low muzzle velocities required by the use of compressed air. The low velocity entails two weaknesses which render the gun useless to a great extent. First, it gives an extremely short range to the gun, and makes accuracy of aim impossible.

In the Gathmann gun both of these faults



THE GATHMANN SHELL AS IT APPEARS WHEN BEING LOADED INTO THE GUN.
From a Photograph.

have been corrected, and a weapon has been produced whose projectiles carry a charge of gun-cotton sufficient to destroy, by one tremendous explosion, a modern warship and every human life thereon.

The shells discharged from Mr. Gathmann's cannon contain from 600lb. to 800lb. of gun-cotton, the most terrible explosive known. The detonation of this amount of gun-cotton in contact with the armoured sides of a modern battleship would crush in its massive steel shell, no matter what their strength or thickness. The mere shock or concussion of so much high explosive would, by impact of the air, kill, maim, or render insensible every soul.

At the recent test experiments at Sandy Hook department experts were completely astounded at the tremendous destructive power of the new instrument of warfare. A powerful structure was erected consisting of a 10in. nickel-steel armour, backed by 180,000lb. of strong earthworks, timbers, etc. This target resisted the assault of several ordinary shells and remained practically uninjured, but at one shot from a Gathmann shell was completely demolished, and not one timber or piece of armour remained intact. Some of the pieces were blown two miles away, and the consensus of opinion among those present was that the most powerful warship afloat would be utterly destroyed as a result of such a shot.

What made this test even the more remarkable is the fact that only one-fourth of the proper supply of explosive was used—135lb. instead of 600lb. What would have happened to the target had the full complement been utilized can only be left to conjecture.

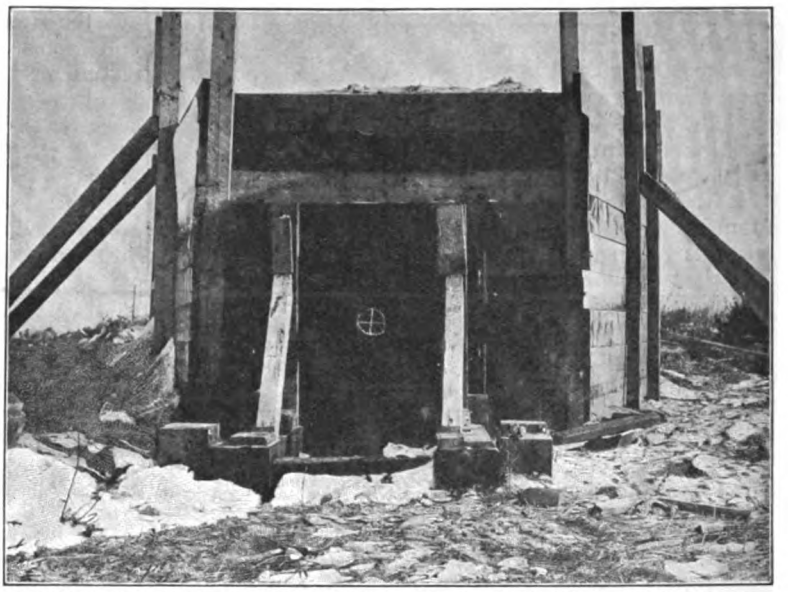
Mr. Gathmann has made a life-study of explosives, and has long been before the public as the inventor of many valuable contributions to war science. He considers his new gun his masterpiece, and when seen just after the Sandy Hook tests was highly elated over its success. Commenting on its possibilities he said :—

"Now, I claim for the Gathmann shell that whatever it hits is doomed. What chance could any warship, however powerful, which had to fire a hundred shots to secure a victory, stand against a vessel whose every hit was mortal? The gun is a giant in dimensions, weighs over 100,000lb., and is 44½ft. long. Although it has an 18in. bore, it can be safely mounted on a 12in. gun-carriage.

"The total weight of the torpedo-shell which this immense gun was constructed to hurl is 700lb. It is cigar-shaped. The muzzle velocity is about 2,200ft. per second, and the shell is fired from the gun with smokeless powder made according to a special formula and intended only for this particular work.

"The target or structure was erected under the supervision of trained army experts, and was stanch and powerful enough to resist

almost any attack with ordinary explosives. Five hundred men could have covered themselves within it and, safe from modern guns, could have done deadly execution on any exposed force within range. Several ordinary shells were fired at the structure and exploded without doing any appreciable damage. Then came the test of my shell.



THE POWERFUL STEEL-PLATE TARGET, BACKED BY NINETY TONS OF EARTH, BEFORE THE SHOT.
From a Photograph.

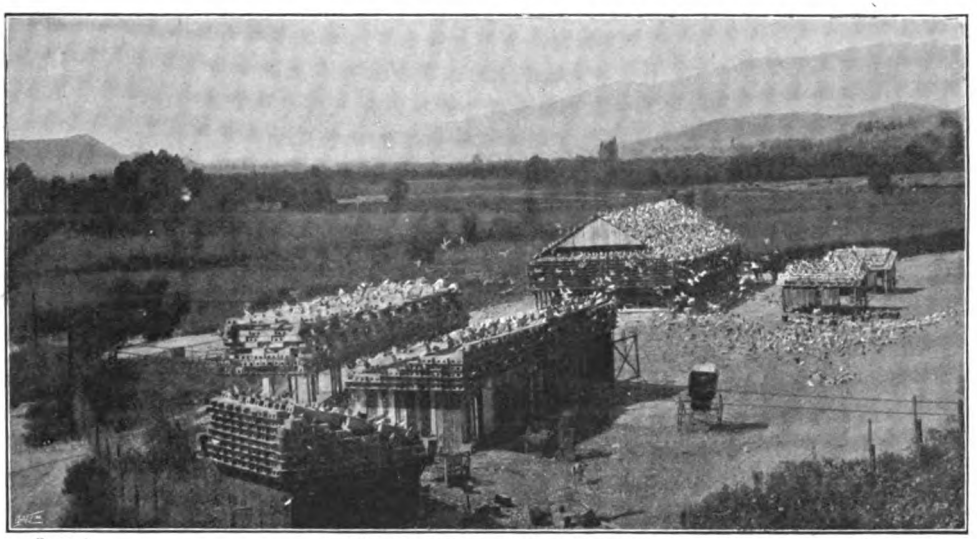
"It was carefully placed in position, and I myself fired the shot. The effect was startling. The shell, rolling slightly, sped straight to the centre of the target, and hit it with an explosion that could have been heard for miles and shook the very ground under our feet.

"When we recovered from the shock we looked for the target in order to study the effect, but it was gone! Armour, timbers, and earthworks had not availed against that frightful cataclysm, and the structure was blown to atoms. Here and there we found vestiges of the target, but mostly small pieces, and some of the *débris* was afterwards picked up several miles away, and all this with but one-fourth the regular load! Had 500 embattled men crouched in the structure not one would have survived."

XX.—THE ONLY PIGEON RANCH IN THE WORLD.

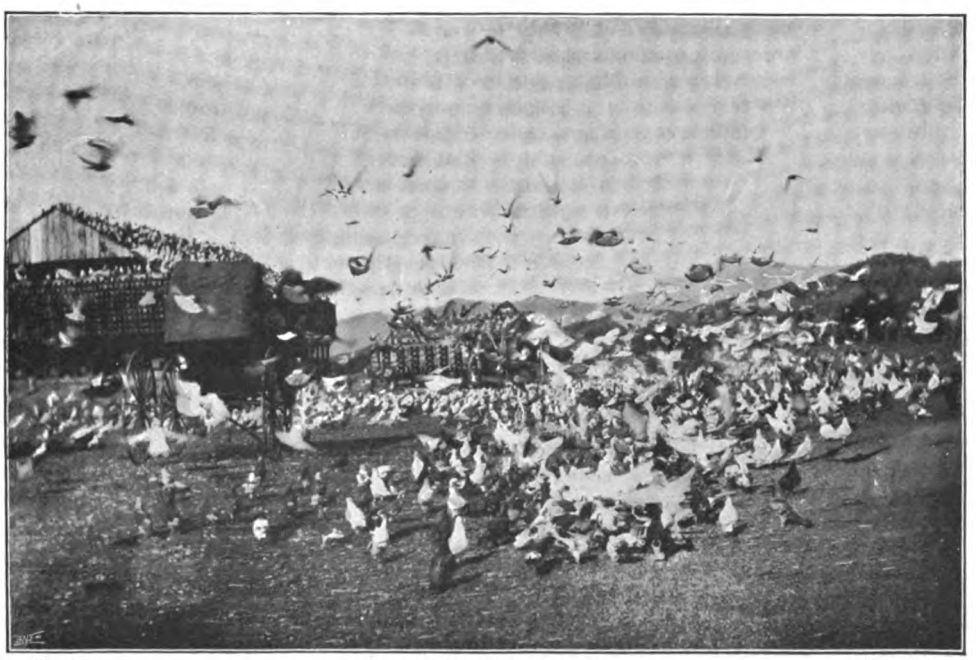
TWELVE THOUSAND flying pigeons are the main part of a pigeon ranch situated on the outskirts of Los Angeles, California. The pigeons live in three large tiers of coops or houses and in numerous smaller ones. The largest of the houses, which is shown in the illustration on the next page, contains 3,000 coops inside and 749 outside. The other two buildings are made up of 2,000 and 1,000 coops respectively. A remarkable fact

THE COMPLETE DEMOLITION OF THE TARGET AFTER BEING STRUCK BY THE GATHMANN SHELL.
From a Photograph.

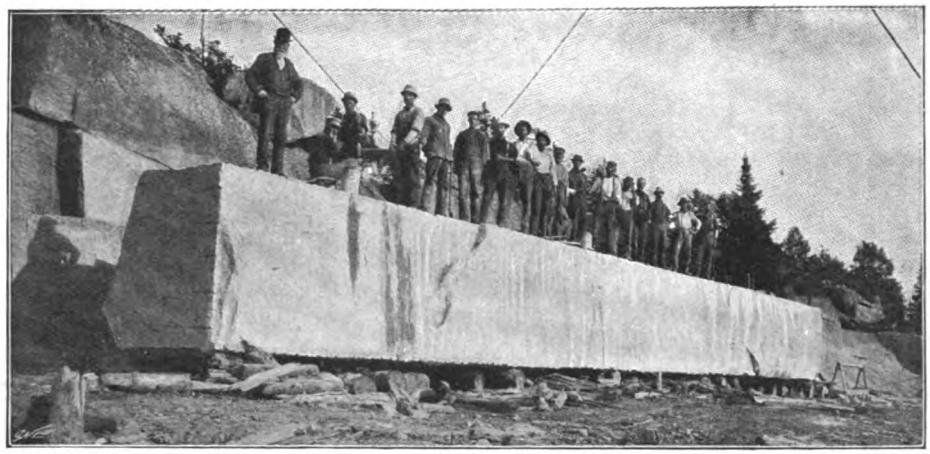


From a] A GENERAL VIEW OF THE PIGEON RANCH. *[Photograph.*

in connection with this place is that the pigeons never leave the ranch, and it is seldom that one ever gets beyond the large wire fence that surrounds the place. They are fed on assorted grain and screenings, at a cost of about eight dollars per day. There are estimated to be about 12,000 flying pigeons on the ranch. There are also a large number of young birds, or squabs, which are still in the nests. These squabs are killed for market before they are old enough to fly. As soon as they are able to fly they get thin. Each day the keeper goes through the nests and secures enough squabs to fill the market orders for the next day. These birds are killed by disjointing their necks, and after being dressed are delivered. This is a profitable industry that requires very little care.



From a] SOME OF THE PIGEONS FEEDING. *[Photograph.*



From a Photo. by] A PILLAR BEFORE TURNING—WEIGHT 310 TONS. *[W. H. Merrithew.*

XXI.—GIANT LATHE FOR TURNING CATHEDRAL COLUMNS.

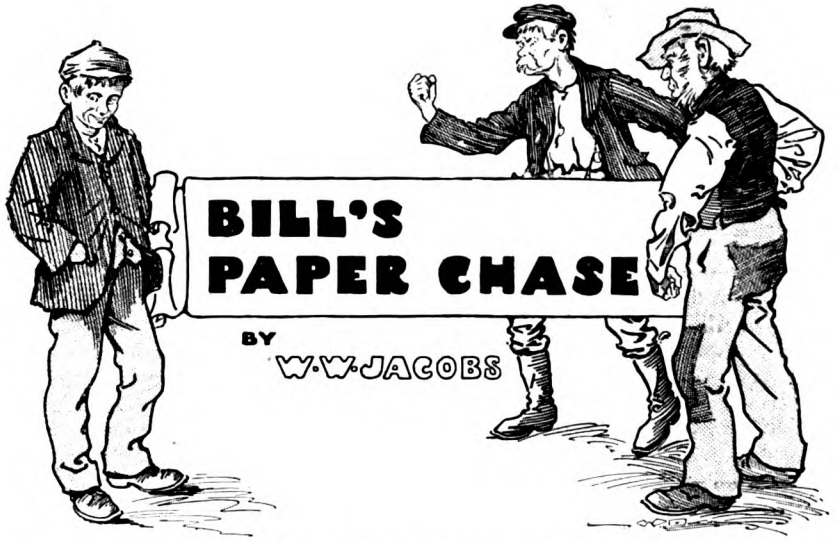
Look at the large block of granite seen in our photograph, and then think of the immense amount of work required to convert it into a perfectly round, highly-polished column! True, the work would be colossal were it not possible to accomplish it by machinery. And the machine which works this transformation may be described as the latest triumph in the industrial world. It is by far the largest lathe of its kind in existence.

But what makes this Wonder of the West so interesting is the fact that this piece of machinery was specially designed to turn and polish thirty-two large granite columns for a cathedral which is being erected in New York.

The accepted plans of the cathedral called for thirty-two huge columns, 54ft. high and 6ft. in diameter. Now, it was not considered an extraordinary feat to quarry columns of this length, though it was an order which quarry-owners were not in the habit of receiving every day. But after they were quarried how were they to be turned and polished? To have accomplished the work by hand would have been a very long and tedious operation, and also a very costly one. It was suggested, therefore, that a lathe should be built for the purpose. When the engineers gave serious attention to the matter they soon discovered that a lathe to turn such an enormous mass of granite would require to be of very vast proportions. At last one was designed and patented by Messrs. E. R. Cheney and H. A. Spiller, of Boston, and built by the Philadelphia Roll and Machine Company, of Philadelphia, Pa.

This lathe, by far the largest in the world, is 86ft. in length, and, when in working order, weighs 135 tons. It has swings 6ft. 6in. by 60ft. long, and eight cutters. Each tool, or cutter, takes out a cut 3in. deep, the entire eight cutters reducing the column 24in. in diameter at one pass over the stone. The block of granite seen in our first illustration weighs 310 tons; it is 67ft. long, 8½ft. high, and 7ft. wide. It was quarried by the Bodwell Granite Company, of Vinalhaven. After the blanks are quarried they are rough-hewn at the corners by hand in order that they may be placed in the lathe. Once in the lathe it requires about six weeks to turn out the finished column, dressed and polished.

From a Photo. by] THE SAME PILLAR IN THE LATHE. *[W. H. Merrithew.*



BILL'S PAPER CHASE

BY W. W. JACOBS

SAILORMEN 'ave their faults, said the night-watchman, frankly. I'm not denying of it. I used to 'ave myself when I was at sea, but being close with their money is a fault as can seldom be brought ag'in 'em.

I saved some money once—two golden sovereigns, owing to a 'ole in my pocket. Before I got another ship I slept two nights on a door-step and 'ad nothing to eat, and I found them two sovereigns in the lining o' my coat when I was over two thousand miles away from the nearest pub.

I on'y knew one miser all the years I was at sea. Thomas Geary 'is name was, and we was shipmates aboard the barque *Grenada*, homeward bound from Sydney to London.

Thomas was a man that was getting into years; sixty, I think 'e was, and old enough to know better. 'E'd been saving 'ard for over forty years, and as near as we could make out 'e was worth a matter o' six 'undered pounds. He used to be fond o' talking about it, and letting us know how much better off 'e was than any of the rest of us.

We was about a month out from Sydney when old Thomas took sick. Bill Hicks said that it was owing to a ha'penny he couldn't account for; but Walter Jones, whose family was always ill, and thought 'e knew a lot about it, said that 'e knew wot it was, but 'e couldn't remember the name of it, and that when we got to London and Thomas saw a doctor, we should see as 'ow 'e was right.

Whatever it was the old man got worse and worse. The skipper came down and gave 'im some physic and looked at 'is tongue, and then 'e looked at our tongues to see wot the difference was. Then 'e left the cook in charge of 'im and went off.

The next day Thomas was worse, and it was soon clear to everybody but 'im that 'e was slipping 'is cable. He wouldn't believe it at first, though the cook told 'im, Bill Hicks told him, and Walter Jones 'ad a grandfather that went off in just the same way.

"I'm not going to die," says Thomas. "How can I die and leave all that money?"

"It'll be good for your relations, Thomas," says Walter Jones.

"I ain't got any," says the old man.

"Well, your friends, then, Thomas," says Walter, soft-like.

"Ain't got any," says the old man ag'in.

"Yes, you 'ave, Thomas," says Walter, with a kind smile; "I could tell you one you've got."

Thomas shut 'is eyes at 'im and began to talk pitiful about 'is money and the 'ard work 'e'd 'ad saving of it. And by-and-by 'e got worse, and didn't reckernise us, but thought we was a pack o' greedy, drunken sailormen. He thought Walter Jones was a shark, and told 'im so, and, try all 'e could, Walter couldn't persuade 'im different.

He died the day arter. In the morning 'e was whimpering about 'is money ag'in, and angry with Bill when 'e reminded 'im that 'e couldn't take it with 'im, and 'e made Bill promise that 'e should be buried just as 'e was. Bill tucked him up arter that, and when 'e felt a canvas belt tied round the old man's waist 'e began to see wot 'e was driving at.

The weather was dirty that day and there was a bit o' sea running, consequently all 'ands was on deck, and a boy about sixteen wot used to 'elp the steward down aft was

lookin' arter Thomas. Me and Bill just run down to give a look at the old man in time.

"I *am* going to take it with me, Bill," says the old man.

"That's right," says Bill.

"My mind's—easy now," says Thomas. "I gave it to Jimmy—to—to—throw overboard for me."

"*Wot?*" says Bill, staring.

"That's right, Bill," says the boy. "He told me to. It was a little packet o' banknotes. He gave me tuppence for doing it."

Old Thomas seemed to be listening. 'Is eyes was open, and 'e looked artful at Bill to think wot a clever thing 'e'd done.

"Nobody's goin'—to spend—*my* money," 'e says. "Nobody's-——"

We drew back from 'is bunk, and stood staring at 'im. Then Bill turned to the boy.

"Go and tell the skipper 'e's gone," 'e says, "and mind, for your own sake, don't tell the skipper or anybody else that you've thrown all that money overboard."

"Why not?" says Jimmy.

"Becos you'll be locked up for it," says Bill; "you'd no business to do it. You've been and broke the law. It ought to ha' been left to somebody."

Jimmy looked scared, and arter 'e was gone I turned to Bill, and I looks at 'im and I says: "What's the little game, Bill?"

"*Game?*" says Bill, snorting at me. "I don't want the pore boy to get into trouble, do I? Pore little chap. You was young yourself once."

"Yes," I says; "but I'm a bit older now, Bill, and unless you tell me wot your little game is, I shall tell the skipper myself, and the chaps too. Pore old Thomas told 'im to do it, so where's the boy to blame?"

"Do you think Jimmy *did?*" says Bill, screwing up his nose at me. "That little varmint is walking about worth six 'undered quid. Now you keep your mouth shut and I'll make it worth your while."

Then I see Bill's game. "All right, I'll keep quiet for the sake o' my half," I says, looking at 'im.

I thought he'd ha' choked, and the langwidge 'e see fit to use was a'most as much as I could answer.

"Very well, then," 'e says, at last, "halves it is. It ain't robbery becos it belongs to nobody, and it ain't the boy's becos 'e was told to throw it overboard."

They buried pore old Thomas next morning, and arter it was all over Bill put 'is 'and on the boy's shoulder as they walked for'ard and 'e says, "Poor old Thomas 'as gone to look for 'is money," he says; "wonder whether 'e'll find it! Was it a big bundle, Jimmy?"

"No," says the boy, shaking 'is 'ead. "They was six 'undered pound notes and two sovereigns, and I wrapped the sovereigns up in the notes to make 'em sink. Fancy throwing money away like that, Bill: seems a sin, don't it?"

Bill didn't answer 'im, and that arternoon the other chaps below being asleep we searched 'is bunk through and through without any luck, and at last Bill sat down and swore 'e must ha' got it about 'im.

We waited till night, and when everybody was snoring 'ard we went over to the boy's bunk and went all through 'is pockets and felt the linings, and then we went back to our side and Bill said wot 'e thought about Jimmy in whispers.

"He must ha' got it tied round 'is waist next to 'is skin, like Thomas 'ad," I says.

We stood there in the dark whispering, and then Bill couldn't stand it any longer, and 'e went over on tiptoe to the bunk ag'in. He was tremblin' with excitement and I wasn't much better, when all of a sudden the cook sat up in 'is bunk with a dreadful laughing scream and called out that somebody was ticklin' 'im.

I got into my bunk and Bill got into 'is, and we lay there listening while the cook, who was a terrible ticklish man, leaned out of 'is bunk and said wot 'e'd do if it 'appened ag'in.

"Go to sleep," says Walter Jones; "you're dreamin'. Who d'you think would want to tickle you?"

"I tell you," says the cook, "somebody come over and tickled me with a 'and the size of a leg o' mutton. I feel creepy all over."

Bill gave it up for that night, but the next day 'e pretended to think Jimmy was gettin' fat an' 'e caught 'old of 'im and prodded 'im all over. He thought 'e felt something round 'is waist, but 'e couldn't be sure, and Jimmy made such a noise that the other chaps interfered and told Bill to leave 'im alone.

For a whole week we tried to find that money, and couldn't, and Bill said it was a suspicious thing that Jimmy kept aft a good deal more than 'e used to, and 'e got an idea that the boy might ha' 'idden it somewhere there. At the end o' that time, 'owever, owing to our being short-'anded, Jimmy was sent for'ard to work as ordinary seaman, and it began to be quite noticeable the way 'e avoided Bill.

At last one day we got 'im alone down the fo'c's'le, and Bill put 'is arm round 'im and got 'im on the locker and asked 'im straight out where the money was.

"Why, I chucked it overboard," he says. "I told you so afore. Wot a memory you've got, Bill!"

Bill picked 'im up and laid 'im on the locker, and we searched 'im thoroughly. We even took 'is boots off, and then we 'ad another look in 'is bunk while 'e was putting 'em on ag'in.

"If you're innercent," says Bill, "why don't you call out?—eh?"

"Because you told me not to say anything about it, Bill," says the boy. "But I will next time. Loud, I will."

"Look 'ere," says Bill, "you tell us where it is, and the three of us'll go shares in it. That'll be two 'undered pounds each, and we'll tell you 'ow to get yours changed without getting caught. We're cleverer than you are, you know."

"I know that, Bill," says the boy; "but it's no good me telling you lies. I chucked it overboard."

"Very good, then," says Bill, getting up. "I'm going to tell the skipper."

"Tell 'im," says Jimmy. "I don't care."

"Then you'll be searched *arter you've stepped ashore*," says Bill, "and you won't be allowed on the ship ag'in. You'll lose it all by being greedy, whereas if you go shares with us you'll 'ave two 'undered pounds."

I could see as 'ow the boy 'adn't thought o' that, and try as 'e would 'e couldn't 'ide 'is feelin's. He called Bill a red-nosed shark, and 'e called me somethin' I've forgotten now.

"Think it over," says Bill; "mind, you'll be collared as soon as you've left the gangway and searched by the police."

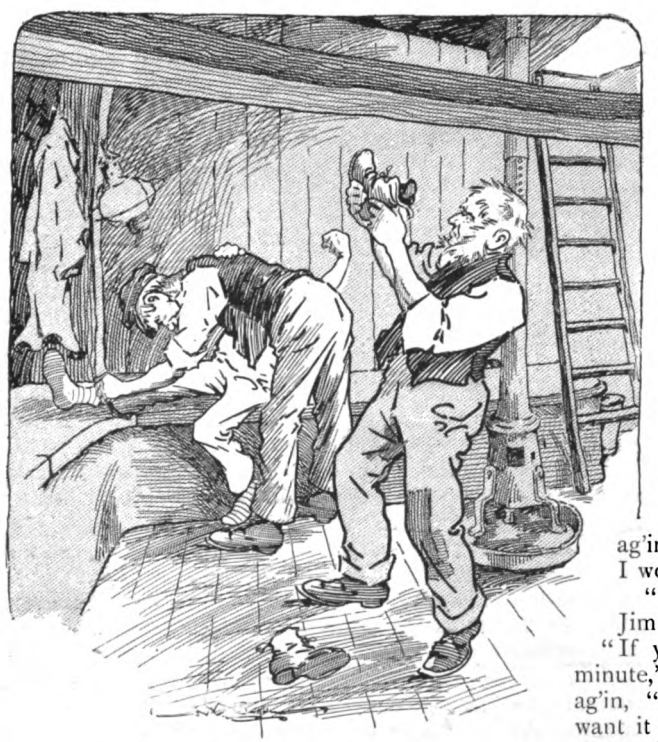
"And will they tickle the cook too, I wonder?" says Jimmy, savagely.

"And if they find it you'll go to prison," says Bill, giving 'im a clump o' the side o' the 'ead, "and you won't like that, I can tell you."

"Why, ain't it nice, Bill?" says Jimmy.

Bill looked at 'im and then 'e steps to the ladder. "I'm not going to talk to you any more, my lad," 'e says. "I'm going to tell the skipper."

He went up slowly, and just as 'e reached the deck Jimmy started up and called 'im. Bill pretended not to 'ear, and the boy ran up on deck and follered 'im; and arter a little while they both came down ag'in together.



"WE SEARCHED 'IM THOROUGHLY."

"Did you wish to speak to me, my lad?" says Bill, 'olding 'is 'ead up.

"Yes," says the boy, fiddling with 'is fingers; "if you keep your ugly mouth shut, we'll go shares."

"Ho!" says Bill, "I thought you throwed it overboard!"

"I thought so, too, Bill," says Jimmy, very softly, "and when I come below ag'in I found it in my trousers' pocket."

"Where is it now?" says Bill.

"Never mind where it is," says the boy; "you couldn't get it if I was to tell you. It'll take me all my time to do it myself."

"Where is it?" says Bill, ag'in. "I'm goin' to take care of it. I won't trust you."

"And I can't trust you," says Jimmy.

"If you don't tell me where it is this minute," says Bill, moving to the ladder ag'in, "I'm off to tell the skipper. I want it in my 'ands, or at any rate my share of it. Why not share it out now?"

"Because I 'aven't got it," says Jimmy, stamping 'is foot, "that's why, and it's all your silly fault. Arter you came pawing through my pockets when you thought I was asleep I got frightened and 'id it."

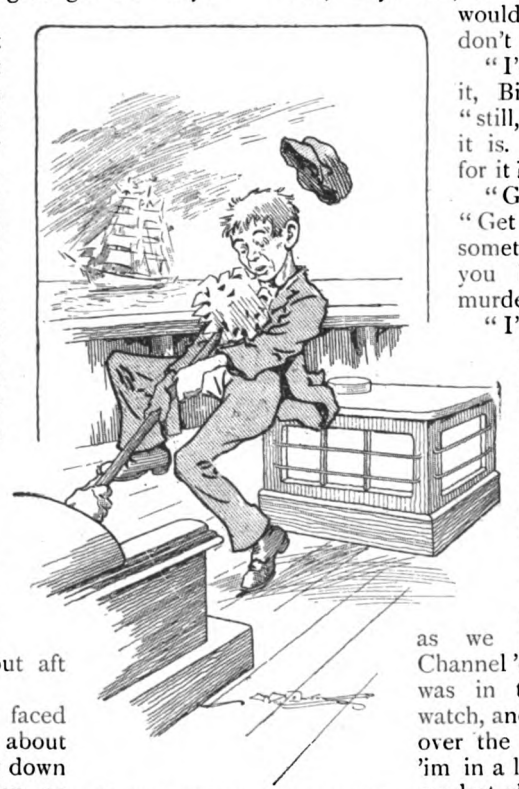
"Where?" says Bill.

"In the second mate's mattress," says Jimmy. "I was tidying up down aft and I found a 'ole in the underneath side of 'is mattress and I shoved it in there, and poked it in with a bit o' stick."

"And 'ow are you going to get it?" says Bill, scratching 'is 'ead.

"That's wot I don't know, seeing that I'm not allowed aft now," says Jimmy. "One of us'll 'ave to make a dash for it when we get to London. And mind if there's any 'anky-panky on your part, Bill, I'll give the show away myself."

The cook came down just then and we 'ad to leave off talking, and I could see that Bill was so pleased at finding that the money 'adn't been thrown overboard that 'e was losing sight o' the difficulty o' getting at it. In a day or two, 'owever, 'e see it as plain as me and Jimmy did, and, as time went by, he got desprit, and frightened us both by 'anging about aft every chance 'e got.



"'OLDING ON TO THE TOP OF A MOP."

The companion-way faced the wheel, and there was about as much chance o' getting down there without being seen as there would be o' taking a man's false teeth out of 'is mouth without 'is knowing it. Jimmy went down one day while Bill was at the wheel to look for 'is knife, wot 'e thought 'e'd left down there, and 'e'd 'ardly got down afore Bill saw 'im come up ag'in, 'olding on to the top of a mop which the steward was using.

We couldn't figure it out nohow, and to think o' the second mate, a little man with a large fam'ly, who never 'ad a penny in 'is pocket, sleeping every night on a six 'undered pound mattress, sent us pretty near crazy. We used to talk it over whenever we got a chance, and Bill and Jimmy could scarcely be civil to each other. The boy said it was Bill's fault, and 'e said it was the boy's.

"The on'y thing I can see," says the boy, one day, "is for Bill to 'ave a touch of sunstroke as 'e's leaving the wheel one day, tumble 'ead-first down the companion-way, and injure 'isself so severely that e' can't be moved. Then they'll put 'im in a cabin down aft, and p'r'aps I'll 'ave to go and nurse 'im. Anyway, *he'll* be down there."

"It's a very good idea, Bill," I says.

"Ho," says Bill, looking at me as if 'e would eat me. "Why don't you do it, then?"

"I'd sooner you did it, Bill," says the boy; "still, I don't mind which it is. Why not toss up for it?"

"Get away," says Bill. "Get away afore I do something you won't like, you blood-thirsty little murderer."

"I've got a plan myself," he says, in a low voice, after the boy 'ad 'opped off, "and if I can't think of nothing better I'll try it, and mind, not a word to the boy."

He didn't think o' nothing better, and one night just as we was entering the Channel 'e tried 'is plan. He was in the second mate's watch, and by-and-by 'e leans over the wheel and says to 'im in a low voice, "This is my last v'y'ge, sir."

"Oh," says the second mate, who was a man as didn't mind talking to a man before the mast. "How's that?"

"I've got a berth ashore, sir," says Bill, "and I wanted to ask a favour, sir."

The second mate growled and walked off a pace or two.

"I've never been so 'appy as I've been on this ship," says Bill; "none of us 'ave. We was saying so the other night, and everybody agreed as it was owing to you, sir, and your kindness to all of us."

The second mate coughed, but Bill could see as 'e was a bit pleased.

"The feeling came over me," says Bill, "that when I leave the sea for good I'd like

to 'ave something o' yours to remember you by, sir. And it seemed to me that if I 'ad your mattress I should think of you ev'ry night o' my life."

"My *wot?*" says the second mate, staring at 'im.

"Your mattress, sir," says Bill. "If I might make so bold as to offer a pound for it, sir. I want something wot's been used by you, and I've got a fancy for that as a keepsake."

The second mate shook 'is 'ead. "I'm sorry, Bill," 'e says, gently, "but I couldn't let it go at that."

"I'd sooner pay thirty shillin's than not 'ave it, sir," says Bill, 'umbly.

"I gave a lot of money for that mattress," says the mate, ag'in. "I forgit 'ow much, but a lot. You don't know 'ow valuable that mattress is."

"I know it's a good one, sir, else you wouldn't 'ave it," says Bill. "Would a couple o' pounds buy it, sir?"

The second mate hum'd and ha'd, but Bill was afeard to go any 'igher. So far as 'e could make out from Jimmy, the mattress was worth about eighteenpence — to anybody who wasn't pertiklar.

"I've slept on that mattress for years," says the mate, looking at 'im from the corner of 'is eye. "I don't believe I could sleep on another. Still, to oblige you, Bill, you shall 'ave it at that if you don't want it till we go ashore?"

"Thankee, sir," says Bill, 'ardly able to keep from dancing, "and I'll 'and over the two pounds when we're paid off. I shall keep it all my life, sir, in memory of you and your kindness."

"And mind you keep quiet about it," says the second mate, who didn't want the skipper to know wot 'e'd been doing, "because I don't want to be bothered by other men wanting to buy things as keepsakes."

Bill promised 'im like a shot, and when 'e told me about it 'e was nearly crying with joy.

"And mind," 'e says, "I've bought that mattress, bought it as it stands, and it's got nothing to do with Jimmy. We'll each pay a pound and halve wot's in it."

He persuaded me at last, but that boy watched us like a cat watching a couple o' canaries, and I could see we should 'ave all we could do to deceive *'im*. He seemed more suspicious o' Bill than me, and 'e kep' worrying us nearly every day to know wot we were going to do.

"I COULDN'T LET IT GO AT THAT."

We beat about in the Channel with a strong 'ead-wind for four days, and then a tug picked us up and towed us to London.

The excitement of that last little bit was 'orrible. Fust of all we 'ad got to get the mattress, and then in some way we 'ad got to get rid o' Jimmy. Bill's idea was for me to take 'im ashore with me and tell 'im that Bill would join us arterwards, and then lose 'im; but I said that till I'd got my share I couldn't bear to lose sight o' Bill's honest face for 'alf a second.

And, besides, Jimmy wouldn't 'ave gone. All the way up the river 'e stuck to Bill, and kept asking 'im wot we were to do. 'E was 'alf crying, and so excited that Bill was afraid the other chaps would notice it.

We got to our berth in the East India Docks at last, and arter we were made fast we went below to 'ave a wash and change into our shore-going togs. Jimmy watched us all the time, and then 'e comes up to Bill biting 'is nails, and says:—

"How's it to be done, Bill?"

"Hang about arter the rest 'ave gone

ashore, and trust to luck," says Bill, looking at me. "We'll see 'ow the land lays when we draw our advance."

We went down aft to draw ten shillings each to go ashore with. Bill and me got ours fust, and then the second mate who 'ad tipped 'im the wink follered us out unconcerned-like and 'anded Bill the mattress rolled up in a sack.

"'Ere you are, Bill," 'e says.

"Much obliged, sir," says Bill, and 'is 'ands trembled so as 'e could 'ardly 'old it, and 'e made to go off afore Jimmy came up on deck.

Then that fool of a mate kept us there while 'e made a little speech. Twice Bill made to go off, but 'e put 'is 'and on 'is arm and kept 'im there while 'e told 'im 'ow he'd always tried to be liked by the men, and 'ad generally succeeded, and in the middle of it up popped Master Jimmy.

He gave a start as 'e saw the bag, and 'is eyes opened wide, and then as we walked for'ard 'e put 'is arm through Bill's and called 'im all the names 'e could think of.

"You'd steal the milk out of a cat's saucer," 'e says; "but mind, you don't leave this ship till I've got my share."

"I meant it for a pleasant surprise for you, Jimmy," says Bill, trying to smile.

"I don't like your surprises, Bill, so I don't deceive you," says the boy. "Where are you going to open it?"

"I was thinking of opening it in my bunk," says Bill. "The perlice might want to examine it if we took it through the dock. Come on, Jimmy, old man."

"Yes; all right," says the boy, nodding 'is 'ead at 'im. "I'll stay up 'ere. You might forget yourself, Bill, if I trusted myself down there with you alone. You can throw my share up to me, and then you'll leave the ship afore I do. See?"

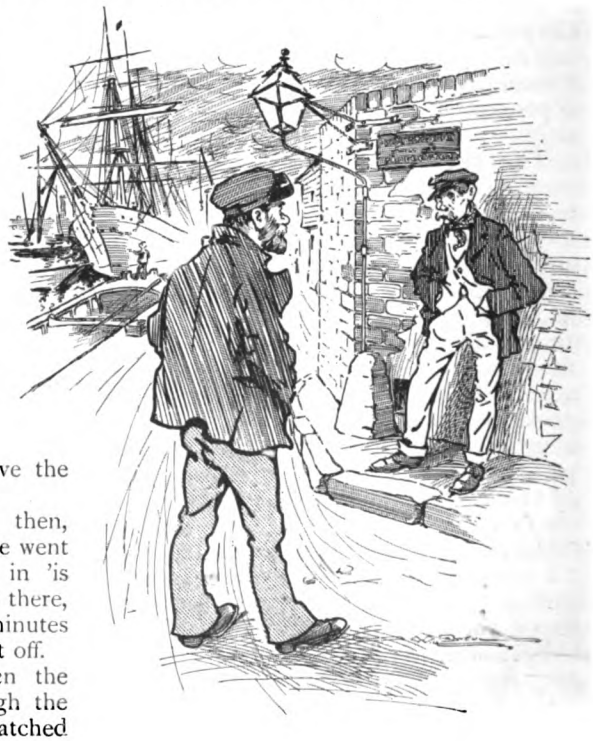
"Go to blazes," says Bill; and then, seeing that the last chance 'ad gone, we went below, and 'e chucked the bundle in 'is bunk. There was only one chap down there, and arter spending best part o' ten minutes doing 'is hair 'e nodded to us and went off.

Half a minute later Bill cut open the mattress and began to search through the stuffing, while I struck matches and watched 'im. It wasn't a big mattress and there wasn't much stuffing, but we couldn't seem to see that money. Bill went all over it ag'in and ag'in, and then 'e stood up and looked at me and caught 'is breath painful.

"Do you think the mate found it?" 'e says, in a 'usky voice.

We went through it ag'in, and then Bill went half-way up the fo'c's'le ladder and called softly for Jimmy. He called three times, and then, with a sinking sensation in 'is stummick, 'e went up on deck and I follered 'im. The boy was nowhere to be seen. All we saw was the ship's cat 'aving a wash and brush-up afore going ashore, and the skipper standing aft talking to the owner.

We never saw that boy ag'in. He never turned up for 'is box, and 'e didn't show up to draw 'is pay. Everybody else was there, of course, and arter I'd got mine and come outside I see pore Bill with 'is back up ag'in a wall, staring 'ard at the second mate, who was looking at 'im with a kind smile, and asking 'im 'ow he'd slept. The last thing I saw of Bill, the pore chap 'ad got 'is 'and in 'is trousers' pockets, and was trying 'is hardest to smile back.



[*The following interesting letter was written by Lewis Carroll to his cousin, and is now published for the first time.*]

Ch. Ch., May 11, 1859.

My Dear William,—I have had it in my head for some time back to write you an account of my visit to the Isle of Wight, only I doubted if there was enough to tell to make it worth while—now, however, that you yourself ask for it, you must be thankful for what you get, interesting or not—truly "bis dat qui cito dat" (I trust there is some latent appropriateness in the quotation). W—— must have basely misrepresented me if he said that I followed the Laureate down to his retreat, as I went, not knowing that he was there, to stay with an old college friend at Freshwater. Being there, I had the inalienable right of a freeborn Briton to make a morning call, which I did, in spite of my friend Collyns having assured me that the Tennysons had not yet arrived. There was a man painting the garden railing when I walked up to the house, of whom I asked if Mr. Tennyson were at home, fully expecting the answer "No," so that it was an agreeable surprise when he said, "He's there, sir," and pointed him out, and, behold! he was not many yards off, mowing his lawn in a wideawake and spectacles. I had to introduce myself, as he is too short-sighted to recognise people, and when he had finished the bit of mowing he was at, he took me into the house to see Mrs. Tennyson, who, I was very sorry to find, had been very ill, and was then suffering from almost total sleeplessness. She was lying on the sofa, looking rather worn and haggard, so that I stayed a very few minutes. She asked me to come to dinner that evening to meet a Mr. Warburton (brother of the "Crescent and the Cross"), but her husband revoked the invitation before I left, as he said he wished her to be as little excited as possible that evening, and begged I would drop in for tea that evening, and dine with them the next day. He took me over the house to see the pictures, etc. (among which my photographs of the family were hung "on the line," framed in those enamel—what do you call them, cartons?) The view from the garret windows he considers one of the finest in the island, and showed me a picture which his friend Richard Doyle had painted of it for him; also his little smoking-room at the top of the house, where of course he offered me a pipe; also the nursery, where we found the beautiful little Hallam (his son), who remembered me more readily than his father had done.

I went in the evening, and found Mr. Warburton an agreeable man, with rather a shy, nervous manner; he is a clergyman, and inspector of schools in that neighbourhood. We got on the subject of clerical duty in the evening, and Tennyson said he thought clergymen as a body didn't do half the good they might if they were less stuck-up and showed a little more sympathy with their people. "What they want," he said, "is force and geniality—geniality without force will of course do no good, but force without geniality will do very little." All very sound theology, to my thinking. This was up in the little smoking-room, to which we had adjourned after tea, and where we had about two hours' very interesting talk. The proof-sheets of "The King's Idyls" were lying about, but he would not let me look at them. I looked with some curiosity to see what sort of books occupied the lowest of the swinging bookshelves, most handy to his writing-table; they were all, without exception, Greek or Latin—Homer, Æschylus, Horace, Lucretius, Virgil, etc. It was a fine moonlight night, and he walked through the garden with me when I left, and pointed out an effect of the moon shining through thin, white cloud, which I had

never noticed before—a sort of golden ring, not close round its edge like a halo, but at some distance off. I believe sailors consider it a sign of bad weather. He said he had often noticed it, and had alluded to it in one of his early poems. You will find it in "Margaret."*

The next day I went to dinner, and met Sir John Simeon, who has an estate some miles off there, an old Ch. Ch. man, who has turned Roman Catholic since. He is one of the pleasantest men I ever met, and you may imagine that the evening was a delightful one: I enjoyed it thoroughly, especially the concluding two hours in the smoking-room.

I took over my books of photographs, but Mrs. Tennyson was too tired to look at them that evening, and I settled to leave them and come for them next morning, when I could see more of the children, who had only appeared for a few minutes during dinner.

Tennyson told us that often on going to bed after being engaged on composition he had dreamed long passages of poetry ("You, I suppose," turning to me, "dream photographs?") which he liked very much at the time, but forgot entirely when he woke. One was an enormously long one on fairies, where the lines from being very long at first gradually got shorter and shorter, till it ended with fifty or sixty lines of two syllables each! The only bit he ever remembered enough to write down was one he dreamed at ten years old, which you may like to possess as a genuine unpublished fragment of the Laureate, though I think you will agree with me that it gives very little indication of his future poetic powers:—

May a cock-sparrow
Write to a barrow?
I hope you'll excuse
My infantine muse.

Up in the smoking-room the conversation turned upon murders, and Tennyson told us several horrible stories from his own experience: he seems rather to revel in such descriptions—one would not guess it from his poetry. Sir John kindly offered me a lift in his carriage back to the hotel, and as we were standing at the door before getting in he said, "You don't object to a cigar in the carriage, do you?" On which Tennyson growled out, "He didn't object to *two pipes* in that little den upstairs, and *a fortiori* he's no business to object to one cigar in a carriage." And so ended one of the most delightful evenings I have spent for many a long day. I lunched with them the next day, but saw very little of Tennyson himself, and afterwards showed the photographs to Mrs. T. and the children, not omitting to get Hallam's autograph in a large, bold, text-hand, under his portrait. The children insisted on reading out the poetry opposite to the pictures, and when they came to their father's portrait (which has for a motto, "The Poet in a golden clime was born," etc.), Lionel puzzled over it for a moment, and then began, boldly, "The Pope——!" on which Mrs. Tennyson began laughing, and Tennyson growled out from the other side of the table, "Hollo! what's that about the Pope?" but no one ventured to explain the allusion.

I asked Mrs. Tennyson for an explanation of "The Lady of Shalott," which has been so variously interpreted. She said that the original legend is in Italian, and that Tennyson only gave it as he found it, so that it is hardly fair to expect him to furnish an interpretation as well.

By-the-bye, do you think that those lines in the *Times*, called "The War," and signed "T.," are Tennyson's? I have made a bet with a friend here that they are not, and am going to try and find out. Many people seem to think they are. . . .

No more at present, from
Your faithful cousin,
CHARLES L. DODGSON.

P.S.—Five minutes to 3 a.m.! This comes of beginning letter-writing at night.

* The lines are as follows:—
The very smile before you speak
That dimples your transparent cheek
Encircles all the heart, and feedeth
The senses with a still delight
Of dainty sorrow without sound,
Like the tender amber round,
Which the moon about her spreadeth,
Moving through a fleecy night.

Some Famous Cricket Balls.

By Harold Macfarlane.

Illustrated with Photographs by W. Goshawk, Harrow-on-the-Hill.

HE who glances over a copy of the *Times* dated August 15th, 1862, which copy was published at the awkward price of 4½d., will find a leading article on the Civil War in America, in which McClellan's army is described as being surrounded and shut up forty miles from Richmond and in a precarious situation. Farther on he will discover from a leader on the report of the Inland Revenue Commission that tobacco is frequently adulterated with cabbage and rhubarb leaves, snuff with "the ground acorn cups of Valerian oak," and pepper with "finely-ground quartz." In the body of the paper, when he has digested the information that Prince Henry of Prussia shook his "mailed fist" in the face of the world for the first time the previous day, he will gather that, so far as the United Kingdom is concerned, the most important item of news is the non-appearance of the singing bullfinch at the International Exhibition. Should the eye of our wayfarer steadily pursue its path down the columns of that particular issue of the "Thunderer" he will, given that his eyesight is keen, discover a report of a match at Canterbury that will be remembered in England when the "maily phist's" birthday is forgotten, when cabbage and rhubarb no longer enter into the composition of tobacco, and singing bullfinches are no longer regarded as striking features of an exhibition.

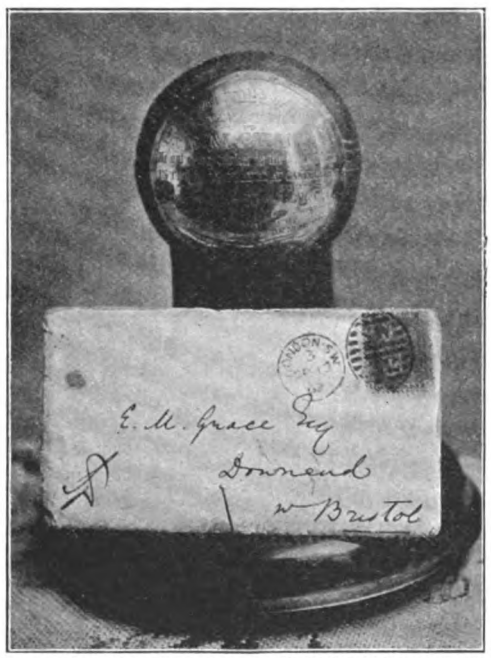
The first ball in the match in question—Twelve of M.C.C. *v.* Twelve of Gentlemen of Kent—was not bowled until the clock struck four, the start being somewhat delayed owing to an objection on the part of the Kentish captain to Mr. E. M. Grace's presence in an M.C.C. eleven, he not being a member of that club. The difficulty being smoothed away and the home side dismissed for 141 runs, Mr. E. M. Grace began his famous innings "with an excellent hit, but only scored one, the field being too nimble for him," a statement that distinctly contradicts the legend that E. M. was out first ball, but was given in by Fuller Pilch on the ground that he wished "to see the young gentleman bat." At 29 Mr. Grace made a good drive for 2; in the next over, however, "one of the balls was caught in the short-slip, but the umpire gave it as 'not out,' so Mr. Grace retained his post at the wickets." At 64 we are somewhat mystified to learn "the Hon. E. C. Leigh then joined Mr. Grace, who attempted the sensation dodge, but missed the ball"; there is nothing in the context to enlighten the reader as to the nature of the "sensation dodge," but it was probably his famous drive over the bowler's head, or his equally famous—or, before it attained its present popularity, infamous—pull.

After a few changes of wicket-keepers and amidst a drizzling rain, at 130 odd, "Mr. Grace gave a good leg-hit which was missed by long-leg; another ball, and Mr. Grace made a queer hit, intended for a drive, which he turned behind him, making a leg-hit of it," a stroke that sounds as if it ought to have been, but was not, classed amongst the sensation dodges of the great batsman. At the close of play Mr. Grace was 105 not out; the *Times*, however, in both editions presents him with an additional 90, and we read that Mr. E. M. Grace is not out 195 out of a total of 229.

The following day Mr. Grace promptly broke his bat, but scored a single from the stroke; and twelve runs later, having tried, but unsuccessfully, the "sensation hit," again sent the ball up "into the air almost perpendicular — a tremendous skier — and Mr. Kelson (the wicket-keeper) ran forward to catch it, but the ball was in the air so long he lost the proper sight and missed it." Before the innings came to a close, and Mr. Grace carried his bat, to be "warmly cheered as he returned to the booth, when Lord Sefton presented him with a bat on the part of the M.C.C.," he gave a "sky-drive" on the off-side, but it was again missed in the long-field.

His innings of 192 comprised 26 fours (the boundary appears to have been a short one), 7 threes, 9 twos, and singles. In the account of Kent's second innings the following picturesque specimen of reporting is given: "Mr. Traughton began the batting and made a capital drive that Mr. Leigh endeavoured to secure, and in doing so the ball struck him

in the stomach, nearly doubling him up. A roll on the grass, a few fantastic twistings of the body, and Mr. Leigh was himself again." In this innings Mr. Grace apparently varied the pace of his bowling considerably, for at 69 we are told he "tried slow bowling with Mr. Biron," the implication being that he had previously been bowling fast. At the end of the match we find that Mr. Grace took all the ten wickets falling, one Kent man being absent, which feat, coupled with his famous innings, surely called for a leading article, or, at all events, a pæan of praise; but, alas, not a word is meted out to him for his great performance in the following day's paper. His bowling analysis is omitted, perhaps through lack of space; but the reason why the bullfinch stopped piping, on account of the crowd assembling in the Swiss department in their anxiety to hear its dulcet notes, damaging the exhibits at neighbouring stalls, is given at length. Mr. Grace, however, we doubt not, was more than consoled for the non-appreciation of the "Thunderer" by the receipt, a few days later, of the letter shown in our photograph, in which the Hon. Spencer Ponsonby, writing from the Lord Chamberlain's Office, says he has forwarded by Great Western Railway the ball we see above the letter, "with which you demolished every wicket in the second innings of the match at Canterbury in which you scored 192 not out," and is requested by the Marylebone Cricket Club to beg Mr. Grace's acceptance of the same, together with their best thanks for the assistance he rendered them, as a memorial of what is aptly described as "an unprecedented feat."



THE BALL OFF WHICH DR. E. M. GRACE MADE 192 NOT OUT AND WITH WHICH HE TOOK ALL THE WICKETS OF ONE INNINGS.

This brownish-yellow relic, in a splendid state of preservation, of a marvellous performance bears a silver plate inscribed as follows:—

With this ball—presented by M.C.C. to E. M. Grace—he got every wicket in the second innings in the match played at Canterbury, August 14-15, 1862. Gentlemen of Kent *v.* M.C.C., for whom he played as an emergency, and in which, going in first, he scored 192 not out.

On July 14th, 1866, we find the leader-writers of the *Times* wrestling with the situation in Austria, where the Prussian army was making a vast impression, with the Chancellor of the Exchequer's (Mr. Disraeli) speech in Buckinghamshire, and with the appointment of a Receiver by the Court of Chancery for the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway; diligent search, however, reveals in a corner of the paper a report of the Harrow and Eton match of that year, from which we gather that Eton began their innings at six o'clock, and "shortly afterwards Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Countess of Dunmore, honoured the ground with her presence, and was received with great enthusiasm," which was renewed when the Duke of Edinburgh and the Hon. Elliot Yorke arrived. We are afraid their Royal Highnesses saw very little play, and that they left the ground with a distinctly poor opinion of the spirit in which the game is played, for, after a few Eton wickets had fallen, to quote a contemporary account of the affair, "a very unpleasant *contretemps* rose, which at one time threatened serious consequences. It was in this wise: during the innings of Eton, Mr. Lubbock drove a ball of Mr. Cobden's up the hill, which was impeded in its progress by some spectators, and according to reliable testimony it did not pass the ropes—three being the number agreed upon in such an event. Two were run for it, and in attempting a third, the ball being well returned, Mr. Foley's wicket was put down, and Hearne gave him out. To this Mr. Lubbock demurred and appealed to Shaw, the other umpire, who confirmed the decision. The

matter was referred to the committee, who, of course, supported the umpires, but so great was the uproar and confusion that the ground could not be cleared, and so no further play took place that night. On the Saturday morning the Harrovians chivalrously offered that Mr. Foley should resume his innings, but the Eton captain declined the courtesy. The Etonians seemed sadly 'at sea' on Lord's lively ground after their own heavy greensward, and Mr. Cobden's bowling, especially in the second innings, they couldn't look at."

According to the *Times* report, and a letter written to that paper by one who "writes as an Eton man, full of my usual, orthodox, annual two-day enmity towards all my Harrow friends, Harrow boys, ribands, and especially Harrow hits," it is "allowed on all hands" that the ball on reaching the fringe of the spectators seated on the ground in front of the ropes was thrown up by one of them and was consequently dead: the account is further supplemented by the news that the batsmen and fieldsmen returned to the pavilion and "the centre of the ground was thronged with spectators each discussing the point and giving vent to their opinions, the game being interrupted for three-quarters of an hour."

The match, which ended in a victory to Harrow by an innings and 136 runs, saw the first appearance at Lord's of Mr. F. C. Cobden, who was said at the time to have come out late in the season, and is described as "a first-rate fast bowler, a very fine hitter, rather slow in the field, but pretty safe at a catch." Although Mr. Cobden's performance in this match foreshadowed his remarkable bowling feat in the 'Varsity match of 1870, the "incident" eclipsed everything else, and his five wickets for 37 runs in the first and three for 10 in the second innings only elicited the following mild praise from the *Times*: "Mr. Cobden and Mr. Money bowled well throughout, and were aided by some very good fielding." There was, however, something better than praise from the *Times* awaiting the future famous Light Blue trundler; for after a few days had elapsed he was the recipient of the actual ball used in the match (the centre one of the three shown in our second photograph), which was inscribed:—

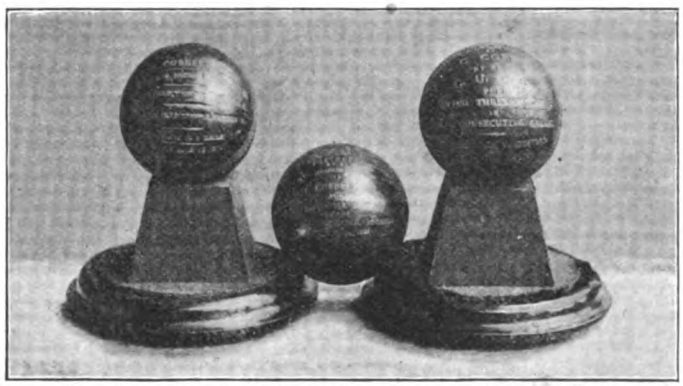
Presented by an Old Harrow captain to F. C. Cobden, Esq., for his admirable bowling in the Harrow and Eton match at Lord's, July 13 and 14, 1866;

and the donor was I. D. Walker.

Of the other two balls shown in the same photograph, that on the right, as the inscription states, was presented—

To F. C. Cobden, by the C.U.C.C., for bowling three wickets in three consecutive balls. Cambridge *v.* Oxford, June 26th and 27th, 1870.

The actual ball used in this match, which, says the oracle of Printing House Square, "viewed in all its bearings . . . is perhaps the most remarkable since it was first played thirty-three years ago," surmounts the left-hand stand, and bears the following inscription:—



BALLS WITH WHICH MR. F. C. COBDEN PERFORMED THREE WONDERFUL BOWLING FEATS.

F. C. Cobden, Esq.
S. E. Butler .....c Bourne, b Cobden 0
T. H. Belcher ...b Cobden 0
W. A. Stewart ...b Cobden 0
3 wickets in 3 balls.
Lord's, June 28, 1870.

Although the ball presented by the Cambridge University Cricket Club gives the date as June 26th and 27th, 1870, June 26th was, as a matter of fact, a Sunday, and the correct dates are June 27th and 28th. The match under ordinary circumstances would have been extended to the third day, but "Mr. Townsend came forward as the clock was striking seven (on the second day), the time for drawing the stumps, but as the game was considered lost to Cambridge, it was suggested by some that it would be well to finish it"—a "reckless and suicidal" policy (according to a correspondent to the *Field*, who wrote under the pen name of "Liberior") that was adopted by the Oxford captain, who very probably and rightly thought—as another correspondent pointed out in reply

to "Liberior"—that "when one side is getting runs fast and the fielding is demoralized, the advantage of continuing to play is with the batsman."

The details of this tremendous finish and marvellous over are set forth in great fulness in the Badminton "Cricket" by the players taking part in the encounter, but we doubt if more temperate language was ever used to describe an incident that is without parallel in Inter-'Varsity cricket than that appearing in the *Times* on June 29th, 1870. At 176 we read, "Mr. Butler came and was caught at mid-off without scoring. Mr. Belcher had but one ball, which bowled his leg stump; and Mr. Stewart, the last man, who was only required to make 3, failed most signally—bowled also first ball; and then at 7.35 Cambridge were declared winners by 2 runs. Messrs. Cobden and Ward were the only successful bowlers of the seven engaged." We may supplement this vivid account so far as to say that the first ball of Mr. Cobden's over was almost the last of the match, for Mr. Hill, who carried his bat for 13 and was probably gnashing his teeth as his *confrères* went in and out without giving him an opportunity of knocking off the runs, hit it so hard that it would have gone to the boundary but Mr. Bourne with one hand so neatly stopped it that one run only accrued to the Dark Blues' total, and a very expensive single it proved to be.

J. T. HEARNE'S GOLD CRICKET BALL.

Where do the balls rest to-day with which Mr. S. E. Butler enjoyed his revenge the year following the Oxford *débâcle* by taking all the Cambridge wickets in their first innings for 38 runs and five for 57 in the second; with which in 1875 Alfred Shaw earned a silver teapot and undying fame for the following bowling analysis:—

Overs	Maidens	Runs	Wickets
41·2	36	7	7

at the expense of an M.C.C. eleven, including W. G., I. D., W. H. Hadow, A. W. Ridley, C. F. Buller, A. J. Webbe, Lord Harris, H. W. Renny Tailyour, A. S. Duncan, A. W. Herbert, and R. Clayton; with which Mr. P. H. Morton for Cambridge routed the Australians at Lord's in 1878 by capturing 12 wickets for 90; and that propelled by Mr. F. R. Spofforth, who wrought such havoc in the ranks of one of the strongest England elevens that ever stepped on a cricket pitch that the whole team, on August 29th, 1882, was sent to the right-about for a paltry 77 runs, England thereby suffering defeat by seven notches alone? Where these famous balls rest we know not, and so regretfully omit them from our gallery.

Another ball we should have been well pleased to have had the opportunity of including in this series is the silver sphere mentioned by Mr. Andrew Lang in his contribution to the Badminton "Cricket," which ball, once the property of the Vine Club, of Sevenoaks, was filled with snuff, and "tossed from hand-to-hand after dinner; he who dropped it being fined in claret or some other liquor." Had we had the good fortune to obtain a photograph of this ball it would have formed a most acceptable companion picture to the one which, thanks to the courtesy of Mr. J. T. Hearne, we are able to present herewith, and which was given to the popular bowler after the England *v.* Australia match of 1896, at the Oval, by a world-renowned amateur, who himself took part in the fixture—the last in which England claimed victory over Australia in the home country. Although the gold ball depicted is but small in size, it is a memento of a very big performance, which will, however, be too fresh in the memories of our readers to require any lengthy comment. How the Australians were set 111 to win, and how W. G., after a single maiden sent down by Richardson (Hearne having bowled Darling in its first over), with rare discernment substituted Peel for the fast bowler, with the result that in the course of 130 balls our friends the enemy were dismissed for 44 runs, and how Hearne in the match took ten wickets for 60 runs and Peel eight for 53, are items of cricket lore enthusiasts love to dwell upon—items, too, that will not soon be forgotten. The actual ball used in the encounter, we believe, is in Abel's possession, and right well he earned it—his catch in the slips whereby the Australians' innings was

brought to a close was brought about by dashing across at full speed and taking the ball with the right hand, and was quite one of the features of this celebrated match.

THE BALL USED IN THE REMARKABLE MATCH YORKS V. SURREY, JUNE, 1898.

The inscription on the silver band circling the ball that graces the china ornament runs as follows :—

Rhodes, 12 wickets for 70. Wainwright, 8 wickets for 53. Hunter, stumped 8 and caught 2.	At Bradford. Yorkshire *v.* Surrey. June 6, 7, 8, 1898.	Surrey, 139 and 37. Yorkshire, 297—9 wickets. Hirst, 130 not out ; Haigh, 83, 192 for ninth wicket ;

and gives in a nutshell the chief features of what the *Field* described as a "most remarkable match." We may mention that Hirst and Haigh's prolific stand occupied two hours and fifty minutes, or just twice the time occupied by Surrey in scoring 37 runs in their second innings, during which period eight members of the opposing eleven trundled the ball depicted ; another noteworthy feature of the Surrey second innings was the fact that the last five wickets all fell through the agency of Hunter behind the stumps.

Those of our readers familiar with Lord Hawke's cricket career will not find their memories over-burdened with figures relating to his bowling performances in first-class fixtures, for it has so happened that he has generally occupied the post of captain in the majority of matches in which he has taken part, with the result that he has by modestly but consistently keeping himself very much in the bowling reserve allowed the general public to gain the entirely erroneous impression that he is no trundler. On Saturday, October 24th, 1891, at Ottawa, however, for one over and three balls from which seven runs were scored, Lord Hawke broke down the reserve with which he had surrounded himself at Eton and Cambridge so far as bowling is concerned, and by tempting Mr. A. Z. Palmer to give Mr. G. W. Ricketts a catch, captured his only wicket of the tour, thereby surprising his own team considerably more than the natives. The ball rendered famous in this manner was mounted and presented to Lord Hawke by Mr. C. W. Wright, who facetiously had the base of the handsome stand engraved with the legend, "A. Z. Palmer, c. Ricketts, b. Hawke, 15 ! ! Witness, Chawles ! Ottawa, October 24th, 1891." Spurred thereto, perhaps, by his success in this encounter, the captain of the champion county has, since that date, captured seven wickets for 15 runs apiece in the West Indies and two wickets for 18 runs in South Africa.

The writer takes the present opportunity of thanking Lord Hawke, Dr. E. M. Grace, Messrs. F. C. Cobden, P. H. Morton, and

THE BALL WITH WHICH LORD HAWKE CAPTURED ONE WICKET DURING THE CANADIAN TOUR OF 1891.

J. T. Hearne for the loan of the famous cricket balls depicted, and for the information with which they and others most kindly furnished him.

The New Star and its Discoverer.

By Rudolph de Cordova.

DR. THOMAS D. ANDERSON, of Edinburgh, who has been so fortunate as to discover the new star, is still a comparatively young man, for he is not yet fifty. His first introduction to practical astronomy was made when he was a child of five, and his father, who took a great interest in the phenomena relating to comets, led him to the front door one night to show him Donati's comet, which had then attained its greatest size and brilliancy. Pointing to the blazing light in the heavens, he declared to the child that "however long he might live, it was impossible that he would ever again behold so great a marvel." Strange prophecy for a man to make to the discoverer of the brightest star which has been seen for three hundred years.

DR. THOMAS D. ANDERSON, THE DISCOVERER OF THE NEW STAR.
From a Photo. by W. K. Monro, Edinburgh.

The childish love of the stars planted in the discoverer by his father grew with his growth. Even when he was reading hard at the University of Edinburgh for his M.A. degree, and while he was preparing for the ministry, he used to devote a good deal of time to reading astronomical literature and to studying the heavens. His short-sightedness, born no doubt of the constant poring over books, became so great when aggravated by the labour of sermon-writing that he had, after a few years, to give up his ministry and to decline the invitation of more than one Scottish Congregational church to be its pastor. This change in his career was not forgotten in connection with his recent discovery of the new star, for a North of England paper printed the news with this remarkable and sensational headline: "He could not see to preach. He could see the stars."

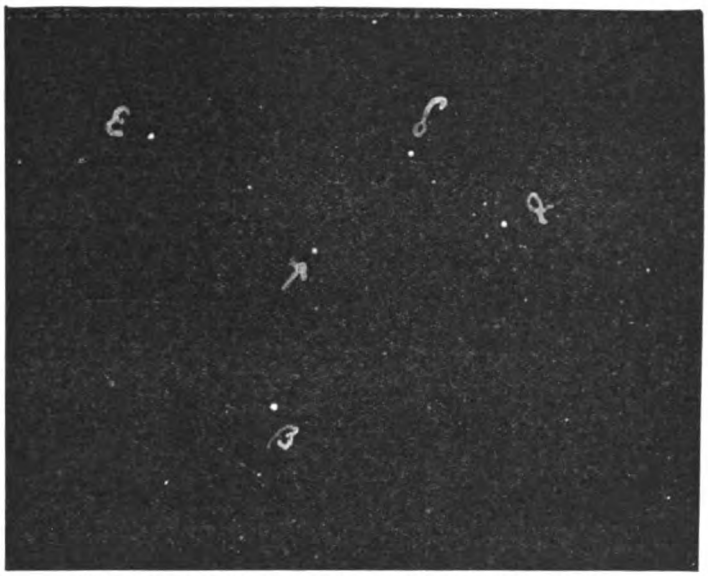
It was in 1892 that Dr. Anderson made his *début* among astronomical discoverers, for he discovered a new star then of the fifth magnitude in the crowd of faint stars that occupied the southern part of the great constellation Auriga, the star to which astronomers allude as Nova Aurigæ or T Aurigæ. This star not only made a sensation at the time, but it is doubly interesting as being the first new star whose spectrum was photographed. Since then, encouraged by Professor Copeland, the Astronomer Royal of Scotland, Dr. Anderson has gone on examining the heavens, as he says himself, in a much more persistent and methodical way than he had done up to that time. "The principal result of these nightly wanderings along the aisles and cloisters of the heavenly temple has been the discovery of a number—some thirty-three all told—of hitherto undetected variable stars. One or two of these have proved especially interesting, and are being watched by astronomers with great diligence as they pass through their unceasing changes in brightness."

To these new stars astronomers have given the name of Novæ, Sir Norman Lockyer defining a nova as "a body which suddenly appears, then diminishes its brightness, and, finally, disappears *as a star*." To this celebrated astronomer I am indebted for the photographs of the star and apparatus which illustrate this article, as well as for much kindly help in its preparation, and I take this opportunity of expressing my acknowledgments to him.

The life-history of the new star, which was discovered at 2.40 a.m. on February 22nd, or, according to the reckoning in use among astronomers, on February 21st, 14hrs. 40min., is extremely interesting.

That discovery, it is worth noting, was made practically with the naked eye, or rather with eyes aided only by the spectacles which Dr. Anderson wears habitually. The discovery was not the result of premeditated and regular search, for, as a matter of fact, Dr. Anderson was examining quite a different part of the heavens, and was comparing the view of it which he got through his telescope with one of the charts in Argelander's great atlas of the Northern Hemisphere, in order, as he has said in his note to me, "to see if he could find any noteworthy discrepancy between the two. On rising from my tele-

scope," he goes on, "in one of those fits of weariness which overcome even the most enthusiastic star-gazer, instead of proceeding straight to the chart I put on my spectacles and gazed round on the heavens as they were then displayed in their full splendour in front of me. And what did I see? There in the glorious constellation of Perseus, shining with a brightness that somewhat surpassed the third magnitude, was a new-born star. Oh, what an absurd sonnet is that in which Keats brackets together the discovery of an ocean and the discovery of a new celestial world. As if the finding of any terrestrial sheet of water, however large, could be compared for a moment as a source of joy with the first glimpse of a new glory in the already glorious firmament!"



THE ARROW INDICATES THE POSITION OF THE NEW STAR IN PERSEUS.
From a Photo. taken at the Solar Physics Observatory, S.W., March 6, 1901.

With regard to Nova Persei, as the new star is called, Dr. Anderson modestly says: "My sole merit is that of having been the first to see the great wonder and to have made its acquaintance while it was still in its infancy on the morning of the 22nd of February, while other observers espied it either in its sturdy youth on the evening of that day, or in the full strength of manhood in the evening of the 23rd. Luck, too, had a great deal to do with the matter; a delay of an hour and a half would have spoilt my chances, for by that time all the region of the sky containing the constellation Perseus had been covered by a pall of clouds."

When Dr. Anderson first saw it it was, as he has stated personally to me, "shining with a brightness that somewhat surpassed the third magnitude."

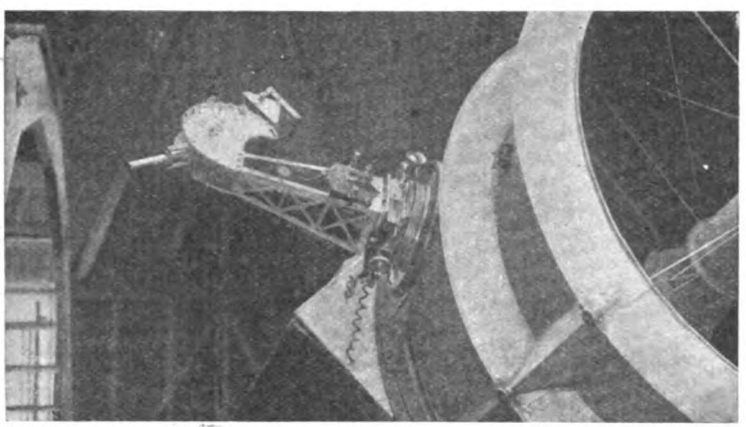
In the course of a few hours, on the evening of February 22nd, between 6 and 7.30, when seen at the Observatory at South Kensington, it had so brightened that it was rather brighter than a first magnitude star, at which brightness it remained until the 25th. Astronomically considered, according to the paper read by Sir Norman Lockyer before the Royal Society on February 28th, the star was on February 23rd "at least 10,000 times brighter than it was four days previously." Ten thousand times brighter within a hundred hours! and yet still to our eyes only a bright speck in the heavens.

By February 27th the star had diminished greatly. Happily, however, many spectra have already been obtained of it, so that when sufficient time has elapsed for their complete study we shall have an accurate record of the chemical composition of the new star. So far one fact has come out with undoubted strength, that hydrogen forms a very large proportion of its composition, as shown not only by the spectrum but by the bright red colour which the star has assumed. The change in colour is undoubtedly due to the cooling which the star is undergoing. This may be accurately compared to what takes place when a poker is put into the fire and allowed to become intensely hot and slowly cooled. The red heat gets duller and duller until it dies away, though, even then, the iron will be too hot to be handled with comfort, so that the star, even after it has faded entirely out of sight, because it has become too cold to give out rays of light that our eyes can see, may remain for centuries too hot to sustain life as we understand it.

The first question which everyone will naturally ask at the unexpected appearance in the heavens of a new star is: What is its position? The question is easily answered by a reference to the accompanying illustration. The position of the new star is indicated by the bright dot to which the arrow-

head points. In the illustration certain Greek letters will be seen affixed to bright points which are the photographic representations of the large stars in the constellation Perseus. These stars are known as Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, and so on. If a straight line is drawn from Alpha to Beta Persei, the new star is seen to be to the north and west of that line.

To the question how far off this new star is no answer can possibly be given, for the simple reason that it has no parallax, and therefore we have no method of calculating its position. Even if we had, however, it is questionable whether anyone could possibly appreciate the distance, seeing that it would be expressed in thousands of millions of miles—possibly in tens of thousands, if not in hundreds of thousands of millions. It has been conjectured that it is many thousand times farther off than the sun itself, and with that statement of immensity of distance I might content myself.



THE TWO-PRISM SPECTROSCOPE MOUNTED ON THE 30IN. REFLECTOR FOR OBTAINING THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE SPECTRUM OF THE NOVA AT THE SOLAR PHYSICS OBSERVATORY.

Perhaps, however, a more vivid way of putting the star's place may be to record Sir Norman Lockyer's own view on the subject. This is that the appearance of the star is due to events which occurred anywhere from a quarter to half a century ago, during which period the light has been travelling to our earth. Reflect for a moment that light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, and then let those who have a taste for figures on an enormous scale do the multiplying for themselves. The figures even for twenty-five years, instead of fifty, will, no doubt, prove sufficiently large even for their edification.

The next question we naturally ask in the face of such a phenomenon as the appearance of a new star is how it has come to be born. In the great universe of space, as in the relatively infinitesimal world of life to which we belong, the same law would seem to hold good, for this new birth depends on two factors, neither of which alone is capable of producing it. These novæ, in fact, are due to the coming together into collision of two swarms of meteorites. In the collision the particles, moving at a great rate, naturally became heated to a very high degree and began to give out light, as all objects do when heated to a sufficiently high temperature.

How do we know the novæ are produced by the dash of meteoritic swarms? By means of the spectroscope, from which we have derived our great, though even to-day imperfect, knowledge of the heavenly bodies. A spectrum of the new star and of Alpha Persei show that they differ very markedly. There are certain bright lines in the nova spectrum which do not appear in the other, and as Sir Norman Lockyer says in the "Sun's Place in Nature," "the same set of particles cannot be producing bright and dark lines at the same time." Obviously, therefore, the dark lines come from one body and the bright ones from another, or, as he says in regard to the spectrum of an earlier nova discovered in February, 1892, "the photographs which were taken of the spectrum of this same body put beyond all question the fact that we were really dealing with two bodies and not with one."

Calculations derived from the comparison of the lines of the spectra of the two swarms show that they came together when they were moving at the rate of about 700 miles a second.

The spectrum is photographed by attaching the spectroscope to the eye-piece of the telescope as shown in the last illustration. The ray of light passes through the prism, is broken up into its constituent parts, and these falling on a sensitive plate in a camera, are so photographed in the ordinary way.

THE CHARRY CHAIR

By John Oxenham.

Author of "God's Prisoner," "Rising Fortunes," "A Princess of Vascovy," "Our Lady of Deliverance," etc.

YOU may say that it was a very strange thing that the little chair should happen to be standing just where it did just when it did, and that the Old Gentleman should happen to pass that way just when he did. I admit the justice of the remark. But life is made up of just such strange little things, some of which force themselves upon our attention and evoke our surprise, and more of which we never recognise even with the curt nod of doubtful acquaintance; and as to a passing word of thanks—well, the age is too pushful for gratitude, unless something is to come of it.

The little chair looked very odd squatting out there by itself in front of all the other odds and ends of distressed household gods, mostly in such a state of dishevelment and disrepair as, to the ordinary eye, precluded any faintest hope of their ever attaining to the dignity of a sale. But the neighbourhood was a poor one, and not above rectifying the defects in its own household economies from next door's misfortunes if it got them a bargain and happened to have the necessary pence, and on the whole Mr. Gosling did such a good business that he was generally—at this end of the business—in a state of high good humour. At the other end, when he was distraining and levying and so on—well, perhaps it was hardly to be expected that at such times folks should fail to appreciate the humorous points of his character. Possibly the weight of the law at his back exerted a restraining influence, and perhaps the occasions of his visits were not such as to excite any great amount of hilarity in the households he attended.

The little chair looked exceedingly forlorn squatting there, with its empty arms akimbo and its most abnormal rockers, which stretched out fore and aft full 3ft. each way, and were grotesquely out of all proportion to its size. It was so palpably only half there: so plaintive and bereaved for lack of an occupant, so incongruous standing at ease when lively, hard work was its evident and accustomed portion. It looked something like an aged clown doing a comic split in the middle of the road, and sorely grieved at finding no notice taken of his efforts.

It really seemed to feel its position acutely, to say nothing of the snow that had begun to fall on it. Its little rounded arms seemed half-raised in appeal to the passers-by, and half-folded in stern self-control in face of undeserved misfortune. Something of this had penetrated by degrees to the humorous cell of Mr. Gosling's brain. He looked at it a good many times with his head on one side, as if trying to make out what it was wanting. Then he went thoughtfully inside among the bedsteads and tables and mattresses, and folded up a sale poster lengthways,

and inscribed on it with a piece of charcoal: "*Take me 'ome and make me 'appy!*" and stuck it dandling in the little chair's arms.

That expressed the little chair's wishes so exactly that he laughed quite pleased with himself. And, when they had time to read it and to look at the little chair, some of the passers-by laughed, and some only smiled, and some went thoughtfully on their way with tightened lips. Perhaps some of them had memories of their own, and perhaps some had imaginations, and it is quite possible that some had hearts, and beyond doubt most of them had children, heaps of children—all of which are very good things in their way. Possible, too, seeing the neighbourhood, that some of them had troubles of their own, and were not wholly without fears of seeing their own penates posturing sooner or later on the pavement outside Mr. Gosling's shop.

"Rum-lookin' little joker, Mr. Gosling," said the butcher's assistant from next door, strolling round with his hands under his blue apron.

"Wants a babby in it to make it 'appy," said Mrs. Pippin, the greengrocer's wife from next door the other way, looking at the little chair with one eye, while she kept the other on the lavishly displayed temptations outside her own shop. "What's the figure, Mr. Gosling?"

"I'll say five bob to you, Mrs. Pippin. Come now. Just suit one of your youngsters."

"Five bob!" said the lady, with an open-to-the-air-greengrocery sniff. "Think I'm the Dook o' Bayswater? Say two-and-six, and if trade bucks up for Christmas I'll think about it. Five bob, indeed! Christmas ain't what it used to was, and them rockers won't fit everybody's house. It'll stick on your 'ands till it falls to pieces, and you'll be glad to sell it for firewood."

"Dummed if I do," said Mr. Gosling.

That was what made it so different from all other chairs, its monstrous rockers compared with the size of the low, squat seat. It was, indeed, quite as much rocking-horse as chair, a cross between the two, with the great advantage of there being no horse to tumble off, but only a low seat with a back and arms and a broad ledge for baby-feet to stamp on. And in the arms were holes for baby-fingers to poke into, but which were intended originally for a cross-bar to keep the small prisoner in strict confinement.

It was very solidly made. None of your touch-a-spring-and-change-the-shape-and-perhaps-chop-up-the-baby affairs, but good solid oak and sunk-headed steel screws, and absolutely unchangeable from its original form—except in the imagination of its small proprietor for the time being.

But, oh, the wide field that offered! On the face of it it was a canoe dashing furiously along with a howling pack of redskins behind, all feathers and paint and war-whoops. And your scalp crept about the back of your head as though there were spiders in it, as you dropped the useless paddle and seized your trusty rifle and knelt in the stern and——

"I'LL SAY FIVE BOB TO YOU, MRS. PIPPIN."

And, again, it was a sledge drawn by yapping, white, curly-tailed dogs, and the ice was cracking and yawning all round, and—— Or, more soberly, it was a pantechnicon-van carrying the household furniture to a smaller house, a very small house, surely, since the total furniture amounted to no more than a couple of chairs and as many footstools, and some rolled-up door-mats and a few broken toys, but they needed a very great deal of arranging and re-arranging and most extraordinary care in their bestowal. And, again, it was a van carrying round Christmas ham-

pers—the same old footstools and door-mats. And at times it was a tramway-car going into a melancholy place called the City, from which one usually returned with a tired face and a sober shake of the head. Under brighter auspices, again, it was the guard's van of a limited express, rushing away from fog and dismal bricks and mortar to the country.

"Now, then, take your seats, please! Ting-a-ling-a-ling. Right-away! Whee-e-e-e-e!" and the guard swings deftly in on one foot, and the glorious green country rushes past on either side, and the telegraph-poles go galloping back to London, in spite of the uncountable wires up above which squirm and twist themselves into tangles trying to haul them back by their bristly heads.

Or, by a turn on to its side, it became a fort from which a properly served walking-stick could fire deadly volleys into crowding hostiles—Frenchmen, Russians, Indians—what not. Another turn, and it was a comfortable wigwam or an army tent—comfortable, that is, if you were very small and lay very flat on your stomach and wriggled out whenever you wanted to turn round. Oh, I tell you, it was a thing of endless possibilities, if only you happened to be four years old and blessed with a trifle of imagination and a mother who told you stories.

Mrs. Pippin came round to look at it several times during the afternoon, and had about made up her mind to "go a buster" on it if Gosling would come down to two-and-six, and Pippin might grumble if he wanted to. Goodness knows she was used to that!—when—the little Old Gentleman happened to come along the street, and that altered the whole aspect of affairs.

He came slowly along, with his ebony stick striking solidly on the pavement at each second step as if he were testing it. He looked quietly and keenly about him as if he had an interest in the place.

"H'mph!" said Mrs. Pippin to the butcher's assistant, "might own the whole street by the way he looks at it."

And for once Mrs. Pippin had hit the bull's-eye, for the Old Gentleman had just bought the street and several others alongside it, and now he'd come to have a look at it again, to see if it looked as promising a bargain as it did before he bought it.

The little Old Gentleman saw the little rocker chair out of the corner of his eye without seeming to notice it at all. He had made a great deal of money in his time by doing that kind of thing. He had been thinking of quite different things till the corner of his near-side eye lighted on the little chair. But then, before ever his eye had twinkled—it was a very stern, steady old eye, not at all given to twinkling, and it hadn't twinkled for such a very long time now that it had almost forgotten how to. Well, the Old Gentleman's eye was quite steady as he went on his way, but his thoughts had gone back suddenly thirty years, and then another thirty years farther back still, and he stopped in front of a canary and parrot shop to catch those slippery old thoughts before they went any farther. And the thoughts the little chair had put into his head were, some of them, the thoughts I have been trying to tell you. But not all of them. Some of them belonged to someone else.

"Nice ganary do-day, sir?" said the owner of the window he was supposed to be admiring. "Evvery bird guarandeed do zing. Parrods in gread varyty. Goggadoos—ach, zo!" as the little Old Gentleman turned and walked slowly back the way he had come.

Fortunately Mrs. Pippin's attention had been distracted by the necessity of carefully weighing out a pound of chestnuts with the light weight, for an old lady who was waiting for a tram, and did not belong to the neighbourhood, and so was lawful, or at all events not likely to be retaliatory, prey.

The Old Gentleman banged his heavy stick on the pavement, and Mr. Gosling came out from the intricacies of his stronghold.

"That dog-kennel—how much?" said the Old Gentleman.

Mr. Gosling sized him up in a moment.

"Three-and-six. Good sound kennel. Well made——"

"Bottom's broken," said the Old Gentleman. "That table?"

"Five shillings. Capital table. Legs as solid as——"

"Top's warped. What's that?—Rocking-horse?" and he pointed his black stick at the little chair as if he would run it through.

"It's meant for a chair," said Gosling; "but you can use it for a rocking-horse if you wants to. Solid oak. Carry you right enough, sir."

"How much?"

"Seven-and-six. Fine bit of work that. Wasn't never made for twice the money, I bet."

"Rubbish. Say half a crown." He had made a great deal more money by never giving what was asked for a thing until he was quite sure he couldn't get it for less, and that had not happened very often.

"Oh, come!" said Gosling. "Half a crown! It's not like a gimcrack thing, this. Built to order. Solid oak, and well up to your weight, sir," and he gave the little chair a canter on the pavement to show its paces.

"Half a crown!" said the Old Gentleman.

"Make it five bob, and we'll call it square," said Gosling.

"Half a crown!"

"Split it and say four shillings."

"Half a crown!"

"Oh, well, dum it! Take it, and sit in it if you want to," said Gosling, who had never hoped to get more for it, for, as Mrs. Pippin had said, it wasn't everybody's chair with those rockers.

"Right!" said the Old Gentleman. "Now I want you to tell me where it came from!"

"Ah!" said Gosling, with sarcasm. "I thought you'd be wanting something for nothing next. Like the dog-kennel and the table thrown in?"

"That's for the chair," said the Old Gentleman, laying half a crown in its seat, "and that's for the information," and he laid another half-crown alongside the first.

"Ah," said Gosling, "now we're talkin'. But we don't ushally tell, you know."

"I know. But I have a reason. Do you happen to know who this property—your shop, for instance, and all the rest—belongs to?"

"No, I don't. It was sold a day or two ago."

"Quite so. Well, I bought it!"

"Oh! Beg pardon, sir. Of course I couldn't know, ye see——"

"Now, tell me, where did this come from?"

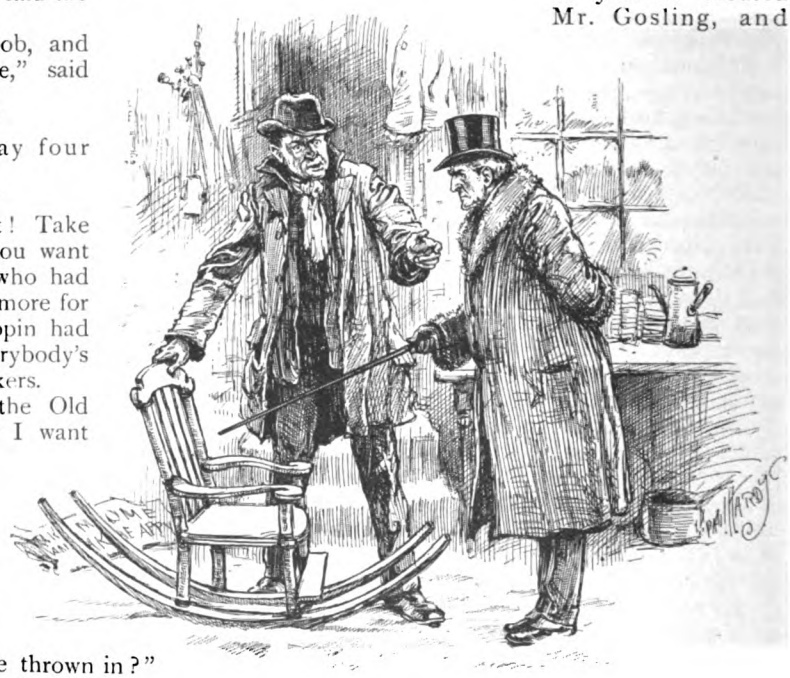
"Just round the corner. No. 25, Beeton Street. On'y come in this morning. Name of Bargrave."

"Death?" said the little Old Gentleman.

"Rent," said Gosling. "I wouldn't ha' taken it myself. There was a little kid there howled mortal at seeing it go. 'Minded me o' that picture of the 'Pet Lamb'—you know the one I mean, sir. But Mr. Bloard, he's the agent; he come down himself, and he says, 'Do your duty, Gosling,' and of course I'd no hoption. But it went against the grain, I can tell you, sir."

"Can you find me someone to carry it?"

"Ji-i-i-m!" shouted Mr. Gosling, and



"'HALF A CROWN!' SAID THE OLD GENTLEMAN."

Gosling Junior emerged from the inner cave composed of bedsteads and mattresses, with a faint odour of surreptitious smoke about him. "Take this for the gentleman, and carry it careful," and Jim settled his cap comfortably on his head and hoisted the little chair on top of it, after the manner of a Red Indian making a portage, and followed the little Old Gentleman down the street.

"No. 25, Beeton Street," said the Old Gentleman. "You know it?"

"Yussir!"

They reached No. 25, and the Old Gentleman knocked at the door.

It was opened by a young woman who carried a baby, and a small boy of four or thereabouts pushed his head round her skirts to see who it was. His eye fell instantly on the little chair, and he gave a triumphant shout, "'At's my own Charry." The mother's eyes had gone past the Old

Gentleman and were fixed on the chair, too. The Old Gentleman looked at her for a moment, and then his eyes settled on the small boy. The baby tried to poke out its mother's eye. So they were all at cross purposes, except Jim Gosling, who regarded them all stolidly, and wondered if it would be two pennies or three.

The young mother was very white, but her face was sweet and refined, and both she and the children were clean and neat, and very shabbily dressed.

"HE FOLLOWED THE LITTLE OLD GENTLEMAN DOWN THE STREET."

"You are Mrs. Bargrave?" asked the Old Gentleman.

"Yes," and she looked a little frightened, as though similar summonses to the door and similar questions had not resulted in any addition to her peace of mind.

"I believe this chair belongs to you?"

"'At's my own Charry," said the small boy again.

"Ah!" said the Old Gentleman. "I thought someone would be missing it. May I bring it in? I'm your landlord, Mrs. Bargrave, though I only became so two days ago, and I don't know much about the property yet."

"It's very kind of you," she said, drawing back into the passage to make room for the chair, with a great air of relief. "My little boy has been missing it very much——"

The Old Gentleman gave a hand with it, and the small boy clutched its arm affectionately as soon as it touched ground, and Jim Gosling went away very quickly, and did not even stop to whistle till he got round the corner, because it was a shilling, and he was afraid the Old Gentleman had made a mistake and might find it out.

"Perhaps you would not mind my sitting down for a minute?" said the Old Gentleman. "I have walked more than I usually do. The man had no right to take that chair. I shall tell him so."

"It did seem rather hard," said little Mrs. Bargrave. They were sitting in the front room, where the gaps in the furniture, caused by the Bloard-Gosling raid, had been made up from the kitchen. "The rent was behind. But really we could not help it."

"Husband in work?" asked the Old Gentleman.

"No. He's doing his best to find a place again, but it's heartbreaking work. He had a situation, but he had an illness, and when he got better his place had been filled, and—and——," and the poor little woman broke down. "Of course, they could not keep the place for him. He was away over three months. But he'd been there three years, and we did hope they would find him something to do——"

"Times have been bad, I know," said the Old Gentleman, "but maybe they'll get better. When things have got to the worst they generally begin to look up."

"Yes?" she said, wearily, as if she had never in her life had any experience of things looking up.

"And have you no friends who might help for a time?"

She shook her head. "I have none—none that I could ask. My husband's people are well off, but he—he quarrelled with them."

"Ah! That is such a pity, and one sees so much of it."

"It wasn't his fault," she began, quickly. "If it was anybody's it was mine."

"You didn't get on with them?"

"I have never even seen any of them. It was about me they quarrelled, and it is that makes it so hard to bear. I feel as if I had ruined him."

"I'm sure he doesn't think so."

"But it's true, all the same. I have sometimes wished I had died a few months after we were married, then they would perhaps have made it up again and he would have gone home. But these things cannot interest you—you've made me talk as I'm not in the habit of talking."

"Right-away!" sounded from the other side of the room, and the Old Gentleman smiled, as he had not smiled for a very long time, as the limited express rumbled away and the guard skipped deftly in on his toes.

"I'm quite sure you've never wished that since that young man came," he said.

"No," she said, gently, "not since Charley and baby came."

"What's his name?" asked the old gentleman, looking at the baby.

"She's a girl. Her name is Ursula," and the old gentleman sneezed violently and had to use his pocket-handkerchief.

"When will your husband be in?" he asked, when he recovered.

"He may be any minute. He's in the City answering some advertisements."

"What kind of work is he used to? Perhaps I——"

"Oh, if you could!"—and she looked as if she would have gone on her knees to him if he hadn't stopped her. "We would bless you all our lives. He will do anything you can give him. It was book-keeping he was at before. You see, he had never done anything before we were married. He never expected to have to do anything, and so——"

"And so when the old curmudgeon threw him out and he had to earn his living he didn't know how to set about it?"

"He found it very difficult, but he is so brave and patient. If people would only give him a trial they couldn't help liking him and he'd get on."

"The trouble is there are always more people than there are places."

"Yes, we're finding that out," she said, drearily.

"And you? Can't you help in any way?"

"I was a governess," she said, "till Charles came. Oh, if I'd known——"

"If you'd known what it would lead to you'd never have married him?"

"I would never have let him marry me. But I knew nothing about his people's feelings in the matter. I could give lessons and teach music. But the children all go to Board School, and"—with a wan little smile—"no one round here can afford music lessons. I have done paintings, but they sell very slowly. I would do needlework if I could get it. I would do anything to help. I do all the housework and cooking. We

"'WHEN WILL YOUR HUSBAND BE IN?' HE ASKED."

—if Charles could find a place at two pounds a week——" She stopped and thought perhaps she should not have said that. The Old Gentleman might have been willing to give him more.

"Yes? Two pounds a week."

"We can live very comfortably on two pounds a week. You see, I was brought up to make a very little go a long way. My father was a Nonconformist minister in the country. He had eight children and £100 a year——"

"Good heavens!" said the Old Gentleman. "And they all died but you?"

"Oh, no! One of my brothers is a minister, too, but he has a young family of his own and none too much to keep them on. Two others are missionaries—one in India and one in China. One of my sisters is in India, too, and one is an hospital nurse. The other two died."

"And your father did all that on £100 a year? He must have been a wonderful man."

"He was a dear old man. We did it among us. I was the youngest, and my mother died when I was five."

"You've not had a very pleasant life of it, then?"

"Oh, yes; things have been difficult since Charley was ill, but there are always compensations"—as Baby Ursula clawed at her nose and said "Goo!"—"and we shall be all right again as soon as he gets work."

Then there came a knock on the outer door, and Mrs. Bargrave jumped up with a touch of colour in her pale face and a smile on it.

"That's Charley, now," she said, and left the room.

"Oh, Charley!" she whispered, as her husband came into the hall-way and kissed her cheek and the baby's nose in one operation. "The landlord is here——"

And Bargrave said something under his breath and his face tightened up.

"And he's going to give you a place, and he's brought back Charley's Charry, and —— Come in here at once," and she went before him into the room.

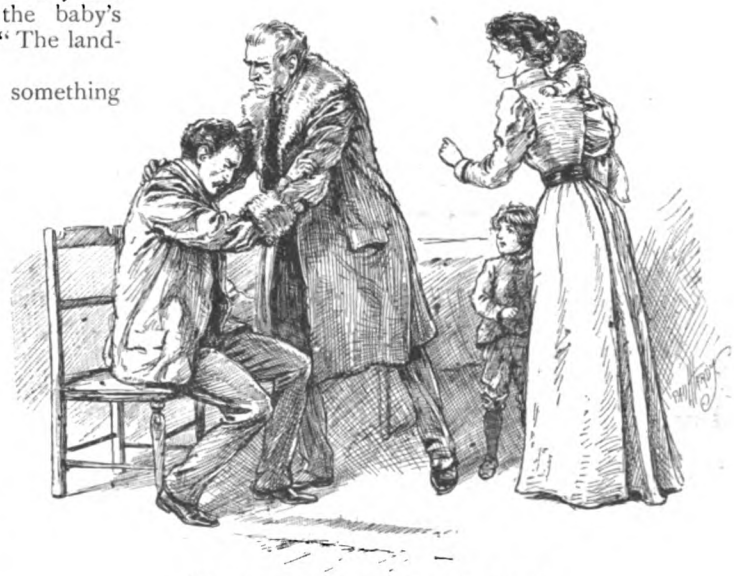
"Farver!" shrieked Charles the Second—Third in reality—as soon as he caught sight of him, "here's Charry!"

But Charles the Second was looking at Charles the First standing with his back to the empty fireplace, and as soon as he caught sight of *him* he stopped in the doorway and said "Father!" and then he suddenly reeled and would have fallen if the Old Gentleman—Charles the First—had not jumped and caught him and let him down gently into a chair, while Mary Bargrave, the innocent cause of all the trouble, stood and gazed wildly at them, and Baby Ursula made play with her hair.

For, you see, Charles the Second had had nothing to eat since he left home in the morning, and then only a cup of tea and some bread and so-called butter. And his faring for many days had not been much better, and he was run down.

He had tramped the City mud all day from one refusal to another, till he had envied the very 'bus-conductors their posts. Then he had walked all the way home to Beeton Street, past the dreary, third-rate shops with their tawdry attempts at Christmas decoration, and even their poor attempts at Christmas keeping mocked him and flung his poverty in his teeth. Till at last, in the bitterness of his soul, he had pondered dark things, and had almost got the length of convincing himself that a man sunk so low would be justified in buying a handful of charcoal and making a quiet exit in the company of his wife and children, since he could not maintain them.

Truly a man's heart is on the ground when he gets to that, and perhaps bodily weakness



"HE LET HIM DOWN GENTLY INTO A CHAIR."

had as much to do with it as anything else in the case of Charles the Second. Old Charles Bargrave's heart smote him as he looked down at the thin, worn face and the hollowed eyes.

The world said it was a very tough old heart, and I am bound to say they generally had good reason. But that sudden meeting with little Charley's "Charry," which was an exact copy of the one he remembered so well playing with when he was a lonely little fellow sixty-odd years ago, and which his own little lad had played with in his turn—the sight of it standing there all forlorn on

the greasy pavement, with the snow falling on it, had struck a blow on his heart which it was not too tough to feel. He had seen himself playing all over his own old "Charry" —which was an old family name for the contrivance—and he had seen his boy playing with it, and a sudden longing took possession of the tough old soul to see what kind of a little lad played with this one. He had a feeling down inside him that he would know that little lad, and he did, the moment he set eyes on him.

When Charles the Second came to himself he found four pairs of eyes fixed upon him. One pair, old and dimmed with years and something else at the moment, though they were keen enough as a rule, regarded him with a look which he had not seen in them for a very long time—not since he was a little boy, he vaguely thought. Two of the other pairs were full of love and distress at this sudden collapse of the backbone of the family. The fourth pair thought it was a new kind of game, and jigged and danced and goo-gooed in the arms of her otherwise occupied mother, in a way that threatened a sudden descent to the floor.

Charles sat up and looked back at the Old Gentleman.

The Old Gentleman held out his hand, and there was a look in his face that would have astonished some people.

Charles gripped the hand warmly. It was good to feel it once more.

"How did you find us?" he asked.

"I saw the old Charry outside a shop and followed it up. What is your name, my dear?" he asked Mrs. Bargrave, who stood by with a look of distraught wonder all about her. "I think I know everything but that."

"Mary," she said.

"Then, Mary, dear, how long would it take you to pack your boxes if I hold—Ursula?" It was his dead wife's name. It was very sweet to have it on his lips once more to a living Ursula.

"Pack?" said Mrs. Bargrave, staring at him.

"Yes, my dear, pack! There is a large house in Park Crescent, which has been very lonely for many years past. Please God, it will never be lonely again! Give me—Ursula, and do you and Charley run away and pack, and we shall be home in time for dinner yet." And they were.

Mr. Gosling has not quite got over it yet. For the cab, with their few small boxes on top, and Charley's Charry on top of them, stopped outside his door, and he recognised the Charry at once, but thought it was another of the same kind.

"Well, I swan," he was saying. "Them things must be coming in. If I'd ha' knowed——"

Then the little Old Gentleman put his head out of the cab and called, sharply, "Gosling!" and Gosling recognised *him* as quickly as he had recognised the Charry.

"Merry Christmas, Gosling!" said the Old Gentleman, and Gosling stood staring at the coin in his hand and then at the retreating cab, and then said, with much fervour, "Well, I'm dummed!"

Charles the Third flatly refused to leave 25, Beeton Street, without his Charry. He had been widowed and orphaned of it once already, and he was not going to run any more risks.

"Of course Charry goes," said the Old Gentleman. "Its father's waiting for it at home. He'll be uncommonly glad to see it," and little Charley's eyes were very wide all the way, and the very first words he said when he went into the big house in Park Crescent were, "Please show me Charry's far-ver." And the old original Charry, in which Charles the First and Charles the Second had fled from the Redskins and Polar bears, and spread death and destruction with walking-sticks, was disinterred from the dust of thirty years in the lumber-room, and brought down to make the acquaintance of the son he had never seen. And Charles the Third, after a minute comparison of the two, patted his own Charry on the back, and said, "I like my own Charry better than his far-ver."

"Quite right, my boy," said the Old Gentleman. "You stick to your old friends."

And the big house in Park Crescent was never lonely any more.

The Government Laboratory.

By John Mills.

Illustrated with Photographs specially taken by George Newnes, Limited.

ON the north side of that chief artery of London—the Strand—immediately behind the new Bankruptcy section of the Law Courts, and approached by Clement's Inn Passage, there is a rather extensive building of red brick which possesses, externally, no architectural features of a character likely to arrest the attention of the passing pedestrian. An officer in blue, who acts as guardian of the place behind the swinging doors at the entrance, affords a somewhat uncertain clue, perhaps, to the fact that the structure is a department of the Public Service. If you can manage to get past this sentry you find yourself in a lofty corridor with tessellated floor extending almost the full length of the building, but still nothing to be seen except doors right and left, and flights of stairs at each end, in both cases leading into the basement below and to the floors above. At uncertain intervals, however, you may hear the dull slam of doors in the distance, followed by the sound of active feet on the unyielding pavement, or one of the doors near you may open any time when unexpected and thus afford a glimpse of what is going on within—a man, perchance, decanting a liquid or washing a precipitate, or maybe with his cheeks distended operating the blow-pipe. It is the Government Laboratory.

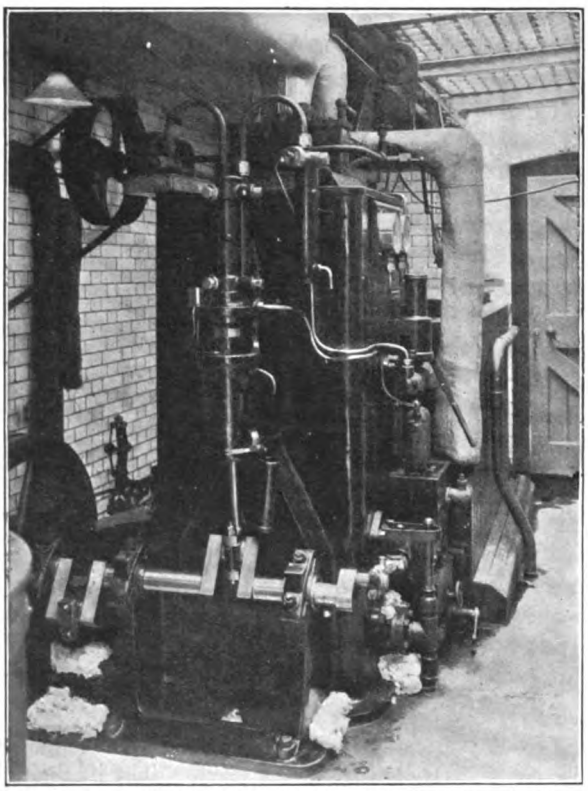
THE COLD STORE-ROOM, CONTAINING BOTTLES OF ARSENICAL BEER, ETC., READY FOR ANALYSIS.

A highly trained staff of chemists is here constantly kept busy in every imaginable form of chemical manipulation. Pass along the corridor and peep into the rooms on either side: it is laboratory after laboratory all the way round, except, of course, the private rooms of the principal and his deputy. Descending the stairs into the basement, there again one enters a long corridor, immediately under the first, with laboratories on one side and store-rooms on the other. Ascending to the first floor, the visitor finds the corridor here abruptly terminated, or rather closed, by large swing doors with glass panels, through which thirty or so young chemists can be seen engaged in analytical work: this is the main laboratory, a large, well-lighted room about 50ft. square, and covered in with a lofty lantern roof; entered from the corridor, outside the glass doors at each end of this principal room, are more laboratories, and stairs lead upwards to yet another floor, where chemists, secluded in specialized departments, exercise their scientific skill in the interests of the State.

The building is, as nearly as human skill can make it, fireproof. The interior walls of all the laboratories and corridors are lined with highly-glazed white bricks, with a dado of similar bricks of blue, yellow, and reddish-brown colour, finished by a row with scroll pattern. The floors, except in the corridors and a few other places, are of pitch-pine parquetry.

Its arterial and venous systems are thoroughly differentiated—the water used in operations in the laboratory being delivered through separate channels to the drains, while the aqueous liquid used as water-jackets for the distillations is lifted by a force-pump into cisterns above the building, to be used over and over again. Water at a constant tem-

perature a few degrees above the freezing-point is supplied all the year round for condensing purposes in distilling operations. The refrigerating apparatus employed is in the basement, but outside the main building. Liquid carbonic acid is evaporated to cool brine, which in turn reduces the temperature of the tank containing water. This refrigerator is also used in making ice to supply the needs of the establishment and for maintaining a low temperature in a specially constructed refrigerating chamber adjoining the main laboratory containing "work to be done"—samples of beer, worts, and other perishable articles which would suffer by exposure to changes in the temperature of the outside atmosphere.



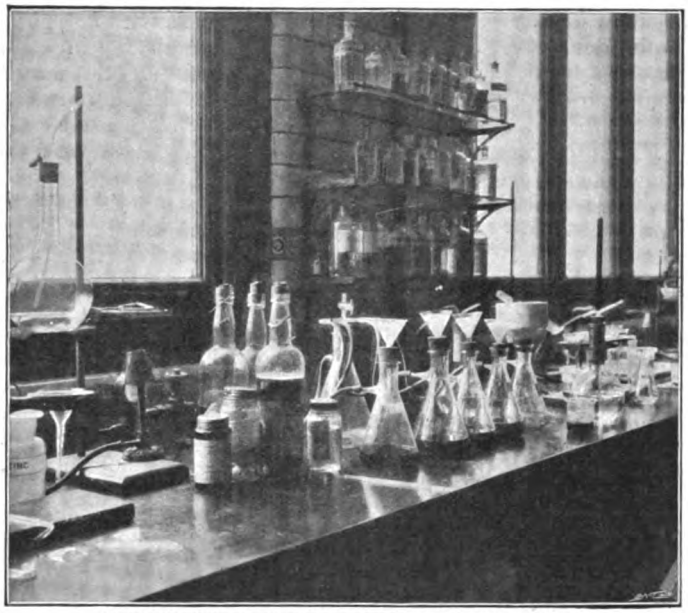
THE REFRIGERATOR FOR COOLING WATER THROUGHOUT THE BUILDING.

Although the Government Laboratory is at the present time an imposing institution and the most perfect of its kind, the day of small things is not long past. Some fifty years ago the late George Phillips began the work in one or two small rooms at Arundel Street, Strand, when the Excise Department intrusted him with the duty of detecting adulteration in tobacco. Soon other branches of the Excise recognised the value of chemistry as an auxiliary, and Mr. Phillips found it expedient to devise methods for determining the original gravities of beer and other fermented liquors.

More convenient premises were found for this branch of the public service in 1859 at Somerset House, right at the top of the west end of the building. Very early in the history of the laboratory other Government departments began to seek the aid of Mr. Phillips, the Stores Department of the India Office being one of the first, with its frequent dispatches of large quantities of all kinds of supplies for the use of the railways, telegraphs, and other public works in India, as well as much food and medical stores for the troops. To assist in controlling the quality of these articles it was arranged that samples from all tenders and supplies sent in by contractors should be systematically examined by the Inland Revenue chemical staff.

From a couple of rooms at Somerset House the laboratories gradually extended till more than twenty rooms were occupied, and the number of samples analyzed increased from 9,055 in 1867 to 39,224 in 1887, and in 1897 the enormous aggregate of 64,664. Professor Thorpe, soon after his appointment as principal chemist, came to the conclusion that new laboratories in a building specially constructed for the purpose would be much more satisfactory than any further extension of the old premises. The Treasury agreed to his proposals, and the present Government Laboratory, opened in 1897, was constructed in accordance with his designs, and embodies all the recent improvements and appliances calculated to facilitate every branch of analytical chemistry.

The recent epidemic of arsenical poisoning attributed to beer caused a thrilling sensation throughout the country. At the time I visited the Government Laboratory this grave subject was under the consideration of one section of the department, and many samples of the condemned or suspected beverage were under examination. I was permitted to look at the arsenic extracted from beer which had been submitted to the most searching chemical analysis. There the poisonous element was in the form of sulphide, a bright yellow powder, pleasing

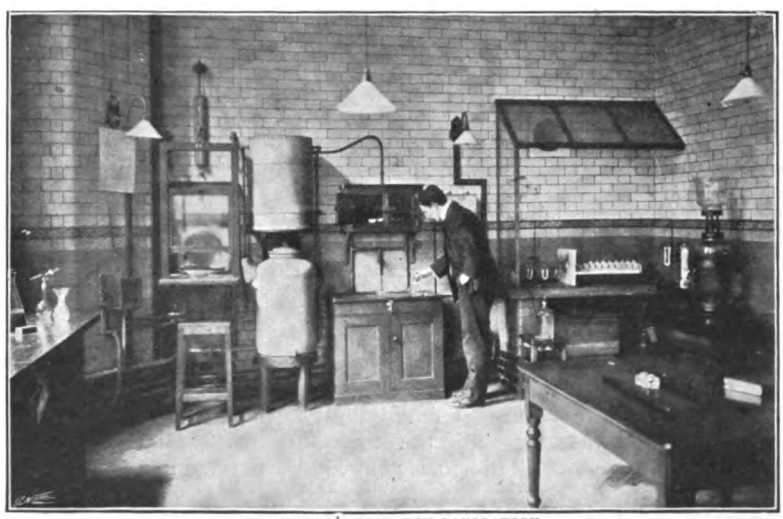


ARSENICAL BEER AND SUGAR SAMPLES UNDER EXAMINATION.

to the eye and very much in evidence, but how terrible a scourge is sufficiently attested by the published figures. I also saw the naked arsenic itself in the form of a black, lustrous mirror which had been deposited inside a glass tube in the process known as Marsh's test ; by means of this test the most minute traces of arsenic can be detected.

In 1899 many letters appeared in the *Times* on yew-tree poisoning—a question of considerable importance to the agricultural community, as, until we have ascertained the exact nature of the poison, we are not likely to find the remedy. Although the poisonous principle contained in the yew is at present unknown, there are numerous cases on record of death resulting not only in cattle, but human beings, from eating the leaves and berries of this tree. Gilbert White, in his antiquities of Selborne, says: "The twigs and leaves of yew, though eaten in small quantity, are certain death—and that in a few minutes — to horses and cows." A singular fact bearing on this subject is related on the authority of old Scottish history "that the northern part of Ireland was so much infested by yew trees that a great emigration of Irish took place in consequence, who, with their families and cattle, went over to Scotland, these yew trees everywhere destroying their cattle in Ireland."

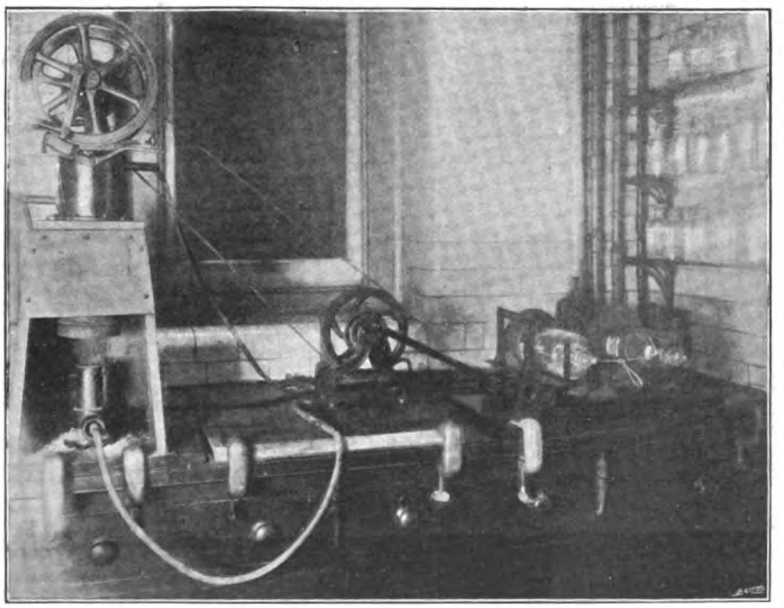
The ancients held that wine kept in yew vessels was poisonous, and it is a curious fact that the tree is avoided by insects. Many recent cases of yew-tree poisoning have been brought to light, general absence of knowledge by medical practitioners on the subject commented on, and the question raised whether this phase of poisoning is not one on which, to a great extent, ascertained scientific "facts" so called are at fault. I had forgotten all about these interesting letters until my visit to the Government Laboratory resurrected the whole affair. Though dead to the public these many months the yew-tree question has found a domicile in the Research Department of this institution, and the poisonous principle is under careful investigation by the chief chemist.



DR. THORPE'S RESEARCH LABORATORY.

Some years since a great agitation was set on foot about lead-poisoning in the Potteries, and in 1893 the Home Office clearly established the fact that lead-poisoning prevailed extensively. Professor Thorpe, the Government chemist, was engaged in a Royal Commission, and instituted experiments in the Government Laboratory to ascertain how far the danger may be diminished by substituting for the "white lead" ordinarily used some less soluble compound of lead. By far the greater portion of the domestic and sanitary ware and china, glazed bricks, wall and hearth tiles, door-knobs, finger-plates, fittings for electric-light installations, and countless other articles are glazed with materials containing compounds of lead.

The potters are now required by the Home Secretary to abandon the use of raw lead. The "fritts" used are examined as regards their solubility at the Government Laboratory. Our illustration shows the apparatus used by Professor Thorpe in ascertaining the amount of lead extracted from "fritts" and "glazes" by means of dilute acids, comparable as regards their action with that of the gastric juice and the animal solvents.



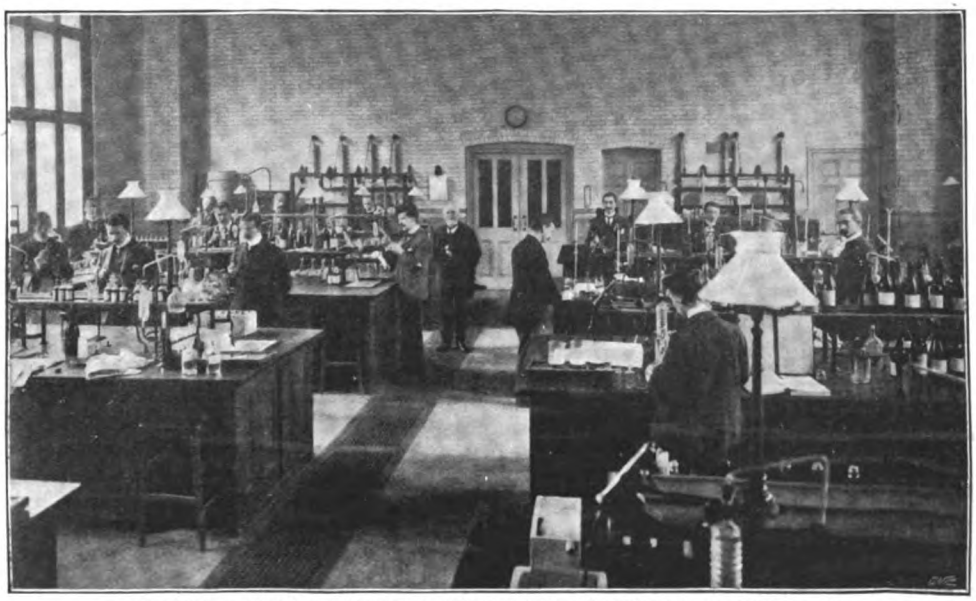
MOTOR ROCKER USED IN EXTRACTING LEAD FROM FRITTS AND GLAZES.

Last year the India Office referred to the Government chemist the subject of the use of artificial or synthesized indigo as compared with the natural product, the growth and preparation of which is so important an Indian industry. This arose out of a public discussion in the Press about the way in which the indigo industry in Bengal was threatened in consequence of the manufacture of indigo artificially in Germany. When we consider that this industry is worth about £4,000,000 annually to the Indian planters, and the Germans are on the way to slay the ancient industry by making indigo in the chemical laboratory, it will be seen that the stake to be played for is a heavy one.

In this way the principal chemist of the Government Laboratory is called upon from time to time to confront any analytical problem which may arise for the benefit of the whole or a part of His Majesty's subjects. He has to steer this dry-land ship, manned by a crew of a hundred hands or so, and, like the captain of a battleship, must depend on his own resources in every emergency. If an entirely new problem arises he may have to play the part of engineer, architect, and chemist, all rolled into one—construct his own apparatus, invent mechanical auxiliaries, and sketch out plans of attack and defence, for chemical work—especially in the unexplored region—is not by any means free from danger.

The scope of the Government Laboratory has widened from year to year until at the present day nearly all Departments seek the assistance of the principal chemist in controlling their contract supplies—the Admiralty, Board of Agriculture, Board of Trade, Colonial Office, Commissioners of Works (London and Dublin), Home Office, India Office, Local Government Board, Post Office, Stationery Office, Trinity House, and the War Office may be instanced. The regular work of the institution may be roughly divided into four distinct departments: (1) the main laboratory, wholly reserved for the analysis of alcoholic products—beer, wines, tinctures, rum, brandy, etc.; (2) the

tobacco-rooms, fitted with appliances for the examination of manufactured and the so-called "offal" tobacco, for the determination of fraudulent or improper admixtures; (3) the Board of Agriculture Department, where all cases of disputed analyses of fertilizers, etc., are referred here, and on which the decision of the principal chemist is final; (4) the Crown contracts laboratories, in which all manner of substances may from time to time be examined, from the gilt buttons and gold lace on the uniforms of our naval and military grandees to the steel rails of a railway.



THE MAIN LABORATORY: TESTING ALCOHOLIC DRINKS, BOTANIC BEERS, TINCTURES, ETC.

The main laboratory presents a scene of extreme activity, and one is almost bewildered by the variety of operations in which the many chemists are engaged. There is a profuse distribution of bottles of all kinds of alcoholic drinks, tinctures, etc., on the top shelves of the benches—the work set out for the day. The operation of kicking out the carbonic acid from beer is performed by a sort of electric screw revolved rapidly in the liquid. An abundance of froth rises to the surface, and, as the bubbles break, carbonic acid escapes. A measured quantity of the beer is then weighed for the purpose of determining its specific gravity, and it is then transferred to a still, by which means the alcohol, under the influence of heat, distils over into a receiver. In this way a distillate is obtained richer in alcohol than the original beer, and the distillate, when weighed in the balance, indicates a different specific gravity, which enables the chemist to compute the percentage of alcohol in the sample of beer under examination.

The number of analyses and examinations made in the Excise branch last year amounted to 68,287. Seven thousand five hundred and two samples of wort in various stages of fermentation had been examined to check the declaration of gravity made by the brewer. Two thousand three hundred and eighty-six samples of finished beer, taken from 1,223 publicans, were analyzed, and 319, or 13 per cent., of the samples were found to have been diluted with water or otherwise adulterated. The practice of diluting beer by publicans is almost entirely confined to London! Beer of a heavy brew has always been regarded as the typical drink of all Englishmen. John Bull is looked upon by foreigners as a man of little polish, few manners, and much beer and beef. Large numbers of persons confine themselves mainly to alcoholic liquors, and others imagine that their physical salvation lies in their taking no hot drinks, while another school of faddists tell us that the food we eat contains all the moisture that the body requires, and that liquids are a source of weakness.

Originally the Government Laboratory was established for the purpose of assisting the authorities in collecting and protecting the revenue derived from excisable and dutiable

GOVERNMENT CONTRACTS LABORATORY—GENERAL VIEW.

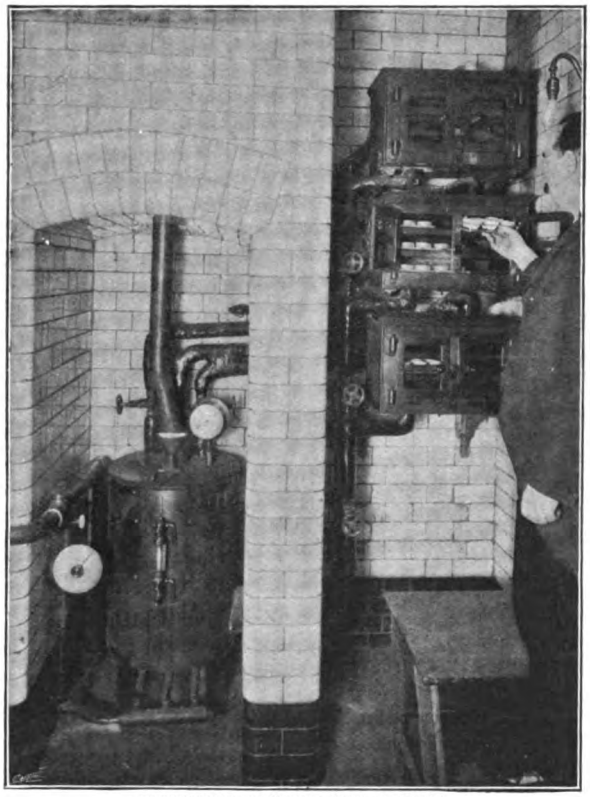
articles. How effectively this has been realized is clearly seen in the results which attended the change in the method of testing imported spirits in 1881. Previous to that date the practice was to assess the duty solely by means of the hydrometer, a method which fails to indicate the true percentage of spirits in most cases when colouring or sweetening matter is present; by substituting the method of testing by distillation a saving of about £180,000 was effected in the Customs' revenue.

As long as spirits are in bond they are duty free, but on being taken out a heavy duty becomes leviable. A certain quantity of the spirits becomes absorbed in the wood of the casks, and this amount is practically duty free. It has been found, however, that traders know a process by means of which they can extract the spirit from the wood. By soaking in water two or three gallons in some instances may be obtained from a large cask. This process of extracting spirits from casks is known as "grogging." In the year ended 31st March, 1900, legal proceedings were taken against seven persons for the unlawful exercise of this gentle art of grogging.

About a thousand samples of herb, ginger, and botanic beers were analyzed last year to ascertain if the proof spirit present was within the legal limit of 2 per cent. One-fourth exceeded the limit; nineteen samples contained 4 per cent., and the highest reached as much as 7·6 per cent.! While, however, the interests of the people at large are jealously guarded by our official chemists, the small vendor sometimes finds himself in an unenviable position; indeed, it is an easy matter for a salesman realizing a profit of three or four pounds a year on an article to find himself called upon to pay a fine of three times that amount for an offence which, in some cases, can hardly be regarded as premeditated.

The tobacco laboratory is provided with special drying ovens for expelling water from the fragrant weed, and so, by the diminution in weight, estimating the moisture contained in it. The drying ovens, three in number, are placed on the wall one above the other, and steam for heating them is generated in a special boiler standing close by. For carbonizing the tobacco and so ascertaining the solid matter in it a special furnace is employed. The flame can be regulated so as to play uniformly over the under surface of the platinum dishes containing the tobacco, which are supported on a light wrought-iron nickel-plated grid. The furnace is capable of holding forty dishes at one time and so treating as many samples simultaneously. The incineration of the samples is completed in three muffle-furnaces, of special design, heated by gas. Ninety-five samples of tobacco taken from manufacturers and dealers were analyzed last year for adulteration generally, and twenty of them were found to be adulterated with liquorice or glycerine. All the adulterated samples were apparently either smuggled cake cavendish or cut tobacco which bore no label to show it had paid the proper rate of duty.

Under the old moisture limit there were allowed thirty-five parts water and sixty-five parts tobacco, but under the new regulations



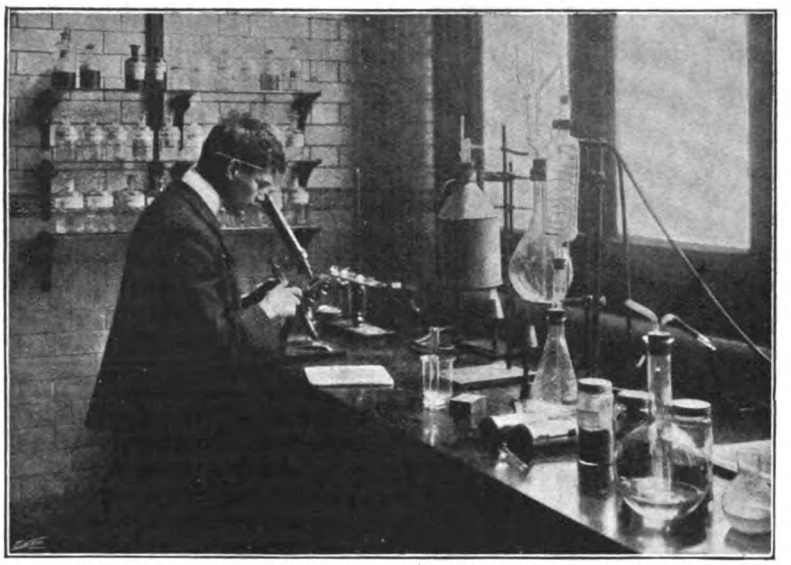
EXTRACTING MOISTURE FROM TOBACCO.

only thirty parts of moisture are allowed to seventy parts of tobacco. The 30 per cent. includes the natural moisture of the leaf, which varies from 13 to 17 per cent., and, as it is difficult to manufacture tobacco so that the manufactured article shall contain in every part of a pound exactly thirty parts of water, manufacturers allow a margin varying from 2 to 3 per cent. in working. Tobacco now sold contains more real tobacco and less water than formerly. There is probably no country in the world where the smoker obtains such pure tobacco as in Great Britain, because of the strictness of the Excise laws.

In the analysis of foodstuffs the object aimed at is protection against fraud in, for example, the sale of margarine under the name of butter. Margarine may be a wholesome and palatable form of food for those who can only afford to pay a moderate price and who are not given to inquire too curiously whether they are consuming animal fats ingeniously manipulated or the products of legitimate dairy produce. The ordinary farmer makes real butter, and he has to confront the competition of the manufacturer of what looks like butter, and is sold as such, though it is quite a different thing —an artificial product which may deceive the eye and even the taste. The colouring of margarine is not done to affect the taste, but to impart to it the appearance of butter.

The number of samples examined in connection with the Board of Agriculture during the last year was 1,745. One thousand three hundred and ninety-three samples of imported butter were examined. A large number of butters contained boric preservative, and were artificially coloured. As usual, it was found that the use of boric acid is most prevalent in France, Belgium, and Australia, and is very common also in Holland. The most frequent colouring-matter is annatto, but the use of coal-tar yellow appears to be on the increase, and is especially prevalent in Holland, the United States, and Australia. One hundred and thirty-two samples of imported margarine were analyzed. The bulk

FURNACE FOR INCINERATING TOBACCO.



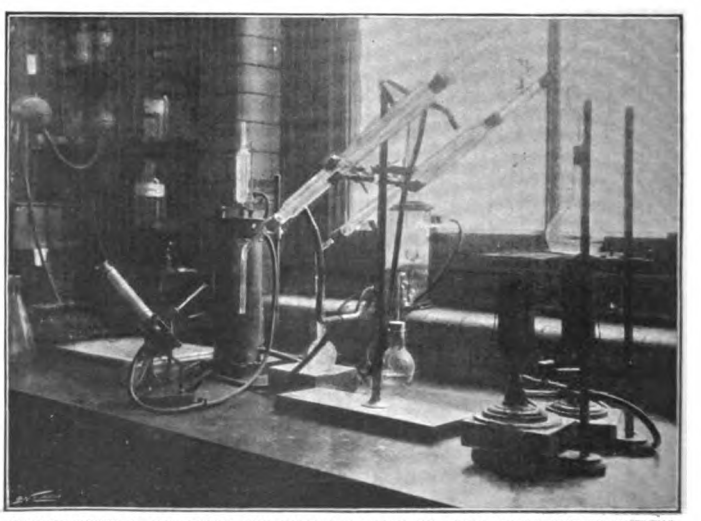
CROWN CONTRACTS LABORATORY—SOLDIERS' RATIONS UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

butter, margarine, and so on kept in the laboratory of known composition. So that any sample submitted for analysis may thus be confronted by several independent witnesses, so to speak, as to the purity or otherwise of the subject under examination.

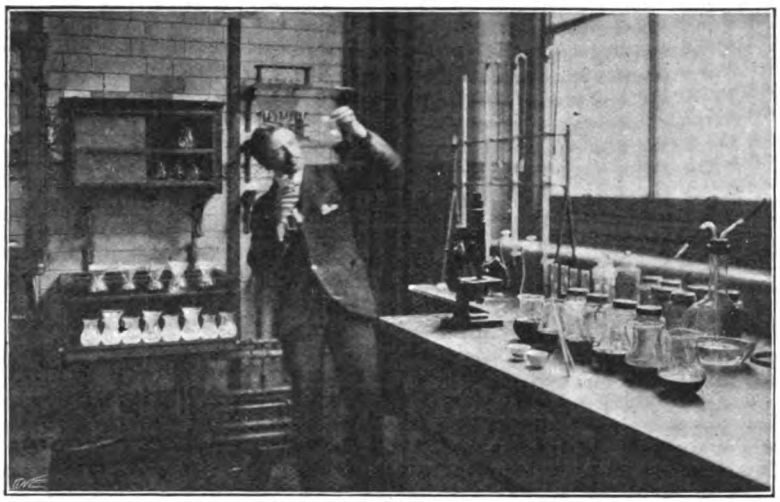
Public attention has often been called to the dangers that may arise from the careless use of the more volatile descriptions of petroleum, commonly known as petroleum spirit. Not only is the vapour therefrom, which is given off at ordinary temperatures, capable of being easily ignited, but it also forms, when mixed with air, an explosive atmosphere. It is therefore necessary, in dealing with and handling the spirit, to take strict precautions by the employment of thoroughly sound and properly-closed vessels, and by avoiding the use of naked lights in dangerous proximity to prevent leakage of the spirit and the contact of any form of artificial light with the highly inflammable vapour which it is always

of the margarine imported comes from Holland, and it is usually made with cotton-seed oil, contains boric preservative, and is artificially coloured with a coal-tar yellow. Analyses of milk under the Food and Drugs Act most frequently indicate dilution with water, fat, and in rare cases the somewhat novel double charge of dilution with water and addition of starch.

How can the analyst detect foreign matter in, say, butter? One method is by means of a specially constructed microscope. The pure article, when melted and a ray of light passed through it, has a definite refractive angle for a given temperature, and when foreign matter is present the refractive angle varies according to the nature of the substance added. Hence, a sample of butter is put in the instrument and melted by hot water from a conical vessel introduced into a jacket in the microscope by means of indiarubber tubing. The temperature is then registered by a thermometer, and the angle of refraction is read off on a graduated scale in the field of view. The proportion of butter fat may be deduced by distillation of the "volatile acids." Then there are specimens of



BUTTER-TESTING APPARATUS, FOR DISTILLING THE VOLATILE ACIDS AND MEASURING THE ANGLE OF REFRACTION.

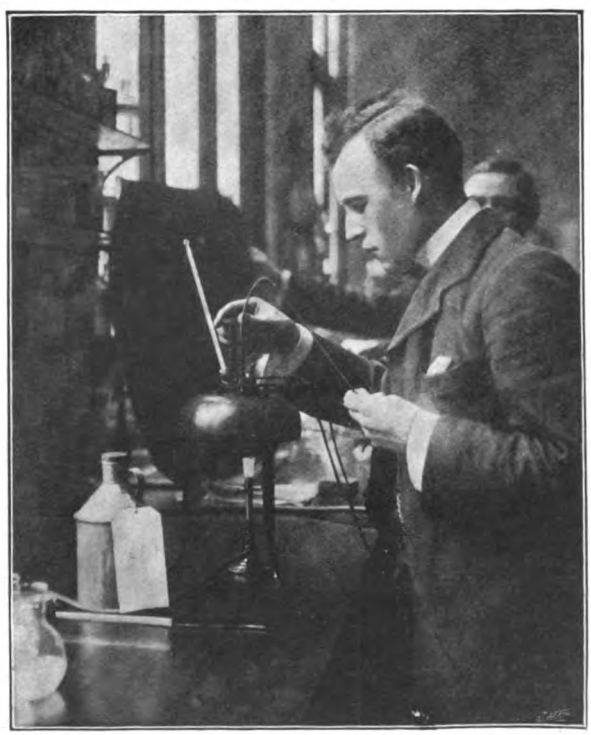


TESTING BUTTER AND CHEESE.

evolving. The oil allowed to be burnt in England must not "flash"—that is, give off inflammable vapour in a *closed* vessel—at a temperature below 100deg. Fahr. It was not until 1859 that the use of petroleum for illuminating purposes commenced to be general. Prior to the introduction of these oils only animal and vegetable oils (excepting oil of turpentine, which was employed to some extent under the trade name "camphine") had been used; they possessed many of the qualities of tallow, and were capable of being burned with a small wick and with free exposure to the air.

The petroleum oils, however, are of an entirely different nature, containing much more carbon and hydrogen than do the animal and vegetable oils, and are far more volatile and inflammable. They must be supplied in a regulated quantity to the flame and with a proper amount of air, or a smoky and objectionable lamp results. The enormous number of lamps which are now in use, and the necessity for fixing an arbitrary limit for the volatility and inflammability of the oil which may be used in them, and the conditions under which the oil may be stored, conveyed, and sold have given rise to much legislation.

Legislation in this and other countries is mainly based on what is known as the "flashing" point, which means the temperature at which the oil gives off an inflammable vapour. This is, of course, lower than is shown by the fire test, *i.e.*, the temperature at which the oil itself will take fire. The Acts of 1862 and 1868 in the United Kingdom included under the term "petroleum" such oil as gave off an inflammable vapour at less than 100deg. Fahr. by what is known as the open test—that is, when warmed in a vessel exposed to the air; but as this test was found to give varying results in different hands it was replaced in the Act of 1879 by the closed cup, or Abel tester, in which the oil is warmed in a closed vessel and is only exposed to the air at the moment that the testing flame is applied. The recent Petroleum Committee appointed by Parlia-



TAKING THE "FLASH-POINT" OF OIL FOR LIGHTHOUSES.

ment decided that 100deg. Fahr. "Abel close-test" is the safe medium. Here in the Government Laboratory all kinds of oil are tested, from those which "flash" at about 70deg. Fahr. up to 200deg. Fahr. Our illustration represents one of the Government chemists testing the "flash" point of a sample of lighthouse oil.

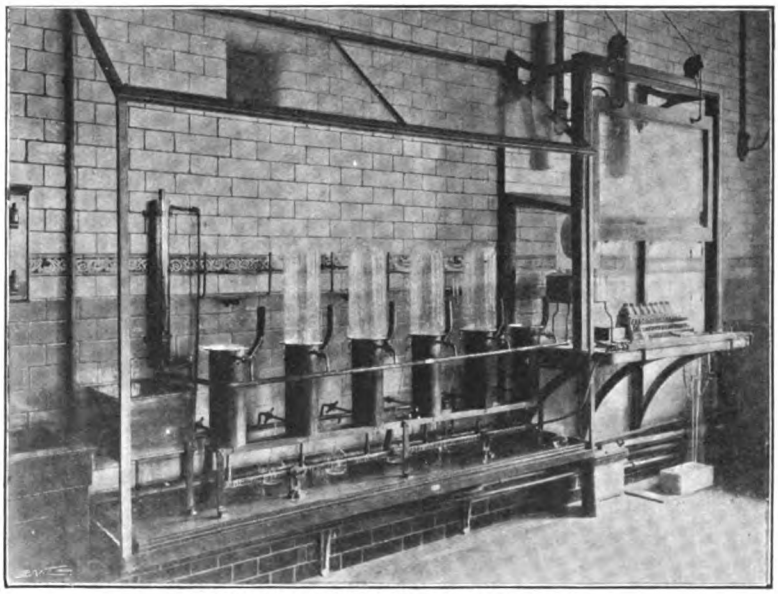
A specimen of steel may be under examination for sulphur, and if more than a regulation amount is found the steel is condemned as unfit for a particular purpose. The steel, as filings, is dissolved in acid by which means the sulphur in it is set free, and this free sulphur is converted into lead sulphate by a roundabout process, a definite compound in which the proportion of sulphur is known. And so the sulphur which before existed in the steel in an unknown proportion is now united with lead in such a ratio as admits of computing its proportion in the original sample of steel.

All tea imported as merchandise into and landed at any port in Great Britain or Ireland is subject to examination by persons appointed by the Commissioners of Customs. Samples of such tea, selected at the discretion of the inspectors, are sent to the Government Laboratory for chemical and microscopical analysis. In the Customs Department during the last year 226 samples of tea, representing 3,322 packages, were found to contain exhausted leaves or to be mixed with sand or other substances, and were refused admission for home consumption. Of these packages 2,274 were exported and 1,048 destroyed. It is estimated that the Anglo-Saxons are by far the biggest tea-drinkers in the whole world, and that in this way we contribute largely to the prosperity of the four countries which are the chief sources of supply — British India, Ceylon, China, and Japan. This most interesting return shows that, although the attractions of the innocuous cup are winning fresh adherents in the United States, all Europe treats tea with disdain. In Russia, Germany, and France the amount used by each person every year is less than 1lb. a head, the consumption in the last country being infinitesimally small. The figures of the consumption per head for the past three years for the English people at home are as follows: 1897, 5·81lb.; 1898, 5·86lb.; 1899, 5·98lb. Fourteen per cent. of the tea imported comes from foreign countries and 86 per cent. from British possessions. The production of coffee, like that of tea, is largely increasing—has, in fact, doubled in the last ten years. But the Anglo-Saxon race are not responsible for this growth. Coffee, in fact, holds the same place in England that tea does in Germany.

Here also large numbers of hydrometers are received from outports and examined. After verification they may be issued to officers throughout the kingdom. Other instruments, such as slides, calipers, rules, rods, measuring vessels, and so on, required by the service for gauging, sampling, and testing, are calibrated and tested before leaving the Government Laboratory.

On the death of Sir Edward Frankland in August, 1899, the Government chemist was requested by the Local Government Board to undertake the analyses of the London water supplies, and there is now a special room in the laboratory fitted up for this purpose. Water is, of course, such a powerful solvent that it is almost impossible to obtain

TESTING HYDROMETERS.



SPECIAL APPARATUS FOR TESTING LONDON WATER.

it in a state of perfect purity. The nearer you ascend to the source of a river the freer it becomes from contaminations, but there are still held in solution many substances, as, for example, those dissolved out of the surface soil and strata with which the water in its course comes into contact. When we consider that London requires something like a hundred million gallons of water each day for drinking, domestic, trade, and other purposes, and that the modes of contamination are legion, it becomes apparent that the waters supplied to the Metropolis need a physician. The possibilities which might follow in the wake of neglect on this point are terrible to contemplate. Diagnosis and prescription are constantly required to detect and eliminate such foreign matters as may jeopardize the public health.

The calamity which overtook the inhabitants of Maidstone in 1897 is an instance of what may happen if vigilance in these matters is relaxed. This town enjoyed the reputation of being a healthy locality with a low death-rate and an enviable freedom from typhoid fever—circumstances which, when the first cases of the epidemic became known, pointed to some specific and serious sanitary defect, and no time was lost in endeavouring to trace the source of the mischief. All the world knows that a more striking instance of guilt has never before been brought home to a particular water supply.

In the course of the year 1899 it was decided that all passenger ships should be required to carry a filter capable of delivering water free from micro-organisms. There were many sources of water-supply formerly within the City of London in the form of superficial springs. These have been sought after on account of their coolness and sparkling condition. Any praise given to sources of this kind generally illustrates the fallacy of popular judgment on such subjects, and shows how easily those qualities of coolness and freshness, which are absent from stored waters, impose on the palate, and induce a preference to be given to waters which are relatively most objectionable.

Water sources within the immediate vicinity of graveyards derive products of animal decomposition from the soil. Not very long ago a celebrated pump within the City of London—that adjoining St. Bride's Churchyard—was abandoned on account of such impregnations. Or, perhaps, I should say that it was not *abandoned*, for till almost the last moment the neighbours adhered to it with fondness; but the parochial authorities, alarmed by the proximity of cholera, caused its handle to be locked.

Chemical laboratories, of course, bear a close resemblance to each other, but there are reasons why the one at Clement's Inn Passage should be, to some extent, familiar to all. It is a factor, however small or indirect, in our daily lives; it is unique of its kind, and includes in its construction all the best features of existing laboratories, ignoring their defects.

A process of evolution has wrought in recent years a change in chemical laboratories comparable with the elevation of the human race from the barbarous to the civilized condition, and for this happy result at Clement's Inn Passage we are indebted to the wide experience and sound judgment of Dr. Thorpe, the principal chemist.

Breaking Wild Horses for the Army.

From a] A GROUP OF THE DARING ROUGH-RIDERS WHO DID THE DANGEROUS WORK. *[Photograph.*

THE prevalence of warfare in South Africa and China has enabled enterprising Americans to develop a new and singular industry — the breaking of horses and mules for army service. It is conceded by military experts that the importance of having properly-trained animals is constantly increasing. Since the outbreak of the South African War the one cry of the British generals has been for horses and mules, and the lack of these has been a potent factor in prolonging the struggle. The same conditions prevail both in China and in the Philippines; without horses, cavalry, infantry, and artillery are powerless.

W. R. Grace and Co., of San Francisco, probably the greatest firm in the world in the horse-breaking business, are performing marvels in the way of rapidly fitting great numbers of wild animals for army service. It is at Baden, a small country town in the San Mateo Hills, about a dozen miles from San Francisco, that this struggle of man *versus* beast is now occurring. From all the great ranches of the West the animals are being brought in, and a series of scenes enacted such as have probably never been paralleled anywhere else.

The contract which has given the firm an international fame, and which is now being successfully filled, was placed by the German Government shortly after the outbreak of hostilities in China. According to the terms of the agreement the company was to secure four thousand horses and mules, thoroughly broken and suitable for army purposes, to be ready for shipment in three months, the animals to be inspected by a commission of German officers, and to be graded as follows: For artillery service and officers' mounts; for cavalry, including officers' and general staff mounts; for baggage, waggon, and pack train. For the artillery the firm was limited to bays, blacks, and sorrels, while for cavalry and the waggons all colours were accepted. The horses were to weigh from 950lb. to 1,250lb.; height ranging from 14.2 to 16 hands.

It was recognised that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to secure in such a short period the required number of thoroughly broken horses and mules, sound and suitable in every respect, more particularly as the American Government had been purchasing large numbers for the Philippines.

When a man has horses which are well broken, free from vicious habits, and sound in bone, he either demands a prohibitory price for them or else is not willing to sell at all. For this reason it was necessary to get the stock from two sources: animals that had been partly broken and were not sufficiently gentle for army use and required handling and training, and those absolutely wild horses known to stockmen as "colts."

To make such animals sufficiently docile to satisfy the exactions of an army commission was the problem. Operations were commenced by building at the Baden Farm a large number of temporary stables with narrow stalls, such as the horses would be placed in aboard ship. In the course of a few weeks the firm was prepared to stable and stall 750 head. They then built circular riding corrals, snubbing-posts, haltering shutes, and other conveniences required to carry on the operation of "breaking" on a large scale. All the experienced rough-riders to be found were at once engaged, until there were in the riding crew fifty men

and upwards, the majority of whom could ride without any difficulty the hardest bucker or greatest outlaw that might come along.

In addition to the riding crew, a driving crew to handle and break the horses suitable for artillery was secured, so that they could be driven double in fours and sixes. Among the handlers and vacqueros were included some of the most noted rough-riders in the country; their services were needed, for never was a wilder set of brutes brought together in one company. The vacqueros received big money for their services, and earned it, for a dozen times a day they

GENERAL VIEW OF THE CORRAL, SHOWING HUNDREDS OF HORSES IN THE DIFFERENT INCLOSURES.
From a Photograph.

risked their lives. The total working force finally numbered about 380 men.

After things were started arrivals at the farm averaged 200 head daily; some were thoroughly broken, while others were fresh from the range, having no greater acquaintance with man than a "rodea" occasionally furnished them. The first thing necessary was to pass the arrivals through the various grading corrals so that they might be assigned to their proper class. After the colts were taken in charge by either the riding or driving crew they were put in the bridling shute, a long, narrow, heavily-boarded partition, V-shaped, allowing very little room for foot action, with sides about 7ft. high. On starting the animals in this passage the doors would be suddenly closed before and behind them, and they were then powerless to prevent a halter from readily being placed on them. After the halter was adjusted the animals were led out and tied to a snubbing-post, three or four men often being required to lead some of the horses. On being tied to the post the animals would struggle fiercely to break the halter, pulling, backing, and lying on it with full weight for hours at a time, varying the proceedings by throwing themselves on the ground and kicking violently.

This process lasted from two to six days according to the disposition of the animals. When they would allow a man to approach without attempting to pull away, and would permit themselves to be led around by a rope, they would be considered "halter broken" and ready for the ring. The foreman would then assign such horses to various men in his crew, whose business it was to ride or drive the animal until thoroughly broken and accepted by the officers, each man riding six horses a day. The riders were assisted in saddling and bridling by men assigned for that purpose.

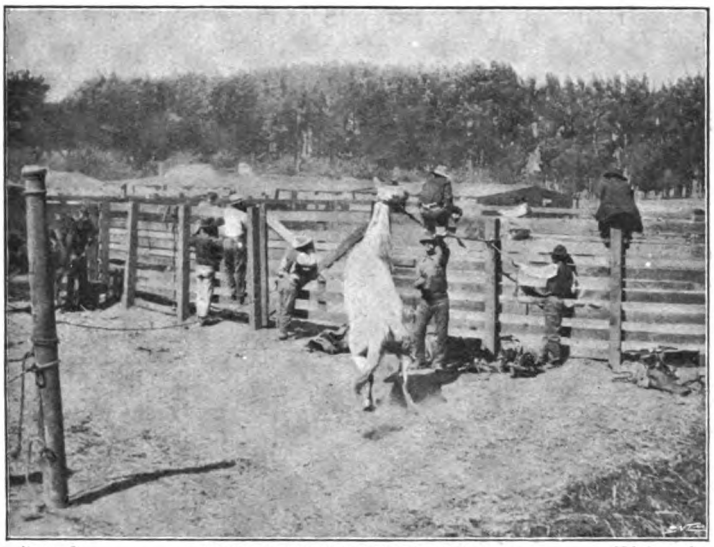
This operation is commenced by drawing a blind over the horse's eyes, when he will

From a] HALF-BROKEN HORSES RECEIVING THE SADDLE FOR THE FIRST TIME. *[Photograph.*

stand quietly while the blanket and saddle are put on and the cinch drawn. After the rider has mounted the blind is taken off and the fun begins, the horse rearing and plunging around the circular corral, backing and kicking, encouraged to his best efforts by the rider, so as to "take it all out of him" as soon as possible. After ten minutes' ride in the ring, or circular corral, the horses were taken out on the road and ridden in squads of ten. Each horse was ridden once a day for one hour, say, ten or fifteen minutes in the ring and forty to forty-five minutes on the road. On returning the horse was curried and brushed, at first rather indifferently, as may be imagined, as this was done more to "gentle" them than for any other reason.

This treatment suffices for most of the horses, but there are some especially fractious brutes which require harsher measures. These are placed in a separate squad and turned into one of the largest yards. Several of the cowboys on horseback with lariats then enter, and riding after the herd as they canter round the fence-line each singles out his victim, and deftly whirling the rope round his head launches it out into the air. Almost as surely as it leaves his hand it encircles the head and neck of the running horse or mule. Such treatment he has never known before, so off he goes with a dash until the slack of the rope is exhausted. He is brought up with a jerk that throws him upon his haunches, for the other end of the lariat is firmly secured to the horn of the vacquero's Mexican saddle.

From a] A MOUNTED VACQUERO BREAKING A WILD HORSE. *[Photograph.*

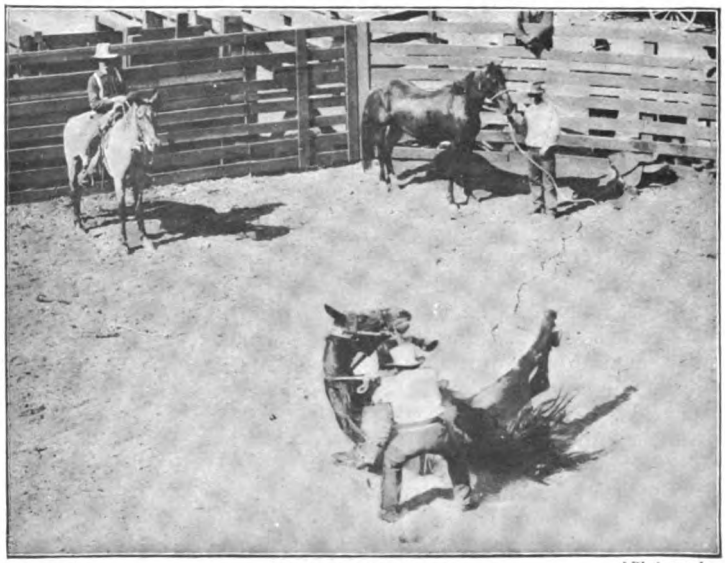


From a] TYING A STUBBORN PLUNGER TO A POST. *[Photograph.*

His struggles, however, have tightened the noose until he can scarcely breathe. If the fight lasts too long another vacquero lassoes him round the forelegs, and it is a pretty sight to see the skilful way the noose is dropped just where the animal's feet will be the next instant. Securely caught round neck and legs he cannot last much longer, for his breath is cut off and his fighting powers greatly curtailed by the second rope. Fight, however, he will until the very last, when, exhausted and sweating at every pore, he goes down for good in a cloud of dust.

He is then quickly haltered and led off to another corral, where he is allowed to run around for a few days, dragging his halter-rope with him to get accustomed to the idea, while his captors are busy with others of his kind. Although he may fondly imagine now and then that he is free again, he is forcibly reminded of the fact that it is only a dream whenever one of his companions in misfortune steps on his halter-rope, giving him a jerk that is very irritating. After this stage he is tied up to a strong post for a time, and this always provokes another struggle to get away from the halter. When he has come to his senses and given up the struggle he is led to a round corral, where, without more ado, a saddle is tightly cinched upon him. This is a ticklish business and is not done in a hurry by any means. Very carefully he is approached. While gently stroking and coaxing the animal the cowboy quietly places the saddle on the creature's back, all the time keeping a careful watch; for an apparently peaceful animal may in less than a second become a very demon in his wild attempt to break loose and shake the saddle off.

The vacquero, watching his chance, leaps to his seat in the saddle. Bucking, kicking, rearing and bucking again, the horse tries to shake his tormentor off. But bucking like this is very tiresome. Soon the horse gives it up and quits, then the gate is opened and he is taken to the main road. His spirits rise at once. Now or never is the time, for surely nothing can withstand him on open ground. A frantic dash down the road follows, with all his old tactics repeated, but this is again in vain, for the cowboy keeps his seat, smoking a cigarette and apparently



From a] A DANGEROUS MOMENT. *[Photograph.*

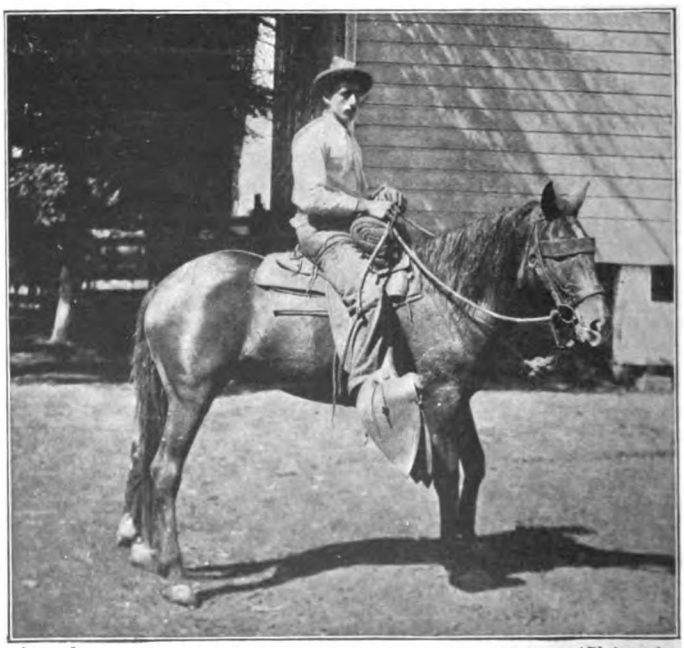
From a] CONQUERED! *[Photograph.*

much at home. Soon horse and rider come back along the road, the former with the starch out of him, and the breaking of a cavalry horse is finished.

This process would have to be continued for from two to four weeks, according to the disposition and breeding of the animal. Well-bred animals are handled more readily than "half-bred." With fifty men in the riding crew it will be seen that 300 colts are ridden daily. In the driving crew the process is much the same; in place of saddling the horses are harnessed to a waggon and driven on the road: first with a well-broken, experienced horse to make a team, and then, after a few days, two colts are driven together. These "breaking horses" are very interesting, exerting quite as much effort to handle a colt as the men who do the driving. When a colt is fractious the old breaking horse will pull him around, and if he is inclined to hold back drag him along into a trot or run.

Generally speaking Mexicans and half-breed Indians have been the best rough-riders, although the most graceful, fearless, and capable of the crew is an American of Irish descent, the chief vacquero. In the driving crew coloured men were found to be the best hands at conquering and gentling the animals, more particularly the mules. Every day these men give splendid exhibitions of rough-riding and reckless nerve. Danger lurks on every hand and is not confined to flying hoofs, but so great has been the skill of the vacqueros that the total casualties only number a few broken arms.

Within three months the company has had 4,500 animals accepted and branded by the commission from 6,000 head handled and shown. After the animals were examined by the commissioners for age, soundness, and eyesight, they were shown at walk, trot, and gallop, under saddle and in harness, and when accepted were branded on the left side of the neck with a letter to indicate class—R, for cavalry; Z, for artillery; and T, for transport; the mules having no designation.



From a] THE CHIEF VACQUERO ON A CONQUERED MOUNT. *[Photograph.*

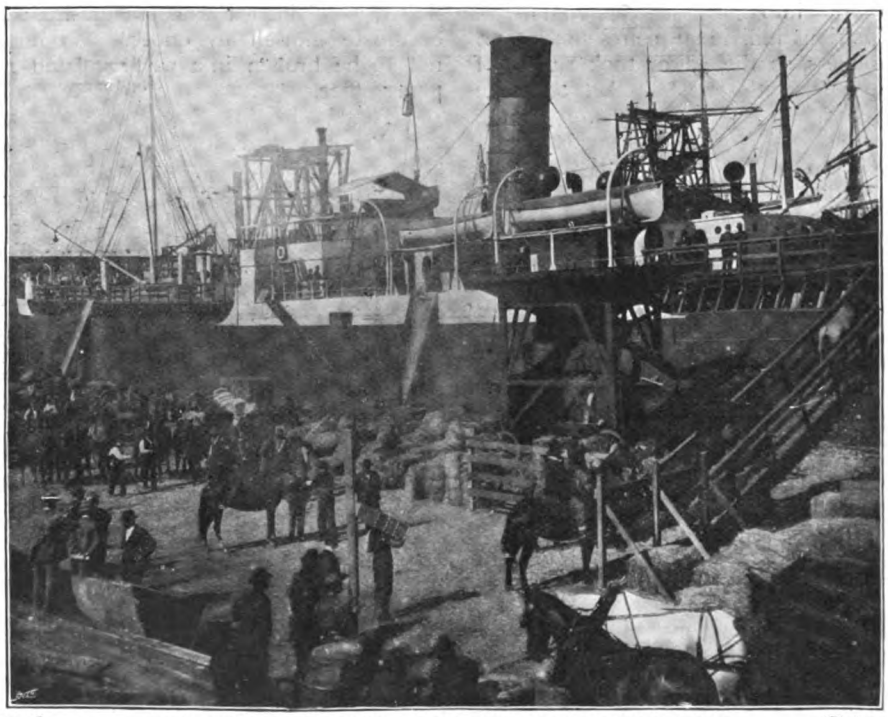
Each animal was also numbered consecutively, as "Z 100," etc.

The transporting vessels were fitted at a very heavy expense with stalls, ventilating plant, water supply, and other conveniences to guarantee safe passage of the animals on the long voyage to China. The cost of fittings varied from 40,000dols. to 75,000dols., according to the size of the vessel. This will give some idea of the amount of work that was done. The stalls were built in rows on the three decks of the steamer, the full length of the ship. In this way the horses would stand thwart ships, with heads toward the centre of the vessel. The stalls were 2ft. 6in. between perpendiculars, or 2ft. 3in. clear, and 7ft. deep. The stalls were built so narrow in order to keep the animals steady in case the ship encountered heavy weather, and with cleats on the floor to enable them to keep a safe footing. Each stall was padded at the front to prevent injury to the animal if thrown forward. Of course, while in such small stalls the animals could not lie down, and had to stand on their feet throughout the voyage of thirty days. Bolts were fitted over every stall, so that animals showing any weakness on their feet might occasionally be supported in canvas slings.

Every known precaution for safe transportation having been adopted, regardless of expense, it was gratifying to land safely at Taku something over 95 per cent. of the stock shipped, which is in itself a new record. In this business the company made several new records:—

First: In securing that number of animals in such a short space of time. Second: The class and appearance of the stock. Third: The large numbers shipped per *Samoa* and *Bosnia*. Fourth: Largest percentage safely transported.

In loading the horses by far the greater number were walked aboard on a gang-plank from the dock to the main deck of the ship, and were then led down gangways built in the hatches to the lower decks. However, some of the animals had to be loaded into portable stalls from the dock and lowered into the hold, as it was not possible to reach some sections of the ship in any other way.



From a] A BUSY SCENE ON THE WHARF—SHIPPING FIVE HUNDRED BROKEN HORSES. *[Photograph.*

The Mystery of the Expert.

By Robert Barr.

THE editor of that highly successful periodical, *Forest and Field*, in searching for a match, found more than he expected. He had wandered into his assistant's room, but that industrious individual, being no smoker, was matchless, so the editor took a piece of torn paper from the waste-basket to make a spill of it and thus bring fire to the bowl of his pipe, when his eye caught a woodland phrase on the sheet which arrested his attention as a protruding nail lays hold on a trailing garment. The pipe remained between his teeth lifeless as he read on to the end of the scrap, then he groped in the waste-basket and salvaged the torn manuscript bit by bit, assorting the remnants on the table of his assistant, who looked on uneasily. The silence was oppressive as the editor slowly cryptogramed his way through the scrawl.

"THIS SIMPLY REEKS OF THE SOIL, MY BOY."

"Where did this come from?" he asked at last.

"Oh, that," replied the assistant, visibly perturbed, fearing he had somehow made a mistake, which indeed was the case, "it's from some old duffer out in the country. He sends a long letter every week, but he doesn't know how to spell, and has the most elementary ideas about grammar."

"This simply reeks of the soil, my boy. We can supply grammar in the office, and there are several dictionaries. Just paste these pieces together and bring them in to me."

"He has never given his name and address, but merely signs himself 'Pathfinder,'" rejoined the assistant, anxious to exculpate himself by quoting a rigid rule, not to be broken in a well-regulated newspaper office.

"That's all right. I want to see anything else this man sends in," and John Stobcross went to his own room, forgetting his quest of the match. Unthinking people called Stobcross lucky, but he was merely a person who knew a good thing when he saw it, a most valuable quality in an editor.

From that time on the "Pathfinder" articles appeared nearly every week in the *Forest and Field*, their instantaneous success more than justifying the judgment of the editor. They were quoted by many journals, letters of admiration were written to the office about them from various parts of the world, and finally a noted publisher asked permission to collect the series and issue it in book form.

John Stobcross was not the man to let such a volume slip through his fingers into the hands of any other publisher. The newspaper got out books on its own account, and the *Forest and Field* Library is too well known to need any praise at this late day. But the mysterious contributor re-

tained that anonymity which had so deeply offended the assistant in the first instance. This was most unusual, for the *Forest and Field* paid handsomely when a contribution pleased it, and there never before had been an instance where an author had considered himself unworthy of his hire. Stobcross was not going to admit to anyone that he knew nothing of his celebrated correspondent. There was ample money due to the "Pathfinder" if he would but call for it, though this does not usually keep an editor awake at nights; but, by-and-by, the question of book rights came up, and it was important to find the man behind the *nom-de-guerre*.

Of course, technically, the office could publish the book, for the articles had been copyrighted in the name of the sheet, and the author might find a difficulty in establishing any legal claim; still, the *Forest and Field* was an honest trader, and wished to have its dealings done in proper form.

It was impossible to advertise boldly for the unknown man; that would be tantamount to making public the secret of the dilemma. It would not do to print an announcement under the head of "Missing": "Stolen or strayed, a valuable contributor. Answers to the name of 'Pathfinder.' Any person returning same to the office of *Forest and Field* will be suitably rewarded."

Nevertheless, Stobcross did something very similar. He printed a note at the end of one of the articles which ran: "Will 'Pathfinder' kindly communicate with X.Y.Z., Box 73, office of *Forest and Field*, London, E.C.?" But "Pathfinder" unkindly did nothing of the sort, and so Stobcross published that celebrated volume, "And Pastures New," without the author's permission.

The book was warmly welcomed and widely read. A leading review said it was as refreshing as a breeze from the moors; an intimate and astonishing revelation of wild life, and a welcome change from those innumerable pottering volumes on the garden.

Before three months were past a small fortune was at the disposal of "Pathfinder" at the office of publication, if he but called for it, but he did not call.

John Stobcross was seldom baffled, and the continuing mystery put him on his mettle. He examined carefully the envelopes that brought in the manuscripts. They had been posted from a group of small villages in the north of England—Sutton Marbury, Fernlea, King's Bootle, Purlbrook, Saggat's Bend, Peaceberry, Trimnal, and Plumpton Cross. All these places were in the same district, and King's Bootle was a railway station. *King's Bootle?* The name came home to Stobcross at once; his laugh rang out, and he smote his fist on the table before him, called himself a fool never to have suspected. The one man in England with the knowledge of woodcraft and the love of all wild creatures to have written such a book, and yet a man who pretended to despise books and writers, lived near King's Bootle, and consequently near all the other little villages whose post-marks had decorated the several envelopes.

"THE OWNER OF A DOMAIN."

Bluff old Squire Acrescliffe, the owner of a domain—a man rich enough to care nothing for the monetary product of his pen, or more probably so ignorant of bookish ways that he had no suspicion there was any money in a volume about things so familiar to him—was well qualified to be the author of "And Pastures New." Often had Stobcross been a visitor at Acrescliffe Manor, for the *Forest and Field* was the one paper that the squire swore by; all others were tommy-rot in his opinion, and King's Bootle was the station at which the squire's trap or

carriage met the editor when he went to stay a week at the Manor.

The letters had not been in the squire's handwriting, but the old man would naturally wish to conceal his descent into authorship, and the engaging of an uncultured amanuensis was an easy matter; one of his own game-keepers, very likely. Stobcross resolved to write to the squire a letter that would draw out his opinion of the articles; if he criticised them severely then it was all but certain he was their author, for this course would probably occur to him as a subtle method of throwing dust in the editor's eyes.

"MY DEAR ACRESCLIFFE (he dictated),—I am sending you by this post a book entitled 'And Pastures New,' which has been the success of the season. I know your contempt for city-bred writers, but I wish you would read this work and tell me what you think of it. How are you all, and have you caught the Demon Poacher yet?

"Ever yours,

"JOHN STOBCROSS."

The reply came in due time, and it left the editor in very much the same quandary in which he had been before its arrival.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—No city-bred man wrote that book. I bought it when it first came out, and several other copies since. Gave 'em away to friends, so I thank you for this extra copy. I was going to write you about the letters when they were appearing in the *Forest*, but have been busy, and you know I am not handy with the pen. I would rather meet 'Pathfinder' than any other man in England. Can't you bring him down here with you? He'd be delighted with this place, I'm sure; indeed, it seems to me when I read his book that I know the very glades and dells and bits of stream he's writing about.

"The Demon Poacher, dammum, we haven't caught yet, but we're going to; you'll see. I've got a trap for him now that's costing me hundreds of pounds. I can't give you particulars yet, for if it doesn't come off I don't want to be laughed at again by the whole countryside. Curse that poacher, he'll see the inside of a gaol before long, or I'm no magistrate. We're going to spring the trap on the night of the 21st. If it works, it will make the greatest page you ever printed in the *Forest*. If it doesn't, I don't want anything said about it. Bring 'Pathfinder.' He is the man to write about it, although I think he favours poachers a little too much, but that's the only fault I find with him. Wire your train. — Yours, as usual, GEORGE ACRESCLIFFE."

Thus it came about that John Stobcross was met at King's Bootle by the squire's carriage, but "Pathfinder" was not with him. Arriving at the Manor, the squire greeted him cordially, but was palpably disappointed that he came alone.

"Good gracious, squire, you are surely never installing the electric light in this old mansion?" cried the editor, seeing coils of wire about and workmen busy insulating and making connections.

"Why not? One must keep up with the times, you know, even in this out-of-the-way corner," and the squire winked.

After partaking of refreshment, Acrescliffe mysteriously led his visitor along a passage to a locked door, at which he rapped, and it was opened from the inside by a keen-faced man, who admitted them into an apartment that looked like an electrical stock-room, an amazing aggregation of telephones, bells, indicators, and other apparatus.

"Why, what's all this?" cried the astonished editor; "are you starting a factory?"

"Looks like it, doesn't it? Mr. Volter here can explain the matter better than I. Volter, this is the visitor I was expecting, or, at least, one of them. The other couldn't come. Would you kindly tell him what we are trying to do?"

"You see, sir," began the electrician, "we have surrounded the plantation which the poacher most frequents with three zones of concealed wire: an outer, a middle, and an inner zone. If any person crosses one belt or the other, or all three, the indicator here will not only tell us that he has so crossed, but also it will let me know within twenty yards of *where* he has crossed. The moment he is in the centre area I telephone simultaneously to different points where the constabulary are hidden, and they at once surround this central space, and there are enough men concealed to make a circle each unit of which will be in touch with the two units on either side of him. The circle will gradually close in, and I don't see how the poacher can escape. If he does, the three zones, which we will try to keep the men clear of, will tell which way he is escaping. This I can let the chief know instantly by field telephone, and so I think we have a chance of nabbing him."

"But suppose some animal crosses your wires?"

"There is that danger, of course; still, it

would take a heavy animal to send in an alarm. A fox might do it, but we have to take the risk of that."

The squire had no other visitors, and he sat with his guest in the electrical room until midnight, the only other occupant being Volter, who kept intent watch on the silent indicators. Acrescliffe spoke rarely, in an awed whisper, as if they were waiting for a ghost, or thought loud talk would disturb the electricity.

At eleven minutes after midnight there was a slight click, and the arm on the first dial swung lightly a quarter way round, and quivered at the figure 15.

"He's crossed No. 1," said the electrician, quietly, taking out a watch; "he has crossed near the north stile." In the silence that ensued the ticking of the watch could be heard. Host and guest were on their feet, breathless.

"He's going very slow, or taking a diagonal direction," continued Volter, at last, but as he spoke the hand of No. 2 dial dropped to 17.

"Not so diagonal, after all, but slow. Crawling on his hands and knees, I suspect." Volter rang up a telephone. "Are you there?"

"He has crossed 15, No. 1; 17, No. 2. Be ready." This message was repeated through the different telephones. Click went No. 3 resting at 36.

"Ah, he's gone south of the brook now. It's time to go if you want to be in at the death. Are you there? Crossed No. 3 at 36. Go." And so through all the telephones.

The squire and editor were speedily outside, the former leading the way. The night was very dark, but with brilliant starlight overhead. The owner of the ground knew every foot of the way, and soon came to the speechless circle, closing in, closing in, watching their own shuffling feet that no human being might escape. The field telephone gave the word that so far no one had crossed out again. Thus they felt sure of him, but the ever-contracting circumference came fruitlessly in on itself, making way through a kind of covert, without sound, but without result.

The diameter of the living circle had shrunk to something like 10ft. when suddenly a partridge whirled up and away, which so startled the tense men that some of them cried out in alarm. A frightened little animal scuttled between their feet, and another, and another. But one was not so fortunate. The boot of a constable came down on it, and there was a faint, appealing squeal. Then came the climax of an exciting night. The slight, soil-coloured mound in the centre lifted its nose out of the mould and cried:—

"Take your foot off that weasel, you lout!" and the man was so dumfounded that he did as ordered, the released animal shooting to safety.

"Got him, begad!" roared the squire, pushing in.

The now standing mound shook the leaves from his back; he was holding to his breast some small animal that nestled under his chin.

"CRAWLING ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES, I SUSPECT."

"Make way there," shouted the poacher; and for the second time he was almost obeyed.

"Close in on him, men," commanded the chief; "look out for a knife; pinion him."

The poacher rubbed the little animal for a brief moment against his cheek, then flung it over the heads of the circle.

"Good-bye, Pink Eye; look out for yourself; I'm nabbed."

He made no resistance—a glance around showed him the futility of it—and was deftly handcuffed. And now the procession set out for the house, where all the men knew ample refreshment awaited them.

"You'd never have got me, squire, if it hadn't been for that weasel. I hope it wasn't hurt. You've been as close as this to me before."

"I'll close you, you scoundrel. You'll do time."

"I suppose so. Well, I hope there'll be a friendly rat in my cell."

"THE POACHER RUBBED THE LITTLE ANIMAL AGAINST HIS CHEEK."

Once in the ample ancient wainscoted hall, with a great fire blazing, the jovial old squire was beside himself with glee. The prisoner stood in striking contrast to him, very dejected, ill-clad in rags that were the colour of the soil and that seemed part of the ground from which he had sprung.

"The laugh is with me this time," roared the squire. "By Jove, Stobcross, what a pity 'Pathfinder' didn't come. He'd be the fellow to have written about this night's work. I'd sooner meet 'Pathfinder' than any man in England, as I've said often enough."

"'Pathfinder!' *What* 'Pathfinder'?" asked the prisoner, looking up.

"I'm not talking to you, you scum."

"You don't mean 'Pathfinder' that writes for the *Forest and Field?*"

"Yes; what do you know about him?" said the squire, astounded that such a creature had acquaintance even with such a periodical or writer.

"Nothing, but I am 'Pathfinder.' I wrote them things."

"You brazen liar! See how you trap yourself, for there, before you, stands the editor of the *Forest*. You never thought to find him here to confront you. Tell him who 'Pathfinder' is, John."

"So help me, squire, you've both got me in a corner. I can't contradict him. I don't know who 'Pathfinder' is."

"Be you the editor?" asked the prisoner.

"That's what they call me."

"Well, my hands is in a snare, so if you feel under my belt you'll get the next letter. That there partridge was to get the stamp, but your stamp has flew away. You shouldn't be so hard on poachers, squire. If I owned the land an' you lived in my cot, you'd be a poacher yourself."

"Me a poacher? You rat, how dare you say such a thing?"

"You know you couldn't keep out of the woods, squire; you love 'em too much and all that's in 'em; and there's no man can learn you anything about 'em either, squire. You knows a lot about them creatures an' their haunts."

"Why—why—why—you villain, do you think you're going to come over me with your—— Well, I *do* know something about them, that's true, but I——"

The editor had been turning the letter over and over in his hand; had opened it

and examined the contents; now he interrupted the speaker.

"I say, squire, will you oblige me by ordering the handcuffs off this man?"

"Now, I'm not going to let him go. It is all nonsense about him being 'Pathfinder.'"

"I suspect as much. I think this letter has been given him to post. I'll find that out in a moment, if his manacles are off, and you can let us have pen and ink."

The released man was taken into the library and set down at table, with pen, ink, and paper before him.

"Write 'partridge,'" said the editor.

The prisoner laboriously wrote "p-a-t-r-i-g," and handed up the result of his effort. Stobcross glanced at it.

"This is the man, squire. You can't send such a genius to gaol, poaching or no poaching. Have you ever seen your book?"

"What book?"

"Do you see the *Forest and Field?*"

"Not reg'lar. Can't afford to pay sixpence, except now and then."

"Never saw a note at the foot of one of the articles asking you to send your address to the office?"

"No. Wouldn't 'av' done it if I had. I'm not easy trapped, am I, squire?"

"Here's the book," said the squire; "what do you think of it?"

The poacher turned over the sumptuous leaves as if afraid to touch them; then his attention became fixed upon some of the engravings, and his grimy brow wrinkled.

"Say, squire, look how this fool man has pictured that there fox! Who ever saw a fox like that? You know how he crouches when he does what I writ about."

"Of course. Perfectly absurd picture," cried the squire with the enthusiasm of the expert.

"An' see this 'ere pheasant. Oh, gawd! Why, he's never seen the burd alive. That's stuffed, that is."

"Certainly it is. I never *did* think much of the pictures."

"Done by the best animal artist in London," said the editor, with severity, unpleased by such free comment on most expensive art.

"Them London men dunno much about beasties and burds, do they, squire?"

"That's what I've said all my life," roared the squire, slapping his prisoner on the back.

"Well, 'Pathfinder,' we have some thousand pounds waiting for you to claim in our office, and more to come," interjected Stobcross.

"What for?"

"For writing those articles."

"Do you *pay* a man for writing?"

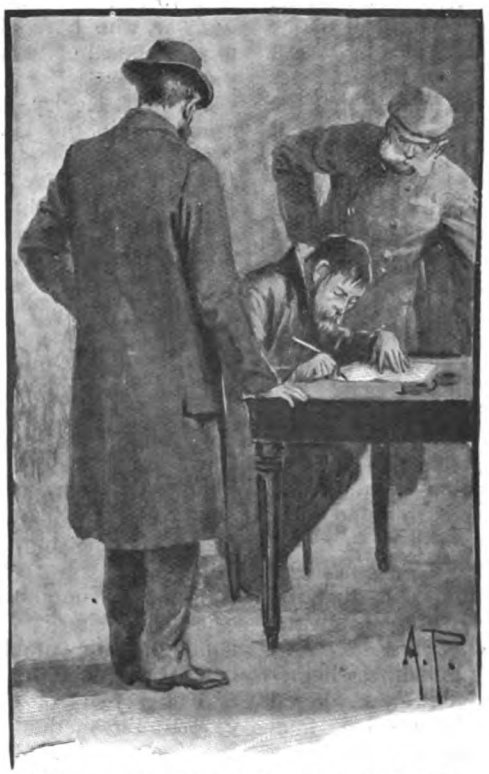
"Always."

"For *writing?*"

"Certainly."

A seraphic smile slowly overspread the poacher's face, and he drooped one eyelid in the direction of the squire, his voice coming with a humorous chuckle:—

"Squire, what blooming fools them London chaps is, ain't they?"



"THE PRISONER LABORIOUSLY WROTE 'P-A-T-R-I-G.'"

A Cure for the Drink and Drug Crave.

By Michael Moscow.

CHIEF among the curses of our civilization are the drink and drug addictions of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. Men and women who have habitually to work at high pressure too often seek relief in the oblivion of alcohol or one or more of the narcotics to be found in the current pharmacopœia. The occasional dose is increased until the user becomes a creature of habit, and finally a victim to that phase which constitutes the vice of alcoholism or of drug addiction.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, a life-long advocate of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages, lifts day by day his voice in earnest warning against the evil that menaces our national prosperity, and in lament that the efforts of our social reformers seem impotent to stem the torrent of inebriety which saps the very foundations of our status among the nations. From the pulpit, the Bench, and the platform come striking comment on the inadequacy equally of legislation and of private suasion to cope with the evil in our midst. Medical science seems powerless, and our foremost physicians confess their inability to prescribe a remedy that shall be at once efficacious and permanent in its effects.

The first authority of the day in the arena of medicine as applied in remedy of the drink habit, after fifty years of active practice, says that, with one exception, the only cure for drunkenness is to leave off drinking. But how is the victim to achieve this?

We are brought, therefore, to a consideration of the one exception, and that, he frankly adds, is the Keeley Cure. From the depths of his unique experience he states that the Cure is practically unfailing, whether it be applied to the drink habit or, in altered and different form, to the no less fatal but perhaps more insidious and enslaving addiction to opium, morphia, and other potent narcotics, excellent as is alcohol as medicine, but destructive alike to mind, body, and estate when constantly resorted to as palliative for brain-fag and as panacea for the thousand and one ills brought about by overwork, worry, and consequent nerve exhaustion.

But who is Keeley and what of his Cure? the English reader may inquire. The average American knows all about both, man and method having been before the public of the United States for some twenty years, receiving the commendation of such men as General Neal Dow, P. D. Armour, T. de Witt Talmage, Dr. George Lorimer, of Tremont Temple, Boston, General Forsythe, and Joseph Medill, editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, who have all given this Cure the most practical of tests extending over many years.

Leslie E. Keeley, M.D., LL.D., originally a surgeon in the United States Army, and afterwards surgeon-in-chief of the Chicago and Alton Railway System, made inebriety the study of his life, pursuing the subject scientifically and availing himself freely of the ample opportunities afforded by his practice for investigation and experiment in a field of pathology that had baffled the best efforts of physicians of all times. Noting from day to day, and from month to month, the alternate periods of drunkenness and sobriety in the case of each inebriate under observation, he concluded that inebriety when induced was a species of circular insanity, a recurrent mania, acting independently of the will of the victim, and leading or forcing him to drink in order to satisfy the physical craving which the continuous imbibition of alcohol had caused. Believing this diseased nervous condition to be curable if a specific treatment could be devised, he set to work to that end, and after years of patient investigation discovered the method of treatment known as the Keeley Cure.

Turn we now to the Cure, which has successfully treated during the last twenty years about half a million of cases of chronic alcoholism, narcotism, and not a few obstinate

ones of nervous exhaustion and prostration. In a few words, the Cure consists in the administration by hypodermic injection of certain solutions punctually at regular hours four times a day, coupled with the taking of a medicine every two waking hours. At the end of two or three days the patient loses all desire for alcohol in any form, and if the treatment be maintained for some four weeks the cure is permanent! Only 5 per cent. of those who have been treated return to their old habits, and this always because they have either wilfully experimented upon themselves, moved by a mischievous curiosity to see if alcohol would have any effect upon them, or because they preferred a vicious life to a virtuous one. Considering Carlyle's liberal estimate of the percentage of fools to the population, this 5 per cent. of "impure cussedness" figures out phenomenally low.

Dr. Keeley founded his first Institute for the cure of inebriety and all the miserable rest of drug addictions at Dwight, Illinois, so far back as 1880, and since then some sixty other Institutes, all in the charge of highly qualified medical practitioners, have developed and been worked successfully in the leading States of the American Republic.

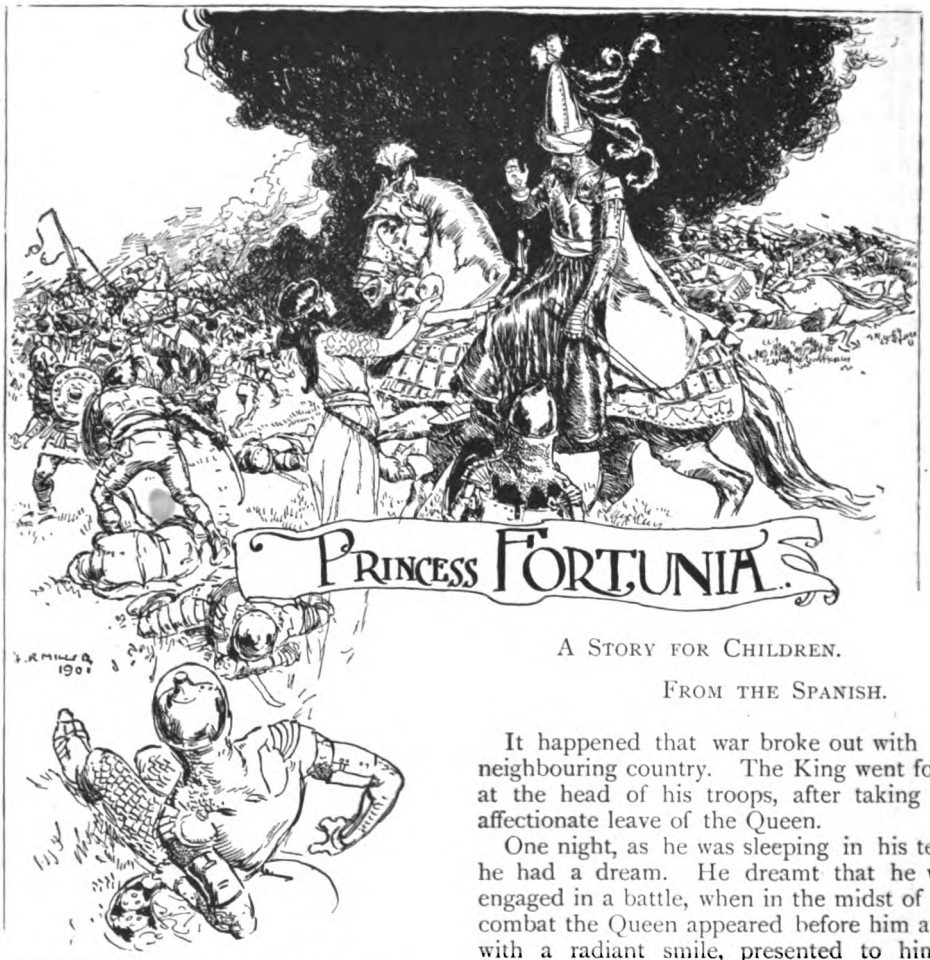
LESLIE E. KEELEY, M.D., LL.D.

In England the introduction of the Cure only dates back some nine years, when an Institute was opened in London under the medical directorship of Mr. Oscar de Wolf, M.D., M.A., Professor of State Medicine and Public Hygiene in the Medical Department of the North-Western University, Chicago, and Commissioner of Public Health for the City of Chicago from 1877 till 1890. Soon after the opening of this Institute a public meeting was held in London, and a standing committee was appointed, consisting of gentlemen of high standing, the chairman being the Rev. Canon Fleming, B.D., one of the Chaplains to Her late Majesty Queen Victoria. For more than eight years the work of the Institute has been carried on at No. 6, Grenville Place, Cromwell Road, S.W.

The meetings of the committee have been both frequent and thorough, and the eight annual reports afford instructive reading to those who desire to get at the truth of the whole matter of the Keeley Cure. Acting not as partisans, but simply as men deeply interested in all the phases of temperance reform, they have closely watched the operations of the Institute and faithfully recorded the results. In these they say "success has been the rule and failure the exception."

Numbers of medical men send patients to the Institute for treatment, knowing by observation and experience the efficacy of the Keeley Cure; but the profession cannot in Great Britain officially recognise the Cure because the exact composition of the injections and medicine have not been made known. Dr. Keeley himself stated that it was not for the good of the public that these formulæ should be disclosed, as his treatment was in reality a system, and could not be successfully conducted by the simple administration of a sovereign remedy. In this view all medical men who have tested the treatment and watched its methods entirely concur; some indeed adding that the exigencies of their practice would not permit of their punctually administering the remedies at the necessary intervals. Upon this regularity of treatment success depends. "If I believed my remedy would be made in all its purity, handled only by the educated members of the medical profession and administered in the proper way, I would most cheerfully throw it open to the world." So declared Dr. Keeley, a few years before his death.

But whether the Cure remains in the category of secret remedies or is published to the world, there is no gainsaying the fact that it has succeeded where all other methods have failed. In a word, until Keeley discovered his Cure nothing short of a miraculous self-control could rescue man or woman from the degrading depths of alcoholism or drug addiction once the disease had been established in the nervous system of the victim.



PRINCESS FORTUNIA.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

FROM THE SPANISH.

ONCE upon a time, long, long ago, there was a very powerful King, ardently loved by his vassals, and master of a vast empire far away in the East. This King possessed immense treasures and gave splendid *fêtes*. His army was numerous and brave. His ships sailed in triumph upon every ocean. But how shall I describe his palaces and the wondrous magnificence which they inclosed? That would be impossible, because their splendour was beyond the power of language to describe.

The vassals of this great King called him "King Fortunio." His life had been one long career of happiness, whose brilliancy was never obscured by a single cloud or a painful shadow. The King had been married for seven years to an accomplished Princess, whom he adored, but he had no heir, which was deeply regretted by him and his people.

It happened that war broke out with the neighbouring country. The King went forth at the head of his troops, after taking an affectionate leave of the Queen.

One night, as he was sleeping in his tent, he had a dream. He dreamt that he was engaged in a battle, when in the midst of the combat the Queen appeared before him and, with a radiant smile, presented to him a beautiful baby Princess. The King adopted this vision as an omen. He was transported with joy, and his valour increased tenfold in consequence, so that in the real battle which shortly after followed he triumphed over his enemies, subdued the rebel cities, and returned to his capital laden with glory and booty.

All this had only occupied a few months. When the King returned, in the midst of the acclamations of his people, the bells rang joyously, for the general gladness had still another motive than the warlike triumphs of the King. What was the delight of His Majesty, on returning to his palace, to find that his dream had been realized, and that an heiress to the throne had been born! But, alas! the Queen, the Royal consort to whom he was so deeply attached, was dead, and could no longer return the tender caresses he was eager to lavish upon her.

Imagine the despair of the unhappy King,

who threw himself on his knees at her bedside and gave way to uncontrollable grief. But his tears and lamentations could not resuscitate the Queen, whose face, even in death, wore an angelic smile, and who seemed to have died with a prayer for the King upon her lips. It was thus, no doubt, that her soul had taken its flight, borne away to the unknown land on the wings of a sigh of love, and proud to have inspired an affection so deep and lasting as that felt by the King.

The King made a vow never again to marry, and kept his word. He confided to his chief poet the duty of composing a funeral ode, which is still regarded in that country as a masterpiece of the national literature. The Court mourning lasted for three years, and a superb mausoleum was erected in honour of the Queen.

But, as the song says, "there is no sorrow which lasts a century." At the end of a couple of years the King shook off his melancholy and turned his attention to the little Princess, who grew apace, and to whom had been given the name of Princess Fortunia.

When the Princess had reached her fifteenth year her beauty, intelligence, and gentle manners elicited the admiration of all who saw her and the astonishment of those who enjoyed the privilege of hearing her speak. The King caused her to be proclaimed heiress to the Throne, and then began to look about for a husband worthy of so bright a jewel.

More than five hundred Cabinet couriers and lords, mounted upon zebras of the purest race, left the capital of the kingdom at the same time, bearers of five hundred despatches for as many foreign Courts. All the Princes of the world were invited to compete for the hand of the Princess, who would choose amongst them the one who pleased her the most.

The renown of her marvellous beauty had already reached every corner of the globe, so that hardly had the couriers arrived at the different capitals to which they were accredited when every Prince of high and low degree, powerful or feeble, decided to go to the capital of King Fortunio to take part in the jousts, tournaments, and competitions of wit, instituted as preliminaries to obtaining the hand of the Princess.

But it happened that the young lady, who, notwithstanding her modesty and her discretion, by no means possessed a gentle temper, overwhelmed all the Princes with her disdain, and gave them to understand, one and all, that she cared nothing whatever about any of

"SHE CARED NOTHING WHATEVER ABOUT ANY OF THEM."

them. And this was the state of affairs during all the *fêtes* of the Court, which day after day increased in splendour and brilliancy.

The Princes, seeing that they made no progress, despaired of any of their number being accepted by the wayward Princess. King Fortunio was enraged at the hesitation of his daughter, whilst she continued obstinately to refuse compliance with her father's wishes and to make a choice amongst her numerous suitors.

It happened that the Princess one lovely spring morning found herself in her boudoir. Her favourite Lady of Honour was combing her long and silky golden hair. The window leading to a balcony which looked upon the garden had been opened to give access to the gentle breeze and the aroma of the flowers.

The attendant already held in her hand the ribbon with which she was about to bind the golden tresses of her mistress, when suddenly there fluttered into the apartment a precious bird whose plumage seemed to be composed of emeralds, and whose graceful evolutions filled with ecstasy the Princess and her Lady of Honour. The bird flew quickly to the latter, seized in its beak the ribbon in her hand, and making its exit from the balcony window flew away rapidly. All this occurred so quickly that the Princess had only just time to see the bird, but its beauty and its audacity gave her the most strange impression and regret at its sudden departure.

A few days afterwards the Princess Fortunia, to relieve her melancholy, was dancing with her Ladies of Honour in presence of the Princes. Whilst her tiny feet nimbly executed the most graceful steps she raised above her head, with a charming movement, a scarf of light gauze, and her youthful face, full of animation, was lovely to behold.

All the Princes gazed at her with unrestrained admiration, when suddenly the whirr of wings was heard, and with the rapidity of an arrow the emerald bird entered the room. Seizing in its ivory beak the scarf floating in the air, the bird snatched it from the hands of the affrighted Princess and instantly disappeared, carying off its precious booty to the clouds.

The Princess uttered a cry and fell fainting into the arms of her attendants. Her father and all the candidates for her hand hastened to her side. When she regained her senses the first words she uttered were: "Let search be made for the green bird, and bring it to me alive. Above all, let no harm be done to it. I must possess the green bird living."

But the five hundred Princes searched for it in vain. The green bird was nowhere to be found, living or dead. Her unfulfilled desire to possess it tormented the Princess greatly and increased her ill-humour. That night she was totally unable to close her eyelids; so completely filled was her mind with the recollection of the beautiful bird that sleep was out of the question.

As soon as daylight appeared Princess Fortunia rose, and, dressed in a light morning gown, she directed her steps, accompanied by her favourite attendant, towards the thickest part of the wood in the neighbourhood of the palace, and in which stood the mausoleum of her mother. There she wept bitterly and bewailed her destiny. "Of what use to me are all my riches, my costly trinkets, and my jewels, if I am never to see again the beautiful green bird?"

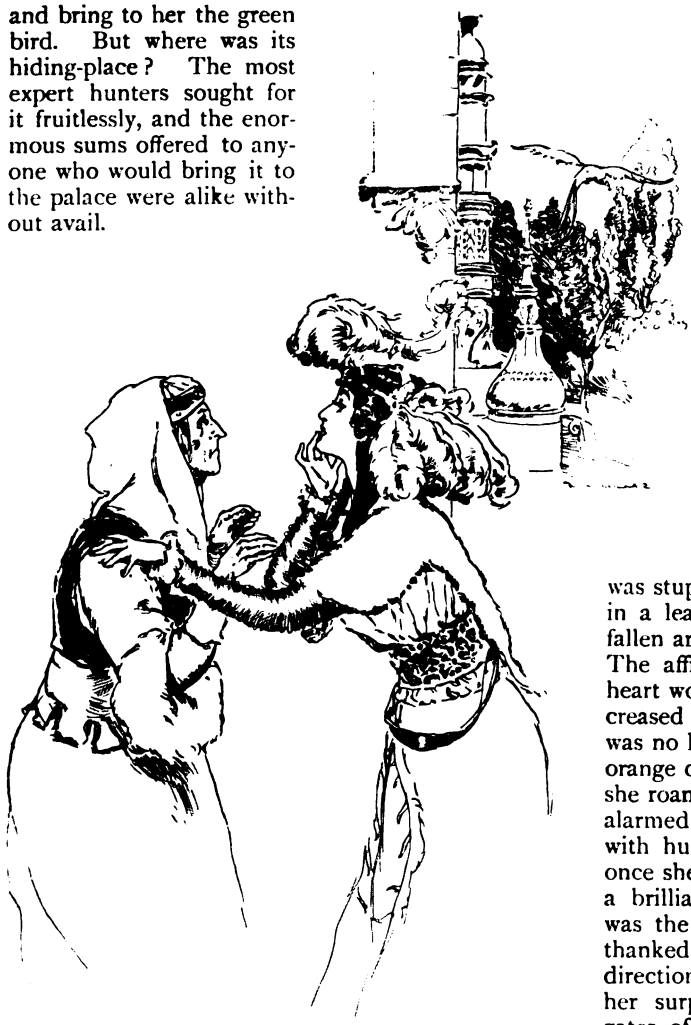
As she spoke these words, and as if in search of a little consolation, she loosened the cord of her cloak and drew from her bosom a magnificent locket studded with diamonds and containing a lock of her mother's hair, which she kissed reverently. Wonderful to relate, at the very same instant the green bird flew towards her as swift as thought. He lightly touched with his ivory beak the lips of the Princess, and quickly seized the locket which she had during so many years jealously guarded. Then the robber instantly flew away with the rapidity of an arrow, and, rising to a great height, was soon lost in the clouds.

This time the Princess did not faint; on the contrary, her face became scarlet, and she said to her attendant, "Look! Look at my lips! That insolent bird has wounded them, for I feel a burning sensation in them."

The attendant looked carefully several times, but could not perceive the smallest wound. Thereupon she came to the conclusion that the bird had inoculated the Princess with some subtle poison, for she grew weaker and weaker from that moment, until at last she became dangerously ill. She was seized with a strange fever, which none of the physicians of the Court could understand or cure. In her exaltation the only words the Princess uttered were, "Do not kill him! Bring him to me alive. The bird must be mine."

After long consultation the doctors came to the conclusion that the sole means of restoring the Princess to health was to find

and bring to her the green bird. But where was its hiding-place? The most expert hunters sought for it fruitlessly, and the enormous sums offered to anyone who would bring it to the palace were alike without avail.



"LOOK! LOOK AT MY LIPS!"

At last King Fortunio gathered together a great congress of learned men, who, during forty days and forty nights, remained constantly in session. During their debates innumerable grave speeches were pronounced, and after the proceedings had terminated the wise assembly sent a unanimous message to the King, occupying several sheets of parchment, but the gist of which was as follows: "We are unable to inform your Majesty what has become of the green bird."

During all this time Princess Fortunia grew worse and worse, and shed so many tears that every day she required more than fifty handkerchiefs. The laundresses of the palace were therefore overwhelmed with work, and spent their days and nights at the wash-tubs, which had to be constantly refilled from the neighbouring river. One of these laundry women, who had been at work from daylight till sunset, washing the tear-stained handkerchiefs of the Princess, feeling a little fatigued, strolled into the forest and sat down at the foot of a tree. She drew from her pocket an orange, and was about to eat it, when it escaped from her hands and rolled down the hill-side with extraordinary rapidity.

The girl ran after her orange, but the more she ran the faster the orange rolled away from her. Out of breath, she stopped, and was stupefied to perceive that she was in a leafy wood and that night had fallen around her in pitchy darkness. The affrighted girl sobbed as if her heart would break. The darkness increased rapidly, and of course she was no longer able to see the fugitive orange or to retrace her footsteps. So she roamed about at haphazard, more alarmed than ever and nearly dead with hunger and fatigue, when all at once she perceived at a short distance a brilliant light. Supposing that it was the illumination of the city, she thanked Heaven and turned in the direction of the light. But what was her surprise to find herself at the gates of a sumptuous palace, which seemed to be of molten gold. There were neither soldiers nor porters nor valets to prevent her from entering; so the young girl walked in boldly and, mounting a monumental staircase of polished jasper, passed through a suite of rooms the most magnificent that can be imagined, but still without meeting any living being. Nevertheless, every apartment was profusely illuminated by a thousand golden lamps, whose perfumed oil filled the air with the softest and most delightful odours.

Whilst admiring the marvellous objects of art which these extraordinary saloons contained, the laundress, attracted by the smell of the most delicate and succulent of dishes, reached the kitchen; but she found there neither cooks nor under-cooks nor scullery-maids. The place was completely deserted, like

the rest of the palace. The great range was, nevertheless, lighted, as also were the ovens; and on the fire there was an enormous number of frying-pans, saucepans, and other cooking utensils. The venturesome girl raised the lid of a saucepan and saw it was filled with the most delicate soup. Encouraged by this first essay, she examined the contents of another and found them to consist of a boar's head stuffed with pheasant livers and truffles. In a word, she saw before her the most exquisite viands, that are only served on the tables of Kings and Emperors.

Enticed by what she saw and smelled, the young girl armed herself with a knife and fork and, without further ado, commenced cutting off a slice from the stuffed boar's head. But hardly had she touched it when she felt a smart blow upon her hand—doubtless inflicted by some powerful and invisible means—and she heard a voice exclaim, "No, you don't! That's for His Highness the Prince."

The poor little disappointed laundress determined to try again, and made an attempt on four or five other choice dishes. But each time she received a rap upon the knuckles from an invisible hand, and the mysterious voice repeated the same warning words. At last, with much regret, she made up her mind to remain fasting, and left the kitchen, deeply chagrined.

She endeavoured to forget her hunger by going through the sumptuous apartments again and again, but found them still silent and deserted. At last she came to a very elegant bedchamber, where two or three lights were burning in alabaster vases, with a soft light conducive to repose. There was in this room a bed so convenient, soft, and inviting, that the laundress, who was very tired, could not resist the temptation to rest herself upon it for a few moments. She was on the point of putting her project into practice, had already seated herself on the side of the bed, and was about to lie down, when she felt a painful pricking on her body, as if someone had thrust thousands of needles into her flesh, and again she heard the mysterious voice exclaim:—

"No, you don't! That's for His Highness the Prince!"

Words are powerless to describe the mingled fright and disappointment of the poor laundress; but she resigned herself to go without sleep, just as she had given up the idea of assuaging her hunger. In order to direct her thoughts into another channel she commenced a minute examination of the various objects in the room, her curiosity even going to the extent of lifting up the hangings and curtains. Behind one of these latter our heroine discovered a beautiful little secret door of sandal-wood incrusted with mother-of-pearl. She pushed it gently, and, entering, found herself upon a stately white marble staircase.

Boldly mounting, she at last reached a splendid conservatory, in the centre of which was a magnificent basin of immense dimensions, which seemed made of a single clear and limpid topaz. From the middle of the basin sprang a gigantic jet of water, which rose to a great height and fell in many-coloured spray, with an exquisite musical sound, and filling the air with the most delightful perfume.

The astonished girl was absorbed in the contemplation of these wonderful things when she heard a loud noise and saw a window suddenly open. Hastily she concealed herself behind a mass of verdure, in order, if possible, to see without being seen by anyone who might come.

No human being entered, but through the open window flew three rare and beautiful birds, one of which was covered with a plumage of green as brilliant as an emerald. In this dazzling bird the laundress thought she recognised the cause of the prolonged melancholy of the Princess Fortunia.

The two other birds were not nearly so marvellous, but still they were not wanting in beauty. All three entered swiftly and gracefully. They alighted upon the topaz fountain and plunged into the water. An instant afterwards, from the clear water of the fountain came forth three young men dressed in elegant costumes. The enchanted bath had caused this prodigy. One of them, the handsomest of the three, wore upon his head a diadem of emeralds, and was treated by the others with the respect due to a Sovereign.

The laundress managed to follow the three young men without being seen, and she was even able to hear some part of their conversation, from which she gathered that the handsomest of the trio was the Heir-Apparent to the Throne of the kingdom, and that the two others were his secretary and favourite equerry. Also that the three were victims of a sorcerer's enchantment during the day, and that they were able to resume their natural forms at night, thanks to the plunge in the magic waters of the fountain.

The inquisitive laundress also noticed that the Emerald Prince ate but little, notwith-

standing the entreaties of his companions, and that he appeared absorbed in melancholy thought during their repast. At last the Emerald Prince, with an evident effort to break away from his reverie, turned to his secretary and said :—

"Bring me the casket of my dreams."

Accordingly his secretary brought the most precious casket ever seen by mortal eyes. The Prince opened it, and remained several moments in silent contemplation of its contents. He then plunged in his hand and brought forth a ribbon, which he kissed passionately, shedding tears of tenderness.

"Ah!" he cried, "little ribbon of my lost love, when shall I see thy mistress again?"

Then replacing the ribbon in the casket, he drew forth an elegant gauze scarf, which he also kissed and caressed and kissed again.

"Ah!" he murmured, "charming scarf of my lost love, when shall I see thy mistress again?"

Finally he drew forth a locket studded with diamonds and, covering it with kisses, exclaimed :—

"Ah! locket of my lost love, when shall I see thy mistress again?"

Soon afterwards the Prince and his companions withdrew to their rooms. The laundress, left alone in the dining-room, felt herself drawn by an irresistible force towards the table on which were still the remains of their repast. Notwithstanding the pangs of hunger, she would not have dared to touch any of the viands had not an invisible hand compelled her to sit down in the chair of the Prince himself. At the same time she heard the mysterious voice say :—

"Now thou canst satisfy thy hunger."

Thus encouraged, she commenced to eat with extraordinary appetite. And while tasting the marvellous viands spread before her she was suddenly plunged into a profound slumber. When she awoke it was broad daylight. She opened her eyes and found herself in the midst of the country, lying under the same tree where she had attempted to eat the orange. Near her was the linen she had brought with her, and, strange to relate, there also was the truant orange.

"WHEN SHALL I SEE THY MISTRESS AGAIN?"

"I cannot bear to think it is all a dream," said the laundress to herself. "What if I return to the place where I entered the fairy palace, just to assure myself that all the wonderful things I have seen were not the creations of my own fancy?"

As she spoke she threw the orange on the ground in order to see if it would again roll beyond her reach, so that she might follow it. But the orange did nothing of the sort, and presently stopped in the most natural way in the world.

Hereupon the young girl, much disappointed, picked it up, tore off the peel, and found that inside it was exactly like other fruit of its kind. She ate it, and detected no difference in its taste from the flavour of other oranges.

No longer doubting that she had been dreaming, the young girl nevertheless made up her mind to go to the Princess and tell her of her adventure, leaving Her Royal Highness to form her own opinion of the matter.

When the Princess Fortunia heard the story of the laundress she did not for a moment doubt that the beautiful green bird was in reality a handsome and amiable young man, transformed by a mysterious enchantment, and when the girl described the esteem, admiration, and affection he had shown towards her she nearly fainted with delight.

"Now, indeed," said she, "I may justly be called the Princess Fortunia, for I am sure I have found the consort who is worthy to possess my heart. Nor can it be doubted that he is brave, generous, and loyal."

"Your Royal Highness," said the laundress, "I am convinced you have guessed the truth; but if you will permit me to offer an opinion, I should choose the equerry."

"Indeed," said the Princess; "in that case you shall marry him yourself, and my Lady-in-Waiting, if she likes, shall marry the secretary. But the first thing to be considered is to break the enchantment of the three young men turned into birds."

From this moment the Princess was transfigured, ceased to be sad and ill, and thought only of the means of breaking the fatal spell.

Now, it happened that far away in Asia there lived a King to whom popular belief attributed the privileges usually accorded only to genii. He was known as the Khan of Tartary. To this potentate Princess Fortunia sent seven wise men laden with rich presents, their mission being to ascertain, if possible, if any means existed of dissolving the charm which weighed upon the Emerald Prince. They returned from their Embassy bearers of a sealed letter.

Trembling with emotion, the Princess broke the seal, but as soon as she had glanced at the parchment within she uttered an exclamation of disappointment; the letter was written in a language to which she was a total stranger. The linguists employed by the Government to translate foreign tongues were immediately sent for, but none of them could make head or tail of the contents of the mysterious letter. The members of the twelve Royal Academies were then charged with the difficult task, but were no more successful than their predecessors.

In despair the Princess adopted a desperate resolution, and the next day the King, her father, found her boudoir deserted, and on the table a letter in the following terms:—

"My Dear Father,—Do not seek for me, and do not attempt to find out whither I have gone, if you do not wish to see me die. Let it suffice you to know that I am alive and well, but that no one shall see me again until I have deciphered the mysterious letter of the Khan, and delivered from enchantment my beloved Prince. Adieu.

"Your loving child,

"Fortunia."

At a very short distance from the capital high mountains reared their snowy peaks. No one had ever dared to risk attempting to climb these forbidding crags. It was said that one single human being was there spending his miserable days, imposing upon himself the most severe penance, and living in an odour of sanctity. Some even pretended that he was immortal, for nobody in the country remembered at what period he had retreated to the mountains, where he was only seen at rare intervals.

It was this holy hermit that Princess Fortunia had resolved to go and consult. Accompanied only by two faithful attendants she went away on foot. During seven days and seven nights they wandered among the inaccessible rocks and brushwood. By day they painfully forced their way through innumerable obstacles, and at night sheltered themselves in the caves formed by the rocks. They had no one to guide them, because none had ever before attempted to penetrate these solitudes, and also because everyone feared the curse of the hermit, certain to be launched at any rash invader of his retreat or who should interrupt his prayers. As may be guessed, the hermit so ready with his curses was a Pagan. Notwithstanding the natural kindness of his heart, his sombre and terrible religion imposed upon him the duty of uttering execrations and anathemas.

At last, on the evening of the seventh day, the exhausted travellers were about to rest in an enormous cavern, when, at its farther end, they perceived the hermit himself, engaged in prayer. A lamp illumined with an uncertain light this melancholy and mysterious retreat.

The hermit, whose beard was as white as the driven snow, whose skin was wrinkled

like a raisin, and whose body resembled a skeleton, cast upon them a penetrating look from eyes which shone like coals of fire, and said, in a joyous and gentle voice :—

"Thanks to the gods, you have come at last! I have been waiting for you for a hundred years. Often I have prayed for death, but I could not die before having fulfilled a duty imposed upon me by the King of the Genii. Behold in me the only *savant* who is able to speak the language of Babel before the confusion of tongues. Every noun in this incomparable language contains in its letters the essence of the thing named. All things when they hear themselves called by their true name obey those who call them. So great was the power of the human race when it possessed this language that it undertook to climb to Heaven, and these impious men might have succeeded in their ambitious purpose if the gods had not deprived them of their original language. There is in the world one person only who can decipher the letter of the Khan of Tartary—I am he! And it was expressly to render you this service that the King of the Genii has preserved my life during many centuries."

"THE HERMIT."

Hearing this, Princess Fortunia presented to the hermit the mysterious letter, and he drew near the lamp in order to read it. During two hours he continued to read it aloud. At each word that he pronounced the globe trembled, the stars were covered with darkness, the moon quivered in the heavens as her reflection quivers in the waves of the ocean. The Princess and her two faithful attendants were obliged to close their eyes and to stop their ears to avoid seeing the spectres which were evoked, and in order to prevent hearing the terrible and prodigious sounds which came from the centre of Nature, as if agitated by an earthquake.

When the reading of the letter was finished the hermit said, in a tranquil voice :—

"The Emerald Prince is, by his virtues, talent, and beauty, the favourite of the King of the Genii, who has saved him a thousand times from the devices of the Khan of Tartary. This wicked sorcerer, finding it impossible to kill his victim, changed him into a bird, in order to render it impossible that he should ever reign over his subjects, and that the Khan himself might be able to usurp his throne. The King of the Genii ordained, however, that the enchantment should cease when a Princess of high rank should fall desperately in love with the green bird without having seen him more than three times.

"I have only two minutes more to live, and I shall employ them in imparting to you the secret means of liberating the Emerald Prince.

"I am about to transport all three of you to the Palace of the Prince himself, near the topaz fountain. You will see the birds

bathing. You will witness the transformation which takes place daily; but you must not show yourselves until the Prince asks for the casket of his dreams, draws forth and kisses the ribbon, and exclaims:—

"'Ah, little ribbon of my lost love, when shall I see thy mistress again?'

"At the same instant you are to come forth from your hiding-place and kiss each of the three Princes on the left cheek."

the Princess Fortunia, with maidenly modesty, kissed the cheek of the Emerald Prince, and her Lady of Honour had followed her mistress's example and embraced the secretary, whilst the laundress gave the equerry a similar token of her regard, the Khan of Tartary expired suddenly, and the Emerald Prince was at once placed in possession of his throne.

Never again did the three young men

"THE PRINCESS FORTUNIA, WITH MAIDENLY MODESTY, KISSED THE CHEEK OF THE EMERALD PRINCE."

Scarcely had the hermit pronounced these words than he made an extraordinary grimace, opened his mouth as if gasping for breath, stretched out his legs, and fell dead!

At the same instant the Princess and her companions found themselves in the shade of the foliage which overhung the topaz fountain, and thus so far had been accomplished the miraculous journey promised by the hermit.

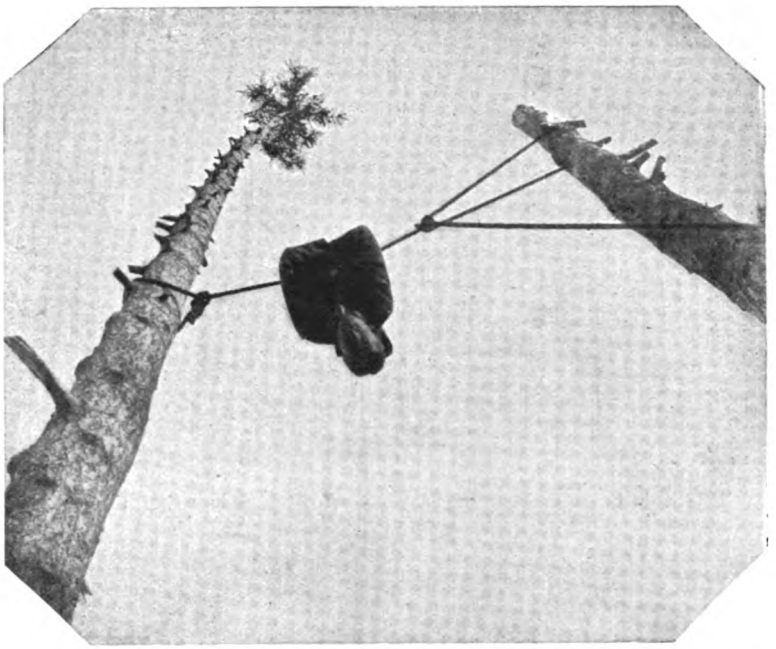
The rest followed in due course, and when assume their green plumage. The three weddings were celebrated at the same time with great pomp and magnificence. The three couples were superlatively happy, the Emerald Prince and Princess Fortunia as Emperor and Empress; the secretary and the Lady of Honour as Grand Master and Grand Mistress of the Household; and the equerry and the laundress respectively as Lord Chamberlain and Lady of the Bedchamber.

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

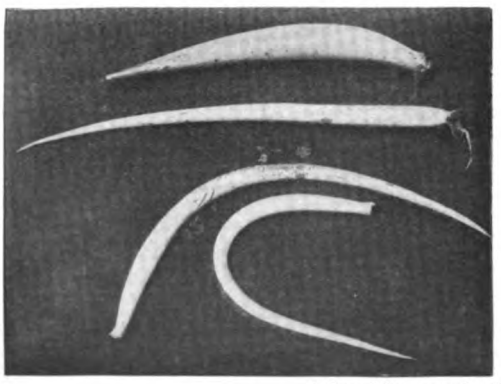
A PLUCKY FEAT.

Mr. Douglas N. Willis sends a remarkable snap-shot taken at the Python Mine, Kandoops, B.C. The photo. represents a friend of the sender suspended by his knees on a rope swung 50ft. above the ground between two fir trees. One of the trees was stripped by the men for a flag pole, to be used during the Boer War and in celebration of British successes. The photograph was taken directly from below, and is eloquent testimony to the nerve of Mr. Willis's young friend.



MAMMOTH MIMOSA THORNS.

Mr. McTaggart Cowan, of 53, Ashton Terrace, Glasgow, sends a photograph which illustrates in a remarkable manner one of the many hardships that meet Mr. Thomas Atkins in his struggles with the enemy. The photo. represents the gigantic thorns of the mimosa bush, which of course is plentiful in South Africa. The sizes are, reading from top to bottom, 4¼in., 6¼in., 6½in., 5¾in. Surely bushes covered with thorns as large as penholders would be sufficient to disorganize the most efficient cavalry! It is curious to note *en passant* that the pods of these mimosa bushes supply a large quantity of tannin, and the fruit, having been found highly serviceable in America for cattle feeding, was officially recommended, in 1877, for cultivation in South Africa for like purposes.



A LIGHT-FINGERED CLOCK.

Mr. H. D. Gasteen, of 66, The Common, Woolwich, in sending the next photo. writes: "I inclose a photo. of a funny occurrence which happened not long ago. Someone carelessly left an opened letter against the dial of the clock shown in my photograph. As the minute hand went round it got between the sheets and gently lifted its strange burden in the manner shown. I just arrived in time to photograph it."

* Copyright, 1901, by George Newnes, Limited.

A SOLDIER'S COMPLIMENTS.

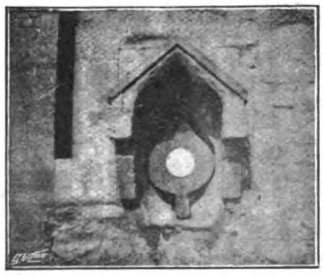
"One at the Front" has sent the Editor of *Tit-Bits* a New Year's card, which is, perhaps, as interesting as any which have been received in this country from the seat of war. The kindly soldier who sent it says: "We cannot purchase cards to send to our friends, so I have used a piece of our khaki and written and painted on it." The message reads:—

Compliments of the season to you he sends,
A soldier who is not with the best of his friends;
On a piece of khaki from an old coat he'd worn,
Discarded because it was tattered and torn.
Is not a gilt-edged or a highly-priced card,
But it carries his best and kindest regards.

A paragraph about this interesting curio appeared in the "Answers to Correspondents" columns of *Tit-Bits* for February 16th, 1901.

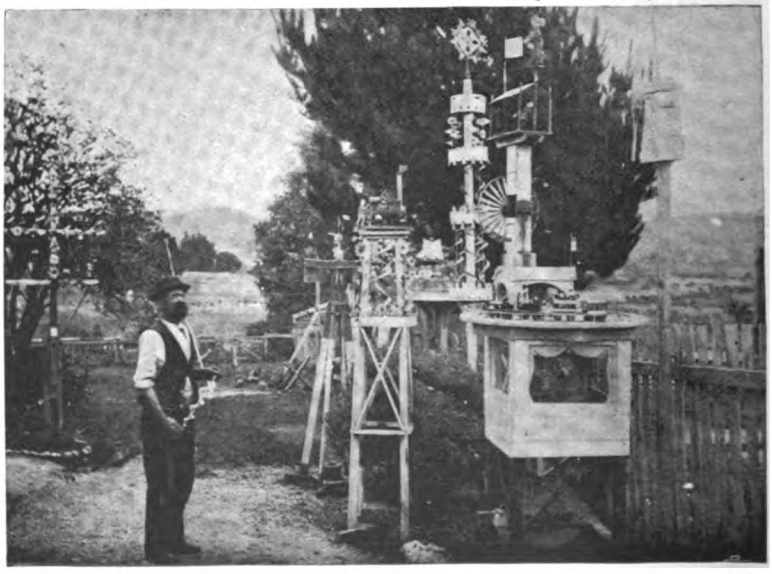
MADE OF KEROSENE TINS.

"I am sending you per this mail a photo. which represents some of my uncle's handiwork made in his leisure moments. His name is Mr. James Doneven, Ballarat. It is a curiosity in its way, being made almost entirely of kerosene tins. The tins were not bought for that purpose, but were carefully collected and the material, when cut into the required number of pieces, was polished to the brilliancy of silver. It shows how men had to work in the early fifties. There is among other things the model of a railway train coming into a station, and as the train moves round the signal man comes out and waves his flag. A few boats are sailing round a lighthouse. The other bits of work seen in the photo. are fanciful designs evolved out of my uncle's own mind. The whole is worked by windmill action. Many people in Ballarat while walking out on Sunday, if near Mr. Doneven's house, stop to inspect and admire the novelty. The hill seen in the background is one of the most famous gold localities in Ballarat, namely, 'Sovereign Hill.'" A young lady writes thus from North Carlton, Melbourne, Victoria.



A "DOOR-WHISTLE."

Here is a novel substitute for a door-bell, namely, a whistle blown inside the house by working the bellows outside, as shown in the picture. The inscription runs: "Work the bellows and the whistle will sound." The house is in Sidmouth, and was built by an old antiquarian. Mr. J. N. Parker, R.I.E., Cooper's Hill, Loughfield Green, Surrey, kindly sends this photo.

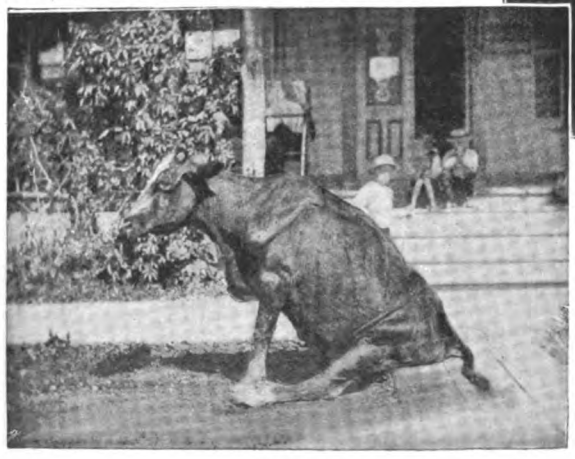


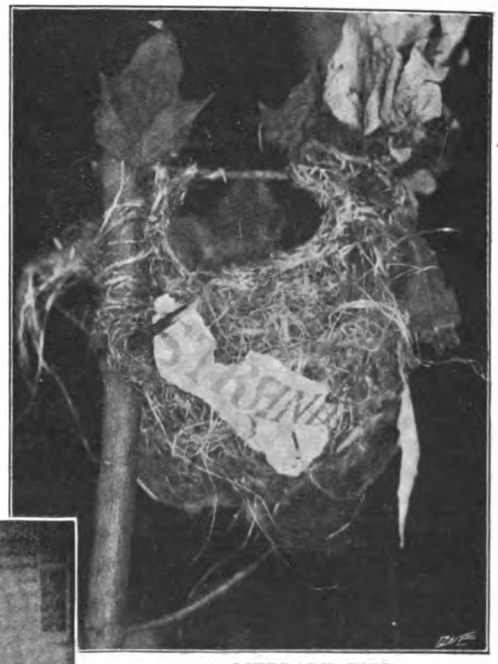
A NOVEL STEED.

Mr. A. S. Napier, of 669, Marshall Avenue, St. Paul, Minn., writes: "I send you a photo. which will no doubt interest your many readers. The owner of this wonderful Buff-Cochin cock says: 'It is well broken and can be driven by a child with perfect safety. The bird, which in plumage and deportment is almost unique, was exhibited at the State Poultry Show held in St. Paul in February, 1901. He was shown in a regular miniature stable, with all its fittings complete." The owner of the bird is Mr. O. J. Plomesen, of Luverne, Minn.

OH! SO TIRED.

The poor cow which cuts such a comical figure in the snap-shot taken by Mr. J. M. Budlong, Columbia Street, Hudson, N.Y., is really more to be pitied than to be laughed at. The tired beast had been driven no less than sixteen miles in the hot sun and sat down to rest, instead of lying down in the manner known to all well-behaved cows. So comfortable did this attitude appear to be that no small amount of persuasion had to be used in getting the animal under way once more. The photo. was therefore more easily secured than would otherwise have been the case.



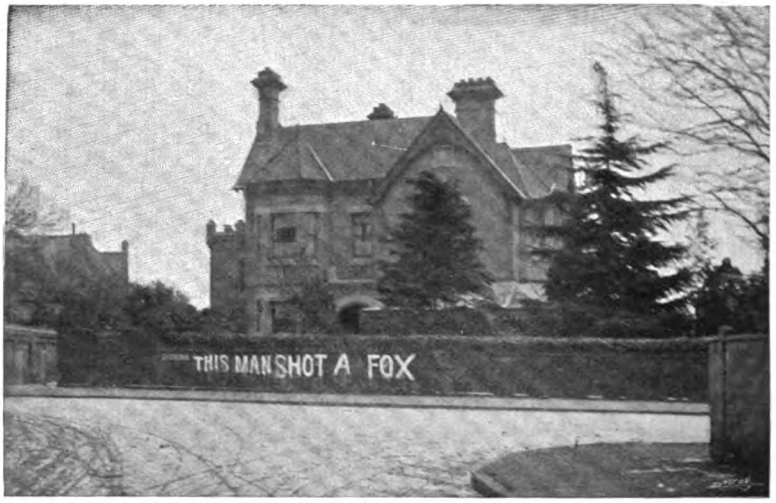


A LITERARY BIRD.

Here is a photo. of a Baltimore Oriole's nest into which the bird has woven a small piece of the cover of THE STRAND MAGAZINE. Mr. Geo. C. Embody, who sends the photo. from Hamilton, New York, says: "I found the nest a short distance from this place on June 3rd, 1900. It is not an unusual thing with this species of bird to weave bits of paper, cloth, and yarn into its nest. This particular bird," Mr. Embody very kindly adds, "showed excellent taste in selecting a piece from THE STRAND MAGAZINE."

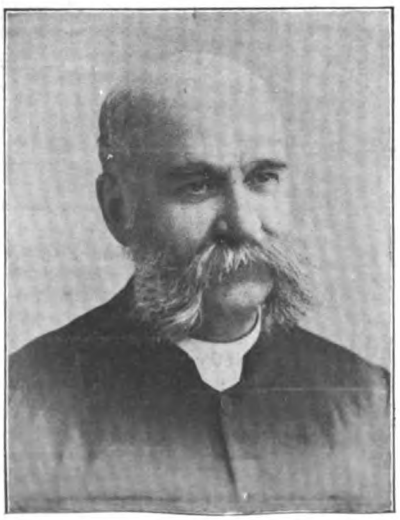
VULPICIDES BEWARE!

The curious photo. that follows has been sent us from a well-known garrison town in the east of England. The gentleman whose paling is thus inscribed had the misfortune lately to commit the crime of vulpicide. Some indignant, but unknown, sportsman has recorded the fact on the delinquent's fence in bold letters, done in white paint. Needless to add, the incident created quite a flutter of excitement in the neighbourhood.



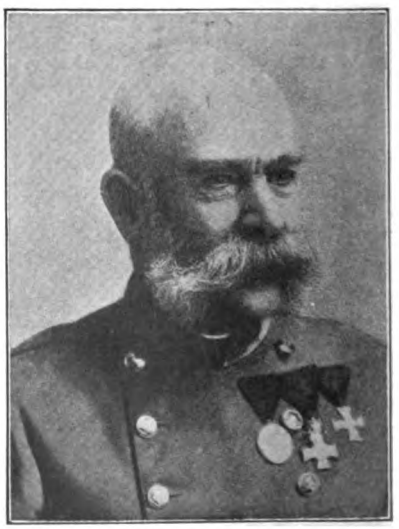
CHIMNEY-SWEEP AND "FIRE DEFENDER."

The curious old sign which we reproduce here is still in existence, being used at the present time by the son of the originator of it. The locality is Wincanton, in Somersetshire. The sign was painted and hung in 1840, and has been in constant use ever since. Messrs. Goodfellow, photographers, 47, High Street, Wincanton, are the contributors.



"DOUBLES."

"A Constant Reader," who does not wish his name disclosed, sends the photograph of a relative whose extraordinary resemblance to the Emperor of Austria is very striking. This is distinctly a case of "Doubles," and we shall be glad if readers of THE STRAND will send us particulars of any other instances they may know of, accompanied by portraits.



POOR LIZZIE!

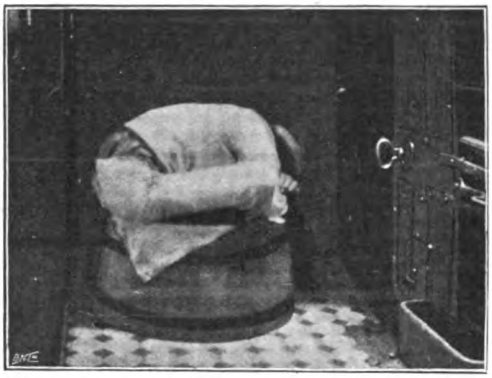
Mr. J. M. Chandler, of 93, Forest Hill Street, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass., sends a pathetic instance of poisoning by accident. The unfortunate child Lizzie, whose gravestone is seen in our picture, swallowed nineteen percussion caps. The gravestone is to be found in the Pine Grove burying-ground, of Brunswick, Me.

A WIND CARRIAGE.

Mr. A. C. King, of Arnside, Burnham, Somerset, sends a unique photo. of a wind carriage made at his house. It is driven entirely by the wind, and steered from behind by the small wheel, the two large wheels being in front. When a strong wind prevails it will carry three passengers at the rate of about a mile in three or four minutes. Mr. King sails his machine on the shore, as the sands extend for about seven miles, and comparative security is assured by the sail and mast being removable at will.

COULD SLEEP ANYWHERE!

Mr. G. Basil Harrison, R.N., of H.M.S. *Flora*, in sending this very curious snap-shot, says: "The other day, as I was passing our ship's galley, I saw a boy in the extraordinary position shown in my photograph. He was sound asleep, and snoring, on the top of the



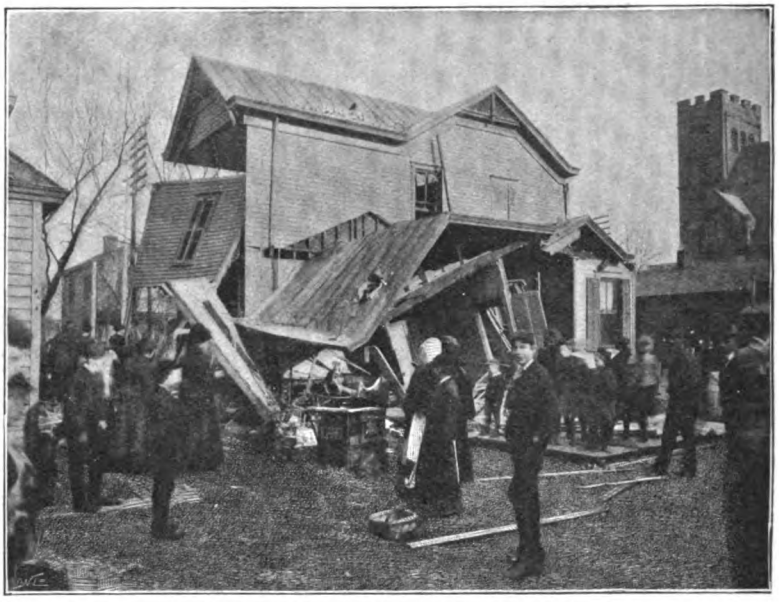
tub used for ship's cocoa, the tub of course being upside down. This instance shows how easily a British bluejacket can adapt himself to circumstances."

THE BEES SWARMED ON HIS HAND!

"The photo. of a swarm of bees," says Mr. W. Herrod, of the Horticultural College, Swanley, Kent, "was taken by my brother at my home, Sutton-on-Trent, Notts. I was in the garden when a swarm of bees came off, and as I stood among the flying bees the queen alighted on my hand and was joined by her subjects, making a cluster on my arm weighing 5lb. I received but two stings, and these by accidentally crushing bees between my fingers. My father stood beside me when the photograph was taken, as a witness to the fact."

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"I inclose you a photograph of a peculiar accident which occurred in this city on January 5th, 1901. The picture shows the result of an explosion of natural gas under the house; and what was most remarkable about the accident was the fact that none of the five persons who were in the house at the time were seriously injured. A girl of fifteen was blown from the house into the yard, about 15ft., and was picked up without a scratch. The cause of the explosion was thought to be a leak in the pipe under the house, which was ignited by the fire in the kitchen range." Thus writes Mr. C. E. Brown, of 227, Brooke Street, Charleston, West Va.

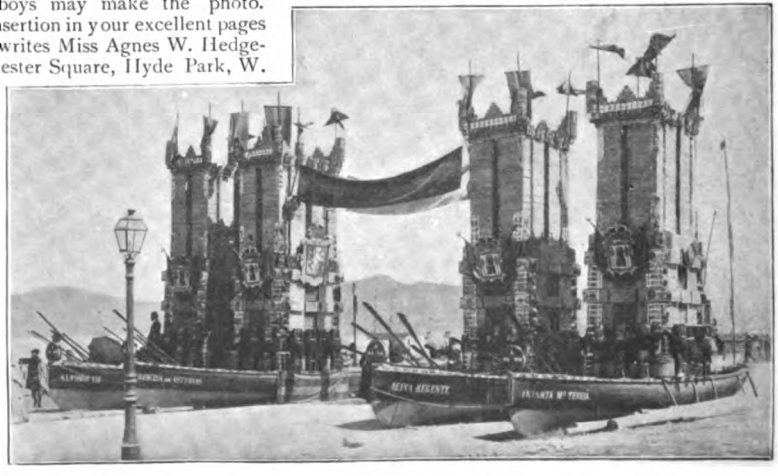


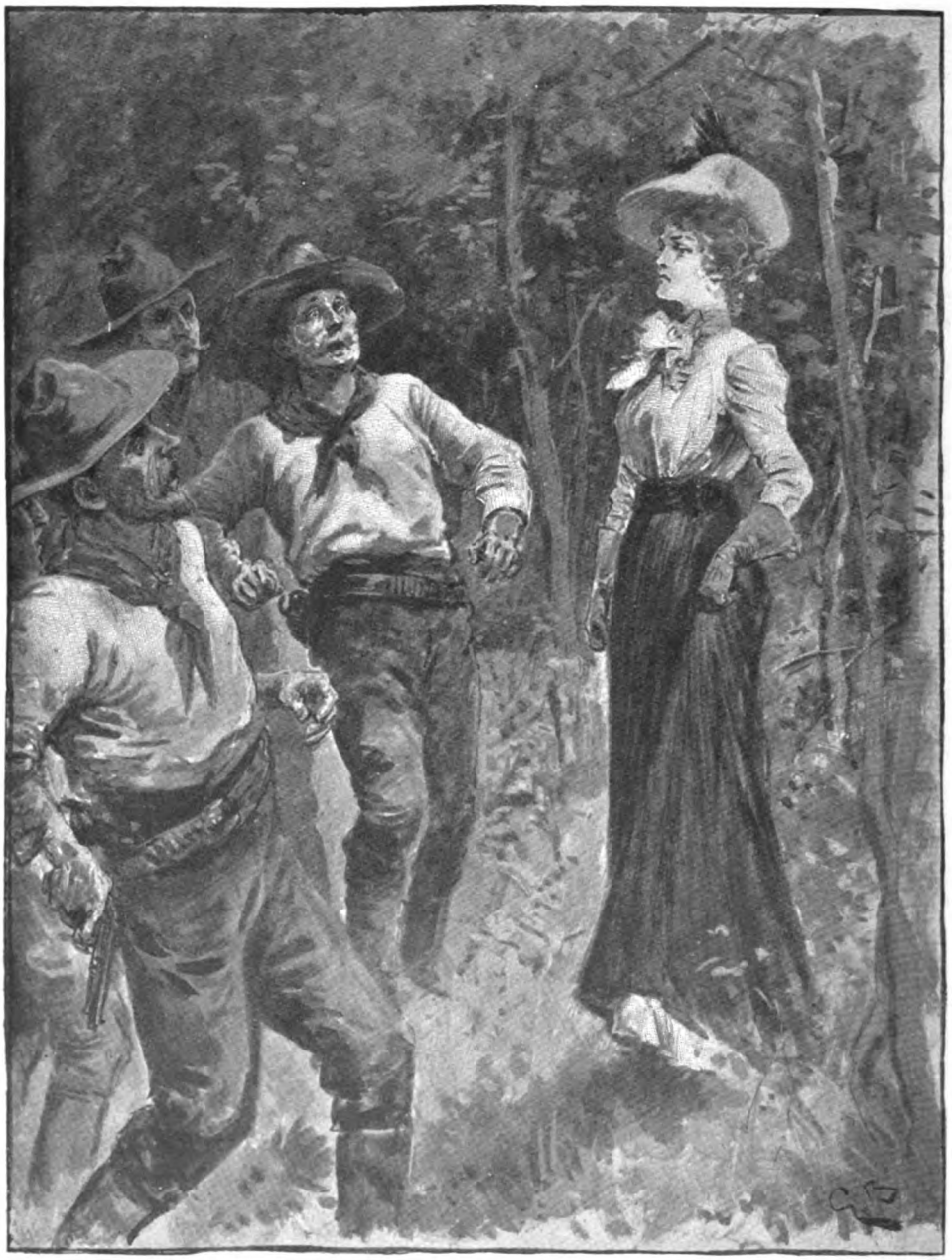
CHINAMEN AS CADDIES.

"The photo. which I send you represents a game of golf played at Shanghai during the Chinese War. The fact that Chinese caddies were employed in lieu of European boys may make the photo. sufficiently curious for insertion in your excellent pages of Curiosities." Thus writes Miss Agnes W. Hedge-Hughes, from 25, Porchester Square, Hyde Park, W.

ARTFUL ARCH CONSTRUCTORS.

Here is a curious triumphal arch, erected in Vigo on the occasion of the recent visit of their Majesties the King and Queen-Regent of Spain to urge a rebatement of a certain prohibitive measure contained in a recent Royal decree affecting the sardine fisheries. The base consisted of four boats used for sardine fishing. On it were constructed four castle turrets formed of barrels, boxes, tins of various sizes, grid-irons, etc., employed in this particular industry. The ornamentation was completed with the arms of Spain and Vigo and a number of small streamers and banners. Joining the two inner turrets was an inscription, which, besides wishing long life to the King and Queen, also formulated the grievance of the constructors in big bold letters. The Royal Family duly drove under this triumphal arch, noticed the inscription, and certain rebatements were subsequently made. This interesting contribution was sent by Mr. W. L. Smith, of the Eastern Telegraph Co., Vigo, Spain.





"IN THE GLOW OF EXERCISE AND SPARKLE OF ANGER SHE WAS BEWILDERING."

(*See page* 610.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE.

Vol. xxi. JUNE, 1901. No. 126.

A Buckeye Hollow Inheritance.

By Bret Harte.

THE four men on the "Zip Coon" Ledge had not got fairly settled to their morning's work. There was the usual lingering hesitation which is apt to attend the taking-up of any regular or monotonous performance, shown in this instance in the prolonged scrutiny of a pick's point, the solemn selection of a shovel, or the "hefting," or weighing, of a tapping iron or drill. One member becoming interested in a funny paragraph he found in the scrap of newspaper wrapped around his noonday cheese, shamelessly sat down to finish it, regardless of the prospecting-pan thrown at him by another. They had taken up their daily routine of mining life like schoolboys at their tasks.

"Halloa!" said Ned Wyngate, joyously recognising a possible further interruption. "Blamed if the Express rider ain't comin' here!"

He was shading his eyes with his hand as he gazed over the broad, sun-baked expanse of broken "flat" between them and the high road. They all looked up, and saw the figure of a mounted man with a courier's bag thrown over his shoulder galloping towards them. It was really an event, as their letters were usually left at the grocery at the cross-roads.

"I knew something was goin' to happen," said Wyngate. "I didn't feel a bit like work this morning."

Here one of their number ran off to meet the advancing horseman. They watched him until they saw the latter rein up and hand a brown envelope to their messenger, who ran breathlessly back with it to the Ledge as the horseman galloped away again.

"A telegraph for Jackson Wells," he said, handing it to the young man who had been reading the scrap of paper.

There was a dead silence. Telegrams were expensive rarities in those days, especially with the youthful Bohemian miners of the Zip Coon Ledge. They were burning with curiosity, yet a singular thing happened.

"ONE OF THEIR NUMBER RAN OFF TO MEET THE ADVANCING HORSEMAN."

Accustomed as they had been to a life of brotherly familiarity and unceremoniousness, this portentous message from the outside world of civilization recalled their old formal politeness. They looked steadily away from the receiver of the telegram, and he on his part stammered an apologetic "Excuse me, boys," as he broke the envelope.

There was another pause, which seemed to be interminable to the waiting partners. Then the voice of Wells in quite natural tones said, "By gum, that's funny! Read that, Dexter; read it out loud."

Dexter Rice, the foreman, took the proffered telegram from Wells's hand, and read as follows: "Your uncle, Quincy Wells, died yesterday, leaving you sole heir. Will attend you to-morrow for instructions—Baker and Twiggs, attorneys, Sacramento."

The three miners' faces lightened and turned joyously to Wells. But *his* face looked puzzled.

"May we congratulate you, Mr. Wells?" said Wyngate, with affected politeness; "or possibly your uncle may have been English, and a title goes with the 'prop,' and you may be Lord Wells or Very Wells—at least."

But here Jackson Wells's youthful face lost its perplexity, and he began to laugh long and silently to himself. This was protracted to such an extent that Dexter asserted himself, as foreman and senior partner.

"Look here, Jack! don't sit there cackling like a chuckleheaded magpie—if you *are* the heir."

"I—can't—help it," gasped Jackson. "I am the heir, but you see, boys, there *ain't any property!*"

"What do you mean? Is all that a sell?" demanded Rice.

"Not much!—telegraph's too expensive for that sort o' foolin'. You see, boys, I've got an Uncle Quincy—though I don't know him much—and he *may* be dead. But his whole fixin's consisted of a claim the size of ours, and played out long ago; a ramshackled lot o' sheds called a cottage, and a kind of market garden of about three acres, where he reared and sold vegetables. He was always poor, and as for calling it 'property,' and *me* the 'heir!'—Good Lord!"

"A miser as sure as you're born!" said Wyngate, with optimistic decision. "That's always the way. You'll find every crack of that blessed old shed stuck full of greenbacks and certificates of deposit, and lots of gold dust and coin buried all over that cow patch! And of course no one suspected it! And of course he lived all alone, and never let anyone get into his house, and nearly starved himself! Lord love you! there's hundreds of such cases. The world is full of 'em!"

"That's so!" chimed in Pulaski Briggs, the fourth partner, "and I tell you what! Jacksey, we'll come over with you the day you take possession and just 'prospect' the whole blamed shanty, pig-sties and potato patch, for fun, and won't charge you anything."

For a moment Jackson's face had really brightened under the infection of enthusiasm, but it presently settled into perplexity again.

"No! You bet the boys around Buckeye Hollow would have spotted anything like that long ago."

"Buckeye Hollow!" repeated Rice and his partners.

"Yes! Buckeye Hollow—that's the place; not twenty miles from here—and a God-forsaken hole—as you know."

A cloud had settled on Zip Coon Ledge. They knew of Buckeye Hollow, and it was evident that no good had ever yet come out of that Nazareth.

"There's no use of talking now," said Rice, conclusively. "You'll draw it all from the lawyer shark who's coming here to-morrow, and you can bet your life he wouldn't have taken this trouble if there wasn't suthin' in it. Anyhow, we'll knock off work now and call it half a day—in honour of our distinguished young friend's accession to his baronial estates of Buckeye Hollow. We'll just toddle down to Tomlinson's at the cross-roads and have a nip and a quiet game of old sledge at Jacksey's expense. I reckon the estate's good for *that*," he added, with severe gravity. "And, speaking as a far-minded man, and the president of this yer company, if Jackson would occasionally take out and air that telegraphic despatch of his while we're at Tomlinson's, it might do something for that company's credit with Tomlinson! We're wantin' some new blastin' plant bad!"

Oddly enough the telegram, accidentally shown at Tomlinson's, produced a gratifying effect, and the Zip Coon Ledge materially advanced in public estimation. With this possible infusion of new capital into its resources the company was beset by offers of machinery and goods, and it was deemed expedient by the sapient Rice that, to prevent the dissemination of any more accurate information regarding Jackson's property, the next day the lawyer should be met at the stage office by one of the members, and con-

veyed secretly past Tomlinson's to the Ledge.

"I'd let you go," he said to Jackson, "only it won't do for that skunk of a lawyer to think you're too anxious—*sabe?* We want to rub into him that we are in the habit out yer of havin' things left to us—and a fortin' more or less, falling into us now and then, ain't nothin' alongside of the Zip Coon claim. It won't hurt ye to keep up a big bluff on that hand of yours. Nobody would dare to 'call' you."

Indeed this idea was carried out with such elaboration the next day that Mr. Twiggs, the attorney, was considerably impressed both by the conduct of his guide, who (although burning with curiosity) expressed absolute indifference regarding Jackson Wells's inheritance, and the calmness of Jackson himself, who had to be ostentatiously called from his work on the Ledge to meet him and who even gave him an audience in the hearing of his partners. Forced into an apologetic attitude, he expressed his regret at being obliged to bother Mr. Wells with an affair of such secondary importance, but he was obliged to carry out the formalities of the law.

"What do you suppose the estate is worth?" asked Wells, carelessly.

"I should not think that the house, the claim, and the land would bring more than 1,5oodols.," replied Twiggs, submissively.

To the impecunious owners of Zip Coon Ledge it seemed a large sum, but they did not show it. "You see," continued Mr. Twiggs, "it's really a case of 'willing away' property from its obvious or direct inheritors —instead of a beneficial grant. I take it that you and your uncle were not particularly intimate, at least so I gathered when I made the will, and his simple object was to disinherit his only daughter, with whom he had some quarrel, and who had left him to live with his late wife's brother, Mr. Morley Brown, who is quite wealthy and residing in the same township. Perhaps you remember the young lady?"

Jackson Wells had a dim recollection of this cousin—a hateful, red-haired schoolgirl —and an equally unpleasant memory of this other uncle, who was purse-proud and had never taken any notice of him. He answered affirmatively.

"There may be some attempt to contest the will," continued Mr. Twiggs, "as the disinheriting of an only child and a daughter offends the sentiment of the people and of judges and jury, and the law makes such a will invalid, unless a reason is given. Fortunately your uncle has placed his reasons on record. I have a copy of the will here and can show you the clause." He took it from his pocket and read as follows: "I exclude my daughter Jocelinda Wells from any

"HE TOOK THE WILL FROM HIS POCKET."

benefit or provision of this my will and testament for the reason that she has voluntarily abandoned her father's roof for the house of her mother's brother, Morley Brown; has preferred the fleshpots of Egypt to the virtuous frugalities of her own home, and has discarded the humble friends of her youth and the associates of her father for the meretricious and slavish sympathy of wealth and position. In lieu thereof, and as compensation therefor, I do hereby give and bequeath to her my full and free permission to gratify her frequently-expressed wish for another guardian in place of myself, and to become the adopted daughter of the said Morley Brown, with the privilege of assuming the name of Brown as aforesaid."

"You see," he continued, "as the young lady's present position is a better one than it would be if she were in her father's house, and was evidently a compromise—the sentimental consideration of her being left homeless and penniless falls to the ground. However, as the inheritance is small, and might be of little account to you, if you choose to waive it, I daresay we may make some arrangement."

This was an utterly unexpected idea to the Zip Coon Company, and Jackson Wells was, for a moment, silent. But Dexter Rice was equal to the emergency, and turned to the astonished lawyer with severe dignity. "You'll excuse me for interferin', but, as the senior partner of this yer Ledge, and Jackson Wells yer—bein' a most important member—what affects his usefulness on this claim affects us. And we propose to carry out this yer will, with all its dips and spurs and angles!"

As the surprised Twiggs turned from one to the other Rice continued: "Ez far as we kin understand this little game, it's the just punishment of a high-flying girl as breaks her pore father's heart—and the re-ward of a young feller ez has bin to our knowledge ez devoted a nephew as they make 'em. Time and time again, sittin' around our camp fire at night, we've heard Jacksey say, kinder to himself and kinder to us, 'Now, I wonder what's gone o' old Uncle Quincy?' and he never sat down to a square meal or ever rose from a square game but what he allus said, "If old Uncle Quincy was only here now, boys, I'd die happy.' I leave it to you, gentlemen, if that wasn't Jackson Wells's gait all the time?"

There was a prolonged murmur of assent and an affecting corroboration from Ned Wyngate of "That was him—that was Jacksey all the time!"

"Indeed, indeed," said the lawyer, nervously. "I had quite the idea that there was very little fondness——"

"Not on your side—not on your side," said Rice, quickly. "Uncle Quincy may not have ante'd up in this matter o' feelin' nor seen his nephew's rise. You know how it is yourself in these things, being a lawyer and a far-minded man—it's all on one side, ginerally! There's always one who loves and sacrifices, and all that, and there's always one who rakes in the pot! That's the way o' the world, and that's why," continued Rice, abandoning his slightly philosophical attitude and laying his hand tenderly and yet with a singularly significant grip on Wells's arm, "we say to him, 'Hang on to that will and Uncle Quincy's memory.' And we hev to say it. For he's that tender-hearted and keerless of money—having his own share in this Ledge—that ef that girl came whimperin' to him he'd let her take the 'prop,' and let the hull thing slide! And then he'd remember that he had rewarded that gal that broke the old man's heart, and that would upset him again in his work. And there, you see, is just where *we* come in! And we say, 'Hang on to that will like grim death!'"

The lawyer looked curiously at Rice and his companions and then turned to Wells. "Nevertheless I must look to you for instructions," he said, drily.

But by this time Jackson Wells—although really dubious about supplanting the orphan—had gathered the sense of his partners and said, with a frank show of decision: "I think I must stand by the will."

"Then I'll have it proved," said Twiggs, rising. "In the meantime, if there is any talk of contesting——"

"If there is, you might say," suggested Wyngate, who felt he had not had a fair show in the little comedy, "ye might say to that old skeesicks of a wife's brother, if he wants to nipple in, that there are four men on the Ledge—and four revolvers! We are gin'rally far-minded, peaceful men; but when an old man's heart is broken, and his grey hairs brought down in sorrow to the grave, so to speak, we're bound to attend the funeral. *Sabe?*"

When Mr. Twiggs had departed again, accompanied by a partner to guide him past the dangerous shoals of Tomlinson's grocery, Rice clapped his hand on Wells's shoulder. "If it hadn't been for me, sonny, that shark would have landed you into some compromise with that red-haired gal! I saw you weakenin', and then I chipped in. I may

have piled up the agony a little on your love for old Quincy, but if you aren't an ungrateful cub that's how you ought to hev been feelin' anyhow!" Nevertheless the youthful Wells, although touched by his elder partner's loyalty and convinced of his own disinterestedness, felt a painful sense of lost chivalrous opportunity.

On mature consideration it was finally settled that Jackson Wells should make his preliminary examination of his inheritance alone, as it might seem inconsistent with the previous indifferent attitude of his partners if they accompanied him. But he was implored to yield to no blandishments of the enemy, and to even make his visit a secret.

He went. The familiar flower-spiked tree which had given its name to Buckeye Hollow had never yielded entirely to improvements and the incursions of mining enterprise, and many of them had even survived the disused ditches, the scarred flats, the discarded levels, ruined flumes, and roofless cabins of the earlier occupation, so that when Jackson Wells entered the wide, straggling street of "Buckeye," that summer morning was filled with the radiance of its blossoms and fragrant with their incense. His first visit there ten years ago had been a purely perfunctory and hasty one, yet he remembered the ostentatious hotel, built in the "flush time" of its prosperity, and already in a green premature decay; he recalled the Express office and Town Hall, also passing away in a kind of similar green deliquescence; the little zinc church now overgrown with fern and brambles, and the two or three fine substantial houses in the outskirts, which seemed to have sucked the vitality of the little settlement. One of these he had been told was the property of his rich and wicked maternal uncle—the hated appropriator of his red-headed cousin's affections. He recalled his brief visit to the departed testator's claim and market garden, and his by no means favourable impression of the lonely, crabbed old man, as well as his relief that his objectionable cousin, whom he had not seen since he was a boy, was then absent at the rival uncle's.

He made his way across the road to a sunny slope where the market garden of three acres seemed to roll like a river of green rapids to a little "run" or brook, which, even in the dry season, showed a trickling rill. But here he was struck by a singular circumstance. The garden rested in a rich alluvial soil, and under the quickening Californian sky had developed far beyond the ability of its late cultivator to restrain or keep it in order. Everything had grown luxuriously and in monstrous size and profusion. The garden had even trespassed its bounds and impinged upon the open road, the deserted claim, and the ruins of the Past. Stimulated by the little cultivation Quincy Wells had found time to give it, it had leaped its three acres and rioted through the Hollow. There were scarlet-runners crossing the abandoned sluices, peas climbing the Court House wall, strawberries matting the trail, while the seeds and pollen of its few homely Eastern flowers had been blown far and wide through the woods. By a grim satire, Nature seemed to have been the only thing that still prospered in that settlement of Man.

The cabin itself, built of unpainted boards, consisted of a sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, and two bedrooms, all plainly furnished, although one of the bedrooms was better ordered, and displayed certain signs of feminine decoration which made Jackson believe it had been his cousin's room. Luckily, the slight temporary struc-

"SOMETHING STUCK UP ON THE GATE-POST ATTRACTED HIS ATTENTION."

ture bore no deep traces of its previous occupancy to disturb him with its memories, and for the same reason it gained in cleanliness and freshness; the dry desiccating summer wind that blew through it had carried away both the odours and the sense of domesticity; even the *adobe* hearth had no fireside tales to tell; its very ashes had been scattered by the winds; and the gravestone of its dead owner on the hill was no more flavourless of his personality than was this plain house in which he had lived and died. The excessive vegetation produced by the stirred-up soil had covered and hidden the empty tin cans, broken boxes, and fragments of clothing which usually heaped and littered the tent-pegs of the pioneer. Nature's own profusion had thrust them into obscurity.

Jackson Wells smiled as he recalled his sanguine partner's idea of a treasure-trove concealed and stuffed in the crevices of this tenement—already so palpably picked clean by those wholesome scavengers of California—the dry air and burning sun. Yet he was not displeased at this obliteration of a previous tenancy; there was the better chance for him to originate something. He whistled hopefully as he lounged with his hands in his pockets towards the only fence and gate that gave upon the road. Something stuck up on the gate-post attracted his attention. It was a sheet of paper bearing the inscription in a large hand: "Notice to trespassers. Look out for the Orphan Robber!" A plain sign-board in faded black letters on the gate, which had borne the legend, "Quincy Wells, Dealer in Fruit and Vegetables," had been rudely altered in chalk to read: "Jackson Wells, Double Dealer in Wills and Codicils," and the intimation "Bouquets sold here" had been changed—"Bequests stole here."

For an instant the simple-minded Jackson failed to discover any significance of this outrage, which seemed to him to be merely the wanton mischief of a schoolboy. But a sudden recollection of the lawyer's caution sent the blood to his cheeks and kindled his indignation. He tore down the paper and rubbed out the chalk interpolation, and then laughed at his own anger. Nevertheless, he would not have liked his belligerent partners to see it.

A little curious to know the extent of this feeling, he entered one of the shops, and by one or two questions which judiciously betrayed his ownership of the property he elicited only a tradesman's interest in a possible future customer and the ordinary curiosity in a stranger. The bar-keeper of the hotel was civil, but brief and gloomy. He had heard the property was "willed away" on account of some family quarrel which "warn't none of his." Mr. Wells would find Buckeye Hollow a mighty dull place after the mines. It was played out—sucked dry by two or three big mine-owners who were trying to "freeze out" the other settlers, so as they might get the place to themselves and "boom it." Brown, who had the big house over the hill, was the head demon of the gang! Wells felt his indignation kindle anew. And this girl that he had ousted was Brown's friend. Was it possible that she was a party to Brown's designs to get this three acres with the other lands? If so, his long-suffering uncle was only just in his revenge.

He put all this diffidently before his partners on his return, and was a little startled at their adopting it with sanguine ferocity. They hoped that he would put an end to his thoughts of backing out of it. Such a course now would be dishonourable to his uncle's memory. It was clearly his duty to resist these beastly satraps of capitalists; he was providentially selected for the purpose—a village Hampden to withstand the tyrant. "And I reckon that shark of a lawyer knew all about it when he was gettin' off that 'purp stuff' about people's sympathies with the girl," said Rice, belligerently. "Contest the will, would he? Why, if we caught that Brown with a finger in the pie we'd just whip up the boys on this Ledge and lynch him. You hang on to that three acres and the garden patch of your forefathers, sonny, and we'll see you through!"

Nevertheless it was with some misgivings that Wells consented that his three partners should actually accompany him and see him put in peaceable possession of his inheritance. His instinct told him that there would be no contest of the will, and still less any opposition on the part of the objectionable relative, Brown. When the waggon which contained his personal effects and the few articles of furniture necessary for his occupancy of the cabin arrived, the exaggerated swagger which his companions had put on in their passage through the settlement gave way to a pastoral indolence equally half-real, half-affected. Lying on their backs under a buckeye, they permittted Rice to voice the general sentiment.

"There's a suthin' soothin' and dreamy in this kind o' life, Jacksey, and we'll make a

point of comin' here for a couple of days every two weeks to lend you a hand; it will be a mighty good change from our nigger work on the claim."

In spite of this assurance and the fact that they had voluntarily come to help him put the place in order, they did very little beyond lending a cheering expression of unqualified praise and unstinted advice. At the end of four hours' weeding and trimming the boundaries of the garden they unanimously gave their opinion that it would be more systematic for him to employ Chinese labour at once.

"You see," said Ned Wyngate, "the Chinese naturally take to this kind o' business. Why, you can't take up a china plate or saucer but you see 'em pictured there working at jobs like this, and then they kin live on green things and rice that cost nothin', and chickens; you'll keep chickens, of course?"

Jackson thought that his hands would be full enough with the garden, but he meekly assented. "I'll get a pair—you only want two to begin with," continued Wyngate, cheerfully, "and in a month or two you've got all you want and eggs enough for market. On second thoughts I don't know whether you hadn't better begin with eggs first. That is, you borry some eggs from one man and a hen from another. Then you set 'em, and when the chickens are hatched out you just return the hen to the second man, and the eggs, when your chickens begin to lay, to the first man, and you've got your chickens for nothing—and there you are."

The ingenious proposition which was delivered on the last slope of the domain, where the partners were lying exhausted from their work, was broken in upon by the appearance of a small boy barefooted, sunburnt, and tow-headed, who, after a moment's hurried scrutiny of the group, threw a letter with unerring precision into the lap of Jackson Wells and then fled precipitately. Jackson instinctively suspected he was connected with the outrage on his fence and gate-post, but as he had avoided telling his partners of the incident, fearing to increase their belligerent attitude, he felt now an awkward consciousness mingled with his indignation, as he broke the seal and read as follows:—

"SIR,—This is to inform you that although you have got hold of the property by underhanded and sneaking ways, you ain't no

"SHE WAS BEWILDERING."

right to touch or lay your vile hands on the Cherokee Rose alongside the house, nor on the Giant of Battles, nor on the Maiden's Pride by the gate—the same being the property of Miss Jocelinda Wells and planted by her under the penalty of the Law. And if you, or any of your gang of ruffians, touches it or them, or any thereof, or don't deliver it up when called for in good

order, you will be persecuted by them.—AVENGER."

It is to be feared that Jackson would have suppressed this also, but the keen eyes of his partners, excited by the abruptness of the messenger, were upon him. He smiled feebly, and laid the letter before them. But he was unprepared for their exaggerated indignation, and with difficulty restrained them from dashing off in the direction of the vanished herald. "And what could you do?" he said; "the boy's only a messenger."

"I'll get at that dirty skunk Brown, who's back of him," said Dexter Rice.

"And what then?" persisted Jackson, with a certain show of independence. "If this stuff belongs to the girl, I'm not certain I sha'n't give them up without any fuss. Lord! I want nothing but what the old man left me—and certainly nothing of hers."

Here Ned Wyngate was heard to murmur that Jackson was one of those men who would lie down and let coyotes crawl over him if they first presented a girl's visiting-card, but he was stopped by Rice demanding paper and pencil. The former being torn from a memorandum-book, and a stub of the latter produced from another pocket, he wrote as follows:—

"SIR,—In reply to the hogwash you have kindly exuded in your letter of to-day, I have to inform you that you can have what you ask for Miss Wells, and perhaps a trifle on your own account, by calling this afternoon on, yours truly,"—"Now sign it," continued Rice, handing him the pencil.

"But this will look as if we were angry and wanted to keep the plants," protested Wells.

"Never you mind, sonny, but sign! Leave the rest to your partners, and when you lay your head on your pillow to-night return thanks to an over-ruling Providence for providing you with the right gang of ruffians to look after you!"

Wells signed reluctantly, and Wyngate offered to find a Chinaman in the gulch who would take the missive. "And being a Chinaman, Brown can do any cussin' or buck talk *through* him!" he added.

The afternoon wore on; the tall Douglas pines near the water-pools wheeled their long shadows round and half-way up the slope, and the sun began to peer into the faces of the reclining men. Subtle odours of mint and southernwood, stragglers from the garden, bruised by their limbs, replaced the fumes of their smoked-out pipes, and the hammers of the woodpeckers were busy in the grove as they lay lazily nibbling the fragrant leaves like peaceful ruminants. Then came the sound of approaching wheels along the invisible highway beyond the buckeyes, and then a halt and silence. Rice rose slowly; bright pin-points in the pupils of his grey eyes.

"Bringin' a waggon with him to tote the hull shanty away," suggested Wyngate.

"Or fetched his own ambulance," said Briggs. Nevertheless, after a pause, the wheels presently rolled away again.

"We'd better go and meet him at the gate," said Rice, hitching his revolver-holster nearer his hip. "That waggon stopped long enough to put down three or four men."

They walked leisurely but silently to the gate. It is probable that none of them believed in a serious collision, but now the prospect had enough possibility in it to quicken their pulses. They reached the gate. But it was still closed; the road beyond it empty.

"Mebbee they've sneaked round to the cabin," said Briggs, "and are holdin' it inside." They were turning quickly in that direction when Wyngate said, "Hush! someone's there in the brush under the buckeyes." They listened—there was a faint rustling in the shadows.

"Come out o' that, Brown—into the open. Don't be shy," called out Rice, in cheerful irony. "We're waitin' for ye."

But Briggs, who was nearest the wood, here suddenly uttered an exclamation, "B'gosh!" and fell back, open-mouthed, upon his companions. They, too, in another moment, broke into a feeble laugh and lapsed against each other in sheepish silence. For a very pretty girl, handsomely dressed, swept out of the wood and advanced towards them.

Even at any time she would have been an enchanting vision to these men, but in the glow of exercise and sparkle of anger she was bewildering. Her wonderful hair, the colour of freshly hewn redwood, had escaped from her hat in her passage through the underbrush, and even as she swept down upon them in her majesty she was jabbing a hairpin into it with a dexterous feminine hand.

The three partners turned quite the colour of her hair—Jackson Wells alone remained white and rigid. She came on, her very short upper lip showing her white teeth with her panting breath.

Rice was first to speak. "I beg—your pardon, miss—I thought it was Brown—you know," he stammered.

But she only turned a blighting brown eye on the culprit, curled her short lip till it almost vanished in her scornful nostrils, drew her skirt aside with a jerk, and continued her way straight to Jackson Wells, where she halted.

"We did not know you were here alone," he said, apologetically.

"Thought I was afraid to come alone, didn't you? Well, you see, I'm not. There!" She made another dive at her hat and hair, and brought the hat down wickedly over her straight eyebrows. "Gimme my plants."

Jackson had been astonished. He would have scarcely recognised in this wilful beauty the red-haired girl whom he had boyishly hated and with whom he had often quarrelled. But there was a recollection—and with that recollection came an instinct of habit. He looked her squarely in the face, and, to the horror of his partners, said: "Say please!"

They had expected to see him fall, smitten with the hairpin! But she only stopped, and then in bitter irony said: "Please, Mr. Jackson Wells."

"I haven't dug them up yet, and it would serve you just right if I made you get them for yourself. But perhaps my friends here might help you—if you were civil." The three partners rushed forward eagerly. "Only show us what you want," they said, in one voice. The young girl stared at them, and at Jackson. Then with swift determination she turned her back scornfully upon him, and with a dazzling smile, which reduced the three men to absolute idiocy, said to the others: "I'll show you," and marched away to the cabin.

"Ye mustn't mind Jacksey," said Rice, sycophantically, edging to her side; "he's so cut up with losin' your father that he loved like a son he isn't himself, and don't seem to know whether to ante up or pass out. And as for yourself, miss, why—what was it he was sayin' only just as the young lady came?" he added, turning abruptly to Wyngate.

"Everything that Cousin Josey planted with her own hands must be took up carefully and sent back, even though it's killin' me to part with it," quoted Wyngate, unblushingly, as he slouched along on the other side.

Miss Wells's eyes glared at them, though her mouth still smiled, ravishingly. "I'm sure I'm troubling you."

In a few moments the plants were dug up and carefully laid together; indeed, the servile Briggs had added a few that she had not indicated.

"MAKE-BELIEVE AND HYPOCRITE!"

"Would you mind bringing them as far as the buggy that's coming down the hill?" she said, pointing to a buggy driven by a small boy, which was slowly approaching the gate. The men tenderly lifted the uprooted plants, each carrying one, and proceeded solemnly, Miss Wells bringing up the rear, towards the gate where Jackson Wells was still surlily lounging.

They passed out first. Miss Wells lingered for an instant, and then, advancing her beautiful but audacious face within an inch of Jackson's, hissed out, "Make-believe and hypocrite!"

"Cross-patch and Sauce-box!" returned Jackson, readily, still under the malign influence of his boyish past, as she flounced away. Presently he heard the buggy rattle away with his persecutor. But his partners still lingered on the road in earnest conver-

sation, and when they did return it was with a singular awkwardness and embarrassment which he naturally put down to a guilty consciousness of their foolish weakness in succumbing to the girl's demands. But he was a little surprised when Dexter Rice approached him gloomily.

"Of course," he began, "it ain't no call of ours to interfere in family affairs, and you've a right to keep 'em to yourself, but if you'd been fair and square and aboveboard in what you got off on us about this per——"

"What do you mean?" demanded the astonished Wells.

"Well—callin' her a 'red-haired gal.'"

"Well—she is a red-haired girl!" said Wells, impatiently.

"A man," continued Rice, pityingly, "that is so prejudiced as to apply such language to a beautiful orphan—torn with grief at the loss of a beloved but d——d misconstruing parent, merely because she begs a few vegetables out of his potato-patch—ain't to be reasoned with. But when you come to look at this thing by and large, and as a far-minded man, sonny, you'll agree with us that the sooner you make terms with her the better. Considerin' your interest, Jacksey—let alone the claims of humanity—we've concluded to withdraw from here until this thing is settled. She's sort o' mixed us up with your feelings agin her, and naturally supposed we object to the colour of her hair! and bein' a penniless orphan, rejected by her relations——"

"What stuff are you talking?" burst in Jackson. "Why, *you* saw she treated you better than she did me."

"Steady! There you go with that temper of yours that frightened the girl! Of course, she could see that *we* were far-minded men, accustomed to the ways of society, and not upset by the visits of a lady or the givin' up of a few green sticks! But let that slide! We're goin' back home to-night, sonny, and when you've thought this thing over and are straightened up and get your right bearin's, we'll stand by you as before. We'll put a man on to do your work on the Ledge—so ye needn't worry about that."

They were quite firm in this decision—however absurd or obscure their conclusions—and Jackson, after his first flash of indignation, felt a certain relief in their departure. But strangely enough, while he had hesitated about keeping the property when they were violently in favour of it, he now felt he was right in retaining it against their advice to compromise. The sentimental idea had vanished with his recognition of his hateful cousin in the *rôle* of the injured orphan. And for the same odd reason her prettiness only increased his resentment. He was not deceived—it was the same capricious, wilful, red-haired girl!

The next day he set himself to work with that dogged steadiness that belonged to his simple nature, and which had endeared him to his partners. He set half-a-dozen Chinamen to work, and followed—although apparently directing their methods. The great difficulty was to restrain and control the excessive vegetation, and he matched the small economies of the Chinese against the opulence of the Californian soil. The "garden patch" prospered; the neighbours spoke well of it and of him. But Jackson knew that this fierce harvest of early spring was to be followed by the sterility of the dry season—and that irrigation could alone make his work profitable in the end. He brought a pump to force the water from the little stream at the foot of the slope to the top—and allowed it to flow back through parallel trenches. Again Buckeye applauded! Only the gloomy bar-keeper shook his head. "The moment you get that thing to pay, Mr. Wells, you'll find the hand of Brown, somewhere, getting ready to squeeze it dry!"

But Jackson Wells did not trouble himself about Brown, whom he scarcely knew. Once, indeed, while trenching the slope he was conscious that he was watched by two men from the opposite bank, but they were apparently satisfied by their scrutiny and turned away. Still less did he concern himself with the movements of his cousin, who once or twice passed him superciliously in her buggy on the road. Again, she met him as one of a cavalcade of riders mounted on a handsome but ill-tempered mustang—which she was managing with an ill-temper and grace equal to the brute's, to the alternate delight and terror of her cavalier. He could see that she had been petted and spoiled by her new guardian and his friends far beyond his conception. But why she should grudge him the little garden and the pastoral life for which she was so unsuited puzzled him greatly.

One afternoon he was working near the road when he was startled by an outcry from his Chinese labourers, their rapid dispersal from the strawberry-beds where they were working, the splintering crash of his fence-rails, and a commotion among the buckeyes. Furious at what seemed to him one of the usual wanton attacks upon coolie

"JACKSON RELEASED THE HORSE."

labour, he seized his pick and ran to their assistance. But he was surprised to find Jocelinda's mustang caught by the saddle and struggling between two trees, and its unfortunate mistress lying upon the strawberry-bed. Shocked but cool-headed, Jackson released the horse first, who was lashing out and destroying everything within his reach, and then turned to his cousin. But she had already lifted herself to her elbow, and with a trickle of blood and mud on one fair cheek was surveying him scornfully under her tumbled hair.

"You don't suppose I was trespassing on your wretched patch again, do you?" she said, in a voice she was trying to keep from breaking. "It was that brute who bolted."

"I don't suppose you were bullying *me* this time," he said; "but you were *your horse* —or it wouldn't have happened. Are you hurt?"

She tried to move; he offered her his hand, but she shied from it and struggled to her feet. She took a step forward—but limped.

"If you don't want my arm, let me call a Chinaman," he suggested.

She glared at him. "If you do I'll scream!" she said, in a low voice, and he knew she would. But at the same moment her face whitened, at which he slipped his arm under hers in a dexterous, business-like way, so as to support her weight. Then her hat got askew and down came a long braid over his shoulder; he remembered it of old—only it was two or three feet longer and darker than then. "If you could manage to limp as far as the gate and sit down on the bank, I'd get your horse for you," he said. "I hitched it to a sapling."

"I saw you did—before you even offered to help me," she said, scornfully.

"The horse would have got away—*you* couldn't."

"If you only knew how I hated you," she said, with a white face—but a trembling lip.

"I don't see how that would make things any better," he said. "Better wipe your face; it's scratched and muddy, and you've been rubbing your nose in my strawberry-bed."

She snatched his proffered handkerchief suddenly, applied it to her face, and said: "I suppose it looks dreadful?"

"Like a pig's," he returned, cheerfully.

She walked a little more firmly, after this, until they reached the gate. He seated her on the bank and went back for the mustang. That beautiful brute, astounded and sore from its contact with the top rail and brambles, was cowed and subdued as he led it back.

She had finished wiping her face and was hurriedly disentangling two stinging tears from her long lashes, before she threw back his handkerchief. Her sprained ankle obliged him to lift her into the saddle and adjust her

little shoe in the stirrup. He remembered when it was still smaller. "You used to ride astride," he said—a flood of recollection coming over him; "and it's much safer with your temper and that brute."

"And you," she said, in a lower voice, "used to be——" But the rest of her sentence was lost in the switch of the whip and the jump of her horse, but he thought the word was "kinder."

Perhaps this was why, after he watched her canter away, he went back to the garden, and, from the bruised and trampled strawberry-bed, gathered a small basket of the finest fruit, covered them with leaves, added a paper with the highly-ingenious witticism, "Picked up with you," and sent them to her by one of the Chinamen. Her forcible entry moved Li Sing, his foreman, also chief laundryman to the settlement, to reminiscences.

"Me heap knew Missy Wells and ole man, who go dead. Ole man allee time make chin-music to missy. Allee time jaw, jaw — allee time make lows—allee time cuttee up missy! Plenty time lockee up missy top side house; no can walkee—no can talkee—no hab got—how can get? — must washee, washee allee same Chinaman. Ole man go dead—missy all lightee now. Plenty fun. Plenty stay in Blown's big house, top side hill; Blown first-chop man." Had he inquired he might have found this Pagan testimony, for once, corroborated by the Christian neighbours.

"IT WAS HIS COUSIN STANDING A FEW YARDS FROM HIM."

But another incident drove all this from his mind. The little stream—the life-blood of his garden—ran dry! Inquiry showed that it had been diverted two miles away into Brown's ditch. Wells's indignant protest elicited a formal reply from Brown, stating that he owned the adjacent mining claims, and reminding him that mining rights to water took precedence of the agricultural claim, but offering, by way of compensation, to purchase the land thus made useless and sterile. Jackson suddenly recalled the prophecy of the gloomy barkeeper. The end had come! But what could the scheming capitalist want with the land—equally useless, as his uncle had proved—for mining purposes? Could it be sheer malignity, incited by his vengeful cousin? But here he paused, rejecting the idea as quickly as it came. No! his partners were right? He was a trespasser on his cousin's heritage; there was no luck in it; he was wrong, and this was his punishment! Instead of yielding gracefully as he might he must back down now, and she would never know his first real feelings. Even now he would make over the property to her as a free gift, but his partners had advanced him money from their scanty means to plant and work it. He believed that an appeal to their feelings would persuade them to forego even that, but he shrank even more from confessing his defeat to them than to her.

He had little heart in his labours that day, and dismissed the Chinamen early. He again examined his uncle's old mining claim on the top of the slope, but was satisfied that it had been a hopeless enterprise and wisely abandoned. It was sunset when he stood under the buckeyes, gloomily looking at the glow fade out of the west, as it had out of his boyish hopes. He had grown to like the place. It was the hour, too, when the few flowers he had cultivated gave back their pleasant odours as if grateful for his care. And then he heard his name called.

It was his cousin standing a few yards from him in evident hesitation. She was quite pale, and for a moment he thought she was still suffering from her fall, until he saw in her nervous, half-embarrassed manner that

it had no physical cause. Her old audacity and anger seemed gone, yet there was a queer determination in her pretty brows.

"Good evening," he said.

She did not return his greeting, but, pulling uneasily at her glove, said, hesitatingly, "Uncle has asked you to sell him this land?"

"Yes."

"Well—don't!" she burst out, abruptly.

He stared at her.

"Oh! I'm not trying to keep you here," she went on, flashing back into her old temper, "so you needn't stare like that. I say don't because it ain't right—it ain't fair."

"Why, he's left me no alternative," he said.

"That's just it—that's why it's mean and low. I don't care if he is our uncle."

Jackson was bewildered and shocked.

"I know it's horrid to say it," she said, with a white face, "but it's horrider to keep it in! Oh, Jack! when we were little—and used to fight and quarrel—I never was mean—was I? I never was underhanded—was I? I never lied—did I? And I can't lie now. Jack," she looked hurriedly around her, "*he* wants to get hold of the land—*he* thinks there's gold in the slope and bank by the stream. He says dad was a fool to have located his claim so high up. Jack! did you ever prospect the bank?"

A dawning of intelligence came upon Jackson. "No," he said; "but," he added, bitterly, "what's the use? He owns the water now—I couldn't work it."

"But, Jack, *if* you found the colour, this would be a *mining* claim! You could claim the water right; and as it's your land, your claim would be first!"

Jackson was startled. "Yes, *if* I found the colour."

"You *would* find it."

"*Would?*"

"Yes! I *did*. On the sly! Yesterday morning, on your slope by the stream, when no one was up! I washed a pan full and got that"—she took a piece of tissue-paper from her pocket, opened it, and shook into her little palm three tiny pin-points of gold.

"And that was your own idea, Jossy?"

"Yes!"

"Your very own?"

"Honest Injin!"

"Wish you may die?"

"True, O King!"

He opened his arms and they mutually embraced. Then they separated, taking hold of each other's hands solemnly, and falling back until they were at arms' length. Then they slowly extended their arms sideways at full length until this action naturally brought their faces and lips together. They did this with the utmost gravity three times, and then embraced again, rocking on pivoted feet like a metronome. Alas! it was no momentary inspiration. The most casual and indifferent observer could see that it was the result of long previous practice and shameless experience. And as such—it was a revelation and an explanation.

"I always supposed that Jackson was playin' us about that red-haired cousin," said Rice, two weeks later, "but I can't swallow that purp stuff about her puttin' him up to that dodge about a new gold discovery on a fresh claim just to knock out Brown. No, sir. He found that gold in openin' these irrigatin' trenches—the usual nigger luck—findin' what you're not lookin' arter."

"Well, we can't complain, for he's offered to work it on shares with us," said Briggs.

"Yes—until he's ready to take in another partner."

"Not—Brown?" said his horrified companions.

"No!—but Brown's adopted daughter—that red-haired cousin!"

More Curious Incidents at Cricket.

By W. J. Ford

A PAPER which I wrote on this subject last year seems to have amused some of the many readers of The Strand, as several writers—strangers—have, like Oliver Twist, "asked for more." Many of them, too, have been good enough to send some stories to help to swell the list. Of the other tales, some are writ large in books, others are the offspring of oral tradition, others have come under my own ken: in any case, I firmly *believe* them to be true, and hope they are; and, indeed, when it comes to the eccentric performances of bails, which seem to disregard all the laws of dynamics—well, if the reader will believe the *true* bail stories (as he is asked to do), none of the others will lie heavy on his mental digestion. The first bail story is as follows, and I was the hero of the incident. Bowling on a very dry day at the nets last year, no bails on, I managed to bowl a "yorker," medium pace, which hit the leg-stump fair and square, whereupon the off-stump followed suit, but the middle one remained erect and apparently untouched. Solution requested: no one has accounted for it yet, still it happened, and several people saw it, and "alone I did it."

Here's another personal experience. This time I was umpiring, at the bowler's end: the ball was thrown in from the field, the bowler took it, and broke the wicket, so as to run the batsman out. Then he said to me, "Look here, sir!" I looked, and beheld the bail accurately balanced on the top of the middle stump! Its mate was lying some feet off the wicket. Suppose one *tried* to balance the bail thus by hitting the wicket with the ball, in how many million tries would one succeed? This would be a very pretty back-garden experiment. But the story is not quite finished yet. An American gentleman writes to me from New York, and tells of an even "curiouser" result, when the ball—"medium pace"—hit the wicket. It "took the off-wicket clean out of the ground"; not content with this, it also "hit the middle wicket; but the leg wicket was untouched, and on top of it was the leg bail balanced!" The match, by the way, was played between Brooklyn C.C. and King's County C.C., and the date was the famous "Fourth of July." I may add, as a matter of coincidence, that this was approximately the time when the similar incident occurred to me in England. There is, however, a fine comprehensiveness in the havoc dealt by the American ball.

Fatal accidents are, fortunately, very rare occurrences in cricket, yet of those that are recorded none is more extraordinary perhaps than the following, which is taken from "Scores and Biographies." Two privates of the 7th Royal Fusiliers were playing a single-wicket match in India. Bolan was the batsman's name and Goddard the bowler's. The former hit the ball and ran, but the latter, fielding it, ran up to the wicket and knocked a stump out with the ball. The stump, however, turned a somersault, and Goddard, tripping, fell on the brass-tipped end, which entered his neck, and the unfortunate man actually bled to death in ten

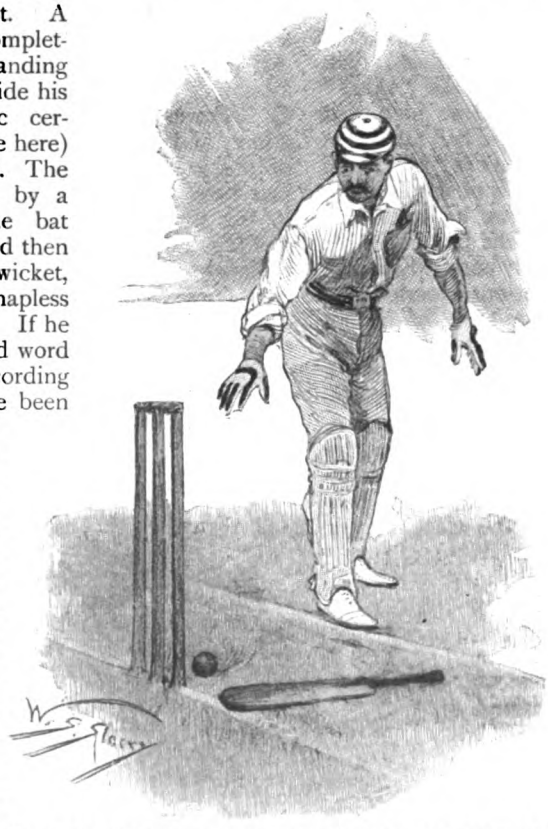
minutes, never speaking again! A more curious and more terrible tragedy can seldom have occurred.

It is hard to believe that wickets could be pitched twenty-six yards (last year I gave the distance as four *feet* instead of *yards*, hence the correction) apart, and that no one should discover it till 95 runs had been scored; yet this fact is recorded, and it is further stated that at the time of the discovery the bowlers were dead beat! One man rose to the occasion—a batsman, who had been run out, and claimed a second innings on the ground that he had had too far to go! Another Indian story describes how the ball was "skied" straight above the wicket, and so high that the batsman ran a run, but the ball falling on the wicket an appeal for "run out" was made and disallowed. As a matter of fact, though the batsman had made a run, he could not score it, for he had played the ball on to his wicket, and was consequently out—"bowled." The writer once had a curious experience—in a University match, too—for in hitting to leg he chopped the ball down on to his instep, whence it rebounded into point's hands, but as the umpire could not see exactly what happened the striker escaped. But a stranger thing is on record, for the ball was hit so hard to point once that he missed the catch, but the ball, striking him on the knee, bounded to the wicket-keeper who was standing some yards behind the wicket, and the catch was duly and legally made!

It would be hard to find a more extraordinary incident than the following: The ground of the Devonshire Park C.C. at Eastbourne is surrounded by lofty standards, which carry the globes for the electric lighting. These are, of course, on the boundary path. A certain batsman made an admirable leg-hit, which struck one of the globes and broke it to atoms. It is hardly credible, but the very same batsman hit the globe—not the same globe—on the same standard next year with a precisely similar stroke! The writer can vouch personally for the facts as stated; the opportunities for "embroidery" are obvious. Balls, like bails, do eccentric things at times, as witness one which in 1891, on the Ipswich ground, lodged in a forked branch high out of reach. "Lost ball" was called, but the umpire, contrary to the present rule, disallowed the call. On this an active fieldsman climbing the tree secured the ball and appealed for a catch. This appeal was allowed, and the batsman had to retire. A similar tale is told about a ball which was hit into a tree and disappeared, being eventually retrieved from an old crow's nest. For the following story the cricket editor of the *Manitoba Free Press*—himself a reader of THE STRAND—is responsible. At West Lynn, in the earlier eighties, a Winnipeg scratch team met the West Lynners. C. Rickards, one of the Winnipeggers, made a long and lofty hit, but to the astonishment of the long-field, over whose head the ball had been hit and who was hot in pursuit of it, the umpire, a local man, yelled "Lost ball!" This strange proceeding caused an indignant remonstrance to be addressed to the umpire, who retorted, in self-defence, "Well, that ball was hit out of Canada into the United States, and I think that entitles

"THE BALL WAS EVENTUALLY RETRIEVED FROM AN OLD CROW'S NEST."

any umpire to call 'Lost ball'!" They were playing on the boundary line, and under the circumstances it was held by all playing that the umpire was justified in his action. I know a man, a good player in his day, too, and to whom I am indebted for many precious hints, one of whose aphorisms it is that "there is no bad luck in cricket," *e.g.*, it is your own fault if your partner runs you out, because you are not obliged to go, and ought to look out for yourself. But the following case might move even his cynical heart. A batsman, after completing his run, was standing with his feet outside his crease (the cynic certainly has a chance here) and his bat inside. The ball, thrown up by a fieldsman, hit the bat out of his hand and then dribbled into the wicket, wherefore the hapless man was run out. If he had used a wicked word I believe the recording angel would have been deaf for the moment. Nor can it be called anything but bad luck if the binding on one's bat breaks and the flying end carries off a bail. There are two good instances of such an event recorded, and one better instance, for, when the bail was dislodged and the appeal lodged, the umpire's verdict was "Leg before wicket!"



"THE BALL HIT THE BAT OUT OF HIS HAND AND THEN DRIBBLED INTO THE WICKET."

Here is a curious finish to a match played at Uckfield in August, 1884, the weather being recorded as "hot" and the umpire as "bad." There were five wickets to fall and five runs to get; the batsmen proceeded to fail to get the runs as follows—none of them scored: No. 7 was bowled, and No. 8 stumped. No. 9 ran himself out, No. 10 hit his wicket, and No. 11 so far forgot himself as to attempt a run and to fall flat on his face between the wickets. Hence the rivals of Uckfield, name of club unknown, snatched a surprise victory.

I find another note or two about bails and their ways, which are certainly uncanny. In one case the bail wedged itself half-way down between the middle and off stumps; in another the off-bail, on the stump being hit, fell off like a gentleman, but the leg-bail leapt amazed into the air, turned himself over, and settled, but reversed, into his native groove; while a third lot refused to budge even when the mid-stump was knocked 6in. out of the perpendicular. Somehow or other they contrived to wedge; but a similar thing happened in a big match in Australia, when the action of the sun on the varnish was held to account for the obstinacy with which the bails retained their position, though their central pillar of support was gone. The match in which this occurred was played, date unknown, between Victoria and New South Wales, the middle stump was bowled "clean away," and the batsman was given "not out." A funny match in some respects was one played at Clevedon, Somerset, in 1873. On one side were two brothers, an uncle, and a cousin: the brothers got all the wickets, the cousin did all the stumping, and the uncle held those catches which went not to the other three; hence these four were solely responsible for all the wickets captured in the two innings and for the modes of their defeat. It is in no spirit of family pride that I record that the four all bore the name of Ford. Charlwood, of Sussex, once compressed a good many technicalities into one stroke, for he hit a catch to the long-field, and was missed. He then ran three runs, and was run-out over the third, the umpire

also calling "One short"; hence he was missed, got one run, ran three runs (two of which did not count), and got run out, all off a single stroke. Another curious feat I find on record of a ball which wedged itself between the stumps without disturbing either bail, yet the ball is described as "very fast." This, I confess, is rather a tough mouthful, and the following is also funny: In a match played at Hastings C. A. Alberga was batting, when the wind blew his handkerchief from his belt and twisted it round the wicket without removing a bail.

Bails, as we have seen, cut curious antics at times, but the cricket ball has also some funny ways of its own, and here is an account of one of its vagaries. A low, skimming hit was made to long-on, who dashed at the ball, touched it, but failed to hold it, as it was travelling too fast. Everyone, however, lost sight of the ball, till the fieldsman, recovering his balance, found a lump inside the front of his shirt—the ball of course, which had hit his wrist, ripped and run up the sleeve of his shirt, finally lodging in the body of it. This extraordinary tale, duly recorded in "Scores and Biographies," occurred on March 17th, 1877, at Cavendish, near Hamilton. Another mysterious disappearance was due to the tail-pocket of an umpire's coat, the said umpire having wheeled round sharply to avoid a vicious crack to square-leg. Several incidents group themselves round square-leg, where the ball often comes very rapidly and very unexpectedly; thus Charles Wordsworth was once caught out by the wicket-keeper off the back of the umpire who was posted there; and I have an authentic account—temporarily mislaid, so that the identification of the incident is not for the moment possible—of a batsman who made a slashing hard hit to that place. The fieldsman was, technically, asleep, and the ball hit him a smashing blow on the forehead, or, rather, fair on the brim of his straw hat, which broke the blow but did not save him from being momentarily stunned. The ball "towered" and went to short-leg fine, who caught it and then gently rolled it up to the bowler's wicket. Meanwhile, the other batsman had left his ground and had gone to the fieldsman's assistance, but the latter recovered his senses in a very short time, and it was found that no harm had been done. So far all had gone fairly well, but difficulties arose when an appeal for a catch was made, for neither umpire, both being engrossed with square-leg's fate, had seen the catch made; hence they were bound to say, "Not out." Chagrined at this, the bowler, to whom the ball had been returned as aforesaid, broke his wicket and appealed for "run out," his batsman being still looking after short-leg. This appeal was also met with a negative, "because," as the sympathetic umpire said, "he had only gone away out of a fellow-feeling!" I think we may agree with the umpire that under the circumstances the ball was constructively dead.

"ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE WAS DUE TO THE TAIL-COAT POCKET OF AN UMPIRE'S COAT."

A memorandum about an Eton and Harrow match now catches my eye. In this match a certain Harrow bowler bowled a most remarkable over to Lord Grimston and his brother the Hon. E. H. Grimston, who was only fifteen years old. Off the six balls bowled Lord Grimston hit three for 5 runs each and his brother three for 3 runs each, twenty-four in all, fives and threes coming alternately; while in 1832 a curious sequence of

matches was played between Eton, Harrow, and Winchester, in the "Public Schools Week," Harrow beating Winchester, Winchester beating Eton, and Eton beating Harrow. As if this was not contradictory enough, each victory was gained in a single innings. Problem—to find the strongest school. Similar paradoxes occur yearly, but the most elaborate and audacious fictionist could not have invented a more striking instance of the uncertain nature of cricket. I did a curious thing once at Swindon: the screen not being more than sixty yards, or thereabouts, from the bowler's end, a very hard, lowish return hit the canvas full and split it, so that a little boy put his head through the crack and grinned at us. The explanation lies not in the hardness of the hit—though it was pretty smart—but in the fact that it hit the lacing of the canvas, which was rotten, and consequently gave way. I told last year of a tremendously hard and straight return made by my brother, F. G. J., which hit the bottom of his partner's wicket and rebounded inside his own crease. This I thought to be unprecedented, but found a record the other day of a similar feat, performed, too, by a bowler, who hit the striker's wicket with so fast a shooter that the ball came right back to him, which is an even stranger performance than my brother's, though in the latter case a curious little question arises: "Had the ball on its return hit his (the striker's) wicket, would he have been out?" While on the subject of shooters, I recall one which went *over* the wicket — the explanation being that as it snaked along the turf it encountered the excrescence of the batsman's block-hole, and consequently took an airier course. Thus the block-hole saved the man; but once it contributed, so the man alleged, to his defeat, for he declared on being asked why he got out to a none too difficult ball that he had found a worm in his block-hole, which fact had completely put him off his play! A bad excuse, men say, is better than none: this must have been the striker's very last line of defence. I must record the following, for though it is hardly a curious incident of cricket, it is a curious instance of credulity. Likewise, it is true. A certain player who knew more about the furnishing of the outer man than the practice of the game observed that one or two men went in with the blades of their bats bound with black twine. Curiosity led him to inquire the reason, and a kind friend informed him—it was a happy inspiration—that it was a new way of showing that he was in mourning. "Really," quoth the other; "why, a cousin of mine died last week: I must get my bats seen to," and he did, with the result that for the rest of the season all his bats had a broad black line *painted* on them, as a tribute to the memory of the deceased! Here is another story, for which I do *not* vouch, but it is good. A certain batsman who was very stout managed, so it is said, to obstruct the passage of the ball to his wicket with his stomach, and the umpire did not see his way clear to give him out "leg-before." At lunch, however, a compromise was arranged. The batsman's stomach was to count as his leg for the purposes of Law 24; but, to make matters even, if the ball hit him on the antipodes the umpire was to call "Wide!"

"IN MOURNING."

Curious feats, perhaps, hardly come under the head of "curious incidents," but one feat

of V. E. Walker's, related in "The Walkers of Southgate," must be reproduced. He used to follow up his bowling in the hope of a "caught and bowled," but noticed on one occasion that the non-striker followed *him* up rather closely; so waiting his opportunity (*i.e.*, till the ball was played back to him) he threw it between his legs, without turning round, at the non-striker's wicket, and in this clever fashion ran him out. I got a curious "sixer" once: the ground was a natural one with a made piece in the centre, longish grass about seventy yards from the wickets, and here and there a tussock of thick grass, one of which was about ten yards behind mid-off. I hit a hot one right through this fieldsman's legs into the tussock, but curiously enough no one else saw exactly what had happened, for mid-off dashed off to recover the ball from the long grass farther back, and of course couldn't find it. When he had called "Lost ball" I went and picked it out of the tussock, about fifteen yards from the bowler's wicket! The hit was so hard that no one believed it could have so wedged itself.

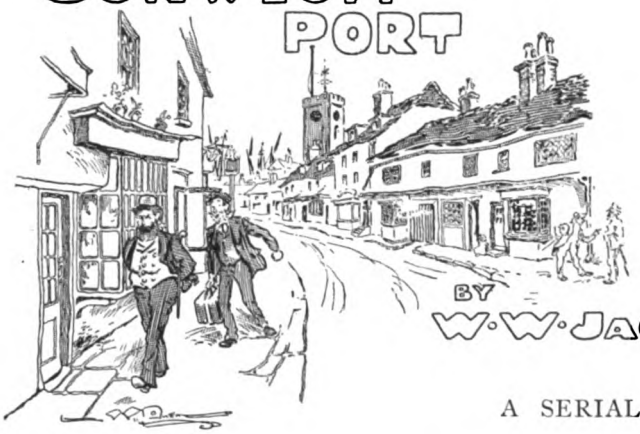
"HE DROPPED IT LIKE A HOT POTATO."

It was on the same ground, and I think in the same match, that a "not-out" rashly remarked at lunch that he had never been bowled by a "yorker." Our slow bowler, who could bowl a very fast and good "yorker," overheard this, and tried him with one the very first ball after lunch, with most convincing effect, and towards the close of the day had a second try at him with similar result, so that another good theory was dispersed to the winds.

In a match played on a big open ground I once saw a batsman make a fairly long hit, and the fieldsman who chased the ball did not overtake it till it had stopped. He picked it up to throw it back, when to our surprise he dropped it like a hot potato; then, after a careful examination, he threw it up, and came back himself with his finger in his mouth. During the momentary quiescence of the ball a wasp had settled on it, thinking it a new sort of apple, I suppose, and had avenged itself after the manner of its kind on the hapless fieldman's intruding finger. One good story, about an exciting finish. The two last men were in, and "time" was at hand. One of the strikers made a drive towards a part of the ground where some cocoa-nut "shies" stood. Fieldsman and batsmen dashed off, but the wily fieldsman stopped and, instead of chasing the ball, seized a cocoa-nut and hurled it to the wicket-keeper, who promptly broke the wicket and pocketed—well, the ball for the time being! "Out," said the umpire, up came the stumps, and the trick was never discovered till the culprits "gave it away."

The following story must be the very last; it has the merit of being strictly true. An Eton boy was batting at the nets, the bowler being of the "donkey-drop" type—"high, slow, and easy." He ran in to drive one of the slow droppers, when to his amazement there was no dropper to drive! Another ball, either thrown in or hit from another net, had struck his objective at the exact psychological moment, *i.e.*, exactly as it reached the ground, and one great drive at least was lost to the world.

AT SUNWICH PORT



BY W. W. JACOBS

A SERIAL.

CHAPTER I.

THE ancient port of Sunwich was basking in the sunshine of a July afternoon. A rattle of cranes and winches sounded from the shipping in the harbour, but the town itself was half asleep. Somnolent shopkeepers in dim back parlours coyly veiled their faces in red handkerchiefs from the too ardent flies, while small boys left in charge noticed listlessly the slow passing of time as recorded by the church clock.

It is a fine church, and Sunwich is proud of it. The tall grey tower is a landmark at sea, but from the narrow streets of the little town itself it has a disquieting appearance of rising suddenly above the roofs huddled beneath it for the purpose of displaying a black-faced clock with gilt numerals whose mellow chimes have recorded the passing hours for many generations of Sunwich men.

Regardless of the heat, which indeed was mild compared with that which raged in his own bosom, Captain Nugent, fresh from the inquiry of the collision of his ship *Conqueror* with the German barque *Hans Müller*, strode rapidly up the High Street in the direction of home. An honest seafaring smell, compounded of tar, rope, and fish, known to the educated of Sunwich as ozone, set his thoughts upon the sea. He longed to be aboard ship again, with the Court of Inquiry to form part of his crew. In all his fifty years of life he had never met such a collection of fools. His hard blue eyes blazed as he thought of them, and the mouth hidden by his well-kept beard was set with anger.

Mr. Samson Wilks, his steward, who had been with him to London to give evidence, had had a time upon which he looked back in later years with much satisfaction at his powers of endurance. He was with the captain, and yet not with him. When they got out of the train at Sunwich he hesitated as to whether he should follow the captain or leave him. His excuse for following was the bag, his reason for leaving the volcanic condition of its owner's temper, coupled with the fact that he appeared to be sublimely ignorant that the most devoted steward in the world was tagging faithfully along a yard or two in the rear.

The few passers-by glanced at the couple with interest. Mr. Wilks had what is called an expressive face, and he had worked his sandy eyebrows, his weak blue eyes, and large, tremulous mouth into such an expression of surprise at the finding of the Court, that he had all the appearance of a

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beholder of visions. He changed the bag to his other hand as they left the town behind them, and regarded with gratitude the approaching end of his labours.

At the garden-gate of a fair-sized house some half-mile along the road the captain stopped, and after an impatient fumbling at the latch strode up the path, followed by Mr. Wilks, and knocked at the door. As he paused on the step he half turned, and for the first time noticed the facial expression of his faithful follower.

"What the dickens are you looking like that for?" he demanded.

"I've been surprised, sir," conceded Mr. Wilks; "surprised and astonished."

Wrath blazed again in the captain's eyes and set lines in his forehead. He was being pitied—by a steward!

"You've been drinking," he said, crisply; "put that bag down."

"Arsking your pardon, sir," said the steward, twisting his unusually dry lips into a smile, "but I've 'ad no opportunity, sir—I've been follerin' you all day, sir."

A servant opened the door. "You've been soaking in it for a month," declared the captain as he entered the hall. "Why the blazes don't you bring that bag in? Are you so drunk you don't know what you are doing?"

Mr. Wilks picked the bag up and followed humbly into the house. Then he lost his head altogether, and gave some colour to his superior officer's charges by first cannoning into the servant and then wedging the captain firmly in the doorway of the sitting-room with the bag.

"Steward!" rasped the captain.

"Yessir," said the unhappy Mr. Wilks.

"Go and sit down in the kitchen, and don't leave this house till you're sober."

Mr. Wilks disappeared. He was not in his first lustre, but he was an ardent admirer of the sex, and in an absent-minded way he passed his arm round the handmaiden's waist, and sustained a buffet which made his head ring.

"A man o' your age, and drunk, too," explained the damsel.

Mr. Wilks denied both charges. It appeared that he was much younger than he looked, while, as for drink, he had forgotten the taste of it. A question as to the reception Ann would have accorded a boyish teetotaler remained unanswered.

In the sitting-room Mrs. Kingdom, the captain's widowed sister, put down her crochet-work as her brother entered, and turned to him expectantly. There was an expression of loving sympathy on her mild and rather foolish face, and the captain stiffened at once.

"I was in the wrong," he said, harshly, as he dropped into a chair; "my certificate has been suspended for six months, and my first officer has been commended."

"Suspended?" gasped Mrs. Kingdom, pushing back the white streamer to the cap which she wore in memory of the late Mr. Kingdom, and sitting upright. "You?"

"I think that's what I said," replied her brother.

Mrs. Kingdom gazed at him mournfully, and, putting her hand behind her, began a wriggling search in her pocket for a handkerchief, with the idea of paying a wholesome tribute of tears. She was a past-master in the art of grief, and, pending its extraction, a docile tear hung on her eyelid and waited. The captain eyed her preparations with silent anger.

"I am not surprised," said Mrs. Kingdom, dabbing her eyes; "I expected it somehow. I seemed to have a warning of it. Something seemed to tell me; I couldn't explain, but I seemed to know."

She sniffed gently, and, wiping one eye at a time, kept the disengaged one charged with sisterly solicitude upon her brother. The captain, with steadily rising anger, endured this game of one-eyed bo-peep for five minutes; then he rose and, muttering strange things in his beard, stalked upstairs to his room.

Mrs. Kingdom, thus forsaken, dried her eyes and resumed her work. The remainder of the family were in the kitchen ministering to the wants of a misunderstood steward, and, in return, extracting information which should render them independent of the captain's version.

"Was it very solemn, Sam?" inquired Miss Nugent, aged nine, who was sitting on the kitchen table.

Mr. Wilks used his hands and eyebrows to indicate the solemnity of the occasion.

"They even made the cap'n leave off speaking," he said, in an awed voice.

"I should have liked to have been there," said Master Nugent, dutifully.

"Ann," said Miss Nugent, "go and draw Sam a jug of beer."

"Beer, miss?" said Ann.

"A jug of beer," repeated Miss Nugent, peremptorily.

Ann took a jug from the dresser, and Mr. Wilks, who was watching her, coughed

"HIS PERTURBATION ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF HIS HOSTESS."

helplessly. His perturbation attracted the attention of his hostess, and, looking round for the cause, she was just in time to see Ann disappearing into the larder with a cream-jug.

"The big jug, Ann," she said, impatiently; "you ought to know Sam would like a big one."

Ann changed the jugs, and, ignoring a mild triumph in Mr. Wilks's eye, returned to the larder, whence ensued a musical trickling. Then Miss Nugent, raising the jug with some difficulty, poured out a tumbler for the steward with her own fair hands.

"Sam likes beer," she said, speaking generally.

"I knew that the first time I see him, miss," remarked the vindictive Ann.

Mr. Wilks drained his glass and set it down on the table again, making a feeble gesture of repulse as Miss Nugent refilled it.

"Go on, Sam," she said, with kindly encouragement; "how much does this jug hold, Jack?"

"Quart," replied her brother.

"How many quarts are there in a gallon?'

"Four."

Miss Nugent looked troubled. "I heard father say he drinks gallons a day," she remarked; "you'd better fill all the jugs, Ann."

"It was only 'is way o' speaking," said Mr. Wilks, hurriedly; "the cap'n is like that sometimes."

"I knew a man once, miss," said Ann, "as used to prefer to 'ave it in a wash-hand basin. Odd, ugly-looking man 'e was; like Mr. Wilks in the face, only better-looking."

Mr. Wilks sat upright and, in the mental struggle involved in taking in this insult in all its ramifications, did not notice until too late that Miss Nugent had filled his glass again.

"It must ha' been nice for the captain to 'ave you with 'im to-day," remarked Ann, carelessly.

"It was," said Mr. Wilks, pausing with the glass at his lips and eyeing her sternly. "Eighteen years I've bin with 'im — ever since 'e 'ad a ship. 'E took a fancy to me the fust time 'e set eyes on me."

"Were you better-looking then, Sam?" inquired Miss Nugent, shuffling closer to him on the table and regarding him affectionately.

"Much as I am now, miss," replied Mr. Wilks, setting down his glass and regarding Ann's giggles with a cold eye.

Miss Nugent sighed. "I love you, Sam," she said, simply. "Will you have some more beer?"

Mr. Wilks declined gracefully. "Eighteen years I've bin with the cap'n," he remarked, softly, "through calms and storms, fair weather and foul, Samson Wilks 'as been by 'is side, always ready in a quiet and 'umble way to do 'is best for 'im, and now—now that 'e is on his beam-ends and lost 'is ship, Samson Wilks 'll sit down and starve ashore till he gets another."

At these touching words Miss Nugent was undisguisedly affected, and wiping her bright eyes with her pinafore, gave her small, well-shaped nose a slight touch *en passant* with the same useful garment, and squeezed his arm affectionately.

"It's a lively look-out for me if father is going to be at home for long," remarked

Master Nugent. "Who'll get his ship, Sam?"

"Shouldn't wonder if the fust officer, Mr. Hardy, got it," replied the steward. "He was going dead-slow in the fog afore he sent down to rouse your father, and as soon as your father came on deck 'e went at 'arf-speed. Mr. Hardy was commended, and your father's certifikit was suspended for six months."

Master Nugent whistled thoughtfully, and quitting the kitchen proceeded upstairs to his room, and first washing himself with unusual care for a boy of thirteen, put on a clean collar and brushed his hair. He was not going to provide a suspended master-mariner with any obvious reasons for fault-finding. While he was thus occupied the sitting-room bell rang, and Ann, answering it, left Mr. Wilks in the kitchen listening with some trepidation to the conversation.

"Is that steward of mine still in the kitchen?" demanded the captain, gruffly.

"Yessir," said Ann.

"What's he doing?"

Mr. Wilks's ears quivered anxiously, and he eyed with unwonted disfavour the evidences of his late debauch.

"Sitting down, sir," replied Ann.

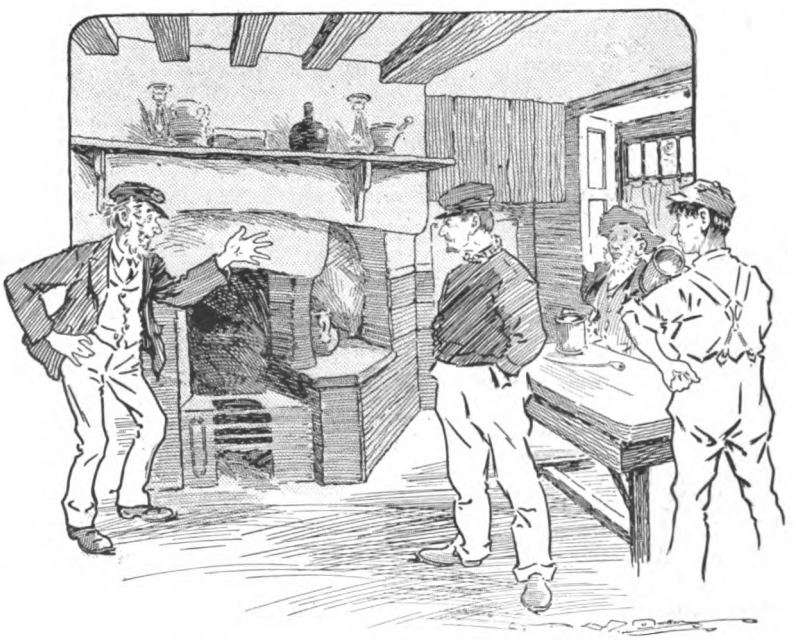
"Give him a glass of ale and send him off," commanded the captain; "and if that was Miss Kate I heard talking, send her in to me."

Ann took the message back to the kitchen and, with the air of a martyr engaged upon an unpleasant task, drew Mr. Wilks another glass of ale and stood over him with well-affected wonder while he drank it. Miss Nugent walked into the sitting-room, and listening in a perfunctory fashion to a ship-master's platitude on kitchen-company, took a seat on his knee and kissed his ear.

CHAPTER II.

THE downfall of Captain Nugent was for some time a welcome subject of conversation in marine circles at Sunwich. At The Goblets, a rambling old inn with paved courtyard and wooden galleries, which almost backed on to the churchyard, brother-captains attributed it to an error of judgment; at the Two Schooners on the quay the profanest of sailormen readily attributed it to an all-seeing Providence with a dislike of overbearing ship-masters.

The captain's cup was filled to the brim by the promotion of his first officer to the command of the *Conqueror*. It was by far the largest craft which sailed from the port of Sunwich, and its master held a corresponding dignity amongst the captains of lesser vessels. Their allegiance was now transferred to Captain Hardy, and the master of a brig which was in the last stages of senile decay, meeting Nugent in The Goblets, actually showed him by means of two lucifer matches how the collision might have been avoided.



"A WELCOME SUBJECT OF CONVERSATION IN MARINE CIRCLES."

A touching feature in the business, and a source of much gratification to Mr. Wilks by the sentimental applause evoked by it, was his renunciation of the post of steward on the ss. *Conqueror*. Sunwich buzzed with the tidings that after eighteen years' service with

Captain Nugent he preferred starvation ashore to serving under another master. Although comfortable in pocket and known to be living with his mother, who kept a small general shop, he was regarded as a man on the brink of starvation. Pints were thrust upon him, and the tale of his nobility increased with much narration. It was considered that the whole race of stewards had acquired fresh lustre from his action.

His only unfavourable critic was the erring captain himself. He sent a peremptory summons to Mr. Wilks to attend at Equator Lodge, and the moment he set eyes upon that piece of probity embarked upon such a vilification of his personal defects and character as Mr. Wilks had never even dreamt of. He wound up by ordering him to rejoin the ship forthwith.

"Arsking your pardon, sir," said Mr. Wilks, with tender reproach, "but I couldn't."

"Are you going to live on your mother, you hulking rascal?" quoth the incensed captain.

"No, sir," said Mr. Wilks. "I've got a little money, sir; enough for my few wants till we sail again."

"When I sail again you won't come with me," said the captain, grimly. "I suppose you want an excuse for a soak ashore for six months!"

Mr. Wilks twiddled his cap in his hands and smiled weakly.

"I thought p'r'aps as you'd like me to come round and wait at table, and help with the knives and boots and such-like," he said, softly. "Ann is agreeable."

"Get out of the house," said the captain in quiet, measured tones.

Mr. Wilks went, but on his way to the gate he picked up three pieces of paper which had blown into the garden, weeded two pieces of grass from the path, and carefully removed a dead branch from a laurel facing the window. He would have done more but for an imperative knocking on the glass, and he left the premises sadly, putting his collection of rubbish over the next garden fence as he passed it.

But the next day the captain's boots bore such a polish that he was able to view his own startled face in them, and at dinner-time the brightness of the knives was so conspicuous that Mrs. Kingdom called Ann in for the purpose of asking her why she didn't always do them like that. Her brother ate his meal in silence, and going to his room afterwards discovered every pair of boots he possessed, headed by the tall sea-boots, standing in a nicely graduated line by the wall, and all shining their hardest.

For two days did Mr. Wilks do good by stealth, leaving Ann to blush to find it fame; but on the third day at dinner, as the captain took up his knife and fork to carve, he became aware of a shadow standing behind his chair. A shadow in a blue coat with metal buttons, which, whipping up the first plate carved, carried it to Mrs. Kingdom, and then leaned against her with the vegetable dishes. The dishes clattered a little on his arm as he helped the captain, but the latter, after an impressive pause and a vain attempt to catch the eye of Mr. Wilks, which was intent upon things afar off, took up the spoon and helped himself. From the unwonted silence of Miss Nugent in the presence of anything unusual it was clear to him that the whole thing had been carefully arranged. He ate in silence, and a resolution to kick Mr. Wilks off the premises vanished before the comfort, to say nothing of the dignity, afforded by his presence. Mr. Wilks, somewhat reassured, favoured Miss Nugent with a wink to which, although she had devoted much time in trying to acquire the art, she endeavoured in vain to respond.

It was on the day following this that Jack Nugent, at his sister's instigation, made an attempt to avenge the family honour. Miss Nugent, although she treated him with scant courtesy herself, had a touching faith in his prowess, a faith partly due to her brother occasionally showing her his bicep muscles in moments of exaltation.

"There's that horrid Jem Hardy," she said, suddenly, as they walked along the road.

"So it is," said Master Nugent, but without any display of enthusiasm.

"Halloa, Jack," shouted Master Hardy across the road.

"Halloa," responded the other.

"He's going to fight you," shrilled Miss Nugent, who thought these amenities ill-timed; "he said so."

Master Hardy crossed the road. "What for?" he demanded, with surprise.

"Because you're a nasty, horrid boy," replied Miss Nugent, drawing herself up.

"Oh," said Master Hardy, blankly.

The two gentlemen stood regarding each other with uneasy grins; the lady stood by in breathless expectation. The suspense became painful.

"Who are you staring at?" demanded Master Nugent, at last.

"You," replied the other; "who are you staring at?"

"You," said Master Nugent, defiantly.

There was a long interval, both gentlemen experiencing some difficulty in working up sufficient heat for the engagement.

"You hit me and see what you'll get," said Master Hardy, at length.

"You hit me," said the other.

"Cowardy, cowardy custard," chanted the well-bred Miss Nugent, "ate his mother's mustard. Cowardy, cowardy cus——"

"Why don't you send that kid home?" demanded Master Hardy, eyeing the fair songster with strong disfavour.

"You leave my sister alone," said the other, giving him a light tap on the shoulder. "There's your coward's blow."

"THE SUSPENSE BECAME PAINFUL."

Master Hardy made a ceremonious return. "There's yours," he said. "Let's go behind the church."

His foe assented, and they proceeded in grave silence to a piece of grass screened by trees, which stood between the church and the beach. Here they removed their coats and rolled up their shirt-sleeves. Things look different out of doors, and to Miss Nugent the arms of both gentlemen seemed somewhat stick-like in their proportions.

The preliminaries were awful, both combatants prancing round each other with their faces just peering above their bent right arms, while their trusty lefts dealt vicious blows at the air. Miss Nugent turned pale and caught her breath at each blow, then she suddenly reddened with wrath as James Philip Hardy, having paid his tribute to science, began to hammer John Augustus Nugent about the face in a most painful and workmanlike fashion.

She hid her face for a moment, and when she looked again Jack was on the ground, and Master Hardy just rising from his prostrate body. Then Jack rose slowly and, crossing over to her, borrowed her handkerchief and applied it with great tenderness to his nose.

"Does it hurt, Jack?" she inquired, anxiously.

"No," growled her brother.

He threw down the handkerchief and turned to his opponent again; Miss Nugent, who was careful about her property, stooped to recover it, and immediately found herself involved in a twisting tangle of legs, from which she escaped by a miracle to see Master Hardy cuddling her brother round the neck with one hand and punching him as hard and as fast as he could with the other. The unfairness of it maddened her, and the next moment Master Hardy's head was drawn forcibly backwards by the hair. The pain was so excruciating that he released his victim at once, and Miss Nugent, emitting a series of terrified yelps, dashed off in the direction of home, her hair bobbing up and down on her shoulders, and her small black legs in an ecstasy of motion.

Master Hardy, with no very well-defined ideas of what he was going to do if he caught her, started in pursuit. His scalp was still smarting and his eyes watering with the pain as he pounded behind her. Panting wildly she heard him coming closer and closer, and she was just about to give up when, to her joy, she saw her father coming towards them.

Master Hardy, intent on his quarry, saw him just in time, and, swerving into the road, passed in safety as Miss Nugent flung herself

with some violence at her father's waistcoat and, clinging to him convulsively, fought for breath. It was some time before she could furnish the astonished captain with full details, and she was pleased to find that his indignation led him to ignore the hair-grabbing episode, on which, to do her justice, she touched but lightly.

That evening, for the first time in his life, Captain Nugent, after some deliberation, called upon his late mate. The old servant who, since Mrs. Hardy's death the year before, had looked after the house was out, and Hardy, unaware of the honour intended him, was scandalized by the manner in which his son received the visitor. The door opened, there was an involuntary grunt from Master Hardy, and the next moment he sped along the narrow passage and darted upstairs. His father, after waiting in vain for his return, went to the door himself.

"Good evening, cap'n," he said, in surprise.

Nugent responded gruffly, and followed him into the sitting-room. To an invitation to sit, he responded more gruffly still that he preferred to stand. He then demanded instant and sufficient punishment of Master Hardy for frightening his daughter.

Even as he spoke he noticed with strong disfavour the change which had taken place in his late first officer. The change which takes place when a man is promoted from that rank to that of master is subtle, but unmistakable — sometimes, as in the present instance, more unmistakable than subtle. Captain Hardy coiled his long, sinewy form in an arm-chair and, eyeing him calmly, lit his pipe before replying.

"Boys will fight," he said, briefly.

"I'm speaking of his running after my daughter," said Nugent, sternly.

Hardy's eyes twinkled. "Young dog," he said, genially; "at his age, too."

Captain Nugent's face was suffused with wrath at the pleasantry, and he regarded him with a fixed stare. On board the *Conqueror* there was a witchery in that glance more potent than the spoken word, but in his own parlour the new captain met it calmly.

"I didn't come here to listen to your foolery," said Nugent; "I came to tell you to punish that boy of yours."

"And I sha'n't do it," replied the other. "I have got something better to do than interfere in children's quarrels. I haven't got your spare time, you know."

Captain Nugent turned purple. Such language from his late first officer was a revelation to him.

"I also came to warn you," he said, furiously, "that I shall take the law into my own hands if you refuse."

"Aye, aye," said Hardy, with careless contempt; "I'll tell him to keep out of your way. But I should advise you to wait until I have sailed."

Captain Nugent, who was moving towards the door, swung round and confronted him savagely.

"What do you mean?" he demanded.

"What I say," retorted Captain Hardy. "I don't want to indulge Sunwich with the spectacle of two middle-aged ship-masters at fisticuffs, but that's what'll happen if you touch my boy. It would probably please the spectators more than it would us."

"I'll cane him the first time I lay hands on him," roared Captain Nugent.

"CAPTAIN HARDY LIT HIS PIPE BEFORE REPLYING."

Captain Hardy's stock of patience was at an end, and there was, moreover, a long and undischarged account between himself and his late skipper. He rose and crossed to the door.

"Jem," he cried, "come downstairs and show Captain Nugent out."

There was a breathless pause. Captain Nugent ground his teeth with fury as he saw the challenge, and realized the ridiculous position into which his temper had led him; and the other, who was also careful of appearances, repented the order the moment he had given it. Matters had now, however, passed out of their hands, and both men cast appraising glances at each other's form. The only one who kept his head was Master Hardy, and it was a source of considerable relief to both of them when, from the top of the stairs, the voice of that youthful Solomon was heard declining in the most positive terms to do anything of the kind.

Captain Hardy repeated his command. The only reply was the violent closing of a door at the top of the house, and after waiting a short time he led the way to the front door himself.

"You will regret your insolence before I have done with you," said his visitor, as he paused on the step. "It's the old story of a beggar on horseback."

"It's a good story," said Captain Hardy, "but to my mind it doesn't come up to the one about Humpty-Dumpty. Good-night."

CHAPTER III.

If anything was wanted to convince Captain Nugent that his action had been foolish and his language intemperate it was borne in upon him by the subsequent behaviour of Master Hardy. Generosity is seldom an attribute of youth, while egotism, on the other hand, is seldom absent. So far from realizing that the captain would have scorned such lowly game, Master Hardy believed that he lived for little else, and his Jack-in-the-box ubiquity was a constant marvel and discomfort to that irritable mariner. Did he approach a seat on the beach, it was Master Hardy who rose (at the last moment) to make room for him. Did he stroll down to the harbour, it was in the wake of a small boy looking coyly at him over his shoulder. Every small alley as he passed seemed to contain a Jem Hardy, who whizzed out like a human firework in front of him, and then followed dancing on his toes a pace or two in his rear.

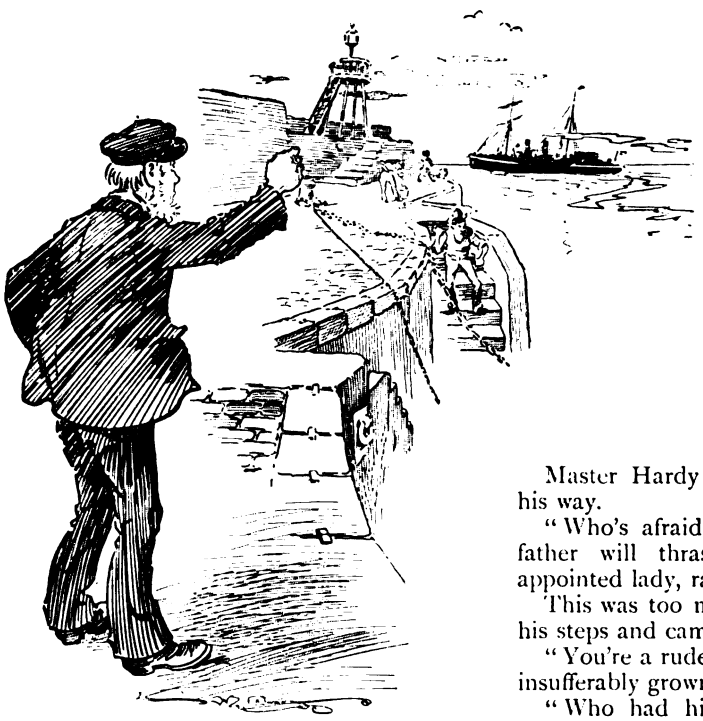
This was on week-days; on the Sabbath Master Hardy's daring ingenuity led him to still further flights. All the seats at the parish church were free, but Captain Nugent, whose admirable practice it was to take his entire family to church, never thoroughly realized how free they were until Master Hardy squeezed his way in and, taking a seat next to him, prayed with unwonted fervour into the interior of a new hat, and then sitting back watched with polite composure the efforts of Miss Nugent's family to restrain her growing excitement.

Charmed with the experiment, he repeated it the following Sunday. This time he boarded the seat from the other end, and seeing no place by the captain, took one, or more correctly speaking made one, between Miss Nugent and Jack, and despite the former's elbow began to feel almost like one of the family. Hostile feelings vanished, and with an amiable smile at the half-frantic Miss Nugent he placed a "bull's-eye" of great strength in his cheek, and leaning forward for a hymn-book left one on the ledge in front of Jack. A double-distilled perfume at once assailed the atmosphere.

Miss Nugent sat dazed at his impudence, and for the first time in her life doubts as to her father's capacity stirred within her. She attempted the poor consolation of an "acid tablet," and it was at once impounded by the watchful Mrs. Kingdom. Meantime the reek of "bull's-eyes" was insufferable.

The service seemed interminable, and all that time the indignant damsel, wedged in between her aunt and the openly-exultant enemy of her House, was compelled to endure in silence. She did indeed attempt one remark, and Master Hardy, with a horrified expression of outraged piety, said "H'sh," and shook his head at her. It was almost more than flesh and blood could bear, and when the unobservant Mrs. Kingdom asked her for the text on the way home her reply nearly cost her the loss of her dinner.

The *Conqueror*, under its new commander, sailed on the day following. Mr. Wilks watched it from the quay, and the new steward observing him came to the side, and holding aloft an old pantry-cloth between his finger and thumb until he had attracted his attention, dropped it overboard with every circumstance of exaggerated horror. By the time a suitable retort had occurred to the ex-steward the steamer was half a mile distant, and the extraordinary and unnatural pantomime in which he indulged on the edge



"MR. WILKS WATCHED IT FROM THE QUAY."

of the quay was grievously misinterpreted by a nervous man in a sailing-boat.

Master Hardy had also seen the ship out, and, perched on the extreme end of the breakwater, he remained watching until she was hull down on the horizon. Then he made his way back to the town and the nearest confectioner, and started for home just as Miss Nugent, who was about to pay a call with her aunt, waited, beautifully dressed, in the front garden while that lady completed her preparations.

Feeling very spick and span, and still a trifle uncomfortable from the vigorous attentions of Ann, who cleansed her as though she had been a doorstep, she paced slowly up and down the path. Upon these occasions of high dress a spirit of Sabbath calm was wont to descend upon her and save her from escapades to which in a less severe garb she was somewhat prone.

She stopped at the gate and looked up the road. Then her face flushed, and she cast her eyes behind her to make sure that the hall-door stood open. The hated scion of the house of Hardy was coming down the road, and, in view of that fact, she forgot all else—even her manners.

The boy, still fresh from the loss of his natural protector, kept a wary eye on the house as he approached. Then all expression died out of his face, and he passed the gate, blankly ignoring the small girl who was leaning over it and apparently suffering from elephantiasis of the tongue. He went by quietly, and Miss Nugent, raging inwardly that she had misbehaved to no purpose, withdrew her tongue for more legitimate uses.

"Boo," she cried; "who had his hair pulled?"

Master Hardy pursued the even tenor of his way.

"Who's afraid to answer me for fear my father will thrash him?" cried the disappointed lady, raising her voice.

This was too much. The enemy retraced his steps and came up to the gate.

"You're a rude little girl," he said, with an insufferably grown-up air.

"Who had his hair pulled?" demanded Miss Nugent, capering wildly; "who had his hair pulled?"

"Don't be silly," said Master Hardy. "Here."

He put his hand in his pocket, and producing some nuts offered them over the gate. At this Miss Nugent ceased her capering, and wrath possessed her that the enemy should thus misunderstand the gravity of the situation.

"Well, give 'em to Jack, then," pursued the boy; "he won't say no."

This was a distinct reflection on Jack's loyalty, and her indignation was not lessened by the fact that she knew it was true.

"Go away from our gate," she stormed. "If my father catches you, you'll suffer."

"Pooh!" said the dare-devil. He looked up at the house and then, opening the gate, strode boldly into the front garden. Before this intrusion Miss Nugent retreated in alarm, and gaining the doorstep gazed at him in dismay. Then her face cleared suddenly, and Master Hardy looking over his shoulder saw that his retreat was cut off by Mr. Wilks.

"Don't let him hurt me, Sam," entreated Miss Nugent, piteously.

Mr. Wilks came into the garden and closed the gate behind him.

"I wasn't going to hurt her," cried Master

Hardy, anxiously; "as if I should hurt a girl!"

"Wot are you doing in our front garden, then?" demanded Mr. Wilks.

He sprang forward suddenly and, catching the boy by the collar with one huge hand, dragged him, struggling violently, down the side-entrance into the back garden. Miss Nugent, following close behind, sought to improve the occasion.

"See what you get by coming into our garden," she said.

The victim made no reply. He was writhing strenuously in order to frustrate Mr. Wilks's evident desire to arrange him comfortably for the administration of the stick he was carrying. Satisfied at last, the ex-steward raised his weapon, and for some seconds plied it briskly. Miss Nugent trembled, but sternly repressing sympathy for the sufferer, was pleased that the long arm of justice had at last overtaken him.

"Let him go now, Sam," she said; "he's crying."

"I'm *not*," yelled Master Hardy, frantically.

"I can see the tears," declared Miss Nugent, bending.

Mr. Wilks plied the rod again until his victim, with a sudden turn, fetched him a violent kick on the shin and broke loose. The ex-steward set off in pursuit, somewhat handicapped by the fact that he dare not go over flower-beds, whilst Master Hardy was singularly free from such prejudices. Miss Nugent ran to the side-entrance to cut off his retreat. She was willing for him to be released, but not to escape, and so it fell out that the boy, dodging beneath Mr. Wilks's outspread arms, charged blindly up the side-entrance and bowled the young lady over. There was a shrill squeal, a flutter of white, and a neat pair of button boots waving in the air. Then Miss Nugent, sobbing piteously, rose from the puddle into which she had fallen and surveyed her garments. Mr. Wilks surveyed them, too, and a very cursory glance was sufficient to show him that the case was beyond his powers. He took the outraged damsel by the hand, and led her, howling lustily, in to the horrified Ann.

"My word," said she, gasping. "Look at your gloves! Look at your frock!"

But Miss Nugent was looking at her knees. There was only a slight redness about the left, but from the right a piece of skin was indubitably missing. This knee she gave Ann instructions to foment with fair water of a comfortable temperature, indulging in satisfied prognostications as to the fate of Master Hardy when her father should see the damage.

The news, when the captain came home, was broken to him by degrees. He was first shown the flower-beds by Ann, then Mrs. Kingdom brought in various soiled garments, and at the psychological moment his daughter bared her knees.

"What will you do to him, father?" she inquired.

The captain ignored the question in favour of a few remarks on the subject of his daughter's behaviour, coupled with stern inquiries as to where she learnt such tricks. In reply Miss Nugent sheltered herself behind a list which contained the names of all the young gentlemen who attended her kindergarten class and many of the young ladies, and again inquired as to the fate of her assailant.

Jack came in soon after, and the indefatigable Miss Nugent produced her knees again. She had to describe the injury to the left, but the right spoke for itself. Jack gazed at it with indignation, and then, without waiting for his tea, put on his cap and sallied out again.

He returned an hour later, and instead of entering the sitting-room went straight upstairs to bed, from whence he sent down word by the sympathetic Ann that he was suffering from a bad headache, which he proposed to treat with raw meat applied to the left eye. His nose, which was apparently suffering from sympathetic inflammation, he left to take care of itself, that organ bitterly resenting any treatment whatsoever.

He described the battle to Kate and Ann the next day, darkly ascribing his defeat to a mysterious compound which Jem Hardy was believed to rub into his arms; to a foolish error of judgment at the beginning of the fray, and to the sun which shone persistently in his eyes all the time. His audience received the explanations in chilly silence.

"And he said it was an accident he knocked you down," he concluded; "he said he hoped you weren't hurt, and he gave me some toffee for you."

"What did you do with it?" demanded Miss Nugent.

"I knew you wouldn't have it," replied her brother, inconsequently, "and there wasn't much of it."

His sister regarded him sharply.

"You don't mean to say you ate it?" she screamed.

"Why not?" demanded her brother. "I wanted comforting, I can tell you."

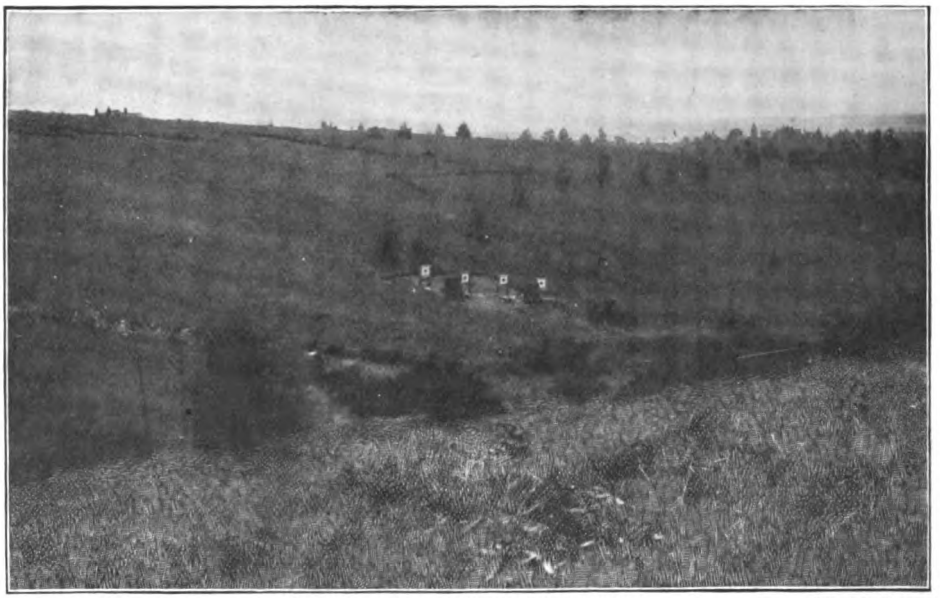
"I wonder you were not too—too proud," said Miss Nugent, bitterly.

"I'm never too proud to eat toffee," retorted Jack, simply.

He stalked off in dudgeon at the lack of sympathy displayed by his audience, and being still in need of comforting sought it amid the raspberry-canes.

His father noted his son's honourable scars, but made no comment. As to any action on his own part, he realized to the full the impotence of a law-abiding and dignified citizen when confronted by lawless youth. But Master Hardy came to church no more. Indeed, the following Sunday he was fully occupied on the beach, enacting the part of David, after first impressing the raving Mr. Wilks into that of Goliath.

(To be continued.)



From a Photo. by] GENERAL VIEW OF UNDERSHAW RIFLE RANGE. *[Captain Trevor.*

A British Commando.

AN INTERVIEW WITH CONAN DOYLE.

By Captain Philip Trevor.

WE had spent the morning together, planting heads among the heather. It may seem a curious occupation, sowing heads like turnips along a bleak Surrey hillside, but these heads were to represent the invader ; and from the firing points which one could see cut out on the other side of the valley the Undershaw Commando of civilian riflemen were to spend the afternoon in testing their skill.

"You see," said Conan Doyle, "we want above all things to run this upon practical lines. The distances of these heads are unknown. There can be no sighting shot any more than you would have a sighting shot at a skirmisher coming up the valley."

"Have your men had any practice in judging distance?" I asked.

"Yes. Our last prize was offered for that. We marked points on the hillsides, and the competition consisted in who should guess the distance most correctly. The judging was on the whole very good."

"In that case," said I, "these heads should soon be riddled?"

"I don't know," said Conan Doyle. "It's a windy day, and the bullet is a light one. Still, the men shoot very well."

"Have they had much practice?"

"We have been firing now twice a week for nearly six months, and we sometimes use close on a thousand rounds of ammunition in a single afternoon. You may guess, therefore, that the men shoot pretty well. If any critic doubts it, let him come and put his hand over the mantlet."

By this time the heads had all been satisfactorily hammered in, and were peering at us from among the bushes. Conan Doyle and I turned back to the house.

"If you want some information," said he, "come into my study and light your pipe. You can ask any questions you like, and I shall be only too happy to answer them."

We strolled through the hall, and I saw at a glance that his recent visit to South Africa had added to his stock of curios. His Arctic trophies, collected on a whaling expedition, were familiar to me, as were a variety of queer articles which he had picked up in Egypt and the Soudan. He noticed that my eyes were fixed upon his new property, and that my fingers were dallying with the button of my snap-shot camera. A less acute man than the author of "Sherlock Holmes" would have discerned my wishes.

"All right," he said, good-naturedly ; "fire away at them if you like."

I took him at his word, and made a collection of articles of sorts, which I hung

From a Photo. by] "BOERS' HEADS"—TO BE SHOT AT AT UNKNOWN RANGE. *[Captain Trevor.*

round and about his Viking chair. There were rifles of all descriptions, shapes, and sizes, in various states of repair. A few of these I got into the picture. Then some anklets attracted my attention.

"These," said Conan Doyle, "I took out of the prison at Waterval after we occupied the place. They have gripped the legs of English soldiers."

A half-knitted sock next furnished me with material for a question.

"Yes," said Conan Doyle; "that is also a Waterval prison relic. Look at the knitting-needles. 'Thomas Atkins,' you will see, has broken bits off the barbed wire of his cage to make them."

I said something trite about necessity and the mother of invention, and wondered how long this particular Thomas had thrust his bare feet into ammunition boots before he had taken to this sort of thing. I wondered, too, where he had got the worsted, for it was of the orthodox Government stamp. But most of all I wondered at the particular turn which the prisoner's ingenuity had taken.

"We treated the Boer prisoners rather better than this, didn't we?" I asked. "You, for instance, have done something to prevent them from being dull?"

"Oh, well, I sent them some copies of my 'History of the South African War,' if that is what you mean. Half-a-dozen to Ceylon and half-a-dozen to St. Helena."

"How did they like it?"

"I can't say," said Conan Doyle, "but they acknowledged my little present."

And he was good enough to show me the letter that one of them had written. It ran:—

"To the Camp Commandant.

"I am authorized by the officers of Hut No. 4 to convey to you and to the author, Conan Doyle, Esq., our heartfelt thanks for the work, 'Great Boer War,' which is a very interesting addition to our library.

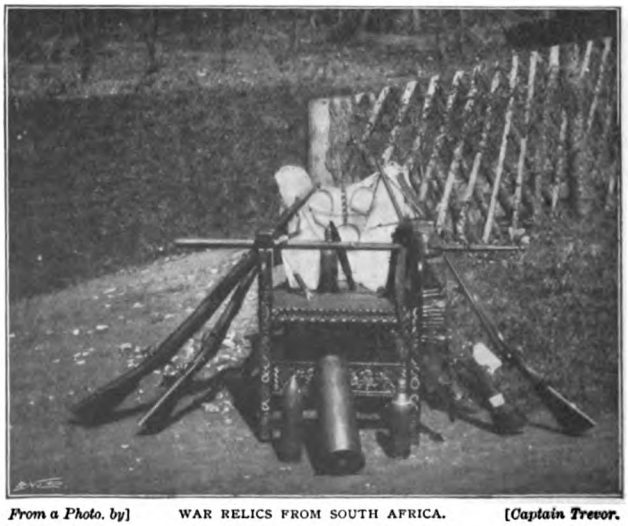
"We are, dear Sir,

"Respectfully yours,

"G. C. AMENUR,

"Librarian."

"I sent it to them," said Conan Doyle, "because I felt that I had tried to state their case fairly, and I therefore hoped that they might take a fair view of our own."



From a Photo. by] WAR RELICS FROM SOUTH AFRICA. *[Captain Trevor.*

I picked up some shells and a bayonet or two and added them to the little heap on the Viking's chair. I had just pressed the button of the camera when the gong sounded for lunch. And at lunch there was more rifle-club talk. Mr. Strachey, the editor of the *Spectator*, had, through the medium of a motor-car, made nothing of the twenty miles which separated his home from Undershaw, and had come over to take part in the afternoon's meeting. He has started a club of his own, the mother of many, and he gave us much interesting information on the subject. Certainly it is by the comparing of notes that good accrues to all experimental movements. I may here mention incidentally that Mr. Strachey's coachman won one of the prizes at the meeting in the afternoon, and his success was heartily applauded by the Undershaw riflemen.

After lunch I resumed my conversation with Conan Doyle, and I must confess that when we were once more face to face in the little study I found myself somewhat embarrassed as to where to begin on a subject which really strikes at the whole of our Army organization, and at the possibility of introducing an entirely new and powerful factor in the defence of the country. I thought that it was perhaps better in the first instance to confine it to the local example before proceeding to the general principle.

"Now," said I, "about your own commando? I suppose that is really the correct term?"

"Well—we call it a rifle club," said Conan Doyle, "but it is really an attempt to engraft the commando system on to British soil."

"Do you contend that you introduced this system?"

"Oh, no—by no means. There were plenty of civilian rifle clubs in the country before. I have only endeavoured to extend and popularize the movement. Why, it was Lord Salisbury himself, in his famous speech, who first exhorted the people to form rifle clubs, though, of course, many existed at the time he spoke."

"How many riflemen have you?" I asked.

"We have a hundred and thirty. With the aid of the two other clubs which Mr. Whitaker and Mr. Bryan Hook have started in the neighbourhood upon the same lines as mine Hindhead could furnish over three hundred fighting men, which is not bad for a sparsely inhabited country-side."

"And you have also some very young recruits who are coming on?"

"Quite so. I had forgotten the boys at Mr. Turle's preparatory school for the moment."

From a Photo. by] CONAN DOYLE AS FIELD CORNET. *[Captain Trevor.*

We both laughed, for we had each good reason to know Hindhead School, seeing that our own children are comrades there. There is an excellent short range in the grounds, and the little boys have already learnt to make good shooting with a miniature rifle.

I may add, too, that the introduction of rifle practice in no way destroys the keenness of the boys for athletics. Certainly, this is a move in the right direction; for, as some of us think, it is as necessary for a boy to learn to handle a rifle as to learn to swim.

"And from what class," I continued, "are these men drawn?"

"From all classes. We have a professor of Oxford side by side with a cabman or a mason in his corduroys. At our Boxing Day competition a publican and a nonconformist

clergyman were shooting off their finals at the last range. The publican won."

"And are all on an equality?"

"Absolutely so. We run it on the most democratic lines. All riflemen are equal."

I must confess that his last remark somewhat shocked my military instincts. In the course of eighteen years I have managed, I hope, to shed most of the restrictive notions which it used to be the fashion to instil into the young officer on joining. But the idea of absolute equality in a fighting movement rather staggered me.

"How then," I asked, "would you work it as a military unit in time of war?"

"It would no longer exist as a military unit," said Conan Doyle. "It is a training school for higher things. The spirit of the men, if invasion were threatened, would carry them at once into the ranks of the Regulars, the Militia, and the Volunteers, which, instead of raw recruits, would be gaining trained riflemen."

"Do you think they would all volunteer?"

"I think the greater number of them would. The residue would act as local guides, scouts, and irregulars."

"Then in that way," said I, "you get over all criticism as to transport, commissariat, and discipline?"

"Exactly: they would find all that in the corps which they joined. The lesson of the South African War is, speaking roughly, that the best soldier is the best shot. In this sense, therefore, the clubs would be a great nursery for good soldiers."

"Do you find the men keen?"

"Extraordinarily keen. In rain and hail and wind they have never once failed to turn up on a shooting day. I have seen them firing when the targets were only occasionally visible through the break in the mist."

"Do you ever think of having field manœuvres?"

"We are to have something of the sort in the future."

"In that case how will you get on without a leader?"

"Each commando would have its own equivalent to a Field Cornet, exactly as the Boers have, and the men would obey his orders."

From a Photo. by LYING IN AMBUSH. *[Captain Trevor.*

"I suppose then that you are Field Cornet of your own riflemen?"

"Yes, I am."

"With no officers under you?"

"No. I think it better that all should be equal.

"An invading force, I should add," said Conan Doyle, "has offered to come up at Whitsuntide to test us. We are, however, crippled by want of weapons. You see, we have to do everything for ourselves; and, though the men willingly pay for their own cartridges, three hundred rifles is a large order. We hope sooner or later the Government may see their way to handing us over their discarded rifles. We shall be very glad of even an obsolete weapon. An old Martini-Henry in the hands of a trained shot is better than a Lee-Enfield in the hands of a duffer."

"But could you practise with Service

rifles? I understand that at present you confine yourselves to the small Morris tube cartridges?"

"We have to do so, unfortunately. The modern bullet's ricochet—as you yourself well know—is so incalculable that we dare not fire it on these private ranges. The chances of an accident, however, would be very small, and I think myself that we are inclined to rate human life too high where national interests are at stake. Still, we cannot move in advance of public opinion. What I hope is that, when the whole district is full of these little rifle clubs, we may then get a central range to which they could all adjourn. Bisley is very useful to men of means, but to the ordinary civilian rifleman it might as well be in the moon. We must have local ranges if the men are really to get the good of them."

"But you find meanwhile that the short-range system is useful?"

"I think any man who is a really good shot at 200yds. will be a pretty fair shot at any range."

"How many men do you suppose that this movement might furnish to the country?"

"It is impossible to estimate. At present the clubs are springing up everywhere. Some hundreds of clubs are in existence, and they will grow to thousands. I see no reason why a good proportion of the able-bodied population should not be enrolled in the rifle clubs. That would mean little clubs all over the country."

"Who would go to the trouble and expense of founding them?"

"That is the duty of the country gentlemen. They are the natural leaders of the people. In every district it is they who should be organizing clubs and laying out ranges in their parks and grounds. I have every possible sympathy with sport, but this patriotic movement is more important than shooting birds and chasing foxes, though, as you know, I occasionally do both myself. And it is very good sport as well."

"Is it an expensive matter starting such a range as yours?"

"Not necessarily. The first thing is to give the land. Mrs. Tyndall has kindly co-operated with me in this. The next thing is to get the targets and mantlets to protect the markers. This should not cost more than £15, and can be done by the village carpenter. Then with three rifles, which will cost about £5 each, you will be able to make a start. Thirty or forty pounds should cover the preliminary expenses."

"Are the riflemen willing to pay for their own ammunition?"

"Most willing. And they are very keen on making the whole thing as practical as possible. However, you shall judge all that for yourself this afternoon."

"Do you suppose that the Government will eventually arm them?" I asked.

From a Photo. by] SOME OF THE COMMANDO. *[Captain Trevor.*

"Certainly I think so. Considering that these men ask for no uniform or capitation grant, and are no expense in any way, Government cannot do less than give them rifles — cast ones from the Army perhaps—and ammunition with which to practise.

"There is one other thing I should like to say," said Conan Doyle, as we rose and left the study, "and that is that I consider it very important to keep these rifle clubs apart from any political association. They have nothing

to do with politics, and the connection of the two is invidious and dangerous."

"One more point," I said. "How do you consider your rifle clubs will affect the Volunteer movement?"

"I think the clubs will fill a place of their own. In the small country districts there is no scope for Volunteer companies, and also there are many men who would gladly practise with the rifle near their homes who would not care to commit themselves to the various duties which a Volunteer who is in earnest should perform."

Then the clock struck two, and we hurried to the range which adjoins the house. The shooting commenced punctually, and for some hours we all had a busy time.

As a Regular soldier, and as one who had always taken a great interest in musketry, I was naturally very anxious to win, if possible, the "heads in the heather" prize.

Some half-dozen of the civilian riflemen, however, gave me a very practical lesson both in judging distance and in holding the weapon straight; and Rifleman Reader, who won the competition, certainly shot admirably. A gale of wind was blowing obliquely across our left front, and it was no easy matter, under the circumstances, to get more than two-thirds of the shots fired on to a head which was partially concealed by the bracken at an unknown range. We seemed to be firing at midgets.

Perhaps I might here explain, without going into technical detail, that a Morris tube is an arrangement which fits into the barrel of a Service rifle and thus enables miniature ammunition to be fired. The ordinary Lee-Metford bullet carries about two miles, and the rifle ranges, therefore, upon which it can be used with safety are few and far between. The Morris tube ammunition carries only about a tenth of that distance, but will yield most accurate shooting with the long cartridge at a range of two hundred yards. If it does not do so it is the man and not the machine that is at fault.

Though I have seen and taken part in many rifle-meetings, this little Easter gathering of Undershaw riflemen came to me in many respects as a pleasant surprise. There was a delightful absence of grumbling at the firing-points, and there was a general readiness to act as markers, take messages to the mantlets, signal hits, and keep score-sheets. I went hither and thither with Conan Doyle, who took his turn at all duties, and nowhere was he called upon to settle any dispute. Riflemen were most ready—except, of course, in the "heads" competition, in which secrecy and silence were naturally enjoined—to give each other the benefit of their experiences, and one little incident in particular occurred which served to lay stress upon the spirit and temper of the men. An apparent hitch had occurred in the marking at a certain target at which two competitors were firing off the tie which was to decide the hundred yards prize. Each at once offered to start afresh. Those who have much experience of rifle-meetings will not, I think, disregard the value of this scrap of evidence. I was struck, too, by the absence of fuss or flurry, and also by the fact that, though all were bright, cheery, and interested in what they were doing, there was no disposition to look upon the thing as a game. These men are in earnest, and it is not with a craze for a new excitement that they have joined the Undershaw Rifle Club.

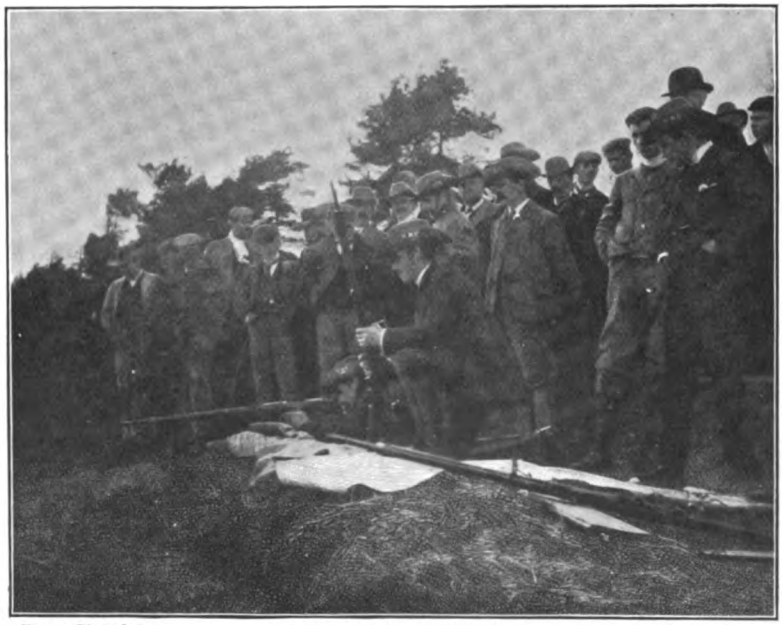
Recruits commence shooting at the fifty yards range, and I spent an interesting hour in watching those who were at that firing-point. When they have attained a certain competency at fifty yards they are moved back to seventy-five yards, where they must again qualify ere they go back to a hundred yards. At a hundred yards if they make a certain score—and that score takes no little making—they are awarded a rifleman's hat. At present about a third of the club have succeeded in winning the hat.

I resist the rather obvious temptation to describe in detail various instructive incidents which came from time to time to my notice during the course of the afternoon. It was abundantly clear that one and all, quite apart from the possibility of securing a prize, were bent on improving their shooting. One rifleman in particular, an erudite classical scholar, was much disgusted at his lack of success, and did not fail to aver in unmistakable terms how much he had fallen in his own estimation in consequence. I drew Conan Doyle's attention to this litany. "Quite right," he said; "I hope the day is fast coming when the man who cannot shoot will be ashamed of himself." At the same time no one is more helpful to the Undershaw rifleman who is in difficulties with his weapon than the founder of the club. But he believes, nevertheless, in them working out their own salvation.

The competitions were over all too soon, and then with a speech that was very short and very much to the point Conan Doyle presented the prizes. The "heads in the heather" prize, given by Mrs. Conan Doyle,

was won, as has been mentioned, by Rifleman Reader, a member of the club who is as much interested in other men's shooting as he is in his own. Another prize won by Rifleman Booth produced a very instructive competition, and was carried off by the man in question by a single point after the shooting off of a tie. The experiences of the two men who were in at the death differed much. The winner was a trained shot of many years' standing, and the second on the list, Rifleman Holden, is coachman at Undershaw, and fired a rifle for the first time a few months ago. He invariably makes a good score, and his success, therefore, is most encouraging to recruits.

Even after the prizes had been distributed and the meeting proper was over many enthusiasts stayed behind for a little further practice at the targets, and it was after sundown ere the last man left. So ended a profitable and instructive day.



From a Photo. by] A GROUP AT THE FIRING POINT. *[Captain Trevor.*

The Regular soldier dealing with a matter of this sort would be either more or less than human if he refrained from the expression of personal opinion on the subject. During the afternoon Conan Doyle and I had discussed the attitude of the professional soldier with regard to the movement. The professional writing soldier—if I may employ such a term without offence—has been somewhat up in arms in the reviews against what he would appear to think was an encroachment upon his own preserves. But if you beard the professional soldier in the privacy of his smoking-room you would soon discover that he both recognises the necessity of this movement and is in sympathy with it. Astounding as the statement may seem, he is provided as a rule with his due share of common sense. Just at the moment, perhaps, anything which has the word "civilian" prefixed to it has rather a tendency to irritate the "Regular," or at any rate such Regulars as have no taste for analysis. They have seen the civilian given a sergeant-major's pay five minutes after first introduction to a rifle, a horse, and a suit of khaki; and they think that they have descried a tendency in the Press to relegate them to the obscure corner of an inside sheet, and to write large on the front page the doings of the citizen soldier. They fail to see that what has happened is merely due to the inexorable decree of the law of demand and supply. So, if in certain quarters the Regular soldier would seem to be a little restive in this matter, such apparent fractiousness is not to be taken too seriously. Generally speaking, too, he misunderstands the import of the scheme and its limitations. No one outside a lunatic asylum proposes to substitute the civilian rifleman for the trained Regular soldier. As Conan Doyle rightly says: "We only propose to supplement existing arrangements."

Moreover, it is surely the duty of every householder to take reasonable care of his own back yard, or his own front garden for a matter of that. If a fire breaks out in a house or a burglar breaks into a house, by all means summon the fire brigade or the police at the first available opportunity. But the fact of doing so does not preclude us from turning our attention to the cistern or the

poker pending the arrival of the professional element. And if we have had experience in the methods necessary for fighting the foe, so much the better for us. That is the whole principle of the civilian rifle club. Self-defence is an obligation on the individual, and is not to be relegated to a cult.

Conan Doyle, it will be remembered, expressed the view that in the event of invasion, actual or apprehended, the majority of the riflemen would enter the ranks of the Regulars, Militia, or Volunteers, and that the residue would act as local scouts, guides, and irregulars. And what a valuable residue that will be! For there is negative as well as positive value. The general of the future will hesitate, be his army never so numerous, ere he attempts to overrun a country whose civilian inhabitants (apart from the military forces who assist them) are prepared to defend it field by field. And he will hesitate the more when he reflects that those inhabitants, besides being minutely acquainted with the geography of their own homes, are expert in the use of the rifle.

A CIVILIAN RIFLEMAN.
From a Photo. by Captain Trevor.

Without question the rifle club movement has come to stop, and though it will doubtless alter, and in fact develop, in scope and in detail, it is upon the lines on which such an association as the Undershaw Rifle Club is conducted that all similar movements must work.

The chief necessity is, it would seem, to secure a strong field cornet for each commando. It would be idle to pretend that the Undershaw Corps does not owe the large majority of its gradually increasing success to the energy, ability, and capacity for administration of Conan Doyle. I fancy that a leader of men, like a poet, is born and not made, though the doctrine at first blush would appear to be somewhat discouraging. But such men exist in fairly good numbers, and, fortunately, one has not to hunt for them, as they have a tendency to come to the front of themselves.

One word further on the official aspect of the case. Conan Doyle ventures to think that in the future the Government will arm the rifle clubs and assist in the matter of the supply of ammunition. My professional work has laid much with the supply of arms in the past, and is now concerned with the supply of ammunition. I am convinced that to do as Conan Doyle suggests would be, relatively speaking, a mere drop in the ocean. One can hardly think that a Government composed of business men would hesitate to pay so small a premium for so very profitable an insurance. But it is, of course, first of all for the inhabitants of this country to supply the necessary moral pressure by showing that they are in earnest. And, above all, it is imperative that men of acknowledged strength, character, and importance in other parts of the land should do as Conan Doyle has done. There is one adage which is never stale: "*Si vis pacem, para bellum.*"

The Schoolmaster of Ruby Creek.

By A. C. Inchbold.

Author of "Princess Feather."

"IT'S the rarest joke in the world!"

"Rather so! I'll just size it up again." And the young man speaking held out a sheet of notepaper at arm's length and declaimed, in a loud voice:—

"Dear Madam,—I saw your advertisement in the *Morning Call*, and I trust you will excuse me for the liberty I take in writing to you. I am a teacher myself, and have been in the profession for ten long years. I am not tired of my calling yet, but yearn for a gentle, modest, warm-hearted, and educated young lady to cheer me along life's rough way. I prefer a blonde, but the above qualifications are most desirable. Am engaged to teach here another year at a salary of eighty dollars a month, and if I should agree to give you half of it, would you not say it is fair? Am dark myself, 5ft. 10in. in height, am thirty-six years of age, and never drank liquor or used tobacco in my life. Novel and strange as this may seem to you, it is a reality, and but acquaint yourself with the facts of the case you will believe them, I am sure. Now, will you please write to me either for or against the proposition, and believe me to be,

"Yours most sincerely,

"Egbert Summers.

"Ruby Creek, Pine County, Nevada."

"That'll fetch her. Now for her initials." He ran his finger down the advertisement column of a newspaper lying on the table, and looked at the following insertion:—

"Wanted, an engagement as governess or companion. Acquirements: good French, music, thorough English. A comfortable home more desirable than high salary. Address: E. R., *Morning Call*, San Francisco."

"There, now, that's just O.K." The speaker gummed the envelope. "She'll get it to-morrow and mail an answer next day, sure as nails."

The young men went out, convulsed with the comicality of this rarest joke in the world, and posted the joint production of their fertile brains.

In due course this reply arrived:—

"Dear Mr. Summers,—I need scarcely say that I was much surprised at the tenor of your letter, and can only interpret it in one of three ways—as an insult, a joke, or a reality. If the first, it is difficult to believe there exists so base an individual as to gratuitously insult a woman, and a lady, who has merely advertised for a situation as governess or companion. If a joke, I will call it a good one and worthy of our profession. If a reality, it certainly seems a strange and novel idea that a man should wish to marry a girl he has never seen in his life. With regard to your remarks, I am neither fair nor dark, but have brown hair, dark eyes, am of medium height, and am slim in figure. I look about twenty-seven, but am taken for younger; in reality, I am a trifle older. I wish you every success in your profession, but,

"THAT'LL FETCH HER."

unlike you, I often think it very irksome and tiring.

"Yours sincerely, E. R."

This staggered them a little. It was clenching the matter in a way they had not bargained for. Miss E. R. had come straight to the point, and at once seen the haven of wedlock in close perspective.

Could they hoodwink her further? They consulted eagerly. The concoction of a fitting reply required the whole united skill of their limited capacity for literary composition.

Without unnecessary quotation of further letters on the part of Miss E. R. or Mr. Egbert Summers, one extract from the last effusion of the two youths will suffice to point out the conclusion to which this extraordinary correspondence made its way:—

"I am sorry I cannot meet you at the depôt, but anyone will direct you to the stage-coach. The driver will drop you at Ruby Creek, within ten minutes' walk of my house. Of course I shall be on the look-out, and am longing to see you. The other matter we will arrange better when we meet."

The other matter referred to the question of marriage which E. R. took from the outset as a foregone conclusion.

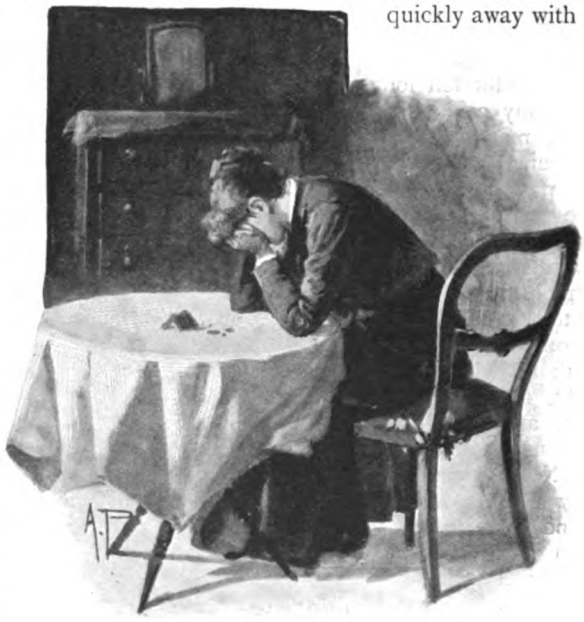
These initials of E. R. stood for the full name of Esther Raymond, who, three weeks ago, had inserted her advertisement in the *Morning Call*. At the time she was very miserable. She had tried for a whole month at the various agencies in the city to find a situation in some household as governess or help. As a last resource she advertised.

Two days elapsed without an answer of any kind.

"If I hear nothing to-day, I shall give up altogether. It's the only chance." Here she emptied her purse on the table. The few silver coins revealed constituted her sole property.

"I will call once again, and then——" She dropped her face into her hands and groaned.

The man in the office to whom she addressed her usual hopeless inquiry looked casually at the pigeon-holes and then unexpectedly produced a blue envelope and handed it over the counter. She walked quickly away with her prize, a glimmer of hope at her heart.



"SHE DROPPED HER FACE INTO HER HANDS AND GROANED."

In her lodging she sat down and opened the letter. Her face grew puzzled, then disappointed, even tragic. She raised her eyes and regarded her surroundings fixedly. The room was dreary, meagrely furnished and dark, its only window a skylight in the ceiling. Then she read the letter again, and reflected deeply.

It was a ridiculous suggestion, a preposterous idea—the man must be mad, were her first conclusions. Should she answer the letter or treat it with silent contempt? She had no one to advise her, she had no other alternative in view. She finally determined there would be no harm in writing; she could find out what he meant, and meanwhile still do her utmost to procure employment.

One week passed away, then another. Esther sold some old treasured jewellery of her dead mother's to keep herself from starvation, and to have a trifle in hand in case of emergency. The mystery enveloping her unknown correspondent won her whole attention. As the letters passed to and fro a restlessness and excitement took possession of her, changing her whole demeanour and condition of mind. One day she picked the trimming off her hat and sewed it on again in more becoming and fashionable style. This

task accomplished, she began to gather her clothes and various belongings together and packed them into her trunk. She was busy all day, as though meditating departure; an express cart called in the evening for her luggage.

Early next morning she took breakfast at a neighbouring restaurant, and then boarded the car to the ferries. She was bound for the State of Nevada, Ruby Creek, in Pine County. She was dressed with care, and looked girlish and stylish. It was only on near observation that one perceived the mended gloves, the seamy jacket, the pressed ribbon on her hat.

In the train she read the latest-received letter many times in order to make no mistake, to meet with no disappointment. Esther had read of marriage through the medium of advertisement; but that such an event should happen to her seemed incredible and absurd. How excited she felt! What a leap in the dark, she told herself, with many an inward pang of apprehension.

The long journey tired and somewhat depressed her. It allowed too much time for thinking. She calmed herself with the thought that no other alternative had been left except starvation or degradation unless she had snatched at this last proffered straw. She had grasped it like one in the extremity of drowning; it seemed a special providence to preserve her from the horrors of despair.

The depôt at which she finally alighted touched a mining district; the men thronging the waiting-rooms were of the roughest description.

Esther made no attempt to seek her luggage till the cars were again in motion, but stood watching the people and quietly absorbing the nature of her surroundings.

It was a bare, bleak, frontier station, and her natural refinement of appearance, unnoticed in the busy city, here stood out in startling distinctness. She attracted great attention when she began to inquire about the stage-coach and its starting-point.

Two young men in overalls, rough coats, and slouch hats followed her into the road.

"That's the woman, I'll lay my bottom dollar," ejaculated one of them to the other.

"Soft head," retorted his companion, "our game's regular Methuselah, judging from her letters; this one's too tender, and not the kind to be caught with a thing like this."

"I tell you she's making tracks for the stage-coach, and Bill Jakes is carrying her baggage to the office. Come along, don't be a fool, Dick," and he pulled the unwilling Dick, who was staring at Esther in a dazed, sheepish manner, across to the timbered hotel, where the stage, with its team of six strong-limbed horses, was standing to take up passengers.

The driver helped Esther with rough but ready courtesy to a seat behind his own, where she could find room for her feet and support for her back, two advantages not often available on the box-seat.

The young men stood on the stoop of the hotel watching Esther narrowly till the coach started and was well on the way. Then they sprang down, ran into the yard, brought out and harnessed their buggy, and in a few minutes were tearing quick speed over the same road taken by the stage.

Esther took an early opportunity of telling the driver she wished to alight at Ruby Creek.

He stared at her. "Ruby Creek?" he repeated. "You're a stranger to these parts. It's a lonely spot."

"Someone will meet me there," Esther replied, nervously.

The driver held his tongue. This young woman must know her own business best; it had nothing to do with him.

A few miles of straight, uninteresting country, but then at a sudden bend in the road the way became steep and narrow, the scenery wild and picturesque. On one side a precipitous incline half-concealed by tangled shrubs and dense undergrowth, on the other a high bank, stretching higher and higher as the road dipped and fell with many a tortuous winding into the canyon below. The well-trained horses stepped cautiously and slowly, and were drawn up with ease in the bed of the valley.

A small shallow creek crossed the road and wound in and out of the green spots of meadow land, interspersed with thick scrub and small redwoods, rising slender and erect at regular intervals.

"Ruby Creek, miss!" sang out the driver. "There's no one about."

"It does not matter," answered Esther, with decision. She was determined no one should guess the qualms of misgiving which suddenly seized her.

She was helped down, and the stage swept on, leaving her standing, her bag in her hand, a solitary, desolate figure in that lonely and quiet landscape.

The evening was well advanced.

She looked round with nervous alertness for some evidence of the approach of Egbert

"A SOLITARY, DESOLATE FIGURE."

Summers. He could not guess to a moment at what time the stage would pass Ruby Creek. It was possible he had been delayed at the last minute.

Each instant as it fled brought fresh misgiving to her heart. She began to feel it would be a grave ordeal to face a strange, unknown man under the peculiar circumstances which had drawn them together. However, the excitement engendered by her novel position, added to the natural romantic tendency of her nature, which had, step by step, urged her to this climax, now sustained her with necessary courage to keep up the *rôle* she had undertaken.

A sound of wheels coming down the hill made her turn hastily aside into the only pathway she could discern leading away from the country road.

She walked rapidly along the beaten track, trees and bushes on either side, until she came to a small clearing, and there, in the middle of the open space, stood the schoolhouse mentioned in the letters; adjoining it was a long, low hut, with a fenced garden in front.

Esther advanced in desperation, entered the garden, and did not venture to pause till she gained the door, which was wide open, emitting a warm glow of light and heat from a log fire on the hearth.

It was the crucial moment.

She did not speak, but stood there breathless, waiting for the tall, dark man sitting at the table to come forward and speak to her. The remains of an evening meal were before him; he was absorbed in a book. A shadow obstructing the light made him glance up, and he suddenly saw the woman in his doorway.

He pushed back his chair and half rose from his seat.

"What do you want? Can I do anything for you?" he said.

Esther was speechless. This was so different from all she had anticipated.

He got up impatiently and came to the door. He was a strongly-built, dark-bearded man, of a stern, somewhat morose cast of countenance, and Esther inwardly quailed at the searching look of those grave eyes.

"I am—Esther Raymond," she faltered, at last.

He looked puzzled and surprised, but made no attempt to help her through the difficulty of explanation.

"I thought you expected me," she gained courage to add, fidgeting with her bag, and feeling ready to sink into the ground with shame and timidity.

A deep frown appeared on the lined brow of the man.

"I think you are mistaking me for somebody else," he said, coldly, "or perhaps you

have come to the wrong house. Whom are you seeking, may I ask?"

"Mr. Egbert Summers," was Esther's low reply, with downcast lids and crimsoning cheeks.

The man started. "There must be some mistake," he said, crossly. "I am Egbert Summers. What is your business with me?"

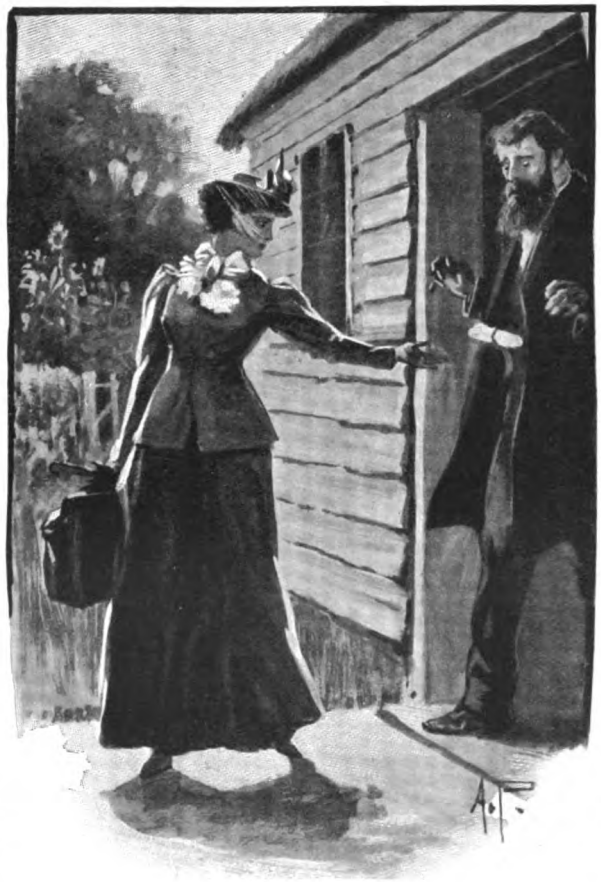
This was intolerable. Esther caught fire at once, and held up her head proudly.

"My business with you?" she made rapid reply. "I came here at your own urgent request, but I leave you of my own free will and wish, for nothing would now induce me to have anything to do with so base, unprincipled, and deceitful a man as your own mouth convicts you of being. Here are your letters! Give me mine, and I will go at once. I never want to see or hear from you again."

She opened her bag, took out a neatly bound packet, and held it out. Anger distorted her vision, or she would certainly have seen the look of bewildered astonishment on the face confronting her.

"Letters? Letters?" returned the man, evidently staggered and completely dumfounded at these stinging accusations. "What in the world are you talking about?" he added.

This was more than Esther could bear. She flung the packet of letters into the room, gave the man a look of such concentrated contempt and anger that he involuntarily shrank under it; and then she turned and walked away as quickly as she could.



"SHE FLUNG THE PACKET OF LETTERS INTO THE ROOM."

The man stood electrified. He opened his lips as though to call out to her, and stood watching the receding figure till it disappeared in the shadow of the trees. Then he moved back to his seat by the table, feeling as if he had had a bad dream.

"She must be mad!" he exclaimed, aloud.

He could not fix his attention on his book again, but kept running over in his mind all the details of this strange interview, and hunted through all his past recollections for a clue to the name or business of this most remarkable of visitors. When had he given anyone cause to call him base and unprincipled? Never, he was positive. On the contrary, he had many years ago known a woman to whom he could apply these scathing epithets, but he stirred uneasily at the bare idea of their application to himself.

Esther's glowing face and indignant, defiant bearing, as she hurled those enigmatic utterances at his head, reverted to his imagination again and again. The letters lay neglected on the floor, forgotten, in fact, till he began to question himself as to what she had meant by his "letters."

He got up and searched for the packet, which had bounded into a remote corner, hesitated before breaking the string, but then, reflecting that they contained the only clue to the mystery, he boldly opened them.

After he emerged from the first shock of indignant surprise at the sight of his own signature affixed to each, he arranged them according to date and read them with close interest, his natural indignation tempered by the thought that E. R. and the slender, wrathful figure of his recent visitor were one and the same personality.

After repeated perusals of each letter he sat on and on without stirring, waves of new thoughts flooding his brain. The fire died down unheeded; the room grew dark with the growing obscurity of night pressing in through the open door. Deep stillness prevailed. He suddenly roused from this long reverie and strode to the threshold, drawing in his breath deeply, as though choked with some oppression.

"Where could this woman be?" he asked himself. The thought had only just occurred to him. He grew uneasy, even alarmed, as one thought quickly suggested another. The stage, by which she had evidently come, did not return till to-morrow morning; the way back to Madura was nine miles on a lonely road; night would overtake her; she was a woman, unprotected, a stranger to the district, and—God help her!—judging from the letters he had read, as friendless and solitary in the world as he himself was.

To what straits she had been driven before she had taken this desperate step he could well imagine. Poor Esther Raymond! The other side of the question, as to who was the real author of the deception, had not yet struck him. The strongly-sounded chord of indignation had merged into pity for the deceived, and this feeling deepened in intensity as time renewed each mental picture of Esther, from the shrinking, timid demeanour of her first appearance to the dramatic climax of her abrupt departure.

Esther rushed on blindly, full of a bitter anger excluding every other feeling. At the country road she came to a sudden standstill, for a buggy was drawn up by the creek, whether with or without driver she could not see, as the hood was up. Instinctively she turned aside into the shelter of the trees, and pushed her way through the bushes, till, exhausted and breathless, she sank down on the grass at the foot of a young redwood.

She rested her back against the tree-trunk, closed her eyes, and tried to collect her thoughts. But thinking drove her wild with wrath, and then overwhelmed her with a swift, rising tide of strong self-commiseration.

The struggle for bare existence, the hard, thankless work of the adult years of her life; the unmerited dismissal from her last situation, a post she filled conscientiously for two years of unremitting toil; the fruitless efforts to obtain new employment, the rapid melting away of her small store of money, coupled with the gradual drifting into the train of events leading to her plunge into this equivocal, false position: all these circumstances mercilessly confronted her when she strove to stem and calm the torrent of angry feeling that had carried her away from the presence of that hateful man.

While her thoughts were darting wildly from point to point a sound of voices, low and guarded, fell on her ear through the foliage of the trees. She bent her head and listened, frightened and timid as a child; it was getting so dark. She crouched instinctively close to the ground, and was scarcely discernible in the enveloping gloom.

"I tell you, it is carrying the joke too far," said a voice; "it is all very well for Egbert Summers—it won't hurt him, and serves him jolly well right; but what is that girl to do? How is she to get back to Madura?"

"That's no concern of ours. We have seen it out. Don't be a fool, but come along and let us get back."

"And if anything happens to her who'll be the fool then?"

"At any rate, we shall know nothing about it. You're an infernal idiot, Dick! That blessed girl is well on the road by this time, and if you'll only look sharp we can give her a lift."

"I never thought of that. Come along! Hurry up!"

The crackling of branches, and in speedy time the noise of wheels on the road, testified to the alacrity with which the speakers had started on the homeward route.

Esther was thoroughly panic-stricken. What had these men to do with her? Fearful thought! Would they return if they did not find her on the country road? It was possible.

She got up with swift movement, looked helplessly around, and then in utter despair burst into low, bitter weeping. She did not care what became of her. Her only coherent ideas were to get farther away from the dwelling-place of the man who had treated her so shamefully, and no one must discover her hiding-place.

She stumbled on through the undergrowth, and came to another standstill; unwittingly she was nearer the beaten track than before. Here she cowered under the wide-spreading bushes, realizing that strength and courage

had completely forsaken her. Darkness spread rapidly. The rest and silence of the summer night were unbroken save for one low, troubled sound, the sound of a woman sobbing . . . sobbing as though her heart were broken and she had no hope left in the world.

"Don't! Don't cry like that!" said a low voice near her, after a long interval, during which Esther had been lost to all sense of time or sound.

There was no notice taken of this remonstrance; there came no abatement in the quiet, persistent sobs.

"Please, don't cry like that. Come with me and I will take you back to Madura"; and the young man called Dick knelt on the grass by her side and tried to attract her attention.

This action roused Esther to a consciousness of someone's presence. She lifted her head with sudden fierceness born of desperation.

"How dare you speak to me? Go away at once," she said.

"I would never have written those beastly letters if I had known, idiot that I was," he replied, in answer; "do forgive me and come away. It is no use to stop here."

"What do you mean?" asked Esther, hotly; "if you are not Egbert Summers, who are you?"

"I am Dick Meadows," came in reply.

A sudden revelation darted into Esther's dazed brain. She pushed him aside with vigorous touch and struggled to her feet.

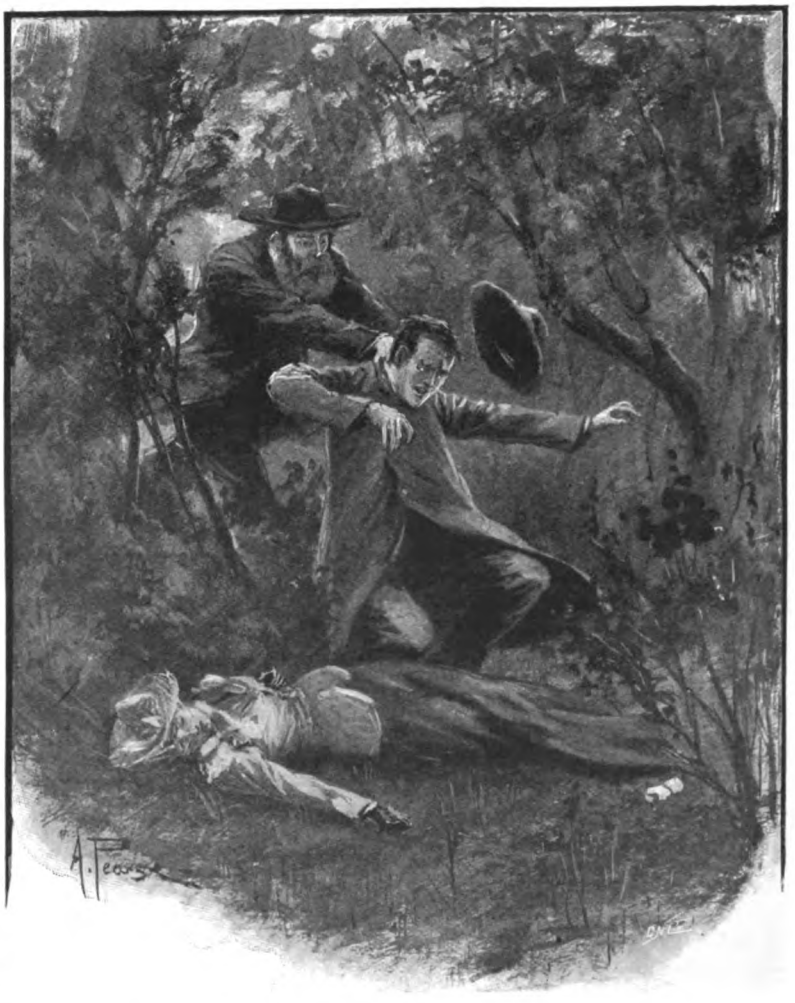
"You wrote those letters and you are not Egbert Summers?" she returned, interrogatively, her voice trembling with revived anger. "Then give me my letters!" she said, savagely; "give them back to me instantly."

The young man fumbled in his coat; then he meekly handed a roll of papers to Esther.

"Will you come now?" he asked, humbly.

But Esther's fictitious access of strength vanished as quickly as it appeared; she gasped on the verge of response, and fell fainting to the earth.

As the young man bent over her in frightened dismay a strong hand reached forth from the darkness behind, took him by



"A STRONG HAND REACHED FORTH FROM THE DARKNESS BEHIND."

the collar and shook him as a dog does a rat, and then hurled him staggering full length into the scrubwood.

"You'll reckon for this another day, Dick Meadows. Out of this you get, quick speed. Quit! Instant!"

At the sound of the deep, peremptory voice the youth got up, pulled himself together, and slunk silently away. Then Egbert Summers stooped and lifted Esther from the ground. He carried her in his arms up the narrow footpath, through the garden into the house, and on to an inner room, where he laid her carefully and gently on the bed. She was still unconscious and cold, her face marred with weeping, her clothes damp from the heavy dew.

He straightway returned to the room he had been sitting in, closed the house door, pulled a couch out of the corner, and placed it close to the hearth. After throwing fresh logs on the fire he fetched Esther back to the warmth, covered her on the couch with a rug, and tried to pour a hot drink down her throat. She opened her eyes in a dazed manner, mechanically swallowed the cordial, and dropped instantly into a heavy sleep.

Egbert Summers sat on a chair on the opposite side of the hearth, and watched through the early hours of the night. He had picked up the roll of letters in the grass at Esther's feet, and he now read them through; he considered, after Dick Meadows's revelation, he had a perfect right to regard them as his own property, the sequel and key to the first lot thrust upon him by Esther.

Their contents unfolded the character of the woman before him in all its simplicity and innocence. They displayed a lack of knowledge of the world, a trust in the good faith of her fellow-creatures, distinctly evident in spite of the rebuffs and hardships of adverse and cruel fortune. He came to the end, and then lifted his head and gazed across at the sleeping figure.

Esther's hat had fallen off, and her pretty brown hair, damp and dishevelled, was curling in the heat of the fire into tiny rings on her forehead. The troubled look had left her face, she was sleeping quietly as a child, her hand under her cheek, a picture of helpless, trustful womanhood, appealing strongly to the latent chivalry of the man who was watching her.

He gazed at her intently and pondered deeply, a growing interest, an awakening tenderness, creeping quietly but surely into his heart. Before the dawn came his reflections had reached a definite conclusion, which he was already anxious to ratify.

Very early on that summer morning the birds began to twitter in the trees around the house; the flush of the rising sun tipped the eastern hills. When its first bright rays glanced through the dancing foliage, and the birds' soft twitter thereupon burst into joyous song, Esther opened her eyes.

For a moment the man and woman gazed spellbound at each other. Esther thought she was dreaming. Then Egbert Summers crossed the room and knelt by her side.

"Do not be afraid, Esther," he said, in low, vibrating tones; "I want you to think that it was really I, myself, who wrote those letters to you, and here on my knees I beg and beseech of you to do for me, the real Egbert Summers, what you promised in those sweet, womanly letters, every word of which has sunk deeply into my heart."

Esther got up from the couch and stood on her feet. He also rose, and they confronted each other in portentous silence. She looked at him as though seeking to read his inmost soul.

After a long pause she put out her hand slowly, and, without a word, placed it in the man's strong, protecting hand, ready and glad to receive the silent pledge.

The stage-driver never received such a shock in his life as when he saw the two passengers waiting for him at Ruby Creek at eight o'clock that morning.

They were married at the judge's office that same day.

A frequent visitor to the little schoolhouse, and Mrs. Summers's most ardent admirer and devoted friend, comes over from the neighbouring town of Madura, and is a young man of the name of Richard Meadows, familiarly called Dick.

Japanese Botany.

NO other people ever combined so intimately as do the Japanese a love of Nature, of art, and of the grotesque. Many of their arts gratify the three tastes together in a highly interesting manner—the art of dwarfing and training trees, for instance. One of the commonest products of this art may be a pine tree or an oak, two or three hundred years old, gnarled, knotted, mossy, picturesque—and not 2ft. high! It is not merely that, either. Every leaf, every branch and twig, every knot and wrinkle of bark is tiny in exact proportion, and to produce such an effect as this demands the study of a lifetime and initiation into many secrets. The mere dwarfing, too, is only part of the task. The tree is trained and tended, checked and persuaded, till it takes the most picturesque possible form; the effects of storm, age, and accident are produced exactly; and there are gardens in Japan full of ancient trees, rocks, hills, waterfalls, and bridges, and not 3yds. in area! Often roots are trained grotesquely out of the ground, making fantastic arches and curls and twists before reaching their tips down at last toward the necessary nourishment. And though these eccentricities are designed with a view to quaintness of effect, they are not mere distortions, as so often supposed. For they have their originals in Nature in many parts of Japan, where the earth is volcanic, and where very often a mere thin layer of fertile soil overlies the solid lava-rock beneath, so that roots of many trees acquire quaint and unusual habits, and, because of the impossibility of growing downward through the rock, show themselves above ground in many surprising forms.

"BEWARE OF THE DOG."

We reproduce some sketches by a Japanese artist, in which the quaintnesses of tree-dwarfing and flower-arrangement are carried a step farther than ever in actual fact, the drawings being ingeniously twisted into human and animal forms.

First we have the broken stump of an ancient pine, with its roots well out of the ground, just as we have been describing. But this ragged stump would seem to be changing to a bounding and hilarious pet dog, with a bow tied on his neck and a little sleigh-bell hanging from it. He seems to be springing up to snap at the butterflies that pass overhead, and such is his delighted energy — very vigorously expressed, by the way—that bow and bell have swung round disregarded to the back of his neck.

Next comes a sketch with several points of interest. It represents a bronze vase, in which is growing a dwarfed sago-palm — *Cycas revoluta*, in the words of the botanist. The palm takes the form of the head of a cockatoo or crested parrakeet; and if you consider the thing as a whole, the vase with its claw-feet suggests a ludicrously stunted and podgy body, like unto the shape of neither the fowls of the air nor the beasts of the field, nor the fishes that abide in the mighty deep. Sticking in the mould to the right, and close under the cockatoo's beak, stand three little objects that seem at first to have little to do either with a cockatoo or a sago-palm. They are iron nails used as a tonic for the plant. For if a Japanese gardener finds any plant or tree sickly or drooping he has a dozen varieties of medicine for it; and when a palm needs a tonic, an iron nail or two pushed into the soil about the root, and there allowed to rust, is as good as anything.

"PALM AND PARRAKEET."

Our third sketch is of a gnarled old plum-trunk, knotted and broken, but putting forth shoots still and bearing blossom. In form it suggests a horned demon, or *oni*, protruding his tongue and chasing some unhappy victim, with a switch in each hand. One must remember that the original sketch is in colour, and the tongue is bright red. It is represented by a slip of red paper, inscribed with a poem, and hung on the stem. The production of short and elegant verses impromptu is a polite accomplishment of learned men and artists in Japan; and in the spring picnics, when hundreds go forth to delight in the sight of the blossoming trees —cherry, plum, and peach—that make glad all Japan, it is customary for such verses to

"A DEMON PLUM-TREE."

"A 'LION' CHRYSANTHEMUM."

be written in honour of particular trees and hung upon those trees by the writers.

Next we have a quaint conceit—that of a chrysanthemum bursting, in the shape of a lion, through its protective thatch of straw and fiercely trampling it under foot. It is customary to protect valuable outdoor plants with straw coverings during the nights of winter and spring to save the blossoms from frost and to prevent any possible breaking of stems by the weight of snow. Here the leonine chrysanthemum, angry at its confinement, thrusts its way into the open air. The lion of Japanese art, it may be mentioned here, is less like a lion than a rampageous poodle. It is a legendary and traditional

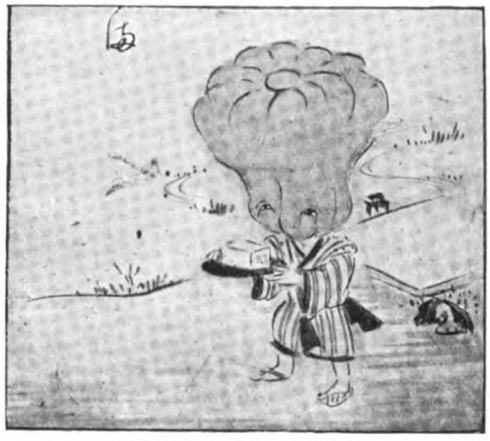
figure, copied from the ancient fancy pictures in Chinese encyclopædias, the lion being equally a stranger to the climes of China and Japan. So the old Japanese artist, never having seen the animal, faithfully followed the traditional outline, and produced a very active and vigorous creature, curly as to tail and mane, and decorated with woolly tufts here and there, as fancy dictated, rather like a lap-dog out of a nightmare.

The two drawings which follow are less interesting. One shows us a certain edible seaweed, dressed in Japanese costume, rising

"A LITTLE DRESSED SEAWEED."

from the waves; and the other represents a serving-man with a vast gourd for a head. He carries a box on a tray, and he seems to wear his eyes very low.

With the seventh drawing we are in the midst of the supernatural once again. Here is a ghost, a typical Japanese ghost, rising from the light bamboo frame on which the wisteria is trained, and formed of a spray of that flower. The hair, the eyes, the mouth, the hands—all are of leaves, and there is a fine flowing beard of the trailing blossom. The wisteria grows in Japan as it grows nowhere else. Its magnificent trails of blossom, red or purple, hang a yard long and more, and in the gardens where it is especially cultivated they hang in thousands. The garden of the Kameido



"AN INDUSTRIOUS GOURD."

Temple in Tokio has a fine specimen. As to ghosts, they also are a great speciality of Japan. The three illustrated in this article are nothing out of the common, but until one has seen the amazing and terrific ghosts drawn by some of the greatest of the old Japanese artists—such as Okyo and Hokusai—one has no conception of what an appalling thing a ghost can be as fashioned by man's imagination. There is a set of five assorted ghosts drawn by Hokusai that would make a grown man dream at night.

No. 8 is a ghost also, but this time a rising, rather than a hanging, ghost, and made by a peony—or *botan*, as the flower is

"A 'WISTERIOUS' GHOST."

called in Japan. Again the hands are formed by leaves, and the mouth is wide enough for the largest shriek any reasonable ghost can aspire to.

Next we have an iris rising from a marsh,

"A GHOSTLY PEONY."

across which a foot-bridge is carried. The iris is dressed as an elegantly-attired lady, with hanging sleeves and large *obi* or sash. The particular species of iris here shown—*Iris kampfærii*—grows in marvellous abundance in the marshes of Japan. It is a splendid flower, scarcely to be cultivated at all in England, except with very exceptional care, but covering damp spaces in thousands in its native country. Hokusai made a famous drawing of the great marsh of Mikawa, with its zig-zag bridge and its acres of blossoming iris.

One of the most striking of the series follows this. Rising from within a fence, an orchid on a long, curly tendril stares aghast at the notice-board that threatens penalties to trespassers. It has sprung up in the night, perhaps, as is the way of some orchids, and is disturbed by the reflection that for that reason it may be regarded as a trespasser.

"AN IRIS COLLEEN."

But, trespasser or not, it is taking the form of a *rokurokubi*—a terrible monster! For the *rokurokubi* is a human being, with the weird faculty of sending its head off on long expeditions during sleep—perhaps miles away, on the end of a long, long, long, and very thin neck. It is a monster derived from Chinese folk-lore, and it is a great terror to naughty little children in Japan. For no naughty little boy goes in disgrace to bed without apprehensions of seeing the ghastly

"A TRESPASSING ORCHID."

head come in at the door or window at the end of its serpentine neck, peering and glaring round corners, over screens, and everywhere. A sad, terrible goblin is the *rokurokubi!* And in ordinary life he may be quite a quiet, respectable person, for it is only at night while he is asleep that his head goes floating and glaring and peeping away at the end of that terrible neck.

"A GOBLIN CACTUS."

Next we have a cactus—an ugly and queer cactus enough—in the character of a goblin, or *bakemono*. The goblin also is ugly and curious, goggle-eyed and turtle-handed.

Here is another iris, a cultivated iris this time, growing in a wooden trough and bent by a strong breeze. This is another ghost—rather a grinning, turnip-headed sort of spectre, this time, but waving its arms impressively, and very terrible on the whole.

After the ghost, a dragon. For this is a branch of *momiji*—maple as we call it—reaching downward over a little waterfall, but it is given the aspect of a storm-dragon, bursting down to earth through a thunder cloud. Goggle-eyes, leafy horns, long claws—he is all there in his proper traditional guise. There is a legend, by the way, of a great painter of a thousand years ago or more, one Kosé no Kanaoka, who once drew a dragon of most marvellous force and life-likeness—but left out the eyes. He did it for a reason, since the creature was so life-like that it needed but eyes to fly away. But when he mentioned his reason, disrespectful people laughed. Whereupon Kanaoka, losing his temper, seized his brush and dashed the eyes in; when instantly there was

"AN IRIS BANSHEE."

"THE MAPLE-DRAGON."

a clap of thunder, and the great dragon went flashing and roaring from the picture through the roof amid lightnings and clouds, and was never seen again. And if you doubt the story you can go to the place where the picture was painted, and see for yourself that the dragon *is not there* to this very day!

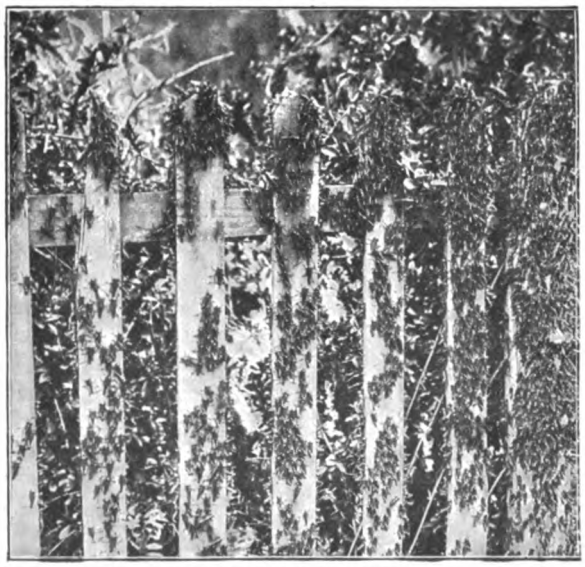
A LOCUST SWARM ON THE HOP TO KING WILLIAM'S TOWN, HAVING EATEN ALL THE GRASS IN THEIR PASSAGE.
From a Photo.

The Locust Plague in South Africa.

BY FRANK A. PYM.

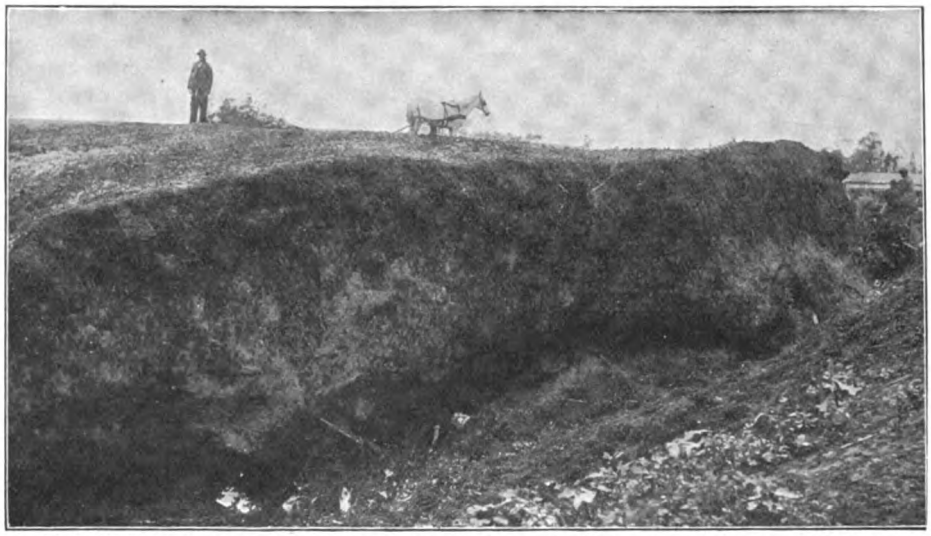
AS if War's desolation were not enough misery to inflict upon South Africa, the periodical visitation of "voetgangers," or locusts in their hopping stage, took place at the close of last year; and it would seem as if they have come to stay this time, for they absolutely refuse to be exterminated by artificial means.

Various drastic measures have been suggested and employed for their extermination, but, so far as I can learn the consensus of opinion among the farmers, the most successful one to check their inroad is to draw heavy branches over them (as shown in one of the views), after spraying them with a strong solution of soap and water, a process that temporarily paralyzes them. They are swept into pits dug for their reception, and covered over with soil before they can recover from their paralyzed state. The several views will give our readers some idea of the magnitude of this plague.



From a] LOCUSTS RESTING ON A FENCE. *[Photo.*

We had a swarm in the neighbourhood of King William's Town for about a week, and they did not leave a vestige of vegetation behind them when they set out for pastures new. They are cannibals, too, and when food



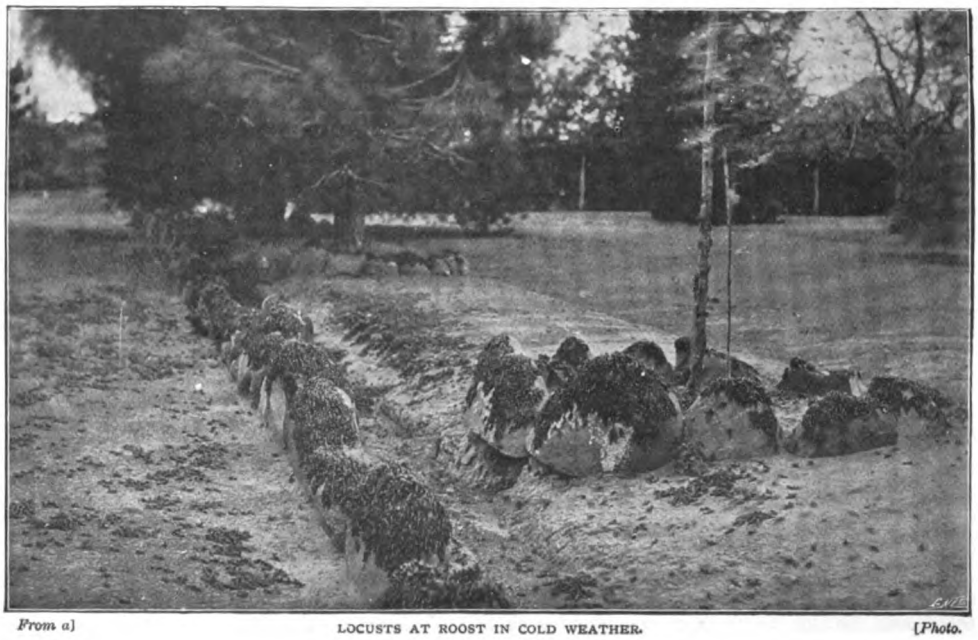
DRAWING HEAVY BRANCHES OVER A SWARM. THE DARK CLUSTERS ON THE BANK IN FRONT ARE LOCUSTS.
From a Photo.

runs short they turn to and devour their dead comrades. They are not wanting in strategical skill, and can double back with as much ease as De Wet.

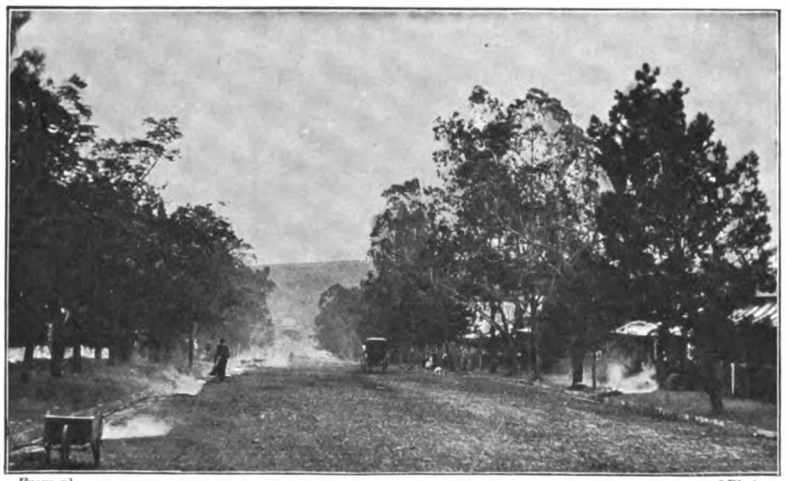
To illustrate this, I may mention that after the multitude had passed all the fires and arrived in another street they suddenly altered their course and retraced their steps, finally reaching their old ground and marching through the town again.

The locust in the "voetganger" stage is far more destructive than the adult, as can easily be imagined by the compactness of their swarms and the slow means of progress compared with those in the winged or grown-up stage.

Both the adult locust and the "voetganger" have been experimented upon with locust disease fungus, but it is proved to be of little use for the destruction of the latter, why, nobody seems to know. Small tubes containing the fungus are



From a] LOCUSTS AT ROOST IN COLD WEATHER. *[Photo.*



From a] BURNING FIRES ALONG A STREET TO KEEP LOCUSTS OUT OF THE GARDENS. *[Photo.*

prepared at the Bacteriological Institute, Grahamstown, and supplied to all applicants, who may also obtain them by application through the Civil Commissioner of their division.

There are various ways of administering the contents of these tubes, but it is almost hopeless in dry weather to get the disease to spread, and hence it is advisable to make the infection just before sunset in moist or wet weather. When a number of winged locusts have been caught and dipped into the fungus they are again released among the swarm, and die within a few days. Their comrades devour them and also become infected and die, are eaten, and so on, until the whole swarm is infected all over with locust disease fungus.

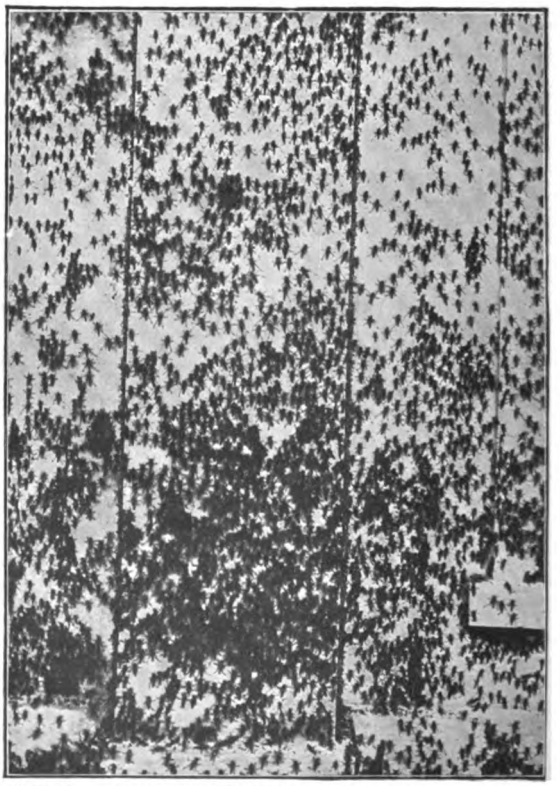
The locust measures about 3in. from tip of wing to top of head, whereas the "voetganger" never exceeds more than 1¾in. until just before its transformation into the real adult winged locust.

Before "voetgangers" become winged locusts they cast off their epidermi several times, and after each change the wing-sheaths are seen to become larger, and the final cast-off skin shows the curled-up wings, which in the course of a day unfurl themselves and attain their maximum dimensions.

During the first day of their winged life they are not able to fly much, as their wings are too flabby to support the weight of their bodies, but a few hours of tropical sunshine hardens the substance, and then we have to contend with flying locusts which once visited us as "voetgangers." "Voetganger" is a Dutch name, and means foot-goer.

Locust swarms are very plentiful in the Orange River Colony, and it was at the Battle of Poplar Grove during the war that I saw a swarm rise on the horizon like a large cloud of dust, through which the rays of the sun cast a peculiar gloom over the scenes around. I have heard of swarms quite obscuring the rays of the sun, but I have never seen one.

There is a fly that deposits its eggs behind the shield on the locust's back, which does far more good than all our artificial experiments, and the locusts are little heard of since the fly became abundant.



From a] LOCUSTS ON A WALL WITHIN THE TOWN. *[Photo.*

The First Men in the Moon.

By H. G. Wells.

CHAPTER XXI.

MR. BEDFORD AT LITTLESTONE.

MY line of flight was about parallel with the surface as I came into the upper air. The temperature of the sphere began to rise forthwith. I knew it behoved me to drop at once. Far below me in a darkening twilight stretched a great expanse of sea. I opened every window I could and fell —out of sunshine into evening and out of evening into night. Vaster grew the earth and vaster, swallowing up the stars, and the silvery, translucent, starlit veil of cloud it wore spread out to catch me. At last the world seemed no longer a sphere but flat, and then concave. It was no longer a planet in the sky, but the World — the world of man. I shut all but an inch or so of earthward window and dropped with a slackening velocity. The broadening water, now so near that I could see the dark glitter of the waves, rushed up to meet me. I snapped the last strip of window and sat scowling and biting my knuckles waiting for the impact. . . .

The sphere hit the water with a huge splash; it must have sent it fathoms high. At the splash I flung the Cavorite shutters open. Down I went, but slower and slower, and then I felt the sphere pressing against my feet and so drove up again as a bubble drives. And at the last I was floating and rocking upon the surface of the sea, and my journey in space was at an end.

The night was dark and overcast. Two yellow pin-points far away showed the passing of a ship, and nearer was a red glare that

"THE SPHERE HIT THE WATER WITH A HUGE SPLASH."

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came and went. Had not the electricity of my glow-lamp exhausted itself I could have got picked up that night. In spite of the inordinate fatigue I was beginning to feel I was excited now, and for a time hopeful in a feverish, impatient way that so my travelling might end.

But at last I ceased to move about, and sat, wrists on knees, staring at that distant red light. It swayed up and down, rocking, rocking. My excitement passed. I realized I had yet to spend another night, at least, in the sphere. I perceived myself infinitely heavy and fatigued. And so I fell asleep.

A change in my rhythmic motion awakened me. I peered through the refracting glass and saw that I had come aground upon a huge shallow of sand. Far away I seemed to see houses and trees, and seaward a curved, vague distortion of a ship hung between sea and sky.

I stood up and staggered. My one desire was to emerge. The man-hole was upward and I wrestled with the screw. Slowly I opened the man-hole. At last the air was singing in again as once it had sung out. But this time I did not wait until the pressure was adjusted. In another moment I had the weight of the window on my hands and I was open, wide open, to the old familiar sky of earth.

The air hit me on the chest so that I gasped. I dropped the glass screw. I cried out, put my hands to my chest, and sat down. For a time I was in pain. Then I took deep breaths. At last I could rise and move about again.

I tried to thrust my head through the man-hole, and the sphere rolled over. It was as though something had lugged my head down directly it emerged. I ducked back sharply or I should have been pinned face under water. After some wriggling and shoving I managed to crawl out upon sand, over which the retreating waves still came and went.

I did not attempt to stand up. It seemed to me that my body must be suddenly changed to lead. Mother Earth had her grip on me now—no Cavorite intervening. I sat down, heedless of the water that came over my feet.

It was dawn—a grey dawn—rather overcast, but showing here and there a long patch of greenish grey. Some way out a ship was lying at anchor—a pale silhouette of a ship, with one yellow light. The water came rippling in in long, shallow waves. Away to the right curved the land, a shingle bank with little hovels, and at last a light-house, a sailing mark, and a point. Inland stretched a space of level sand, broken here and there by pools of water, and ending a mile away, perhaps, in a low shore of scrub. To the north-east some isolated watering-place was visible, a row of gaunt lodging-houses, the tallest things that I could see on earth, dull dabs against the brightening sky. What strange men can have reared these vertical piles in such an amplitude of space I do not know. There they are, like pieces of Brighton lost in the waste.

For a long time I sat there, yawning and rubbing my face. At last I struggled to rise. It made me feel that I was lifting a weight. I stood up.

I stared at the distant houses. For the first time since our starvation in the crater I thought of earthly food. "Bacon," I whispered, "eggs. Good toast and good coffee. . . . And how the dickens am I going to get all this stuff to Lympne?" I wondered where I was. It was an east shore anyhow, and I had seen Europe before I dropped.

I heard footsteps scrunching in the sand, and a little, round-faced, friendly-looking man in flannels, with a bathing towel wrapped about his shoulders and his bathing dress over his arm, appeared up the beach. I knew instantly that I must be in England. He was staring almost intently at the sphere and me. He advanced staring. I daresay I looked a ferocious savage enough—dirty, unkempt, ragged to an indescribable degree, but it did not occur to me at the time. He stopped at a distance of twenty yards. "Hal-loa, my man!" he said, doubtfully.

"Halloa yourself!" said I.

He advanced, reassured by that. "What on earth is that thing?" he asked.

"Can you tell me where I am?" I asked.

"That's Littlestone," he said, pointing to the houses; "and that's Dungeness! Have you just landed? What's that thing you've got? Some sort of machine?"

"Yes."

"Have you floated ashore? Have you been wrecked or something? What is it?"

I meditated swiftly. I made an estimate of the little man's appearance as he drew nearer. "By Jove!" he said, "you've had a time of it! I thought you—— Well—where were you cast away? Is that thing a sort of floating thing for saving life?"

I decided to take that line for the present. I made a few vague affirmatives. "I want help," I said, hoarsely. "I want to get some stuff up the beach—stuff I can't very well leave about." I became aware of three other

pleasant-looking young men with towels, blazers, and straw hats coming down the sands towards me. Evidently the early bathing section of this Littlestone!

"Help!" said the young man; "rather!" He became vaguely active. "What particularly do you want done?" He turned round and gesticulated. The three young men accelerated their pace. In a minute they were about me, plying me with questions I was indisposed to answer. "I'll tell all that later," I said. "I'm dead-beat. I'm a rag."

"Come up to the hotel," said the foremost little man. "We'll look after that thing there."

I hesitated. "I can't," I said. "In that sphere there's two big bars of gold."

"'I WANT HELP,' I SAID, HOARSELY."

They looked incredulously at one another, then at me with a new inquiry. I went to the sphere, stooped, crept in, and presently they had the Selenite's crowbars and the broken chain before them. If I had not been so horribly fagged I could have laughed at them. It was like kittens round a beetle. They didn't know what to do with the stuff. The fat little man stooped and lifted the end of one of the bars and then dropped it with a grunt. Then they all did.

"It's lead or gold!" said one.

"Oh, it's *gold!*" said another.

"Gold, right enough," said the third.

Then they all stared at me, and then they all stared at the ship lying at anchor.

"I say!" cried the little man. "But where did you get that?"

I was too tired to keep up a lie. "I got it in the moon!"

I saw them stare at one another.

"Look here!" said I; "I'm not going to argue now. Help me carry these lumps of gold up to the hotel—I guess with rests two of you can manage one, and I'll trail this chain thing—and I'll tell you more when I've had some food."

"And how about that thing?"

"It won't hurt there," I said. "Anyhow—confound it!—it must stop there now. If the tide comes up it will float all right."

And, in a state of enormous wonderment, these young men most obediently hoisted my treasures on their shoulders, and with limbs that felt like lead I headed a sort of procession towards that distant fragment of "sea-front." Half-way there we were reinforced by two awe-stricken little girls with spades, and later a lean little boy with a penetrating sniff appeared. He was, I remember, wheeling a bicycle, and he accompanied us at a distance of about a hundred yards on our right flank, and then I suppose gave us up as uninteresting, mounted his bicycle, and rode off over the level sands in the direction of the sphere.

I glanced back after him.

"*He* won't touch it," said the stout young man, reassuringly, and I was only too willing to be reassured.

At first something of the grey of the morning was in my mind, but presently the sun disengaged itself from the level clouds of the horizon and lit the world and turned the leaden sea to glittering waters. My spirits rose. A sense of the vast importance of the things I had done and had yet to do came with the sunlight into my mind. I laughed aloud as the foremost man staggered under my gold. When indeed I took my place in the world, how amazed the world would be!

If it had not been for my inordinate fatigue the landlord of the Littlestone hotel would have been amusing, as he hesitated between my gold and my respectable company on one hand and my filthy

appearance on the other. But at last I found myself in a terrestrial bath-room once more, with warm water to wash myself with and a change of raiment, preposterously small indeed, but anyhow clean, that the genial little man had lent me. He lent me a razor too, but I could not screw up my resolution to attack even the outposts of the bristling beard that covered my face.

I sat down to an English breakfast and ate with a sort of languid appetite, an appetite many weeks old and very decrepit, and stirred myself to answer the questions of the four young men. And I told them the truth.

"Well," said I, "as you press me—I got it in the moon."

"The moon?"

"Yes; the moon in the sky."

"But how do you mean?"

"What I say, confound it!"

"That you have just come from the moon?"

"Exactly!—through space—in that ball." And I took a delicious mouthful of egg. I made a private note that when I went back to find Cavor I would take a box of eggs.

I could see clearly that they did not believe one word of what I told them, but evidently they considered me the most respectable liar they had ever met. They glanced at one another, and then concentrated the fire of their eyes on me. I fancy they expected a clue to me in the way I helped myself to salt. They seemed to find something significant in my peppering my egg. Those strangely-shaped masses of gold they had staggered under held their minds. There the lumps lay in front of me, each worth thousands of pounds, and as impossible for anyone to steal as a house or a piece of land. As I looked at their curious faces over my coffee-cup I realized something of the enormous wilderness of explanations into which I should have to wander to render myself comprehensible again.

"You don't *really* mean——" began the youngest young man in the tone of one who speaks to an obstinate child.

"Just pass me that toast-rack," I said, and shut him up completely.

"But look here, I say," began one of the others, "we're not going to believe that, you know."

"Ah, well," said I, and shrugged my shoulders.

"He doesn't want to tell us," said the youngest young man in a stage aside, and then, with an appearance of great *sang-froid*, "You don't mind if I take a cigarette?"

I waved him a cordial assent, and proceeded with my breakfast. Two of the others went and looked out of the farther window and talked inaudibly. I was struck by a thought. "The tide," I said, "is running out."

There was a pause as to who should answer me.

"It's near the ebb," said the fat little man.

"Well, anyhow," I said, "it won't float far."

I decapitated my third egg and began a little speech. "Look here," I said, "please don't imagine I'm surly or telling you uncivil lies or anything of that sort. I'm forced almost to be a little short and mysterious. I can quite understand this is as queer as it can be and that your imaginations must be going it. I can assure you you're in at a memorable time. But I can't make it clear to you now—it's impossible. I give you my word of honour I've come from the moon, and that's all I can tell you . . . . . All the same, I'm tremendously obliged to you, you know, tremendously. I hope that my manner hasn't in any way given you offence."

"Oh, not in the least!" said the youngest young man, affably. "We can quite understand," and staring hard at me all the time he heeled his chair back until it very nearly upset, and recovered with some exertion. "Not a bit of it," said my fat young man. "Don't you imagine *that!*" and they all got up and dispersed and walked about and lit cigarettes and generally tried to show they were perfectly amiable and disengaged and entirely free from the slightest curiosity about me and the sphere. "I'm going to keep an eye on that ship out there all the same," I heard one of them remarking in an undertone. If only they could have forced themselves to it they would, I believe, even have gone out and left me. I went on with my third egg.

"The weather," the fat little man remarked, presently, "has been immense, has it not? I don't know *when* we have had such a summer——"

"Phoo-whizz!" Like a tremendous rocket! And somewhere a window was broken. . . .

"What's that?" cried I.

"It isn't——?" cried the little man and rushed to the corner window.

All the others rushed to the window likewise. I sat staring at them.

Suddenly I leapt up, knocked over my third egg, and rushed for the window also. I had just thought of something. "Nothing

to be seen there," cried the little man, rushing for the door.

"It's that boy!" I cried, bawling in hoarse fury; "it's that accursed boy!" and turning about I pushed the waiter aside—he was just bringing me some more toast—and rushed violently out of the room and down and out upon the queer little esplanade in front of the hotel.

The sea which had been smooth was rough now with hurrying catspaws, and all about where the sphere had been was tumbled water like the wake of a ship. Above, a little puff of cloud whirled like dispersing smoke, and the three or four people on the beach were staring up with interrogative faces towards the point of that unexpected report. And that was all! Boots and waiter and the four young men in blazers came rushing out behind me. Shouts came from windows and doors, and all sorts of worrying people came into sight—agape.

"ABOVE, A LITTLE PUFF OF CLOUD WHIRLED LIKE DISPERSING SMOKE."

For a time I stood there too overwhelmed by this new development to think of the people about me.

"There's Cavor," I said. "Up there! And no one knows anything of how to make the stuff. Good Lord!"

I felt as though somebody was pouring funk out of a can down the back of my neck. My legs became feeble. Then there was that confounded-boy — sky-high! I was utterly "left." There was the gold in the coffee-room — my only possession on earth. There were my creditors. Good heavens! How would it all work out? The general effect was of a gigantic, unmanageable confusion.

"I say," said the voice of the little man behind; "I say, you know!"

I wheeled about, and there were twenty or thirty people, a sort of irregular investment of people, all bombarding me with dumb interrogation, with infinite doubt and suspicion. I felt the compulsion of their eyes intolerably. I groaned aloud.

"I *can't*," I shouted. "I tell you I can't. I'm not equal to it. You must puzzle and—and be d——d to you!"

I gesticulated convulsively. He receded a step as though I had threatened him. I made a bolt through them into the hotel. I charged back into the coffee-room, rang the bell furiously. I gripped the waiter as he entered. "D'ye hear?" I shouted. "Get help and carry these bars up to my room right away."

He failed to understand me, and I shouted and raved at him. A scared-looking little old man in a green apron appeared, and further, two of the young men in flannels. I made a dash at them and commandeered their services. As soon as the gold was in my room I felt free to quarrel. "Now get out!" I shouted; "all of you get out if you don't want to see a man go mad before your eyes!" And I helped the waiter by the shoulder as he hesitated in the doorway. Then as soon as I had the door locked on them all I tore off the little man's clothes again, shied them right and left, and got into bed forthwith. And there I lay swearing and panting and cooling for a very long time.

At last I was calm enough to get out of bed and ring up the round-eyed waiter for a flannel nightshirt, a soda and whisky, and some good cigars. And these things being procured me, I locked the door again and proceeded very deliberately to look the entire situation in the face.

The net result of the great experiment presented itself as an absolute failure. It

was a rout, and I was the sole survivor. It was an absolute collapse, and this was the final disaster. There was nothing for it but to save myself and as much as I could in the way of prospects from our debâcle. At one fatal crowning blow all my vague resolutions of return and recovery had vanished. My intention of going back to the moon, of rescuing Cavor, or at any rate of getting a

"I GESTICULATED CONVULSIVELY."

sphereful of gold, and afterwards of having a fragment of Cavorite analyzed and so recovering his great secret—all these ideas vanished altogether.

I was the sole survivor, and that was all!

I think that going to bed was one of the luckiest ideas I have ever had in an emergency. I really believe I should either have got loose-headed or done some fatal, indiscreet thing. But there, locked in and secure from all interruption, I could think out the position in all its bearings, and make my arrangements at leisure.

Of course it was quite clear to me what had happened to the boy. He had crawled into the sphere, meddled with the studs, shut the Cavorite windows, and gone up. It was highly improbable he had screwed in the man-hole stopper, and, even if he had, the chances were a thousand to one against his getting back. It was fairly evident that he would gravitate to the middle of the sphere and remain there, and so cease to be of legitimate terrestrial interest, however remarkable he might seem to the inhabitants of some remote quarter of space. I very speedily convinced myself on that point. And as for any responsibility I might have in the matter, the more I reflected upon that, the clearer it became that, if only I kept quiet about things, I need not trouble myself on the point. If I were faced by sorrowing parents demanding their lost boy, I had merely to demand my lost sphere—or ask them what they meant. At first I had had a vision of weeping parents and guardians and all sorts of complications, but now I saw that I simply had to keep my mouth shut and nothing in that way could arise. And, indeed, the more I lay and smoked and thought the more evident became the wisdom of impenetrability. It is within the right of every British citizen, provided he does not commit damage or indecorum, to appear suddenly wherever he pleases, and as ragged and filthy as he pleases, and with whatever amount of virgin gold he sees fit to encumber himself with, and no one has any right at all to hinder and detain him in this procedure. I formulated that at last to myself, and repeated it over as a sort of private Magna Charta of my liberty.

Once I had put that issue on one side I could take up and consider in an equable manner certain considerations I had scarcely dared to think of before, namely, those arising out of the circumstances of my bankruptcy. But now, looking at this matter calmly and at leisure, I could see that if only I suppressed my identity by a temporary assumption of some less well-known name, and if I retained the two months' beard that

had grown upon me, the risks of any annoyance from the spiteful creditor to whom I have already alluded became very small indeed. From that to a definite course of rational worldly action was plain sailing.

I ordered up writing materials and addressed a letter to the New Romney Bank—the nearest, the waiter informed me—telling the manager I wished to open an account with him and requesting him to send two trustworthy persons properly authenticated in a cab with a good horse to fetch some hundredweight of gold with which I happened to be encumbered. I signed the letter "H. G. Wells," which seemed to me to be a thoroughly respectable sort of name. This done, I got a Folkestone directory, picked out an outfitter, and asked him to send a cutter to measure me for a tweed suit, ordering at the same time a valise, dressing-bag, shirts, hats (to fit), and so forth, and from a watchmaker I also ordered a watch. And these letters being dispatched I had up as good a lunch as the hotel could give, and then lay smoking a cigar until, in accordance with my instructions, two duly authenticated clerks came from the bank and weighed and took away my gold. After which I pulled the clothes over my ears in order to drown any knocking and went very comfortably to sleep.

I went to sleep. No doubt it was a prosaic thing for the first man back from the moon to do, and I can imagine that the young and imaginative reader will find my behaviour disappointing. But I was horribly fatigued and bothered, and, confound it, what else was there to do? There certainly was not the remotest chance of my being believed, if I had told my story, and it would certainly have subjected me to intolerable annoyances.

I went to sleep. When at last I woke up again I was ready to face the world as I have always been accustomed to face it since I came to years of discretion. And so I got away to Italy, and there it is I am writing this story. If the world will not have it as fact, then the world may take it as fiction. It is no concern of mine.

And now that the account is finished I am amazed to think how completely this adventure is gone and done with. Everybody believes that Cavor was merely a not very brilliant scientific experimenter, who blew up his house and himself at Lympne, and they explain the bang that followed my arrival at Littlestone by a reference to the experiments with explosives that are going on continually at the Government establishment of Lydd, two miles away. I must confess that hitherto I have not acknowledged my share in the disappearance of Master Tommy Simmons, which was that little boy's name. That, perhaps, may prove a difficult item of corroboration to explain away. They account for my appearance in rags with two bars of indisputable gold upon the Littlestone beach in various ingenious ways—it doesn't worry me what they think of me. They say I have strung all these things together to avoid being questioned too closely as to the source of my wealth. I would like to see the man who could invent a story that would hold together like this one. Well, they must take it as fiction—there it is!

I have told my story—and now I suppose I have to take up the worries of this terrestrial life again. Even if one has been to the moon, one has still to earn a living. So I am working here at Amalfi on the scenario of that play I sketched before Cavor came walking into my world, and I am trying to piece my life together as it was before ever I saw him. I must confess that I find it hard to keep my mind on the play when the moonshine comes into my room. It is full moon here, and last night I was out on the pergola for hours staring away at that shining blankness that hides so much. Imagine it! Tables and chairs, and trestles, and bars of gold! Confound it!—if only one could hit on that Cavorite again! But a thing like that doesn't come twice in a life. Here I am, a little better off than I was at Lympne, and that is all. And Cavor has committed suicide in a more elaborate way than any human being ever did before. So the story closes as finally and completely as a dream. It fits in so little with all the other things of life—so much of it was so utterly remote from all human experience, the leaping, the eating, the breathing of these weightless times—that indeed there are moments when, in spite of my moon gold, I do more than half believe myself that the whole thing was a dream.

[Here the story, as we originally received it, ends. But we have just received a most extraordinary communication which certainly gives a curious and unexpected air of conviction to the narrative. If our correspondent is to be believed, Mr. Cavor is alive in the moon, and he is sending messages to the earth. We hope to be in a position to satisfy the curiosity of our readers in our next issue.]

Some Wonders from the West.

XXII.—ON THE TRAIL.

DR. FULTON, of Beatrice, Nebraska, is the owner of what is probably the most valuable pack of bloodhounds in the world. There are twenty in all, and they are of the bluest of canine blood. They are trained hunters, not of birds or deer, but of human game, their speciality being thieves, murderers, and other criminals. Included in the pack of four-footed sleuths are dogs which have won world-wide reputation and have assisted in tracing the fugitive malefactors of two continents.

The use of bloodhounds in the United States for tracking men is not new; they were used in searching for runaway slaves before the rebellion, and are still used in some of the Southern States for overtaking escaped convicts. But Dr. Fulton has demonstrated their efficacy in the apprehension of persons who have committed crimes. The hounds have been used frequently in the past, and now scarcely a week passes that one or more pairs are not called into requisition for the recovery of lost or stolen property or the pursuit of some offender. The calls come from all parts of the country. As there is the reward for the capture to be won, or the pay of $15 a day and expenses to be made, the kennel is proving a not unprofitable investment for the owner.

The experience of Dr. Fulton in bloodhound culture dates back to his boyhood days. He has always been an admirer of this little-loved member of the canine species, and is considered to be one of the leading American authorities. He has brought into the United States many famous dogs, including Columbia and X-Rays, whose sires were the most noted bloodhounds in England, and were used by the detectives in attempting to trace the perpetrator of the Whitechapel atrocities.

The pack is under charge of O. P. Fulton, son of the doctor, and Trainers Sheriff Johnston and George Maxfield. All three have thoroughly mastered the secret of success in bloodhound teaching. This consists in careful selection of the animal and closest personal study of its habits before beginning the work of training.

"No two bloodhounds have the same traits or respond to the same treatment," said Dr. Fulton, in a recent interview. "They are nervous, capricious, and variable to a high degree. Unless you understand your dog in advance you may be doing something that it will take you a long time to overcome and undo. All bloodhounds are endowed with a wonderfully-retentive memory, and under proper treatment are docile and entirely amenable. My dogs have captured many criminals, and in the course of the chases we have had some very exciting experiences.

"A short time ago a mule was stolen from the stable of a farmer near Louisville. The dogs were sent for and put on the scent. They followed the trail across a small stream and to the barn of a somewhat notorious character of the place. The dogs were led in all directions and trailed three times to the barn, where they whined, rushed round, and appeared to have lost the trail. Several pieces of old sack and rags were found in the barn, which led to the suspicion that the mule's feet had been wrapped up. The dogs smelt these, the chase was renewed, the mule was discovered, and the thief arrested.

"Another case in which the hounds did good work was the capture of burglars who broke into a big department store at Sabentha, Kansas. One of the men in escaping dropped his hat, and this gave the dogs the scent. The animals started on the trail, but soon stopped and, circling around several houses, finally brought up at one where two suspicious characters had stopped early in the morning to ask for something to eat. The trail was followed to another stopping-place, and then to a shed, where the men had slept. At a cross-roads the men separated, two going east and two north. The latter were soon captured, and the party, returning to the separating point, started in pursuit of the other two. They, too, were soon run down, and the quartet were locked up in the county gaol in less than a day after they broke into the store.

"The dogs were used in the capture of a notorious gang of hold-ups, known as the Fedawas, at Lincoln. These men had broken into a store, robbed the safe, and carried away a lot of other valuables. The bloodhounds were taken into the store, given the scent from articles which the burglars had handled, and then taken outside. In a short time they picked up the trail, which

ran in a roundabout way to the Fedawas' house. The officers gained admittance, and the dogs followed the trail up two flights of stairs into a vacant room, which evidently had been occupied recently, and then back into the street. They followed the trail to a saloon, whose keeper informed the officers that the Fedawas had been there but a short time before. The dogs then ran the trail from the saloon to North-east Lincoln, and found the men just as they were about to board an outgoing freight train. The leader of the gang told the officer after the capture that if they had had five more minutes they would have been off, and, but for the unerring scent of the hounds, they no doubt would have been gone.

TRAINER GEORGE MAXFIELD, WITH THE BLOODHOUNDS "MISS COLUMBIA" AND "TRILBY SELLWOOD." [*Photograph. From a*]

"The most thrilling of recent chases, and one of the most remarkable instances of canine intelligence that have come under my notice, was the trailing of the murderer of G. W. Baker and his wife near Fairbury. The crime was committed by Bill Baker, a brother of the murdered man, and in details was one of the most horrible that was ever called to the attention of the authorities of the State. District Attorney Henshaw, of Fairbury, as soon as he was notified of the murder, telephoned to me immediately to come and to bring my bloodhounds. As soon as I arrived upon the premises where Bill Baker lived I asked for some articles of clothing that had been worn by him. A coat was given me, and I placed it upon a cot where the man had slept, and requested that no one should touch it until the hounds had arrived with their trainer. The citizens had by this time become greatly excited. Business was practically suspended and the community was in an uproar. As night came on the searching parties had disbanded and come into town. On the trains came the dogs with their keeper, Mr. Johnston. The crowd that was in waiting was something wonderful, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we made our way through to the farm. There were men and boys in waggons, in buggies, on horseback and afoot, each armed with a rifle, a revolver, or a shot-gun. The sheriff had been called into requisition to keep the mob in check. After much trouble we gave the dogs the scent from the coat and the cot, and started with them to encircle the house. When about two-thirds of the way around they struck the scent and fairly pulled us off our feet.

"The trail lay across the town and across a field of winter wheat and out into a well-travelled road. We now placed the dogs in a spring waggon and travelled as fast as possible to the scene of the tragedy. Upon reaching the scene we again started to encircle the house. When they came to the north-east corner the dogs made a bound and ran a trail some two hundred yards due north, where we found some empty shot-gun shells. As the man we were hunting was known to be a desperate character we organized a company of cautious trailers. Five trusty fellows were chosen by the deputy-sheriff to follow the hounds and stay to the finish.

"The trail was again taken up by the hounds, and they ran it to the main-travelled road for about three miles to the north, when they struck a culvert. Everybody, of course, thought that the man was concealed there, but all soon were convinced of their error. The dogs went through the culvert and then

THE BLOODHOUNDS "JOE-JOE" AND "X-RAYS," TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THEY HAD TRACKED DOWN THE MURDERER BAKER. [*Photograph.*
From a]

ran across a small ravine, and, going up the bank on the other side, bayed ferociously, telling us plainly that our man had been there and had but recently left.

"Proceeding north, they pulled us along at a great rate of speed for about a mile and a half, when we came to a farm. The hounds went to the gate and crawled through at the third board. We could see where our man had placed his foot upon the board, and where it had slipped off, leaving some fresh paint thereon. The trail was run to the corner of the fence, where, by the action of the dogs, we knew that the man had stopped. The dogs were now more than eager to proceed, and led us directly to the barn, the middle door of which stood open, and, to make sure that Baker should not get out, we retreated to a respectable distance and encircled the premises. It was now about half an hour past midnight. The frenzied mobs at our heels all had suggestions to make as to how to get him out of the barn. Some were determined to get in after him; others wanted to burn him out, and others still were sure he was not there. Twenty-seven men were stationed around the barn. One of these saw Baker come to a loft window and peer out.

"At fifteen minutes after two o'clock we heard a shot. One of the party crawled back into the last stall and, by raising himself, could see the sole of the man's shoes. Sheriff Mendenhall, who had just arrived from Kansas City, reached up over the floor and, taking hold of the foot, said: 'He's a dead man, whoever he is.' It was Baker, and he had shot himself. Thus ended one of the most wonderful and successful feats of man-hunting by bloodhounds ever recorded.

"Another one of our captures which made a sensation was that of an incendiary named Kruger. Kruger is a Franklin preacher, and the crime for which he was arrested was the burning of the barn of a neighbour, against whom he had a grudge. The dogs were given the scent at the scene of the fire, and went directly to the house of the minister. He earnestly protested his innocence, but when, on two additional tests, the dogs went directly to his house, he finally broke down and confessed his guilt.

"It may be said without the least exaggeration that the pack of bloodhounds has become the terror of Nebraska evildoers. Hunted criminals have tried every subterfuge to escape them, even to the tying of gunny-sacks around their feet, in the hope of deadening the scent, but to no purpose. Several attempts have been made to kill them, and we find it necessary to keep muzzles on each of these canine Sherlock Holmeses in order to prevent his being fed with poisoned meat."

XXIII.—THE TALLEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

MISS ELLA EWING, of Gorin, a little town in the State of Missouri, is believed to be the tallest woman in the world. She is 8ft. 4in. in height, and is regarded by her neighbours as the greatest woman of the day. Her parents are tall, but not abnormally so, her father being 6ft. 1in. and her mother 5ft. 9in. in height. But as they stand beside their Titanic daughter they look like children in size.

Up to nine years of age Miss Ella Ewing displayed no unusual characteristics, but was

just like other little Missourian girls. After she had reached the ninth anniversary of her birth she began to grow very rapidly, and at ten years of age she measured 6ft. 9in. At this period she suffered a good deal of discomfort, as nothing was large enough for her; beds, chairs, tables, and other articles of domestic furniture being ridiculously small for the young giantess. None of the garments made for ordinary women could be worn by her, and she soon outgrew those specially made for herself. A desk and seat constructed for her use at school were quickly outgrown. Then, too, it was impossible for her to find suitable companions and occupations. When she was 7ft. high she had the tastes and ideas of a little girl. She could never get a bed large enough to sleep in comfortably, and could not look out of an ordinary window or into an ordinary mirror without stooping uncomfortably. She was in great danger of knocking her head against chandeliers or the tops of doorways, and found it extremely inconvenient to sit at an ordinary table. Her parents, too, were poor, and their gigantic offspring was somewhat of a burden to them.

When she had attained the remarkable height of 8ft. the *deus-ex-machinâ* descended in the form of a representative of Barnum and Bailey's Circus, who offered her an engagement, which she gladly accepted. When she reached New York her eyes were captivated by the many beautiful things she saw in the milliners' shops, but even the largest of them were hopelessly too small for her wear. Some handsome dresses for exhibition purposes were made for her, but she was careful to indulge in no foolish extravagance. She enjoyed her life with the circus, being glad to find herself with people who regarded her gigantic stature with satisfaction rather than alarm. She travelled all over Europe and America with the circus, and, though she suffered some discomforts on trains and steamers, she bore them philosophically.

But during this exciting life of travel and display she kept an ideal steadily before her: it was to save up her handsome salary and have a home of her own, where everything should be built with special reference to her remarkable height. For though she saw many novel and interesting things while travelling with the circus, and lived in an atmosphere of flattery, she felt that it was a false and artificial life. And at last the woman of 8ft. 4in. realized the ambition which filled her heart when she was a little girl only 7ft. high.

Her "own little home" has doors 10ft. high, ceilings 15ft., and windows as high as the doors, so that she can go in and out, and look out of the windows, without stooping. All the articles of furniture are proportionately large, her tables being 4½ft. from the floor, just high enough for her, and yet not so high as to be beyond the reach of people who don't mind stretching a little. Her bath-tub is 6ft. long, so that she can sit down in it comfortably. Her bureau is 6ft. high, and has no drawers at the bottom, so that she is not compelled to stoop down. The closets for clothes and china are as large as the bedrooms of an ordinary house. The bed is 9½ft. long, and on the piazza is a specially

MISS ELLA EWING, OF GORIN, WITH HER FATHER AND MOTHER.
From a Photo. by Chubb Studio, Gorin, Mo.

MISS EWING IN THE GARDEN OF THE HOUSE SPECIALLY BUILT FOR HER.
From a Photo. by Chubb Studio, Gorin, Mo.

constructed hammock 15ft. in length. Miss Ewing is now able, for the first time in her life, to sleep without curling herself up or having some part of her body uncovered. As she is not quite certain that she has stopped growing everything has been made a little bit larger than is necessary at present. For, unlike most of her sex, Miss Ewing does not specially dread growing old: it is growing taller that is her bugbear. Being now well off she has settled down to enjoy peace and comfort in the old home of her childhood, where all her relatives and neighbours look up to her.

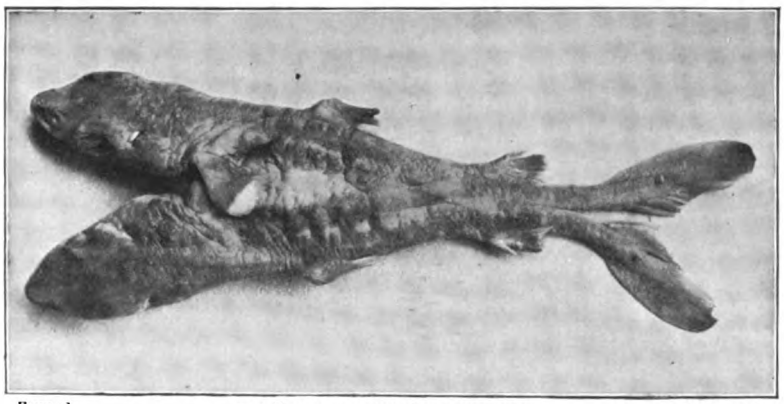
XXIV.—AQUATIC WONDERS.

CALIFORNIA is well known, of course, as the land of the big and the marvellous, a reputation shared in some degree by the whole Pacific Slope. But in an apparent recent effort to live up to its reputation the Coast has surpassed itself.

An enthusiastic and very expert fisherman of Tacoma, Washington, a Mr. Frederick Miller, recently planned to do some deep-water fishing in the waters of Puget Sound. He rowed out some distance from the city and dropped over his line, fortunately a very strong one, letting it play out about 300ft. He was angling for black bass, and had for that reason selected one of their favourite haunts. The tide ran very strongly, and the angler was compelled to use a 2lb. sinker, with live herring for bait, some 8in. or 10in. long.

Suddenly, and without warning, there was a tremendous commotion below. The boat began to rock violently and the water was churned into foam. Before its startled occupant had time to reflect there sprang out of the water near the boat a huge monster, with *two heads and two tails!* One of its throats—that sounds mythological—had swallowed the bait, and its fellow-throat appeared to be yawning wide for its share.

No attack was made, however, and the shore being luckily near the fisherman soon landed his boat, a necessary first step toward landing the fish. Then ensued a tremendous and exhausting struggle. Stout and strong as was the line, it more than once threatened to part. But finally skilful handling landed the fish in very shallow water, where a pole could be used by an assistant, and a rope was drawn around the object. When it



From a] THE "SIAMESE TWINS" TIGER SHARK. *[Photograph.*

finally wore itself out a careful examination and measurement were made. The captive was a "tiger shark," just 8ft. long and 18in. thick, and having two perfectly formed heads and tails united to a single trunk. This extraordinary specimen was taken to a taxidermist in Tacoma, where it was mounted and where it of course attracted the greatest curiosity. The accompanying photograph was taken soon after the capture, and the drawing was made for a Coast paper.

A few days later Newport Beach, a short distance from Santa Ana, in Southern California, furnished its sensation in the shape of an apparent sea serpent, that proved, however, to be an "oar fish," which is about as rare. And the visitor certainly showed the wisdom of the serpent in timing its arrival on Washington's birthday, as if determined to link its fame with that of him alone among mortal men whose reputed veracity would be equal or, at least, most nearly equal to the strain of a sea serpent itself!

And this specimen, while not literally a sea serpent, was one to all appearance and a marvellous curiosity. Experts, among them the recognised great authority on fish, President Jordan, of Stanford University, have pronounced it an "oar fish" (*clupea harensus*), an extremely rare member of the herring family, sometimes called "king of the herring." Two specimens of these strange fish, according to Dr. Jordan, have been preserved by the Japanese Government in the Imperial University at Tokio, but this is the first he has heard of on the Pacific Coast.

Indeed, it is said that not a score have been seen in a century, and that there is no record of a live one before the Newport arrival. They are a very deep sea fish, and, as indicating this fact, in all previous cases the flesh of those found has been greatly decomposed. But to make its arrival still more remarkable this California find was alive and struggling on the beach, though soon killed to prevent its escape. It measured a little over 21ft. in length and was at one point 18in. high as it lay along the sand, with an average width of 8in., and a tapering tail, good sea serpent proportions! That it was, except to the trained scientific eye, a veritable serpent the photograph conclusively shows.

From a Photo. by] THE OAR FISH, WHICH WAS MISTAKEN FOR A SEA SERPENT. *[G. T. Peabody.*

BLARNEY

BY WINIFRED GRAHAM

I.

MISS LEVINA FLINTOFF sniffed audibly, and shook her handkerchief in the face of a woolly sheepdog pressing his unwelcome body against her black silk skirt.

"Go away, you horrid creature! Dear me!—what a very offensive coat! I wonder, Lorna, you can keep such an animal on the premises."

She directed this last remark to Mrs. Percival, who was pouring out tea in a veranda, bright with crimson creepers that glowed in the autumn sun. Miss Levina Flintoff saw only the wasps buzzing about the leaves, and deplored the prevailing custom of tea-drinking out of doors.

"Call Blarney away," said Mrs. Percival to a small boy seated on the steps, hugging a pair of sunburnt knees, his little brown feet incased in sandals, the latest fad of the fashionable mother.

He shook his fair curls off his forehead as he rose and drew the offender gently aside. His hand rested lovingly on the dog's collar.

"I'm so sorry," murmured Mrs. Percival, as her elderly guest began picking the loose hairs from the deep flounce upon which Blarney's head had rested. "He really is not fit for polite society, poor dog—though he has been a beauty in his time. Age seems telling on him dreadfully. I know it would be a kindness to have him put away, yet I cannot summon sufficient strength of mind to sign his death-warrant. Such an old friend! Why, he carries about with him a whole history of associations."

"And probably a good deal more," retorted Miss Flintoff, acidly, "in that shaggy coat of his! Long-haired dogs are seldom clean. I object to them on principle."

"I shall never have another," sighed Mrs. Percival, "but what am I to do? You see, we have no man in the house. If my poor husband were alive. But, there! As I said before, I can't arrange for Blarney to be poisoned, much as I should feel the relief once the poor dog was gone! I am absurdly sensitive; everybody tells me so! Kenneth, dear," speaking to the small boy, "take Blarney into the garden. Miss Flintoff can't enjoy her tea while he is here."

Kenneth obeyed. He had listened to the conversation with a strained look on his face, unnatural in one so young. After all, his mother was merely repeating what she had said a dozen times before, what she almost daily said as Blarney's infirmities increased. Yet it invariably set his heart beating quicker

with a vague, paralyzing terror. The old sheepdog was brother and sister to the solitary child, and ranked next in his affections to the pretty mother who so often left him to spend long days in London. He thought of his mother as a beautiful but somewhat helpless being, a fairy princess whom he must protect, a lady of chiffons and laces, altogether adorable. A harsh word from her made the world a wilderness—smiles and commendation were as jewels in the crown of his happiest hours. Often he would think how best he could please her, saying to himself: "Father might have done this, or that!"—the father he had never seen.

And Lorna Percival appreciated her child's devotion, though her shallow nature could in no way pierce its depth.

Along the line of sunlight gilding the garden path Kenneth and Blarney wandered side by side, Blarney dragging his legs wearily. Presently Kenneth paused and flung himself down on a mossy bank, his forehead puckered in frowns, his lips apart as if with horror. Blarney edged up to him, and pushed his wide face under his little master's elbow, thus inducing the disengaged arm to fall about his neck.

"Blarney," whispered a low voice, "do you know the winter is coming?"

Blarney did not seem to care. He was used to long, rambling conversations, and merely in reply vouchsafed a friendly sniff.

"It was last year, Blarney, your rheumatism came—and—and crippled you. Mother says it is sure to come again. I am thinking, too, you will be rather cold, there are so many little bald patches on your back."

He looked in the glazed eyes.

"She said it would be a kindness if—if——but, no, I can't believe that! I should like to be strong-minded, Blarney, and help mother; but I want you so much, for I love you—I love you! I think she must have forgotten me when she told Miss Flintoff there was no man in the house. Blarney, dear, I don't mind your frouzy old coat, and you shall sleep on my bed, under my quilt, all the winter!"

There were tears in the bright eyes of the boy, gazing into the hazy, dim eyes of the dog.

"No, I don't mind you, that is the worst of it! You see, we have to think about women first—they are so much more important."

He hid his face on Blarney's neck and struggled with himself. The idea which had laid hold of the childish mind was in its very simplicity strangely magnificent. He was dreaming of self-sacrifice, remembering Abraham in the large book upstairs of Bible pictures, with a limp and ill-drawn Isaac.

Thus he stayed for a long, long while, unconsciously submitting his will to the inborn instincts of heroism. A strangely-fanciful child, given to thoughtfulness, and passionate in his love for the gentle woman who ruled him.

"If it had been anyone but Blarney," he said. "If it had been cook or Janet, or even Miss Flintoff! Who would mind if Miss Flintoff had to be poisoned? Nobody likes her!"

So he talked to himself—to Blarney—and argued with Fate, as many older, wiser tongues argue incessantly. No wonder life's apparent unfairness puzzled the young philosopher.

A voice behind him, a step on the gravel, scattered his reflections and made Blarney start up with a sharp bark.

"My good child, you should not lie with your head near that horrible dog!" said Levina Flintoff; "it isn't fit, really."

"I can't help hugging him," said the boy, tearfully. "I think he is going to die to-morrow."

"The best thing that could happen! Life can't be any pleasure to the poor beast in such a state, and your mother would be thankful."

"To-morrow," murmured Kenneth, "how near it seems, and she will be in London; she won't know, so she won't suffer; afterwards she will be glad."

Miss Flintoff was out of ear-shot. Kenneth turned towards the house. He heard his mother calling.

"She will be glad," he repeated; "come, Blarney."

There was a sob in Kenneth's voice, but Blarney followed with a bound.

II.

KENNETH drove to the station the following morning with his mother. He begged that Blarney might be allowed in the victoria to keep him company on the way back, but Mrs. Percival refused.

"I've got on a new dress, Kenny," she said. "Blarney would ruin it with his hairs. He has spoilt enough of my things already!"

The child was very silent as they drove through the mellow-tinted lanes, but Mrs. Percival, busy with her own thoughts, failed to notice the far-away look in his eyes and the almost tragic droop of the little rosebud mouth.

"Mother, dear," he asked, "why do you keep smiling? Are you very happy?"

"Yes, dear, happier than I have been for years!"

"Why, mother?"

She laughed, merrily.

"Well, Kenny, it is rather difficult to say. I suppose my heart is lighter, that's all."

He watched her curiously. Was it possible she guessed that on her return the faithful aged creature she had lately nicknamed her "thorn in the flesh" would be a creature no longer, but dust and ashes? He dared not ask her any further questions, but surely there was something significant in the fervent kiss she gave him as she said good-bye, the little extra squeeze, and the breezy wave of her handkerchief as the carriage drove away.

"I must not disappoint her," Kenneth told himself. "She said her heart was lighter. She didn't know that mine was breaking."

He curled himself round on the cushions, with his legs tucked under his body, his eyes seeing nothing of the scenery. Instead he was counting the wasted moments that might have been spent with Blarney.

The morning gave no opportunity for the enlargement of his plans. There were lessons to do and he had not a moment alone. After lunch, however, the Fates played into his hands. He was left to amuse himself in the garden with his never-failing companion, the shaggy sheepdog who followed him everywhere.

Slowly Kenneth walked to the gate and hesitatingly pushed it open. He was not often allowed alone in the road, but to-day seemed different to other days, and surely could not count.

Together the child and dog turned their steps towards the village. A mournful couple they looked, proceeding at a funeral pace, the boy keeping a firm hold upon his courage and struggling with his tears; the dog, lame and nearly blind, conscious that his master sorrowed, with the instinctive sympathy of dumb creatures.

At last the little line of shops was reached. Kenneth and his well-beloved stood on the threshold of the chemist's door.

"Even now," whispered a tempting voice, "it is not too late; even now you can draw back."

Kenneth, frightened by the force of the temptation, dashed into the shop, as if he had been running, and stood panting before the counter. Blarney crawled on a chair, and with his mouth wide open, showing a large extent of pink tongue, breathed in the chemist's face.

"Good afternoon, sir," said a cheerful, red-headed man, who appeared to Kenneth like some horrible harbinger of death.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Strawson," replied the little figure, who had never before ventured alone into the sacred precincts of a shop. "Will you kindly tell me how much it costs to poison a dog?"

His intense bitterness of heart made him speak with enforced cheerfulness.

"It's this old thing I suppose you are wanting to be rid of?" said Mr. Strawson, patting Blarney's head. "He must be a trouble to himself and everybody; but, there! you could not have brought him to a better place. I've done away with 'undreds and 'undreds in my time."

The murderer smiled affably at the shuddering child.

Kenneth nodded, and produced a tin money-box from under his arm.

"This," he said, "has a great many pennies, but it must be broken to get them out. Would you be good enough to break it, to see if I can afford the poison?"

Mr. Strawson complied with the request, and counted a shilling in separate coins.

"Oh, yes, that will cover it—easy," declared the chemist, reassuringly. "So now, if you like to wait and hear it is all over, I'll take the dog into my back yard, and settle matters at once."

Kenneth nodded—he could not speak, nor did he take a farewell look at Blarney.

He just strolled to the door and pretended to hum a tune, watching the figures passing to and fro in the village street.

It seemed to him an eternity of suffering before a voice said, quite happily:—

"Went off beautifully—without so much as a kick; do you want the remains of your broken money-box, sir, and would you like to see the dog?"

"No,. oh! no; but thank you very much."

The tremulous words came quickly, and then the boy was gone.

"Poor little chap! he didn't quite like losing his old friend," said Mr. Strawson.

III.

MRS. PERCIVAL did not return until late. Nobody had missed Blarney, and when she stole into Kenneth's room to kiss him he pretended to be asleep. He felt he could not speak of it till the morning—the sorrow was too recent, the wound too sore.

"KENNETH PRODUCED A TIN MONEY-BOX."

He woke at daybreak, and lay tossing for hours, till at last Janet came to draw up the blinds.

"You won't be dressed in time to have breakfast with your mother," she said.

"Why not?" he asked, surprised.

"Mrs. Percival is breakfasting in her room; she is going to town again early——"

Kenneth did not wait to hear more; he jumped out of bed and ran to his mother.

"Come in, darling," she cried, bending to kiss him, with a radiant smile. She looked prettier than ever, and a soft pink flush glowed in her cheeks. "Do you know, Kenny, I am quite upset; the servants tell me they can't find poor dear old Blarney."

The boy caught his breath and turned his head away.

"You won't see Blarney any more: I took him to be—poisoned—yesterday."

The halting words sounded defiant; Mrs. Percival could hardly believe her ears.

"You—you did that!" she gasped, horrified—"without consulting me? You let Blarney be poisoned, and I never said good-bye? How dared you, Kenneth? To choose such a time as this," she added, mysteriously, "when I would not for the world have had your father's dog killed!"

"But you said——" began Kenneth.

"Oh! I say a great many things I don't mean. What right had you to twist my words? But, oh! it's just like a boy—they are born cruel, they love to kill. When they are older the mania for slaughter is called 'sport'—as children it takes a meaner, lower form. Somehow I thought you were different, Kenneth, a nice, kind little boy, who wouldn't want things to die. I am thoroughly annoyed and disgusted with you. I don't want to hear anything more about it or see you again to-day. You have hurt me very much, more than I can express in words."

She turned her back on him petulantly. She cared for the dog for old times' sake, and could not forgive the harsh deed.

Kenneth walked out of the room, numb and dazed. So his sacrifice had been in vain—the awful misery, all useless—and nothing could recall the dead.

He felt quite tearless now, and everything

seemed far away. He hardly remembered he was misjudged. The words had proved so severe a shock that his poor little brain seemed to totter and grow confused.

"Just like a boy," she had said; "they are born cruel!" And Blarney might have lived! Blarney might have lived!

He did not see her again. He heard the carriage come to the door, but would not look out of the window. The servants had been told he was in disgrace, and paid him scant attention. He could not follow his lessons; he left his meals untasted.

"She does not love me any more," he said, "and I've no Blarney!"

This summed up such a store of misery that thought became an effort: he was conscious of one consuming desire, and one alone.

Almost mechanically he repeated the history of the previous afternoon, his mind set upon a definite object, only this time, as he opened the garden gate and marched towards the village, his feet moved quickly, and his cheeks were like flame.

How it all came back as he reached the chemist's shop—Blarney sitting on the chair, with his tongue hanging out, and his good-natured tail wagging; the red-haired man cheerful as ever behind the counter, the mocking sun shining upon the glass stoppers of mysterious bottles in a row.

With feverish haste the child advanced. This time he carried no money-box, brought no dog.

His eyes had a strange light in them, but he spoke boldly—no sign of hesitation, no faltering now.

"If you please, Mr. Strawson, would you kindly tell me your charge for poisoning a boy?"

Mr. Strawson started—at first he smiled, as if at a joke, then he grew suddenly grave.

"It depends what kind of a boy," he replied.

"Well, you see, it happens to be myself. Mother did not want poor Blarney to be killed after all, but I don't think she would mind about me. I haven't any money left—you must put it down on mother's bill. She will understand why I did not want to live."

His voice became dreamy; he seemed to be looking through Mr. Strawson at something beyond.

"Wait a minute, little sir," said Mr. Strawson, quickly. "I'll just consult my old woman; she knows more about these things than I do. Eliza!" he called, "Eliza!" and there were whisperings in the passage.

"The young gentleman has gone clean daft. You look after him while I go and fetch Mrs. Percival. He's got a poisoning mania: yesterday it was a dog, to-day it is himself!"

"THE YOUNG GENTLEMAN HAS GONE CLEAN DAFT."

Eliza rose to the occasion. She invited Kenneth to her parlour and asked him to share her meal.

Mr. Strawson was rather busy for the moment. He would attend to the matter after tea, she explained; and with a persuasive smile coaxed him to eat some bread and jam.

She was struck by the utter look of hopelessness in the child's eyes. She thought she had never seen anything quite so sad.

"There! there! dear," she said, regarding him sympathetically; "you'll be better soon. Lor'! you do look bad!"

"I am quite well, thank you," he told her, politely. "I suppose you think I must be ill because I am going to die, but people can die quite easily, without being ill at all. That's just where Mr. Strawson is so clever. He keeps poison here on purpose. Didn't you know?"—seeing her expression of horror.

"Well," she gasped, "well, you are a little cure!"

He gazed dreamily into the fire and folded his small hands.

"No," he murmured, "there's no cure; it's so quick, one doesn't even kick—that's the best of—of—poison."

Mrs. Strawson shuddered; an uncanny chill crept over her. He looked so ethereal and strange in the flickering light that she was vaguely conscious of sudden fear. Her eyes travelled to the loudly ticking clock; she counted the moments and fidgeted uneasily, seeking about for a toy to distract his mind.

A grotesque china dog on the mantelpiece arrested her attention. Carefully she took it down and placed it beside him on the table.

"Look, deary, at the pretty bow-wow," she said. "Fond of dogs, eh?"

He let his head fall on his hands, and the hot tears coursed through his fingers, while his whole body shook with suppressed sobs.

"Well, I never!" she muttered, under her breath; "must be daft, and no mistake. Did anyone ever see the like?"

She relapsed into silence, and sat watching him pityingly, wondering when her husband would return.

Meanwhile Mr. Strawson was running in the direction of Kenneth's home, but, before he had gone many yards, the sight of a carriage caused him to draw up suddenly and wave to the driver to stop.

The carriage contained Mrs. Percival and a gentleman.

"Excuse me, madam," apologized Mr. Strawson; "excuse me, I pray, but your little boy——"

"Kenneth!—what of Kenneth?" she asked, quickly, growing very white.

All that day her hasty words of the morning haunted her. She began to see the motives which prompted the child's action; she remembered how deeply he loved the dog, and recalled his unceasing consideration for her, his great unselfishness. To relieve her mind she had told Robert Clive the story in the train, and now its strange sequel was gasped out by Mr. Strawson in tones of polite concern.

The horses' heads were turned, and the carriage drew up quickly in front of the chemist's shop.

Mrs. Percival alighted and followed her guide to the dingy room, where a sad, weary atom of unrest sadly contemplated a slice of bread and jam.

He did not hear her enter; he seemed lost in a doleful reverie. The sight of his altered face sent a sharp pang of remorse through the mother's heart. She threw Mrs. Strawson a look of gratitude, and swept past her to Kenneth's side.

She touched him lightly on the shoulder; he did not move.

"Kenny!" she said.

A shudder ran over him as he recognised her voice.

"Kenny, why aren't you glad to see me? You have never welcomed poor mother like this before! Kenny, darling, don't you know I love you? What made you think of poisoning yourself?"

He glanced up, an expression of surprise lightening his features.

"I thought you would be glad; you called me cruel, you said I hurt you, and Mr. Strawson does it so quickly——"

"Kenny, how can you?"

She kissed him again and again as she spoke.

"Oh, mother, I didn't really want to die; it was only to please you; but now I'm so glad I did not make a second mistake. What a good thing you came in time; Mr. Strawson was going to do it directly after tea."

There were tears in Mrs. Percival's eyes as she bore the truant lovingly away, keeping her arm tightly round him in the carriage.

Curiously he scanned the tall figure of the stranger, who willingly made room for him, a man occupying Kenneth's seat, beside Mrs. Percival. The kind eyes looked back into the boy's with a friendly glance. Little was said.

Not until later in the day, when the miseries of the past were all but forgotten, did Kenneth explore his new friend's talents.

Robert Clive loved children, and romped with Kenneth in the garden, till Mrs. Percival, would like to stay here always, only he isn't quite sure yet if you will let him."

The man and the woman looked at each other; they both smiled.

"Perhaps he would rather see a little more

"'KENNY!' SHE CRIED."

out of sheer pity for her visitor, felt bound to interfere.

"That's enough, Kenny, you must not tire Mr. Clive."

Kenneth, an example of youth's elasticity, pleaded for a continuance of the game.

"He likes it, mother, he said so himself," pointing to their guest.

The three were standing together in the shade of the shrubbery.

"And do you know," continued Kenneth, in a stage whisper, "Mr. Clive told me he of you, Kenny, before he decides," answered Mrs. Percival.

Robert Clive tossed the boy up in the air and landed him on his shoulder.

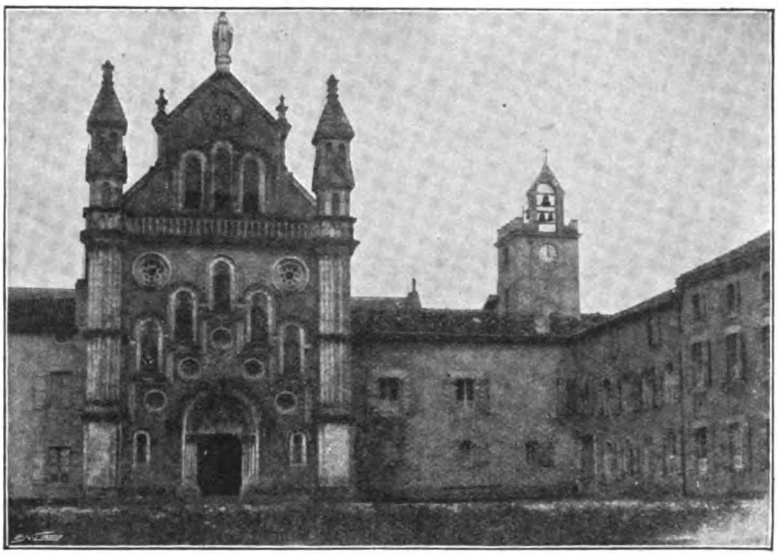
"Now, youngster, what do you think? Should I make a good papa?"

Kenneth grew suddenly grave—an awed look stole into his eyes.

"Oh! I see it all," he murmured, seriously. "God has sent you to us instead of Blarney. That is why mother is happy again. I'm so glad!"

The Silent Sisters of Anglet.

By Sir George Newnes, Bart.



THE CHAPEL.

ONE of the most ingenious forms of terrible punishment ever inflicted has been that of solitary confinement, without opportunity to speak with a living soul.

It sounds the most cruel of all punishments, because men and women are gregarious animals and desire to commune with their fellow-creatures.

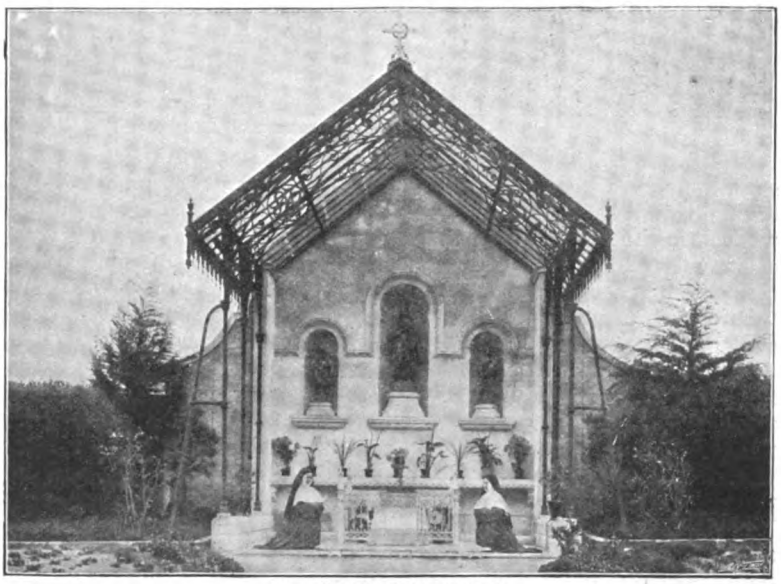
The penalty alluded to is compulsory; but here we have in the Silent Sisters of Anglet a voluntary resolve for religious purposes to live together in silence.

Anglet is a little village near Biarritz, in France, but on the borders of Spain. It is supposed that its name, which is obviously English, was given because, during the Peninsular War, many of the British wounded were sent over the frontier to this village; accordingly it was called Anglais, which has since become Anglet.

It is now, perhaps, altogether apart from the Peninsular War, one of the most curiously-interesting places in all the world.

The institution was founded in 1847 by L'Abbé Cestac. His object was to cause women to give up the temptations of speech and sight.

An old peasant-farmer, who was brought in an almost dying state to the neighbouring institution for female penitents, also founded by Père Cestac, begged that someone should look after his farm for him. Accordingly the Mother Superior and some of the penitents



THE TOMB OF FATHER CESTAC.

went to work in the fields, and in their religious fervour found that the silence and absence of distraction through seeing their fellow-creatures, when toiling in this lonely spot, on the border of vast sand-dunes, greatly conduced to spiritual elevation. The peasant-farmer died, making Père Cestac his heir. Here accordingly was an opportunity to lead a holy life, consecrated to God, of entire abstinence from use of the eyes (so far as looking at human beings is concerned), of the tongue, and from all curiosity.

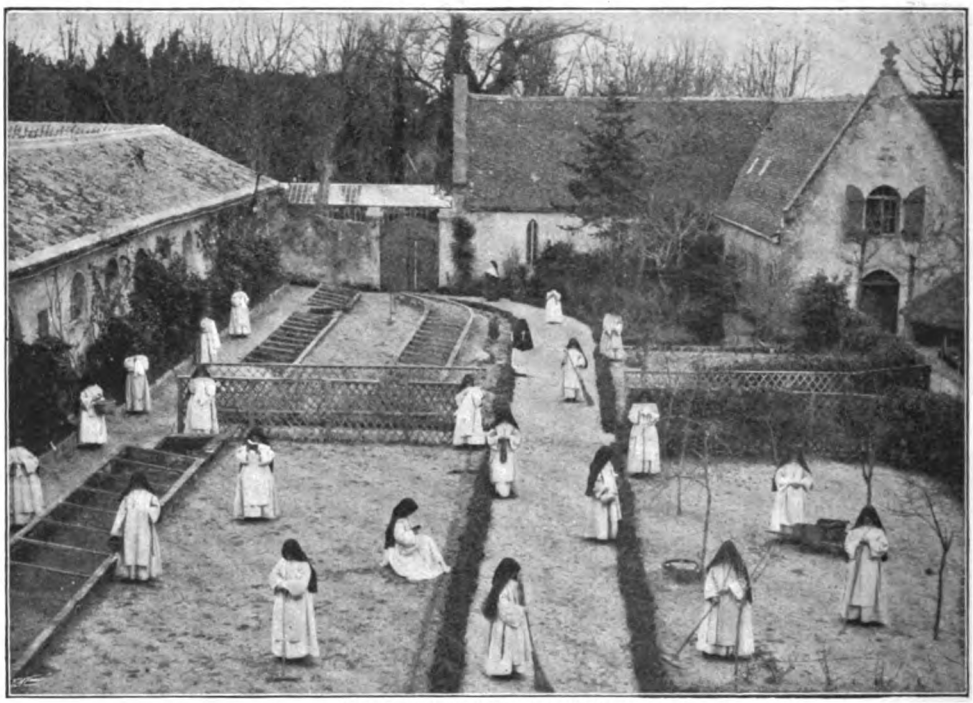
Sixteen cells, made and thatched with straw, only 7ft. high, wide, and long, were the beginning of what is now an important conventual institution. Although these cells of straw have long disappeared, the abstinence from speech, from looking, and from "curiosity" is maintained as strictly as ever.

The first impression on visiting St. Bernard is surprising. You expect to see a convent, and find no appearance of conventual life. All around you only see various buildings suitable for agricultural purposes. Soon you begin to distinguish. The considerable size of the chapel indicates a religious community. Everywhere you notice women, none but women, dressed alike, and actively engaged in various kinds of work. Some are cultivating the fields; others are looking after the animals; some are at the forge; some are building. The cultivators undertake the hardest of work, in the open air; while others, in the workshops, provide the necessary implements.

One of the first tasks of the Solitaires de St. Bernard was to fight against the general advance of the sand-dunes which, driven by the prevailing north-west wind, threatened to overwhelm their fields.

Père Cestac acquired a considerable territory of sand-dunes, which the proprietors were only too glad to dispose of. Here the Solitaires made millions of sowings of the species of pine which flourishes in the neighbourhood of the sea. They sowed thick, and covered up with bushes and branches, to the end that the wind should not blow the seed away. During long years the struggle continued; some sowing had to be repeated as many as sixteen times; but in the end the nuns conquered.

To-day a curtain of pine trees extends from east to west across the whole width of the territory, and the sands are stationary, the north-west wind having lost its power to move them. Dead, sterile land is now



THE SILENT SISTERS AT RECREATION.

covered with dense, luxuriant, productive forest.

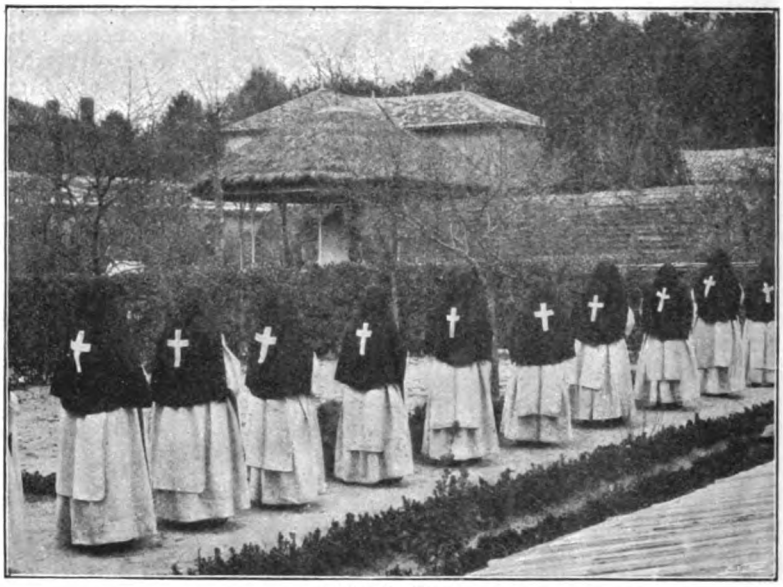
In August, 1854, the Emperor and Empress of the French were at Biarritz, and visited the Solitaires de St. Bernard. Passing through the cloisters, the Emperor expressed to Père Cestac, the founder, his wish to see one of the cells, and that which they were then passing was at once thrown open. A Solitaire was seated on a wooden bench, with head bent over her sewing, her back turned to the door. She did not move. The Emperor asked to see her face. "My child," said Père Cestac, "the Emperor and Empress are at the door of your cell, and wish to see you. Uncover your face." The obedient nun put down her work, turned toward the door, and sank slowly on her knees. Throwing back her white hood she revealed an angelic face, of a girl about eighteen years of age, whose beauty was enhanced by a sacred seriousness of a soul devoted to Heaven. At this sight all present were moved to compassion, but the nun, kneeling motionless, her arms crossed over her breast, seemed devoid of all earthly sentiment, and, faithful to the rule of the Solitaires de St. Bernard, which requires that the functions of speech and sight shall be mortified, spoke no word and held her eyes upon the ground.

L'ABBÉ CESTAC, THE FOUNDER.
From a Photo.

Père Cestac was the first to break silence. "It is much, sire, to be face to face with an Emperor, and not even to raise the eyes." The Emperor acquiesced, and the nun, having received permission, replaced her hood, kissed the floor of her cell, and resumed her seat and her interrupted work. The above is described from the book, "Vie du Serviteur de Marie, L. E. Cestac."

There are forty-five Silent Sisters at Anglet,

THE BERNARDINE CEMETERY.



GOING TO CHAPEL.

housed in a sort of nunnery, with the plainest of tables and chairs and food, as befits such a renunciation of the luxuries of life. Three of them have been there for fifty-three years, since the foundation of this extraordinary institution, and have kept silence during the whole of that time, excepting under two conditions which I will relate. Once a year the Bishop visits them and they are allowed to speak to him, and once a year to relations or friends who come to see them. They may confess to their priests.

What sins anyone who never speaks to or sees another may commit it is difficult to say, though sins of thought and heart may be as deadly as those of word or deed. They confess to the priest once a week. Then if they are ill, it is necessary to tell the doctor what their ailments are, but in that case the Lady Superior is always present. The terrible monotony of such an existence is also broken in this way, that they are allowed to sing their prayers in chapel. With these exceptions their life is one of absolute silence. Some will, perhaps, not believe that they keep this vow; they work together in the gardens, or, according to their capacity, at

AT LIGHT WORK.

THE PENITENTS.

embroidery in the Convent; it does seem almost incredible that women could work like that, year after year, without ever speaking a word to one another; but, after careful inquiries, I am able to say that the vow is kept with wonderful tenacity and religious fervour.

One instance taken from L'Abbé Cestac's book is that two of the Silent Sisters lived together in practically the same room (it might almost be called a cell), only divided by a partition, for no less than five years; they had never spoken to each other, they had never looked at each other. The elder one died, and she was laid out so that all the others who passed by could see her. When the woman who had lived at her side for five years came past the corpse she uttered a terrible cry of pain and sank to the ground. It was the dearest friend of her youth!

The forty-five Silent Sisters of Anglet are many of them wealthy, and they have given up everything to the Convent; in more cases than one it is said two million francs, but the money is not all, or largely, spent upon the Silent Sisters. A few hundred yards away is another institution devoted to the reclaiming of fallen women—penitents, as they call them; and the Silent Sisters by giving up their dowries practically maintain that noble institution.

Then, again, there is an Orphanage for about two hundred children, and the money of the Silent Sisters also goes there for endowment.

THE ORPHANS AT RECREATION.

I witnessed the Sisters working in the garden, and although we were somewhat a large party not one of them raised their eyes to look at us. They were weeding and thinning-out among the plants.

Curious it was to be told that there were three French and Spanish Duchesses among them at that work.

Have You an Old Print Worth a Fortune?

THE perversity of things in general was well exemplified the other day when a gentleman walked into a small shop in a large provincial town and purchased, for the small sum of 30s., two fine prints which had attracted his notice in passing. These same prints he afterwards showed to a London dealer, who immediately offered him £400 for one, or £700 for the pair; but their fortunate possessor declined to part with them at any price, as they were both rare states of the finest mezzotints that ever came into the market, and two he had long sought for in vain. The irony of the transaction lay in the fact that the lucky purchaser was a millionaire and the dealer a poor man in a very small way of business.

That there are numbers of similar treasures still undiscovered there is very little doubt, for they turn up every now and again in the most unexpected places, and sometimes in the most remote districts, the owners in many cases being absolutely ignorant of the value of their possession, and often equally so of their artistic merits. Possibly this article, with its illustrations, may be the means of bringing some of these to light, and of making their owners happy with unexpected riches.

During the latter half of the nineteenth century the value of old prints has increased by leaps and bounds; prints which in the earlier part of the century could be purchased for a few shillings now realize hundreds of pounds; and these present high prices are likely to be maintained, if not exceeded; for, with the spread of education, the improvement in public taste, and the small chance of its being met and satisfied by contemporary art, the demand is sure to grow, while the supply will naturally become more and more limited.

Among the highest priced of these old prints those by Rembrandt rank first; several of these run into four figures, and foremost among them is that which forms

THE "HUNDRED GUILDER PLATE." BY REMBRANDT.—PRINTS WORTH £1,750.

our first illustration, commonly known as the "Hundred Guilder Plate." An impression in the first state of this wonderful print, which has never been equalled for its technical excellence or its marvellous chiaroscuro effects, was sold at a public auction in

1893 for the large sum of £1,750. Yet in 1769 this same print was to be had for the modest amount of £27, and in Rembrandt's own time for forty-eight guilders. The plate is said to have been etched by the artist to clear off a debt of one hundred guilders, or about eight guineas of our own money. However that may be, the name it acquired through the tradition still clings to it, and is now very unlikely to be shaken off. This print is the envy of all collectors, and so eager was one enthusiast to possess a good impression of it, if only for an hour, that it was purchased on his account at a sale in 1867, though he lay at the time on his death-bed. As the last one likely to come into the market has now been disposed of, unless, as I have said before, one happens to lie hidden away in some remote corner of the world, would-be purchasers may set their minds at rest, and turn their attention to others equally desirable if somewhat less expensive.

REMBRANDT'S PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.—PRINTS WORTH £2,000.

Another very highly priced print by the same artist is his own portrait, which, although not perhaps of the same interest to the general observer as the preceding, nevertheless commands a still higher figure, the last offered for sale realizing the very extraordinary price of £2,000. The rarity of it in this particular state accounts for its high market value, only four such being known in the world. The plate was afterwards cut down to an oval, as if for insertion into a frame, not at all an uncommon way in those days of treating copper-plates of this description, for decoration or presentation, and since revived in our own with very satisfactory results.

"MRS. BAMPFYLDE." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—PRINTS WORTH ABOUT £800.

A different class of print, and one with which many people are much more familiar, is the portrait of "Mrs. Bampfylde," a beautiful lady of the Georgian period, whose husband was shot in 1823 in Montague Street, Mayfair, by a miscreant, who afterwards committed suicide. She had long been separated from her husband, but hurried to his side when this unfortunate occurrence took place, and never left him till he died a few days after. Her son, John Codrington Bampfylde, a poet, fell in love with a niece of Sir Joshua

Reynolds, with whom she lived. Sir Joshua objected to the match and closed his doors upon the young aspirant, who thereupon smashed his windows, and was duly rewarded by being sent to Newgate. This fine print, which was published in 1779, was engraved by T. Watson from a picture of the lady painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1777; in its finest state its price varies from 750 to 880 guineas.

"THE LADIES WALDEGRAVE." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—PRINTS WORTH £500 TO £600.

Equally fine, and of the same class as the former, is that of the "Ladies Waldegrave," for the possession of which there is always a struggle whenever an impression is in the market. It was originally published at a guinea, but now fetches easily from £500 to £600. The print is large, and was engraved from a famous picture by Reynolds. The three beautiful young ladies represented so busily engaged upon the fashionable occupation of the day were the daughters of Maria Countess Waldegrave, whose father, Sir Edward Walpole, so the tale runs, was so affected by the

"MRS. ABINGTON." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—PRINTS WORTH £200 TO £300.

"MRS. PELHAM." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—PRINTS WORTH £200 TO £300

sad story of a poor sewing-girl, employed by a Pall Mall tailor, that he took her under his protection. She eventually died, leaving three daughters, of whom the mother of this lovely trio was the second. This lady afterwards became Duchess of Gloucester, and thus did the daughter of a seamstress become closely allied to the English throne.

Of "Mrs. Abington," "Mrs. Pelham," and "Mrs. Carnac" there are doubtless numbers of impressions, though they are not often seen in the market, but when they do appear are eagerly contended for. The first-named is a fine portrait of that charming actress of whom it was said that her taste in dress was so exquisite that she was consulted in this particular by many ladies of the highest rank; yet she was supposed to have been originally only a flower-seller in St. James's Park, where she was known by the name of "Nosegay Fan." The two others were society ladies of the same period, both noted for their beauty and other charming qualities. The latest price paid for a fine print of "Mrs. Carnac" reached the enormous sum of £1,160, at a recent sale at Christie's.

The beautiful print of the "Daughters of Sir T. Frankland" is from a picture by John Hoppner of two of Admiral Frankland's children, of whom there were nineteen. In its finest state it commands from £400 to £500, though poor impressions are sometimes sold for as many shillings. The figures quoted here have even been exceeded in transactions of a more private nature, and this same remark applies to the majority of the rare prints here reproduced, with the single exception of the Rembrandts.

"St. James's Park" and "A Tea Garden" are illustrations of London life at the close of the eighteenth century. Both scenes were no doubt familiar enough in their day, and but for the difference in costume, with regard to that of "St. James's," is

"MRS. CARNAC." BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—PRINTS WORTH £1,000 TO £1 160.

"THE DAUGHTERS OF SIR T. FRANKLAND." BY JOHN HOPPNER.—PRINTS WORTH £400 TO £500.

"ST. JAMES'S PARK." BY GEORGE MORLAND.—PRINTS WORTH £200 TO £300.

so still, for both the professions represented remain faithful to the traditions of their respective callings and follow in the footsteps of their eighteenth century predecessors. It is, however, scarcely possible to realize that the sylvan scene represented in our next illustration is in the vicinity of what is now the busy and thickly-populated district of King's

"A TEA GARDEN." BY GEORGE MORLAND.—PRINTS WORTH £200 TO £300.

Cross, yet such is the fact, for the scene is laid in the gardens of the once famous Bagnigge Wells, at that time quite outside London. An off-day spent at these gardens was considered by the average citizen as good as a day in the country at any time. These two prints were issued in 1790, and, being cleverly printed in colour, became very popular. They are now much sought after, on account of their decorative qualities, a good pair realizing from two to three hundred guineas; a price for which one hundred times as many could have been purchased only a few years ago.

"The Pledge of Love," a pretty print after one of George Morland's pictures, is both popular and good, which is not

"THE PLEDGE OF LOVE." BY GEORGE MORLAND.—PRINTS WORTH ABOUT £300.

always the case with regard to those prints which command the largest prices. This one is very rarely to be met with, having become very scarce, through its popularity when first issued; it now sells for £300 and upwards, an impression printed in colour realizing £304 within the last year.

"Lady Rushout and Her Daughter," "Miss Farren," and "Mrs. Siddons," printed in colour, all run each other very closely in the matter of price, though the first-mentioned is at present first favourite, a fine impression of this print having recently been sold for

"LADY RUSHOUT AND HER DAUGHTER." BY ANGETINA KAUFMANN, R.A.—PRINTS WORTH ABOUT £220.

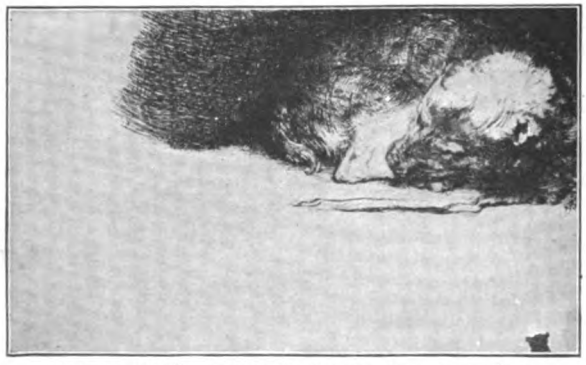
£220. "Miss Farren," however, is a good second, with a recent bid of £185, while "Mrs. Siddons" is fast rising in value, a proof in the first state jumping from thirty guineas in 1887 to £150 in 1900.

"MRS. SIDDONS."—PRINTS WORTH ABOUT £150.

The insignificant little print which follows these, the original of which is only about 4in. by 3in., is one of the finest examples extant for showing to what lengths enthusiasts allow themselves to be carried when pursuing, with an ardour an outsider can never hope to understand, this favourite hobby of print-collecting. It is another work of that prince of artists, the celebrated Rembrandt, and was probably etched by him in some moment of leisure, while this favourite little dog of his lay asleep in his studio. Its origin is certainly accidental, for he has evidently seized for his purpose the first bit of prepared copper that came to hand, and this being too large for his subject, he used, no doubt from motives of economy, only one corner of the plate. In this state he took but one impression, afterwards cutting out the corner, and taking all others from this reduced plate. It is from the first impression, taken before the plate was cut, that our illustration is taken, the only one in the world. For many years past it has been the ambition of all great collectors to possess this unique little print, and it was in consequence of this that each time it appeared in the market it advanced in price, until from £1 10s. paid for it in 1809 it reached in 1842 the ridiculously large sum for so little worth of £120, or about £10 per square inch. For this price it was purchased for one of our national institutions, where it now rests in security, free from the busy hum of the auction mart and the rivalry of would-be possessors.

"MISS FARREN." BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.—PRINTS WORTH ABOUT £185.

There are, of course, many other fine prints equally valuable that might be mentioned, but in all cases, in order to attain the extraordinary prices mentioned here, it is necessary that they should be in the finest proof state and best possible condition. A unique collection, such as here brought together, would then realize the respectable sum of £9,000 or £10,000; an amount calculated to inspire many with a desire to turn over once more, in the hope of discovering similar treasures, the contents of old chests, cupboards, and other hitherto unexplored nooks and corners of the family possessions, always a fascinating employment, even without the zest which such "great expectations" would naturally impart to it.



REMBRANDT'S "LITTLE DOG."—PRINTS WORTH ABOUT £120.

Sanline's Cross Order.

HOW A CYCLONE WRECKED AND SAVED.

By Alvah Milton Kerr,

Author of "In Front of the Stampede" and Other Stories.

THE accident in Pulver's Valley was perhaps as strange a happening as the annals of railroading in the Middle West of America can show. To a certain order of minds it had the cast and colour of a miracle; to the more literal and hard-headed, it appealed as pure coincidence; but to both it was, perhaps, equally astounding and impressive. It had inception in the next chair to mine in the dispatcher's office at Traynor. It was the result of a cross order—that terrifying shadow of doom and disgrace which hovers over every train-dispatcher's life, though happily not so menacing as formerly, owing to improved methods.

I had been some three months in the dispatcher's office. My position was that of way operator, which signifies that I had not reached the grade of dispatcher, but stood next to it, my work being confined to receiving car reports from the different stations and sending and taking all sorts of messages relating to the Train Master's department.

There were three dispatchers, dividing the twenty-four hours of the day into "tricks" of eight hours each. Besides myself and the three dispatchers there was Train Master Wilkins, "Old Wilk" we called him, a grizzled graduate from the dispatcher's chair. Charley Sanline had the second trick—that is, from eight in the morning until four in the afternoon. He was a dear fellow, kind, conscientious, painstaking, and everyone liked him. Through several years he had ordered trains from midnight until eight in the morning, and with never a serious blunder. But his night vigils and the long strain had broken his health. Gradually he had grown thin, and the tell-tale pallor of overwork crept into his cheeks. Daily I sat beside him, marvelling at his pluck, as I saw his long, thin fingers dancing on the key, as he bent over the train-sheet, guiding the hurling monsters over two hundred miles of track. Old Wilk wanted him to quit and go to California, but Charley couldn't afford it, he said. We knew this was true, for he had a mother to support, his father being dead; besides, he was trying to keep a younger brother in high school until the boy should graduate.

"Oh, I'll be all right when cool weather comes," he would say in summer; and, "Never mind, I will brace up when spring arrives," would be his laughing excuse in winter.

The Train Master, grim, serious, and seemingly as cold and unfeeling as iron, I observed, often watched Sanline, and sometimes gruffly ordered him to go out and walk about for a half-hour, while the old veteran himself took Charley's chair and ordered the trains, to the discomfort of many a lazy operator out on the wire.

One day, toward the hot end of June, a long train of coaches, decorated with bunting and many flags, came pounding across the switches and drew up alongside the platform at Traynor. The train was loaded, principally, with well-dressed men wearing badges upon the lapels of their coats, and carrying ribbon-knotted canes, the noisy aggregation representing a great political club on its way to a nominating convention at Chicago.

As the panting engine was uncoupled and started for her stall in the round-house the crowd swarmed on to the station platform. Looking down from the bay-window of the office, for we were in the second story, I saw the General Manager of the road in a group of men by the train. Having some messages for him, I hurried down and presented them. He drew a writing-pad from his pocket, and, scribbling several replies, handed them to me, then turned with a cheery "Halloa, Drant!" and shook the grimy hand of a short, greyish, solid-looking man in engineer's overalls, who was passing toward the front.

"How is the '90,' Drant? Can she take us to Chicago in two hours, think you? The boys are anxious to get in for the afternoon session," said the General Manager.

Drant looked up at the tall official, a twinkle in his keen grey eyes. He was an odd mixture of humour and savagery, a man with a reputation for making fast runs. "The '90' is well, sir. I'll make her take you there in that time if I have to drive a wedge in her pop," he said.

The manager laughed and held up his hand protestingly. "Oh, let her have her safety-valve, Drant! Don't wedge that, or she may blow up! In that event the East would probably nominate the next president, the West being short a lot of log-rollers and delegates." He glanced smilingly over the crowd of politicians.

"That might prove a blessing," grunted Drant, laconically, as the superb "90" came backing down to be coupled on. "I guess the old girl will dance you there all right," he added, looking fondly at the mighty machine.

"Ha, there, Drant, here's orders for us," shouted the conductor from the office window. "Come up and sign 'em."

Wiping his perspiring forehead and oily hands on a piece of waste, Drant climbed the stairs. I was at his heels.

The order was a long one, involving several meeting points and the overtaking and the passing of a number of trains as the special progressed over the 110 miles between Traynor and Chicago. I noticed that Sanline did not look even as well as usual, and how his thin fingers trembled as he handed out the order-book to be signed.

"Don't let any rust accumulate under the '90,' Drant," shouted Wilkins, as the conductor and engineer seized their orders and

"OH, LET HER HAVE HER SAFETY-VALVE, DRANT!"

hurried out the door. Drant grunted derisively; that was all.

With flags fluttering and the "90" emitting great, snorting gasps from her exhausts, the long train went smashing over the yard-frogs and out upon the smooth rails, and began whirling away along the green valley toward the east.

The first station, Fruitlane, she was to pass without stopping; at the third station out, Treetor, her order was to meet a wild-oil—that is, a special of oil-tank cars running west. As soon as the "90" cleared the switches at Traynor Drant pulled her throttle lever back close to the last notch and hung his greasy cap on the reversing lever. The fireman flung his cap among the coal in the tender, tore his shirt-collar open, and began

a battle to keep her hot. In five minutes his face was streaming sweat.

A stifling heat lay over the land. Over ten thousand fields of motionless corn it pulsed in soft gleamings; cattle stood in the still shadows of trees or thirstily pushed their red nostrils into the streams; horses at plough and mower stopped without bidding, heaving their dripping flanks, while the faces of the working men were as scarlet. A thin, hot steam seemed to fill all space, the sun looked faintly dim; yet out of it an intolerable heat seemed to beat as from the open door of a furnace. All life seemed half mad with suffering. Up in the office at Traynor we had been working since morning in great discomfort. Old Wilk, after a gasping puff, said the weather felt like cyclones. Sanline, poor fellow, hammered away on the brass, his face wet, but pallid. I felt irritable and weak. The heat was stupefying.

The big eastern special, however, had not been gone three minutes before the office force awoke to such activity as perhaps it had never known before, for Sanline suddenly sprang to his feet with his hand in his hair and his face like ashes. A strange, pitiful note came from his lips. He staggered back, looking with wild eyes at the train-sheet.

"'OH,' HE CRIED, 'I HAVE CROSSED 'EM!'"

"Oh," he cried, "oh, my God, I have crossed 'em!"

"What?" roared Wilkins, and with two strides he was at Charley's table. "Where? What have you done?" he demanded.

"I've given the oil-wild orders to meet Drant at Fruitlane, and Drant's order is to meet them at Treetor! They will meet two miles this side of Treetor! It's Treetor's hour at dinner! I can't raise him! Oh, my God!" He clutched the edge of the table, trembling with terror and weakness. I looked at him in horror.

Wilkins smote the circuit-breaker open and called Treetor for a moment, then rushed to the window and shouted, hoarsely:—

"Bring your engine on to the main track, Stevens! Go after the Chicago special—a cross order! Be quick!"

The "103" stood on the siding across from the station, exhausting slowly as she worked her injector pumps. She was ready to be coupled to a train from the west.

"Take a line relay and go with him," Wilkins cried to me. "If they come together cut the wire and report to me."

I caught a relay instrument from the shelf of the supply case, threw a coil of insulated wire over my shoulder, snatched climbers and pliers, and rushed out. As I turned for the door I glanced back. Sanline was hanging white and wavering across his table, one hand on the key and calling Treetor like mad, the other wiping the trickling perspiration from his face.

"Poor boy, what a frightful thing has fallen upon him," I thought, as I went lunging down the stair, and the vision of Sanline hanging over the keys haunted me through every phase of the terrible scene that followed.

With a few bounds I cleared the platform and track and tumbled into the gangway of the "103." I was still on my knees when Stevens pulled her throttle open.

"*Throw that switch open! Let us out!*" I heard him yelling to someone I could not see.

With a succession of thunderous blows on the frogs the "103" tore out through the yards and started along the valley like a wild thing. The fireman began shovelling coal into the fire-box with might and main. The heat from the boiler-head, combined with the hot sultriness of the day, was something maddening. I clutched my fingers in the engineer's smutted clothes and clung to him, trying to tell him the situation of the im-

perilled trains as the roll of the engine banged me back and forth.

"There's no operator at Fruitlane, you know," I shouted near his ear, "and the man at Treetor is at dinner. The oil-wild will come through Treetor without stopping, making for Fruitlane, and the special will pass Fruitlane without stopping, making to meet the oil-wild at Treetor. They will collide about two miles this side of Treetor, Charley said."

"Did *he* give the cross?"

I nodded, a choking lump rising into my throat.

Stevens kicked his feet against the footboard and ground his teeth. He had the throttle-lever back in the last notch, and we were going like the wind. The roar of the giant machine was a kind of continuous thunder.

"Drant will drive the '90' like Satan," he shouted. "He is probably making over fifty miles an hour. We will have to make sixty miles an hour, and then we will probably not catch him. I hate this—if they should happen to stop and we struck 'em in the rear! Say, get up in the window on the other side and yell to me if you see 'em. This is a crazy idea, sending us after 'em in this way. Burns," to the fireman, "pound the stuff under her! Keep her hot!"

Sweat was dripping from the fireman's chin. He rocked back and forth like a machine. Stevens held his watch in his right hand, his left on the throttle. Now and then he glanced at the timepiece, then strained his eyes ahead. In seven minutes we rushed through Fruitlane like a meteor. I saw a glimmer of small houses, a man falling back with uplifted hands against the side of the little depôt, and then, as with a breath, we were in the open again.

From Traynor to Fruitlane we had come in almost a straight line, but here we struck the flanking hills of the broad valley, and from thence eastward the track flowed forward in long curves, following in some degree the flexures of a small river. Here the drawn, intent look on Stevens's features deepened, and his hand on the throttle worked nervously, as if he would gladly close the valves, but he pluckily held her throat wide open and we flew onward. To one not strung to the keenest pitch of excitement our speed would have been terrifying; but personally I was not strongly impressed by this, for the transcendent danger of crashing into the passenger train, somewhere before us, the fact that in five or ten minutes the splendid special and the oil-wild might rush together, eclipsed all else, save fleeting bits of thought that raced through my mind like sparks: How was Charley bearing this? Would the Treetor operator return to his office before the oil-wild passed his station? How should we stop the special if we overtook it?

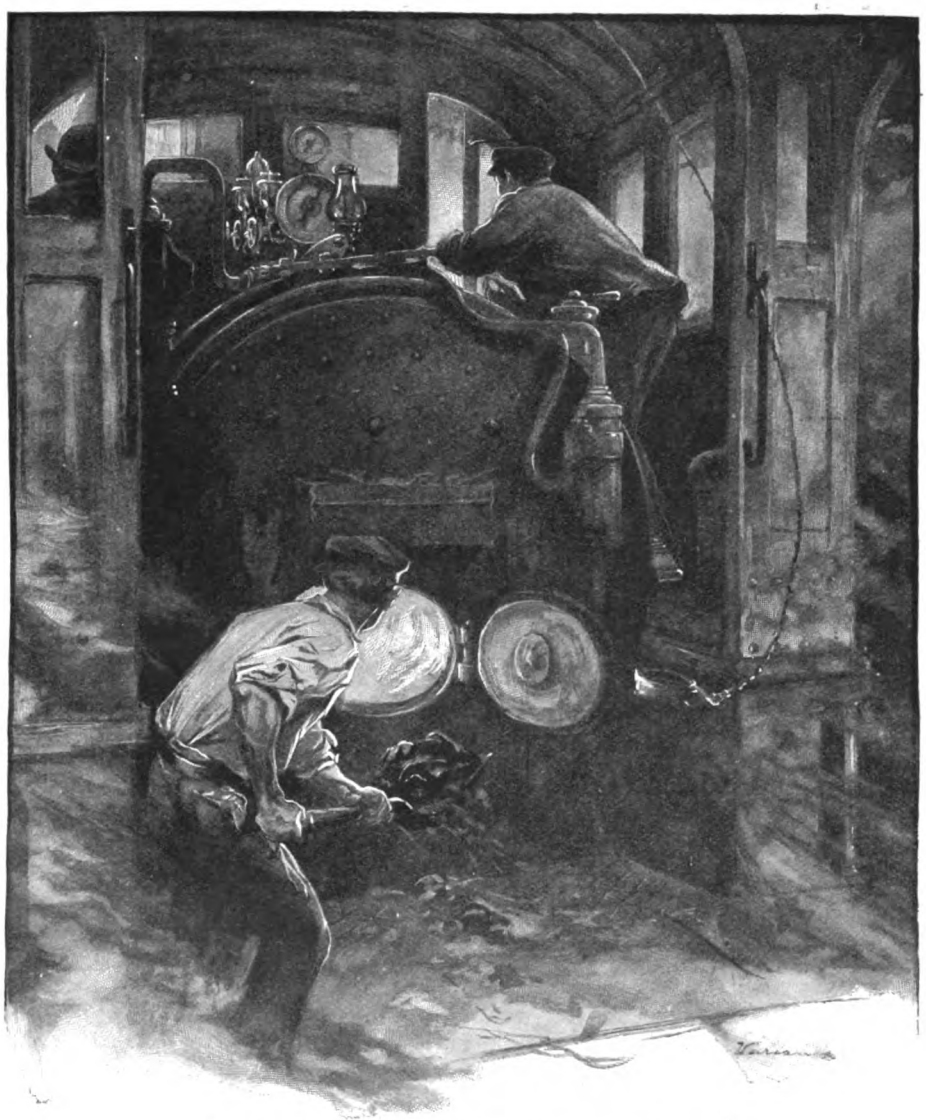
Then somehow I became aware that the hot, still atmosphere had turned a brown-green hue, and as we whirled round a long bend suddenly miles and miles of level valley lay open before us. To the north-east of it, indescribably majestic and awful, hung a leaning mountain of cloud, black-green at the base and smoky through all its foamy crags. It seemed pitching forward as if to fall upon and overwhelm the world. Halfway down the boiling mountain an immense island of brassy vapour was plunging into it like a moving continent. I saw the two twisting together like mighty serpents, and knew that death was abroad in the sky.

Stevens did not seem to notice it. His eyes were fixed on the reaches of track before us. Swinging in toward the hills for a half-mile or more I lost sight of the colliding storm-clouds for a little space, but when, a half-minute later, we rushed round an outward-bending curve I saw, miles away to the north-east, a forest being torn into fragments. Above it whirled an indescribable cylinder of cloud, an appalling monster of destruction. Almost black at the base, it towered heavenward for thousands of feet and spread out against the sky, dark-green and veined with curling forks of lightning. As it spun round it seemed an infinite auger boring into the earth and tearing the very hills into ruin. It was moving toward the south-west with far greater speed than ever a locomotive ran.

I was on my knees in the left-hand forward window of the cab, clutching the framework as the engine rolled and plunged. I glanced at Stevens. He was leaning forward watching the track ahead, the veins on his temples distended, the cords of his neck standing out. The fireman seemed never to look up. The handle of his shovel was wet, his face was streaming.

"There they are!" Stevens suddenly shouted. "Pound it under her, Burns! Give it to her!" He surged forward over his knees, as if he would push the rushing engine faster.

I looked ahead, for my eyes had been lifted to the spinning core of storm approaching from the north-east. With one glance I saw



"HIS EYES WERE FIXED ON THE REACHES OF TRACK BEFORE US."

that which made my scalp creep. We were within three miles of Treetor, and something more than a mile ahead of us the track swung outward into the valley, following the base of a long, projecting ridge. Near the beginning of this great curve we saw Drant's special rushing obliquely toward the outer point of the sloping ridge; beyond the point of land, perhaps a half-mile, I saw for an instant the polished jacket of the oil-wild's engine glitter against the lightning; then she was lost to sight on an inner curve.

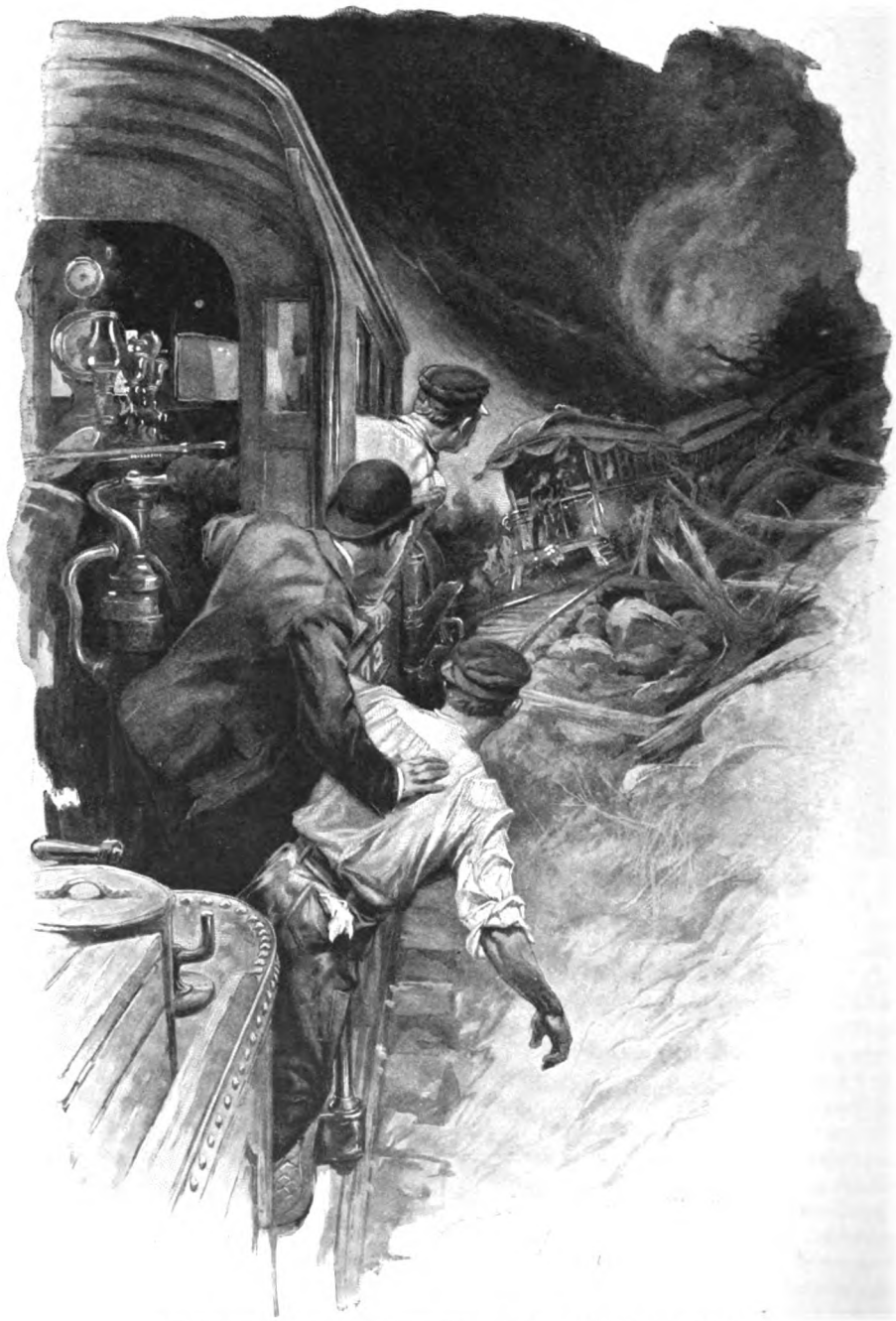
Stevens saw it at the same moment, and threw himself back and pressed his hand over his eyes, writhing like one who felt something of the pain of the hundreds of human beings who must surely be crushed to death in a few seconds. As for myself, I was dumb with horror for a little space. My tongue and lips seemed suddenly parched, and I swallowed painfully, trying to speak. With my eyes following the special as she thundered toward destruction I forgot the monster in the heavens. Suddenly I was conscious of pointing toward the north-east and shouting something.

Stevens saw, and, jamming the throttle shut, fell forward on his knees and gazed

outward and upward, all his features working oddly.

The vast, whirling cone of cloud was coming directly across the valley toward the point of the ridge. Houses, barns, fences, trees, all things were being sucked from the surface of the earth by its awful lips. The air about us was green, and somehow all objects seemed touched with a film of rust.

It looked that both Drant and the oil-wild must sweep directly into it, or, missing it, crash together the moment the appalling



"IN THE MIDST OF DUST AND WHIRLING ATOMS WE SAW DRANT'S SPECIAL."

thing had passed. Could Drant see it? No; the body of the ridge rose between him and the reeling wrack of force. The men on the oil-wild must surely see it. Would they stop, or, trying to run by it, dash the more certainly into Drant?

As the mad speed of the "103" slackened we gazed forward in fascinated terror at the converging forces near the point of the ridge. The panting fireman threw down his shovel, and, dashing the sweat from his eyes, looked and wondered.

Our suspense was but a few moments. With the roar and power of a hundred rushing trains the cyclone struck the point of the ridge. The waters of the little river burst up the hillside; tons of earth lifted into the air and turned to dust; trees on the ridge leaped clear of the ground like flying straws, and in the midst of dust and whirling atoms we saw Drant's special mount directly up the slope and stop on the hillside, the engine turning on its side. It was the most remarkable vision ever vouchsafed our eyes.

Three minutes later we jumped down from the "103" near the wreck. Around the point of the ridge there was no railroad track and scarcely any embankment. The telegraph wires had been swept away. By searching I found the broken end of wire number two, and, attaching my relay, grounded the wire in the mud at the river's marge.

A half-hour after the strange accident I called up Traynor and gave Train Master Wilkins the following:—

"The Chicago special is up on a hillside, about two miles west of Treetor. Most of the coaches are on the rails; the track runs directly uphill. Engine '90' ran off the ends of the rails, lies on her side. No one hurt. The oil-wild stands on the other side of the ridge; ran on to the twisted track and stopped; cannot back the train without assistance. None of the crew injured. No track around the hill; a cyclone crossed between the two trains, lifting the track up the hill on each side and breaking it in the centre. The ties and fish-plates held the rails together at each side, and Drant's train ran up the slope. We have flagmen out east and west."

Wilkins said some odd and sulphurous things on the wire; then added, "Have ordered wrecking train forward. Connect a wire through if you can."

"How is Charley?" I asked, fearfully.

"Had him taken home; he's in bad shape. Tell General Manager that I gave the cross order—*he* will understand."

It was like old Wilk, hard and serious on the surface, but tender as a mother at heart. He wanted to protect poor Sanline's good fame.

Two weeks afterward, when the queer wreck had been straightened out and the track rebuilt, Wilkins took a vacation and went with Charley to California. The "old man" bought a fruit ranch near San José and gave Sanline an interest in it. They never came back, save to visit us. Charley's outdoor life in California's sunny orchards brought him health again, and the old Train Master found the balm and leisure of his new life more congenial than "running trains over the hills of Illinois," as he once, in jocular fashion, wrote to me.

The Emperor's Gift.

A LEGEND OF ANCIENT ROME.

By Frank Holmfield.

(The following is a very free translation of a Latin MS. in the possession of a private collector of curios. It is possible that most of the mathematical "surprises," such as the well-known horse's shoe-nail multiplication story, were founded on this legend. For the purpose of providing clear illustrations, the various quantities of coins mentioned below have, by a method well known to mathematicians, been rolled into one large one, the various sizes stated being accurate.)

WHEN Terentius, a Roman General who had distinguished himself greatly during a campaign against the Helvetii, returned in triumph to the capital, he sought an audience with the Emperor, who greeted him cordially and thanked him for the valuable services which the warrior had rendered the Empire, at the same time expressing his intention to reward the General by appointing him to a high position in the Senate.

To which proposal the warrior made reply :—

"My lord! the many battles I have fought I won to bring my Emperor new power; and had I more than mortal life to yield, it would in your service have been sacrificed. But I am tired of making war; my blood runs not so fiercely through my veins to-day. I would seek rest on my forefathers' soil, and betake me home to more domestic joys."

Then the Emperor said :—

"What would you, Terentius?"

"I crave indulgence, my lord! In many years of battle, with blood upon my sword from day to day, I had no time to gain a wealthy purse. My lord, I am poor."

And then the Emperor cried :—

"Say on, Terentius; why pause in your good words?"

"Why, then, my lord, I will speak out. Hear me! If you would now bestow reward upon your humble soldier, let that reward suffice me to live in peace henceforth on my domestic hearth. I seek no lofty place in the all-powerful Senate; I would fain retire from public life. But I must eat to live. Give me, therefore, the wherewithal to buy my bread! A reward, if you will."

TERENTIUS BRINGING BACK THE FIRST COIN—
WEIGHT 147 GRAINS.

Now, history records that the Emperor was not open-handed in his dealings with his subjects. The possession of treasure yielded him the most exquisite delight. Few were his acts of generosity, small his contributions to the public good. He loved wealth; he was, therefore, a niggard.

"What sum, Terentius, do you consider needful?"

"One million denarii, my lord!"

The Emperor reflected. His General stood, with bent visage, awaiting his words. His master spoke :—

"Worthy Terentius! you are a great soldier. Your mighty deeds have been recorded well, as they deserve. Your services to the Empire have been splendid. I will reward you. You shall have money. But come at noon to-morrow. You shall have my decision then!"

THE SEVENTH COIN—WEIGHT 1·225LB.

The General bowed, and saluting, withdrew.

To-morrow came. The General sought the Royal presence.

"Greeting, good Terentius."

Terentius made obeisance.

"I am come, my lord, to know your will."

The Emperor said:—

"A noble soldier shall not say of his Emperor that but scant recognition of many great services is made. Here is my proposition. In yonder Treasury there are 5,000,000 second brasses*, good coin of this our realm. Now heed my words. The plan is simple. Enter the Treasury, take a second brass in your hand, and return. Place the coin at my feet. Return to the Treasury, take a coin worth two second brasses and place it with the other; on the third journey bring forth a coin worth four second brasses; on the fourth, a coin worth eight; on the fifth time, one worth sixteen; and so on, doubling the value of the coin each time. You shall visit the Treasury once daily, and I will give orders to the Master of the Treasury to have a coin of the required size made ready for you every day. I give you full liberty to continue carrying out the money as long as you are able to do so—on the understanding that you fail not to bring hence double the weight carried on the previous journey. You must not accept assistance from anyone in carrying each coin from the coffers; you must rely entirely on your own efforts. As soon as you find it impossible to carry any more you must stop, our compact ceases

THE NINTH COIN—WEIGHT 4·9LB.

* A second brass was a Roman coin of the period, of a value of about three farthings of English money.

from that moment, and the coins you have succeeded in carrying forth are your property for ever—that, Terentius, is your reward."

The General, who had listened intently to the Emperor's words, drank every syllable in, as a thirsty man does some grateful beverage. To his mind there seemed no difficulty in clearing out every coin in the place. To

THE ELEVENTH COIN—WEIGHT 19·6LB.

most people, a similar impression would be given by a similar proposition.

When he had spent a little time in serious reflection he smiled, and made reply :—

"I am satisfied. You are generous indeed."

For he was not a mathematician. The Emperor was.

The journeys began.

THE THIRTEENTH COIN—WEIGHT 78·4LB.

The Treasury was situated some fifty yards from the Emperor's audience chamber. It required little effort for the General to make the earlier journeys. He duly presented

THE FIFTEENTH COIN—WEIGHT 313·6LB.

THE SIXTEENTH COIN—WEIGHT 627·2LB.

himself before the Emperor after the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh journey, with coins worth one, two, four, eight, sixteen, thirty-two, and sixty-four second brasses (one of which weighed 147 grains and measured 1⅛in. in diameter). By the time the seventh journey was completed the collective coin had grown to 4½in. in diameter and the weight had risen to 1·2lb.

And there was not the smallest sign of fatigue visible in the features of the General, who appeared to be mightily pleased with the whole affair. On the ninth journey there was a coin worth 256 second brasses to be carried from the Treasury. The aggregate measurement had grown to 7·8in., whilst the weight by this time was 4·9lb.

On the eleventh journey the General carried out a coin 11·2in. in diameter and weighing 19·6lb. Now the Emperor, up to that time, had kept a pleasant countenance, but now it lit up with great satisfaction, for his poor General had completed the eleventh journey, and as yet possessed but a trifle over one thousand second brasses.

The General, on the other hand, looked sadly perturbed, and exhibited a great deal of anxiety in his countenance, for it was beginning to be borne home upon his mind that the bargain was not a favourable one on his side. His thirteenth journey secured him 4,096 second brasses — which, in the form of one coin, measured 18in. in diameter, and the weight turned the scale at 78lb., to carry which he found it necessary to employ both hands.

The constant journeying, together with the weight of his burden, was now beginning to tell on the General. Seventy-eight pounds is a substantial weight to carry a distance of fifty yards.

"Good Terentius, I beg you not to over-

THE SEVENTEENTH COIN—WEIGHT 1,254·4LB.

exert yourself!" exclaimed the Emperor, anxiously.

"I will not, my lord," was the lugubrious response, as the General wiped his brow and started again for the Treasury coffers.

The fifteenth load was certainly formidable. The General could only make slow progress to the Emperor's presence, for he carried a coin worth no less than 16,384 second brasses, weighing 313·6lb.! The diameter of the coin was now 28·4in.

When the General had appeared for the sixteenth time the gallant warrior was staggering under his load, placed on his back, of 32,768 coins, which, as a single coin, would measure 36in. in diameter and weigh 627·2lb. And the carrier seemed all but exhausted.

The Emperor laughed.

A noise of thunder rolled through the chamber when the General entered next. He had found himself unable to carry his load. The aggregate coin which now represented 65,536 second brasses, measured 45·3in. in diameter and weighed 1,254·4lb., was rolled into the presence of the Emperor.

The eighteenth journey, however, proved to be the last, and this time the brave General was compelled to use his lance as a lever to move the immense coin, 57in. in diameter and 2,508·8lb. in weight. It represented a total of 131,072 second brasses—quite a respectable fortune.

The General was now fairly "done up." He had only strength to lever the giant coin to the feet of his Emperor, when the huge mass fell with a crash to the floor.

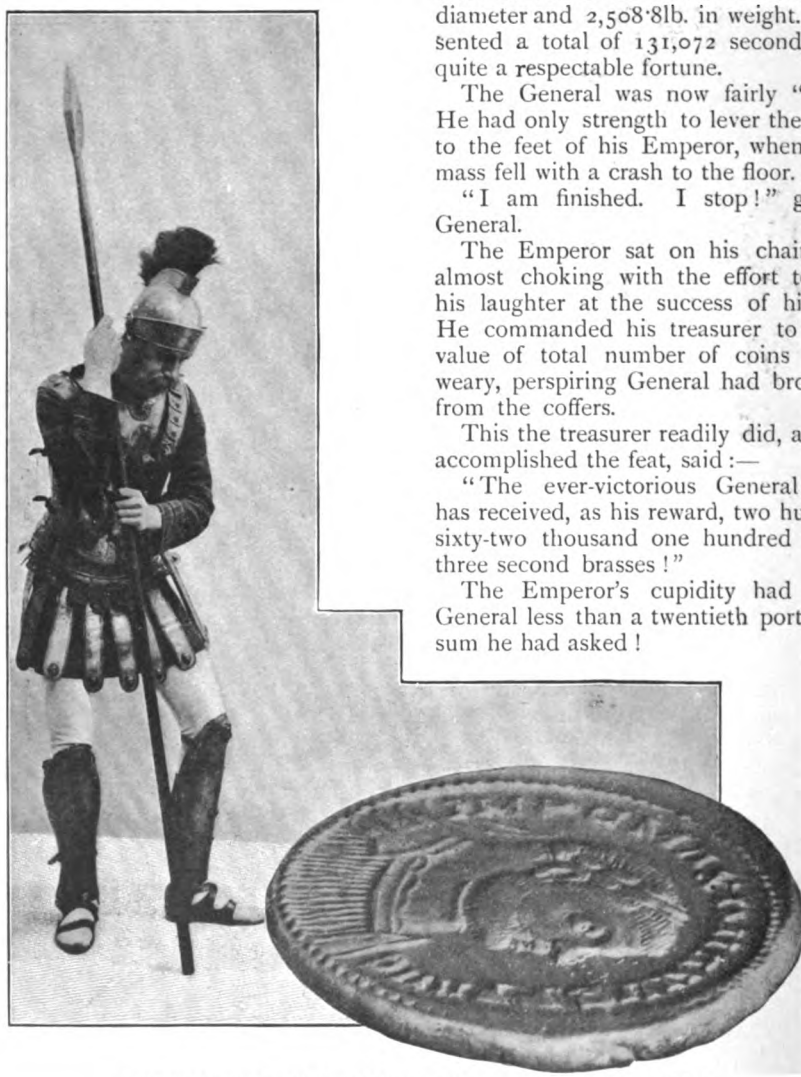
"I am finished. I stop!" gasped the General.

The Emperor sat on his chair of State, almost choking with the effort to suppress his laughter at the success of his strategy. He commanded his treasurer to count the value of total number of coins which the weary, perspiring General had brought forth from the coffers.

This the treasurer readily did, and, having accomplished the feat, said:—

"The ever-victorious General Terentius has received, as his reward, two hundred and sixty-two thousand one hundred and forty-three second brasses!"

The Emperor's cupidity had given the General less than a twentieth portion of the sum he had asked!



THE BREAKDOWN.—THE EIGHTEENTH, AND LAST, COIN—WEIGHT 2,508·8LB.

From Behind the Speaker's Chair.

LXVII.

(VIEWED BY HENRY W. LUCY.)

PREMIER AND PRIMATE.

IT is a curious trait in the complex character of Lord Salisbury, one that must give acute pain to his fifth son, that a bishop is never safe in his company. Like Lord Hugh Cecil in the House of Commons, the Premier is a devout man, a strict church-goer, one brought up to reverence the cloth. But he never can resist the temptation to have a shy at a bishop or to trip up a Primate. The passion becomes irresistible when occasion arises in connection with the Liquor Question.

In the last Session of the final Parliament of the century there was a scene in the House of Lords, the pain of which will never fade from the memory of those who witnessed it. A question of amending the Licensing Laws in the direction of discouraging the sale of drink was before the House. The bishops, stirred by desire to improve the social condition of the people, flocked to their quarters below the Gangway, as in wintry weather at sea the gulls gleam about the river bridges. Lord Salisbury had spoken against a motion which stood in the name of the Archbishop of Canterbury. As a rule, his word in the House of Lords is law. On this occasion there were signs of dangerous revolt. The Whips, counting heads, were by no means certain the Government would not suffer defeat. The Primate was visibly touched.

"Although I proposed the amendment," he said, turning beseechingly towards the surly Premier, "I have not at all lost my confidence in the Government."

"The most reverend prelate may say what he likes," angrily retorted the Premier; "what I care for is what he does."

THE BONÂ-FIDE TRAVELLER.

Early this Session there was another difficulty with the bishops, arising out of this same vexed question of the Liquor Laws. The Bishop of Winchester moved the second reading of a Bill putting six miles between the thirsty *bonâ-fide* traveller and his loving cup. At present the law decrees that he may not drink unless he has travelled three miles from his home. Lord Salisbury would have nothing to do with the Bill. With pleased recollections of his prowess on the bicycle when speeding round the quiet glades of Buckingham Palace Gardens, he laughed to scorn the idea that an extra three miles would be a deterrent to the thirsty bicyclist.

"If you have a bicycle," he said, looking at the Lord Chancellor, who has hitherto withstood the fascination of that method of locomotion, "six miles will, especially if you are thirsty, count as little as three."

"A SHY AT A BISHOP."

"HE WAS SNAPPISH TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK."

He was snappish to the Archbishop of York, who supported the Bill. He was withering in his wrath against the Bishop of Winchester, who had brought it in.

"The object you are seeking to attain," he said, turning upon the Bishop, "is trivial in the extreme. You are proposing to introduce the maximum of disturbance with a minimum of result."

There was a pretty full House, nearly a hundred being present. On ordinary questions such a muster means on a division a Ministerial majority of five, perhaps six, to one. Again, as last year, the Whips brought ominous prognostications of defeat. This was so nearly realized that the Government escaped with a majority of six. If this kind of thing is frequently repeated Lord Salisbury may have to reconsider his position on the question of Disestablishment.

LORDS AND COMMONS.

On this occasion, as on all others when he joins the debate, the Premier justified his reputation as personally the most interesting individual in political life. In the main the House of Lords is a deadly dull place. The dumping-ground of the political world, it contains a considerable stratum of men who have either proved failures in the more active arena of the Commons or, after a more or less useful career, have reached a period of life when labour is but sorrow. They must be provided for, and as there is no room for them in a new or reconstructed Ministry, nor any suitable Colonial Governorship available, they have a coronet clapped on their heads and are sent to the House of Lords.

Beyond this constant stream from backwaters outside the House of Lords has to contend with the fundamental principle of heredity, which does not of necessity imply special ability. Of course, there are exceptions alike in cases of hereditary succession and the introduction of new blood. When, half-a-dozen times in the life of a Parliament, a question of Imperial importance comes on in the Lords the debate, strictly pruned of excrescences, rises to a level higher than that habitually attained in the Commons. But on ordinary nights, in pursuance of average business, it is impossible to conceive a duller assembly than that sparsely gathered in what, from the point of view of acoustics, is probably the most faulty chamber in the world.

A SUPREME MAN.

Over this conglomeration of the commonplace Lord Salisbury's personality coruscates. When he rises all ears are strained to catch his slightest word. A prominent charm in his speeches (the delight of which is not fully shared by his colleagues) is that nobody, certainly not excepting the Premier, knows what he will have said before he resumes his seat. If the vision of the housemaid crosses his mind he must needs follow it up, even though she lead him to throw out a Bill introduced in the other House by a faithful follower, and carried with the assistance of his own Lord Advocate. In the case referred to as happening early in the Session, having risen with no other intention than to flout the Bishop of Winchester and sneer at the Archbishop of York, before he sat down he had committed himself to the principle of local option.

This and other blazing indiscretions are due simply to Lord Salisbury's contempt for his fellow-man. Honestly and unaffectedly

CORUSCATING AND BLAZING.

he does not know why at least one-half of them exist. Sometimes his withering regard is fastened upon an individual, as was the case with Mr. Disraeli when, fifty years ago, he sat with him in the House of Commons, little dreaming that before the century had entered on its last quarter he would journey home with him arm-in-arm from Berlin. More often it is a class of men that excites his ire. It indicates the breadth of his mind that upon occasion he views with equal ire extreme Radicals and the Bench of Bishops.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

Amongst much interesting matter in the "Life and Correspondence of Mr. Childers," recently published by Mr. Murray, there is startling proof of fatal neglect of lessons learned in the Transvaal twenty years ago. In a letter dated 16th February, 1881, Sir George Colley, making the best of the repulse at Laing's Nek, writes: "The want of good mounted troops told very heavily against us, and our soldiers are not as trained skirmishers and shots as the majority of these Boers, who from their childhood have lived in the country to a great extent by their guns, and are used to stalking and shooting deer. Our artillery does not at all compensate for our want of mounted troops. The Boers keep cover too well, and when exposed move too rapidly and in too loose order to give artillery much chance."

It will be seen that this passage might have been written by Sir George White to Lord Lansdowne before he shut himself up in Ladysmith. Possibly a future biographer will be able to find an analogous passage in that correspondence.

Another fact illustrative of the French saying, the more things change the more they resemble each other, appears in this same letter. "The anxiety of the Boers to conceal their own losses is," Sir George wrote, "almost comical." We have not forgotten the Boer bulletins in the early stages of the latest war, wherein, after desperate fights at Magersfontein, Spion Kop, and the like, the British were slain by hundreds, whilst at the most three or five Boers bit the dust.

THE ORANGE FREE STATE.

Ministers who in forgetfulness of Colley's clamour for mounted troops warned off the Colonies with haughty "No mounted men, please," can scarcely be expected to have taken note of another lesson coming down from Majuba days. According to their spoken testimony nothing amazed Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain more than the circumstance of the Orange Free State throwing in its lot with the Transvaal. Sir George Colley knew better.

"I am afraid," he wrote, "there is no doubt the Boers are receiving large assistance from the Free State despite the efforts of President Brand and his Government. It is remarkable how they always cling to the Free State border as a secure retreat in case of reverse."

Thus history repeats itself, and thus are its lessons forgotten.

QUEEN VICTORIA.

In the memoirs published at the time of the Queen's death general testimony was borne by many authorities to Her Majesty's personal share in the daily task of administering the affairs of the Empire. The most striking testimony was borne by Mr. Balfour in his speech in the House of Commons when moving the Vote of Condolence. He told a hushed House how, going down to Osborne on the eve of the Queen's death, he was struck by the vast mass of untouched documents awaiting the coming of Her Majesty. Short as was the interval between her signing the last document and her lying down for her long rest, it was, he said, sufficient to clog the wheels of State administration.

In his official correspondence Mr. Childers preserves many striking proofs of this habit. Queen Victoria was alert on every question of the day, from the dispatch of an army on foreign service to the clothing of the men who composed it, from the selection of a Commander-in-Chief to the distinguishing mark of an Army nurse. On these and all other matters the Queen not only had strong views, but expected them to prevail.

Writing from Windsor Castle on 10th July, 1882, Her Majesty said: "As the last telegrams from Egypt lead the Queen to fear that hostilities may break out at any moment, she wishes to learn from Mr. Childers what force it is intended to send to the East in such an event, and whom he contemplates recommending for the chief command. . . . It must, of course, be conferred on one of the tried officers, assisted by others who have recently been in active service. The Queen wishes to know whom Mr. Childers has thought of, so that she may have time for consideration before being asked for her final decision. Is the transport in an effective state, and have we sufficient horses for performing the duties that will be expected of this branch if an expedition starts? The Queen wishes to be fully informed of each step as matters proceed, and to learn con-

fidentially the object and nature of any movement towards the East."

If Her Majesty had been *de facto* head of the Army, as she was *de jure*, she could not have been more pertinent or peremptory in her inquiries. The tone of the letter recalls her correspondence with Lord John Russell, which resulted in the dismissal from the Foreign Office of Lord Palmerston, who had in certain despatches presumed to act as if the young Queen were a mere figure-head. It was understood at the time that the historic letter which squelched Pam was dictated by the Prince Consort. If he was her tutor in the matter the letters from the Queen written nearly thirty years later show he had an apt pupil.

THE DISMISSAL OF PAM.

Twelve days later Her Majesty writes from Osborne: "The Queen concludes the Guards will go to Malta in the first instance? She trusts transports, supplies, and a large Hospital Corps with all that is required for the nursing and comfort of sick and wounded will be thought of and provided for. Much as the Queen rejoices to see the rapidity with which the expedition is to be sent she would strongly warn (*sic*) sending them out before all that is required is ready."

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

In 1880 Sir Garnet Wolseley, primed with lessons dealing with the war in South Africa, was appointed Quartermaster-General. With his assistance Mr. Childers preceded Mr. St. John Brodrick on the path of Army Reform, coincidence between the two epochs being further carried by the fact that the present Secretary of State for War's chief helpmate is fresh home from South Africa, the gleaner of costly experience. Queen Victoria entered with great zest into the War Office proposals, studying each one in detail, writing lengthy letters, acutely criticising and offering practical suggestions.

When the war in Egypt in 1882 was over and Arabi *chassé*, Her Majesty wrote a weighty letter from her holiday home in Scotland. "The Queen is especially anxious that no troops should move in a hurry, as she feels convinced no reliance can be placed yet on the Egyptians, who would, if they had a chance of success, again rise. . . The whole state of Egypt and its future are full of grave difficulties, and we must take great care that short of annexation our position is firmly established there, and that we shall not have to spend precious blood and expend much money for nothing."

If Her Majesty were still alive this letter, with omission of reservation about annexation, might, and probably would, have been addressed to Mr. St. John Brodrick with reference to affairs in South Africa.

THE QUEEN'S RANGE OF VISION.

It was Queen Victoria who thought of establishing a decoration for nurses employed on active Army service. She remembered how, after the Crimean War, Miss Nightingale and a few of the nurses associated with her received a badge, but that was for a special occasion and was very expensive. "The badge or cross," wrote her practical Majesty, "need not be of an expensive nature, and might be worn with a ribbon on the shoulder."

One more quotation will show how quick was the Queen's glance, how wide her sympathies. Early in 1884 it became known that the Duke of Marlborough wished to sell his pictures. At this time Mr. Childers, moving from the War Office, had become Chancellor of the Exchequer. There promptly reached him the following note from Osborne:—

"The Queen understands that the Duke of Marlborough is going to sell his pictures

and hopes that some of the most important may be bought by the nation."

The hapless Chancellor of the Exchequer, faced by a falling revenue, the charges of two wars, and the certainty of a deficit, did not enthusiastically respond. But the Queen, as usual, had her way.

"INTELLIGENT INTEREST" IN SUPPLY.

On the eve of the Easter recess Mr. Arthur Balfour, standing at the table, lifted his hands in eloquent gesture of despair at the prospect before him. There remained only four days for discussion of the Supplementary Estimates, staved off from day to day by what he delicately described as the "intelligent interest" taken in the Votes by the Irish members. A simple calculation pointed to the conclusion that in further development of that "intelligent interest" fifty-seven divisions might be taken before Supply was voted and the Appropriation Bill brought in in anticipation of the close of the financial year. As a division takes on the average a quarter of an hour for its completion, it followed that fourteen hours and a quarter, perilously approaching the limit of two ordinary sittings, would be occupied simply in walking round the lobbies.

AN ELOQUENT GESTURE OF DESPAIR.

LEGISLATION BY PEREGRINATION.

On the face of it this appears to reduce legislation to absurdity. Its effects spread over a Session is naturally more startling than the limited view taken in this particular instance by the Leader of the House. The last Session of the old Parliament was exceptionally dull. The Irish members, not yet reorganized on the financial basis introduced in the palmy days of Mr. Parnell, were not in spirits sufficiently high to take an occasional spurt in divisions. The total for the Session footed up to 290, a number that will be far exceeded before the close of the present Session.

That means that of the last Session of the last Parliament of the nineteenth century our legislators spent seventy-two hours, just eight Parliamentary days, in walking round and round the Division Lobbies. Regarded as exercise varying sedentary occupation, the performance has its recommendation. It is not calculated to increase the respect of plain business men for the High Court of Parliament.

THE CLOSURE.

The introduction of the closure, an essential condition to doing any work at all in the House of Commons, is itself responsible for increasing the number of divisions. Occasionally a Government proposal, though obnoxious to a section of the House, may get through without a division. The closure is always divided upon. There are some members who boast that they have religiously fulfilled a vow, registered when the closure was carried, that they would always divide upon it, however desirable might be the object it had in view. Thus it comes to pass that, whereas in dealing with an amendment in Committee of Supply one division formerly sufficed, two must now be taken.

It comes about in this way. After much talk the Minister moves "that the question be now put." It rests with the Speaker to decide whether he shall submit the closure. If he agrees there can be no discussion, the House straightway dividing. When members come back from the Division Lobby, the closure being carried, the question under debate at the time it was moved is submitted and a second division takes place. I have said that two are inevitable. If the question before the House be an amendment the divisions may run to three. After the closure has been carried and the amendment negatived, the Speaker puts the main question—that is to say, a particular vote in the Estimates. Whereupon, appetite growing by what it feeds upon, members trudge out for a third lap in the Division Lobbies.

"AFTER DINNER WALK A MILE."

I think I mentioned some years ago how the exercise of passing through the lobbies was systematized by an esteemed member. Mr. Isaac Holden, who by taking thought lived long past fourscore, had among his many rules of life one compelling him to walk a mile immediately before retiring to bed. If he left the House, say at midnight, after a quiet sitting he took his measured mile by circuitous route to his hotel near St. James's Park. If the House of Commons chanced on any night to be

attacked with a fit of divisions, Mr. Holden, being economical of time as he was of all other good things, took his mile, or a portion of it, walking round the lobbies. He stepped their full length, found out how many turns went to a mile, and ordered his way home accordingly.

LOBBY-SPRINTING—WHAT IT MAY COME TO.

PARLIAMENTARY REPORTS.

Readers of the country papers, who through the Parliamentary Session open their favourite broad-sheet to find a whole page of speeches delivered in the House on the previous night, cannot realize the situation in this respect as it existed when the Post Office took over the telegraphs. Thirty years ago news, general and Parliamentary, was purveyed by the Electric Telegraph Company. That corporation was the Press Association, the Central News, and all the rest of them combined. To-day these agencies have large staffs working on a perfected system, insuring accuracy, fulness, and speed of reporting.

Thirty years ago what was pompously, if not sarcastically, known as The Intelligence Department of the Electric Telegraph Company was composed of four personages. At the head of them was the redoubtable Charles Vincent Boys, who, when the transfer took place, drove with the Post Office a hard bargain from which the Telegraph Department suffers at this day. Incidentally C. V. B. secured for himself a pension on which he snugly lived, dying a year ago in the neighbourhood of his beloved Fleet Street, full of years and honour and good dinners.

The Electric Telegraph Company in his day enjoyed a monopoly. They charged what they pleased, and the rate was so stiff that the wealthiest provincial papers were satisfied with a daily column or two. Whether the world was any the worse off by comparison with the present redundancy of Parliamentary report is an interesting question. To-day, whilst the tendency among the majority of the London papers is to summarize the reports, the country papers let themselves go over a full page report of important debates. Several habitually exceed the length of Parliamentary report supplied by the London morning papers, excepting the *Times*, which in this matter has a special tradition to keep up.

Whatever may be the effect on the intelligence of the public wrought by the cheapening of telegraph rates, there is no doubt it has served appreciably to lengthen Parliamentary proceedings. Most of the wealthy provincial daily papers have their special wire, over which are transmitted full reports of speeches delivered by local members. Formerly these gentlemen, being dismissed with curt paragraphs of the reports in the London papers, and having no special provision made for them by the local journals, did not find it worth while to insist on contributing weighty speeches to current debates. It is different now, and the altered circumstances are responsible for much loquacity in the dinner-hour at Westminster.

The good old times, with C. V. Boys working the Intelligence Department, aided by three assistants, one a stripling of seventy-three, had its compensations.

The Sun Princess

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

A Breton Farm Labourer's story told at Plouaret, 20th December, 1891, to Fr. M. Luzel.

TRANSLATED BY MARGARET MAITLAND.

As I've heard tell, and perhaps you know,
Hens had teeth a long time ago.

AND in those days, when Ewen Kerepol, the miller of Keranborn, went one morning to open his flood-gate and let the water in to turn his mill-wheel, he saw, in the pool, a big eel, which, to his amazement, spoke to him just as he was going to strike it with the heavy iron lever he carried in his hand.

"Ewen," it said, "do not hurt me."

"What," cried Ewen, "you are but an eel, and yet you can talk! What does this mean?"

"It means," was the answer, "that I look like one thing and am another."

"And what are you, then, I should like to know?"

"I am a Princess — the Sun Princess. But for the last three hundred years a cruel magician has held me captive under the form you see."

"A hard case that," said Ewen, who had a kind heart. "Can no one do anything to help you?"

"Yes, Ewen. There is a way to help me —and the man who does it shall receive rich rewards."

"Just tell me then," cried Ewen; "just tell me what to do."

"Ah," said the eel, "it's no use telling. Many have tried, all have failed: Princes and brave knights as well as the rest."

"Never mind that," said Ewen, "tell me, all the same. I should like to have a try at it, too, and, who knows? by the help of God I may succeed where others have failed."

"Well, then," said the eel, "this is what you have to do. You must spend three whole nights in the deserted old castle on top of the hill, above the mill-pond; and if, at the end of the three nights, there's anything of you left alive, you will have set me free from the power of the spell, and I shall again be what I was before, a lovely Princess."

"All right, then," said Ewen. "Whether it turn out well or ill, I'll try it for all I am worth, and I hope I may succeed."

The castle was very old, and it was a very long time since anyone had lived in it; but people said that every night demons and wizards met there and kicked up an unearthly row, and so everyone took good care never to go anywhere near the place after sunset. To go there, therefore, at night and alone showed that Ewen was a brave fellow. But the fact was that, in the long winter evenings,

round the fire, he had often heard stories about things of this kind that had turned out very well when taken in hand by some sturdy fellow of his own humble class; so he made up his mind to try his luck in the matter.

Night came, and off he went, therefore, to the castle, telling no one where he was going, and taking with him only a jug of cider and some tobacco, not any arms or weapons. He lighted a fire on the hearth of the big old kitchen, sat himself down in an ancient carved wood chair, lighted his pipe, and sat and smoked. Not a sound did he hear; a dead silence reigned.

"Queer, this," he said to himself; "perhaps there is to be no Sabbath to-night, because the witches don't care for my company; and so much the better for me if I get off as cheap as this."

About midnight, perhaps a little before, perhaps a little after, finding everything so quiet, and seeing a bed at the far end of the kitchen, he thought he would go and lie down on it; but hardly had he done this than he saw three giants come in, and down they all sat at the table and began playing cards. They were very rough and noisy over their game, and kept on abusing one another for cheating, which was nothing to Ewen. But that was not all; for, at last, one of them jumped up and roared out:—

"I smell the smell of a Christian. Don't you fellows smell him, too? There's a Christian hidden somewhere or other here."

And with that he marched straight up to the bed and found Ewen.

"I told you so," he cried. "It's Ewen Kerepol, the miller of Keranborn; and he's come here, of course, to find out our secrets and hunt us out of the castle. Come, comrades, come and help me teach him to come here again to spy on us, if he dare."

Then, dragging him out of bed, the giants threw him down on the paved floor, tore all the bedding and mattresses off the bed, made a pile of this on top of poor Ewen, jumped on the top of the pile, and set to work to dance there, singing and roaring with laughter at the joke all the time.

But not one word did Ewen utter, because the eel had warned him to hold his tongue, no matter what he heard or what was done to him.

At last a cock crowed, and, as that showed that dawn had come, the giants went away quite satisfied that they had smothered the miller.

Directly they disappeared the Sun Princess came, and so lovely was she and so radiant her beauty that, like the Sun himself, she shed a glory of light about her.

Stooping down she gently drew Ewen out from beneath the pile of bedding, and you may be sure she found him in a pitiful state. But there still was a little spark of life in him, and when she poured into his mouth a drop or two of the wonderful elixir of life, which she had with her in a small bottle, he felt better at once than he ever had in all his life before.

"You have got off easily this time," said the Princess, "but things will be harder for you to-morrow."

"Never mind," he answered, "I have made up my mind I won't give in."

"Courage, then, friend," she answered, "and remember to hold your tongue, happen what may."

She disappeared when she had said this; and Ewen left the castle and went back to his mill, his head full of all he had seen and heard, though not a word about it did he speak to anyone.

At nightfall back he went to the old castle, and laid himself down on the bed just as he had the night before, and set himself to wait.

Presently down the chimney came the three giants, and down they sat at the table and began their noisy, quarrelsome game of cards. As to Ewen, whom they no doubt supposed they had smothered under the bedding the night before, they did not seem to be giving him a thought. But presently a horrible goblin came down the chimney too, with a fine row and clatter, and called out, angrily:—

"What! you play cards at your ease, and let the miller pry into all your secrets that he may come and drive you out of the castle and set the Princess free?"

"Don't worry yourself about that," they answered. "We have nothing to fear from the miller. Before we left last night we smothered him under the mattresses off the bed where he was hidden."

"That's what you think, is it? Just tell me, then, who's in the bed now?"

"In the bed? In the bed?" they cried. "Is there anyone there?"

And with that they ran to it and screamed:—

"It's the miller, the miller again. How did he do it? But if he has escaped us once, we'll do for him this time."

Then they pulled him out of the bed and played ball, with him for the ball. They knocked him backwards and forwards,

"THEY PLAYED BALL, WITH HIM FOR THE BALL."

between one another, from one end of the room to the other, and every now and then they kicked him up to the ceiling and let him fall with a bang down again to the flagged pavement.

But in spite of all he suffered not one word did Ewen utter.

At last the cock crew, and they all disappeared, but, as they were leaving, the goblin gave Ewen a parting hurl that sent him against the wall with such violence that he stuck there, just as a roasted apple might.

No sooner were they gone than the Princess came, and, finding a little spark of life still left in Ewen, she first rubbed him well with an ointment she had made herself, then gave him some drops of the wonderful liquid, and after that he jumped up vigorous and full of life again.

"You have had a hard time of it, friend," said the Princess, "but you are still alive, at least, and there is only one more night, and, after that, the end of all your troubles and the rewards I have promised you. So courage, and trust me, and everything will end well."

"Well," said Ewen, "to speak truly, I don't find enchanted Princesses exactly easy to deliver. But never mind, I am not going to give in, and, no matter what happens, I will see the thing through to the end."

After that the Princess vanished and Ewen went home to his mill.

The third night was the worst of all—the giants, angrier than ever, dashed poor Ewen against the walls, threw him on the pavement and then stamped on him, and tore him with their nails, and, last of all, finding that he still breathed when the cock crew, they put him on the spit and left him there to roast before an enormous fire and went away, quite certain that this time they had done for him.

The first thing the Princess did when she came was to move him away from the fire, although by that time he was half cooked. Then she looked anxiously for any trace of life, no matter how small, that might be left in him, for this time she was afraid he was dead. But, although she was afraid, still she rubbed him with her ointment, and besides that poured over him the whole contents of a bottle of spirits that she had with her. Little by little he came to himself; slowly at first, but at last she had the joy of seeing him as well and strong again as ever he had been in his life.

And seeing this she cried, "Victory! All your trials are ended, and, thanks to you, I am freed from the power of those wicked fiends, who can do me no more harm now."

Then she put her arms round his neck and kissed him; after which she said:—

"Follow me. The time has come to reward you."

She led the way to the cellar of the old castle, and there she showed him two huge hogsheads.

"These hogsheads," she said, "are filled, one with new gold pieces, the other with silver ones, and both I give to you. You now will be the wealthiest man in the neighbourhood and can choose for yourself the most beautiful and wealthy bride."

Ewen thanked her, but his thanks did not satisfy her, for he seemed almost sad instead of delighted as she expected.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked. "Is it not enough? Do you want more? Is that why you look sad?"

"Yes," he said; "my heart is sad."

"Why is it so?" asked the Princess. "Tell me the reason, and whatever you want I will give you, if I can."

"I did not think," said Ewen, "that after all I have suffered for your sake you would have paid me with gold and silver. I hoped you would give me your hand."

"I can refuse you nothing," she said, holding out her hand, "not even that. So from this moment you and I are engaged to one another, and the wedding shall take place in ten days — that is, if you remain faithful so long, and don't forget me. Our meeting-place will be at the town of Plouaret, ten days hence, and there the marriage will be celebrated. In the meantime I am going to visit my father, the King of Gascony, in his kingdom."

When the ten days were over Ewen set out for Plouaret, taking with him his man who helped in the mill, whom he had provided with a new coat, because he was to be groomsman and witness. On their way they had to pass Penanmenez, where, in a miserable hut by the road-side, dwelt an old hag, whose young and pretty daughter had fallen in love with Ewen, for he was a fine-looking fellow. When, therefore, Ewen and his servant passed the hut the old hag stood at her door and called out:—

"How grand you are, my fine fellows! Where are you bound? One might think you were going to a wedding."

"And perhaps they would be right," said Ewen, but he did not stop.

"What a hurry you are in. Won't you stop a moment and tell me something about this marriage?"

"We can't stop now," he answered. "We are afraid of being late."

"Oh, very well, then. But, at least, take this lovely apple that grew in my garden."

"HE ROLLED OFF HIS HORSE INTO THE DITCH."

And with that she gave him a fine red apple. He took it and popped it into his pocket; then he and his man went on their way.

The weather was hot, and, presently, Ewen began to feel thirsty, so he ate the witch's apple, and, directly he did so, fell sound asleep—so sound, indeed, that he rolled off his horse into the ditch. Gabic came quickly to him, and did his best to rouse him and get him on his horse again; but all in vain—nothing woke him, and, not knowing what else to do, Gabic at last left him, with his horse beside him, and hurried on alone to Plouaret to meet the Princess.

Just at the stroke of ten she arrived in the town square, in her golden coach drawn by four dromedaries, and looking as beautiful and as radiant as the morning sun.

"Where is Ewen Kerepol?" she asked.

"Alas, my Princess," replied Gabic, "he fell asleep by the way, and nothing I could do woke him."

The Princess sighed, then, handing a handkerchief to Gabic, she said:—

"Take him this handkerchief, which is the same colour as the stars; and give it to him from me, and tell him to come here to-morrow at this hour; but to speak to no one on the way, for, if he does, harm will happen to him as it has to-day."

Then, looking displeased, she got back into her coach, the dromedaries broke into a gallop, and away she went.

Gabic then returned to his master, whom he found just awake, and told him all the Princess had said and all that had happened, to all of which Ewen listened with a sad countenance, and then the two men returned silently and sadly to the mill.

"LOOKING STILL MORE DISPLEASED THAN THE DAY BEFORE, SHE GOT INTO HER COACH."

Next day, at the right hour, they set out once more, and, just as had happened the day before, the witch was standing at her door when they passed her hovel, and again she called out to them:—

"Well, Ewen Kerepol, where are you going, dressed so fine? Is there a wedding to-day, too?"

"Mind your own business, you old hag," answered Ewen, very angrily.

"You seem a little put out this morning," she replied; "but just let me have a word or two with you. I have something to tell you." And without waiting for leave she sidled up to him and, before he knew it, dropped another apple into his pocket.

The day was hot again and, on the way, Ewen, happening to put his hand into his waistcoat pocket and finding an apple there, ate it, not remembering what had happened the day before.

Again a heavy sleep overtook him, again he fell from his horse, again Gabic, unable to rouse him, left him and went alone to Plouaret to meet the Princess.

"Where is Ewen Kerepol?" she asked, directly she arrived in her golden coach with the four dromedaries harnessed to it.

"Alas, Princess," said poor Gabic, looking very much ashamed. "Everything has happened that happened yesterday; and he fell so sound asleep that I could not wake him."

She sighed a great sigh and, handing him another handkerchief, said:—

"Take this handkerchief, which is the colour of the moon, and tell him to be here to-morrow morning at this hour, and advise him from me to be careful about himself, to speak to no one, and to accept nothing from anyone on the way; because this is his last chance, and, if he fails this time to keep the appointment with me, he will never see me more."

Then, looking still more displeased than the day before, she got into her coach, and

the four dromedaries galloped away with her.

Gabic then returned to his master, who, just awake, seemed again to be very sorry at not having kept his appointment with the Princess.

Next morning the miller and his man started again together for the third and last time. Again the old hag stood at the door of her hut, and again hailed them as they passed.

"Hie, my pretty lads," she called; "is it to go to a wedding again to-day that you wear such fine clothes?"

Ewen and Gabic answered not a word, and only urged on their horses, but the witch hobbled quickly after them, and, without Ewen's knowing it, poked another apple into his pocket. And presently he ate this apple, just as he had eaten the others, and again a deep sleep fell upon him, and he rolled off his horse and was left in the ditch by Gabic, who went on to meet the Princess.

"Alone! alone again!" she cried. "Where, then, is your master?"

"Asleep," said Gabic, much ashamed, "and I couldn't wake him."

"Ah, wretched man that he is," cried the Princess, sighing more deeply than ever. "Take him this handkerchief, which is the colour of the sun, from me, and say to him that I am lost to him for ever, and that he will never see me again."

This time her face was very stern and angry as she mounted into her coach and the dromedaries galloped away with her.

Gabic, as usual, went back to his master, to find him, as usual, just awakening, and when he gave him the Princess's handkerchief and message he really seemed to be in despair. But, though he wept, he said:—

"Give her up I *never* will. I will set out this very minute, and will rest neither night nor day till I have found her."

After that he went to the castle, thanks to him not now a haunted one, and filled his pockets with gold and silver before he started on his journey.

> He who gives with open hand
> Friends he finds in every land;
> Who shuts his fist and nothing gives
> Is always friendless while he lives.

So he gave freely wherever he went, and everywhere he found a hearty welcome and people glad to give him advice.

> Trudging to-day and trudging to-morrow,
> That's how travellers shorten their sorrow.

And on and on he went steadily, but without any fixed plans; only keeping up his courage and sticking like a man to his purpose.

At last, one day, in the midst of a dense forest, he came on a long avenue of oaks, and, seeing an old man standing at the entrance, he said to him:—

"Father, where does this avenue lead to?"

"A hundred years have I lived here," answered the old man, "but never have I been to the other end of the avenue, and I can't tell you where it goes. I know only that it is very long."

"No matter for that," said Ewen; "the longest avenue must end somewhere, and the thing I want to know is where this one ends."

And without more ado he plunged boldly into it. Then he walked and he walked, hearing round him, all the time, the wild beasts of the forest roaring and howling, and he said to himself:—

"I sha'n't get out of this alive."

But, for all that, he kept resolutely on his way, and in two days and two nights found himself at the other end. But, instead of the fine castle he had expected to see there, he saw only a mean hut built of clods of turf and roofed with branches. Inside this hut he found a very aged-looking man with a flowing white beard.

"Good-day, Father Hermit," he said, addressing him.

"Good-day, my son. Of what use can I be to you?"

"I am seeking the Castle of the Sun Princess, Father; and if you can show me the way to it, you would be doing me a great service."

"Fifty years have I dwelt here in solitude," answered the hermit, "and with no company but that of the wolves and other wild beasts of the forest; for, till this day, no human being ever came here. I know not where the Castle of the Sun Princess may be, but all the animals in the forest are subject to me, and some of them wander far afield. I will summon the wolves, and they may be able to tell us what you want to know."

Then he took up his horn, and went out and mounted on the top of a high rock and blew a sounding blast to the north, to the south, to the east, to the west; and the wolves came trooping in from all these quarters, little ones and big ones, old and young; and when all were there the hermit made them this little speech:—

"Wolves," he said, "I have called you together to inquire of you whether any of you know where the Castle of the Sun Princess is to be found?"

But none of them knew; they had heard only that the Princess used to be a prisoner

in the castle above the pond of Keranborn Mill.

So the hermit gave them leave to scatter again, and turning to Ewen he said :—

"I have a brother, a hermit like myself, who lives also in the forest, a day's march from here. To him are subject all the birds of the air, great and small, and as birds go farther and faster than four-footed creatures, it may be that he can do more for you than I can. I will give you a golden ball that will roll on and on in front of you, until it brings you to where you will find him. And when he sees the ball he will know you come from me, and will gladly give you all the help that lies in his power."

Then he gave a golden ball to Ewen, who, thanking him heartily and bidding him good-day, set out to follow it. And on and on rolled the ball until finally it rolled up against the brother hermit's door.

"Good-day to you, Brother's Ball," said the hermit. "What news of him do you come to bring me?"

"It is I who am all the news he brings you, Father Hermit," said Ewen. "I have been a long time travelling, seeking to find the Castle of the Sun Princess, and your brother told me that perhaps you could set me on the right road to go there."

"I know not, my son, where the Castle of the Sun Princess may be; but all the birds of the air, great and small, are subject to me, and one or other of them may perhaps be able to give us some news of it. I will now call them together."

"BIRDS CAME FLYING FROM EVERY DIRECTION."

Then he went outside the hut and mounted on top of a hill, and, when he had sounded his beautiful silver whistle four times, clouds of birds came flying from every direction towards him.

"Are you all here?" asked the old man.

"Yes," replied an old raven, "all, but the eagle."

"Whenever I call you together, it is always the eagle who is late," said the hermit. "No doubt he is far away, but he too will come by-and-by. Do any of you know where the Castle of the Sun Princess is?"

There was no answer, but at last the raven spoke again :—

"I don't know where her castle may be; but I know she used to be a prisoner in the old castle above the pond of Keranborn Mill."

Just then the eagle came.

"Eagle," said the hermit, in a tone of displeasure, "whenever I call you all together you always come last. Where were you?"

"I was at the Castle of the Sun Princess, and I was very comfortable there; for everything is being made ready for her marriage with the son of the King of Portugal, and a great number of oxen, cows, calves, pigs, and sheep have been slaughtered, and I had my share of all of them."

"Yes, yes," said the hermit; "we all know that you are greedier than other birds. But, at any rate, you know, then, where the Castle of the Sun Princess is?"

"Yes, I know where it is."

"Well, then, what you have to do now is to carry this man"—and he pointed at Ewen

—"safe and sound on your back to the castle."

"All right," said the eagle, "on condition that I have as much as I like to eat, for it is a long way from here."

"You shall have all you want, glutton. And how much may that be?"

"I can't do it under twelve sheep," was the answer.

"And where are we to get twelve sheep from?" asked Ewen.

"There is a gentleman who lives not far from here who has plenty," said the Hermit, "and I think you will be able to get them from him."

Then he took Ewen to see the gentleman, who was willing enough to sell his sheep because Ewen paid him just what he asked for them, and a good deal more too.

Next day all the sheep, piled on one another, with Ewen on the top of them, being laid on the eagle's back, he seemed to find some difficulty, at first, in raising his load from the ground. But he managed it somehow or other, and, once he got on his wings, nothing stopped him. He flew over forests and the highest mountains and widest rivers, over the White Sea, and the Black and the Red Seas too, until at last they reached the Castle of the Sun Princess.

Then he gently put Ewen on the ground, and in very good condition, too; for he had kept his promise exactly; and, before leaving him, he told him that if he required his services again at any time he would be glad to oblige him.

The first thing Ewen did was to hire a room at the best hotel in the town, which lay at the foot of the castle. Next he asked the landlord what news there was in the country-side. To which the landlord answered:—

"You must indeed have come a long way if you don't know the news which is turning everyone's head with joy and setting the town upside down."

"Yes," said Ewen, "I have come a great distance. But what is this news, then?"

"Why," said the landlord, "to-morrow the Sun Princess is to be married to the son of the King of Portugal."

"That is all right," said Ewen, "for I trade in precious things, and I have come just at the right moment, no doubt, to do a stroke of business."

Next morning, therefore, he took his stand betimes near the church door. At ten o'clock the bridal procession arrived: first the King and Queen, then the bride and bridegroom, and after them all the Court. And as the procession passed him Ewen spread out his handkerchief that was the colour of the stars, and everyone saw and admired it. The Princess saw it too, and knew it at once, as well as the face of him who held it in his hand; and she said to one of her ladies:—

"I must have that handkerchief before I enter the church. Go and buy it for me."

"What is the price of your handkerchief, merchant?" asked the lady, speaking to Ewen.

"Neither gold nor silver will buy my handkerchief," he answered.

"It is the Sun Princess who wants it," said the lady; "ask what you like, and she will pay it."

"I tell you once more," said Ewen, "that neither gold nor silver will buy it."

"What will, then?" asked the lady. "Tell me quickly."

"I ask nothing for it except to be allowed to kiss the left foot of the bride."

"Don't talk nonsense," answered the lady. "Tell me at once what your price is."

"I am in earnest," said Ewen, "and I have no other answer to send back to your mistress."

So all the lady could do was to carry this strange message back.

"What an extraordinary fancy!" said the Princess.

"Tell him," put in the King, "to come to me at the castle directly after the ceremony and I will settle with him."

"No," said the Princess, "I won't go into the church until I have that handkerchief."

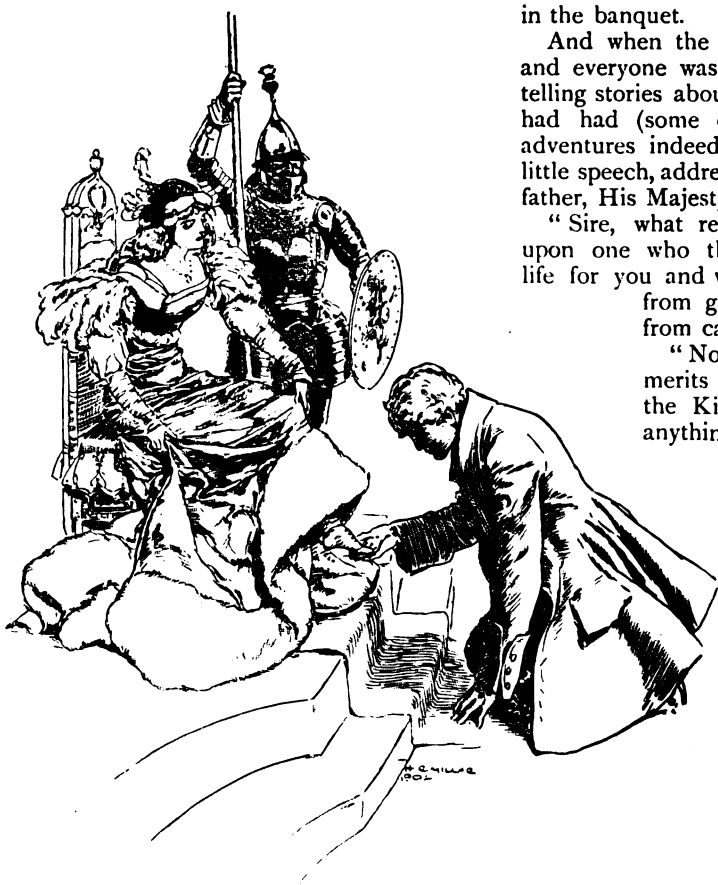
And as she stuck out for this, in spite of all her father and mother and the bridegroom could do or say, the marriage ceremony had to be put off till next day, and the procession went back to the castle. The merchant was then sent for and brought into the presence of the Princess, and he kissed her left foot and, in exchange for the kiss, gave her the star-coloured handkerchief.

After that all the company sat down to a magnificent banquet at which everyone ate, drank, laughed, and talked to his heart's content.

Next morning, at ten o'clock, as on the day before, the procession set out for the church, and again the merchant was there waiting for it, and again he spread out a handkerchief, and this time it was the colour of the moon.

Again, too, the Princess saw the handkerchief and wanted to have it, and sent one of her attendants to buy it; but everything hap-

pened just as it had the day before, except that it was her right foot the merchant asked to kiss this time. So, just as had happened the day before, so to-day the procession went back to the castle without entering the church, and the ceremony was put off another day. Then, also, the merchant was sent for and brought into the room of the Princess and



"HE KISSED HER LEFT FOOT."

kissed her right foot, and in exchange gave her the moon-coloured handkerchief.

Then the banquet followed, with eating and drinking and talking and laughter, that were kept up far into the night.

Next day the procession started for the third time; but at the church door there again stood the merchant, and this time the handkerchief he spread out, being the colour of the sun, shone so brightly that it made everyone blink. Again the Princess insisted on having the handkerchief, and all happened as twice before, except that this time the merchant asked to kiss her hand.

The King was now very much put out by all these delays, and began to say it was high time to have done with such nonsense. But Ewen got his way, and kissed the hand of the Princess, and, moreover, she kept him this time to take part with the other guests in the banquet.

And when the banquet was nearly over, and everyone was laughing and merry, and telling stories about all the adventures each had had (some of them very astonishing adventures indeed), the Princess made this little speech, addressing it to the bridegroom's father, His Majesty the King of Portugal:—

"Sire, what rewards would you bestow upon one who three times had risked his life for you and who had either saved you from great dangers or freed you from captivity?"

"No rewards could exceed the merits of such a man," answered the King. "I would give him anything he asked me for."

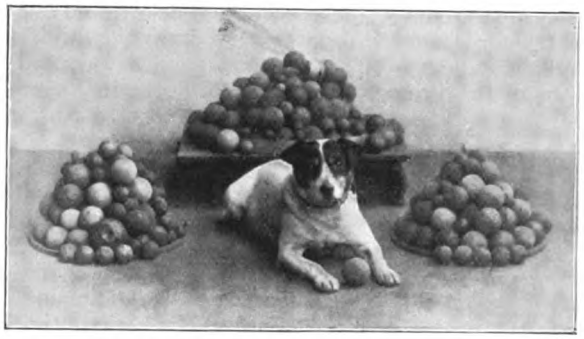
"Well, your Majesty, you have before you a man who three times risked his life for me, and who delivered me from wicked monsters who held me in cruel captivity under the form of an eel, into which shape a wicked magician had turned me. Here," she said, pointing to Ewen, "is the man—the man who shall be my husband instead of your son, who never has done anything for me."

Great was the excitement and astonishment caused by this speech. The King of Portugal, his Queen and their son, the Prince, confused and shame-struck, rose from their seats, left the banqueting-hall, and got into their coach and drove back to Portugal as fast as they could. And the very next day the marriage of the Sun Princess and Ewen Kerepol was celebrated with such pomp and magnificence that the festivities lasted a whole fortnight, since which time I have not heard any further news of them.

*Curiosities.**

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]

THE CHAMPION "BALL-FINDER."



"I send you a photograph of my dog Bob, taken a few months before his death. The piles around him are a few of the very large number of all sorts and sizes of balls found by him. He was, indeed, a clever and wonderful animal, and may justly be called the champion 'ball-finder.' I may add that Bob received no training, but was entirely self taught."—Mr. Walter Arnold, Malvern House, Chapel Road, Redhill, Surrey.

GOLIATH'S BOOT.

"We send you two photographs of the largest solid leather boot ever made. We had the boot made to take part in a trades procession in celebration of the 1887 Jubilee. The following are some of the measurements of the boot: height, 3ft. 8in.; width across the sole, 1ft. 7in.; length from heel to toe, 4ft. 3in.; across the toe-cap, 1ft. 7in. If the stitching in the boot-upper (top) was in one continuous length it would reach a length of a little over 10yds. It was made in the ordinary way of boot-making on a wooden last, and is made of good, solid leather throughout. The gentleman standing beside the boot showing a front view of the sole is Mr. John Mills, the designer. The little one perched on the top of the boot in the second picture is three years old."—Mr. J. T. Mills, Bridge St., Newark.

SAVED BY A WATCH.

"This is the photograph of a watch that was sent home a short time ago from Kimberley, South Africa, by Private Peter Flynn, 3rd K.O.S.B., to his relatives at 19, High Street, Maxwelltown, Dumfries. Mr. Flynn bought the watch from a comrade in Kimberley who was short of money, else he should scarcely have parted with it, for in all probability it saved his life. During one of his engagements with the Boers the watch was in the breast-pocket—wherein it must have been face outwards at the time—of his khaki jacket when it stopped the flight of a bullet, which firmly embedded itself in its centre, penetrating right through the works, and making a deep dent in the back. The thread seen tied round the watch had to be used to hold it together while it was being photographed."—Mr. J. R. Masterson, 2, Cameron Place, Dumfries.

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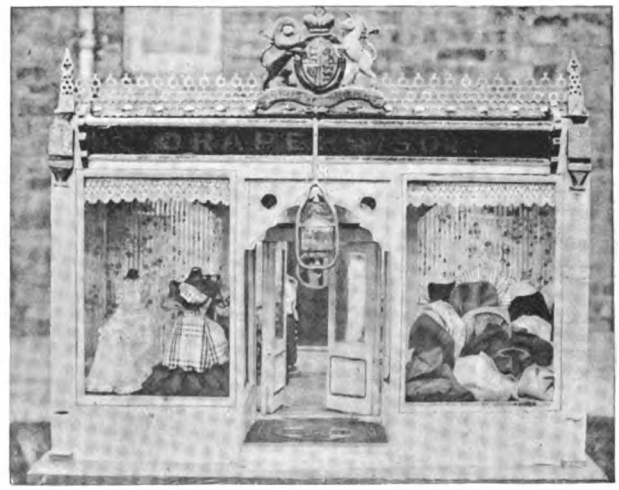
A MONUMENT OF PATIENCE.



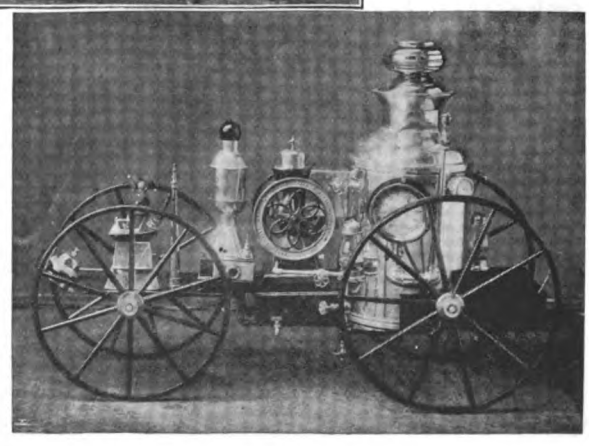
"I send you a photograph of a model shop which was made by a friend of mine from a Quaker Oats box. The lamp is made from an ink-bottle placed upside-down. The tiling in front of the door is a square of linoleum with the unnecessary patterns cut away. The 'lion and the unicorn' were carved from a piece of the front of the box where the windows were cut. The interior of the shop contained two counters, behind which were numerous shelves filled with bales and rolls of cloth; glove-boxes, lace and veil-boxes, etc., were represented by the halves of safety match-boxes, which were varnished and had labels, indicating their contents, stuck on the front ends. Behind the shop there was a mantle-room with two windows and numerous mirrors. The floor was raised two steps above the ordinary shop, and was separated from it by a poker-work screen containing a small, round mirror. At each side were arches from which hung lace curtains. The shop-front was painted white and gold, and the name-board was mahogany with red and gold letters. The whole thing occupied the spare evenings of three months."—Miss Ivy Thorn, Broadwater House, Southend-on-Sea.

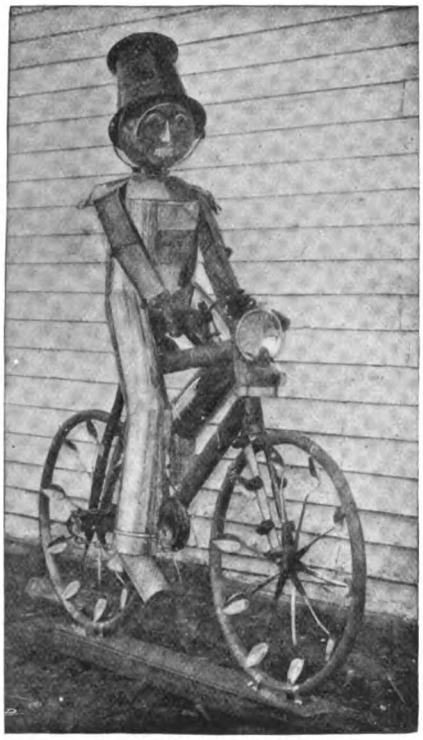
"THE WRITING ON THE MOUNTAIN."

Two years ago, about the end of February, a fraternal lodge was formed in Skagway called the "Arctic Brotherhood," and it seemed like a good omen for the lodge when last spring the snow melted, leaving the letters A. B. written in snow on the mountain behind the lodge-building like the "writing on the wall." The photo. was taken by Mr. A. F. Eastman, of Skagway.

A REMARKABLE FIRE-ENGINE.

"At a recent Fireman's Association Convention held at Newcastle, Pa., Dickerson and Co., hardware dealers in that city, made the display shown in inclosed photograph. The engine was made to stand on baby carriage-wheels; a ten-gallon milk-can, surmounted by a nickel-plated cuspidor, formed the boiler, upon which, among other things, was a steam-gauge and a small clock. Two small brass lanterns were suspended from the boiler. The piping was connected with the necessary nippers, unions, tees, reducers, elbows, valves, and cocks, etc. The pumps were represented by a coffee-mill resting on a cash-box. The air-compressor, in front of the pump, was composed of funnels and a milk-pail with a green electric globe at the top. At the base stood an oiler. Two hose-nozzles stood behind the driver's seat, which was made of two bread-pans, upon the top of which was a crumb-tray for a seat. A chamois skin made a cushion; a call-bell stood on the foot-board. It is hardly necessary to say that the engine attracted a deal of attention."—Mr. W. R. Tilton, Prairie Depôt, Ohio.





A TINSMITH'S BICYCLE.

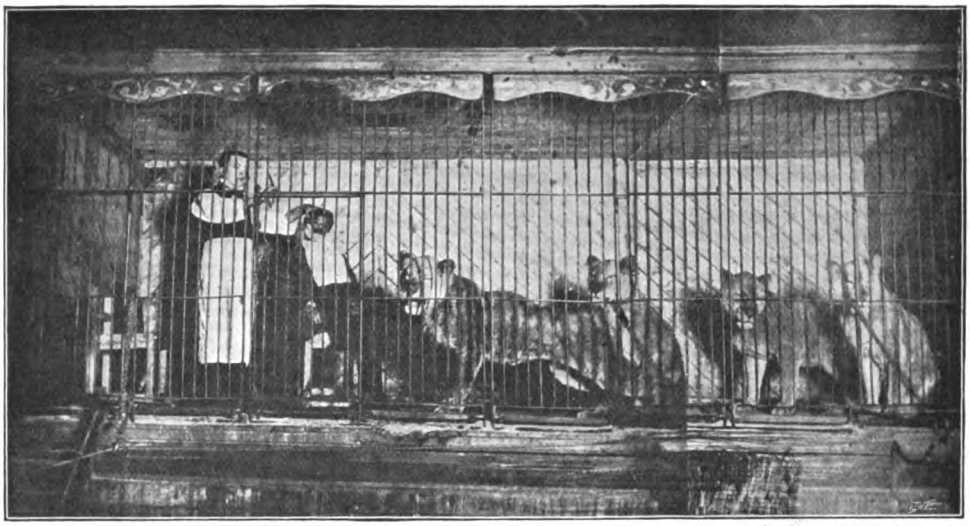
The manufacturer of the next curiosity is a tin-smith, of Halifax, N.S. The frame of bicycle is made of galvanized conductor-pipe; rims of wheels 1¼in. lead pipe, with tinned basting spoons for spokes. The cyclometer is a 50ft. tape measure. The sprocket is, rear, crimped patty-pan; forward, two tinned pie-plates with oil-feeder, braced by one pair 16in. Gothic hinges; chain being one bright English trace; front fork, six nutmeg-graters; rear fork, buck-saw braces; handle-bars, carpenter's brace held by monkey wrench; lamp, common kitchen reflector; saddle, tin spittoon; man, the body is composed of one home oil-can; legs, four joints furnace pipe; feet, bread-graters, with funnels for heels; arms, four bread-graters, with two thumb-scoops for shoulders; sloping to neck, one wash basin, with dog collar; hands, two whitewash brushes; head, one dish pan, with two oil-can screws for eyes, and one coffee-pot spout for nose, one half crimped patty-pan for mouth; the whole is topped off with one slop pail for top-hat; the tool-bag, which is almost obscure, is composed of one leather shot-pouch; the alarm-bell is a common house-bell with strap. —Mr. H. Covey, 216, Morris Street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

"LUNCHEON-BASKET LION."

Here is the photograph of one of the cleverest dogs in existence. He is the celebrated "station dog," Lion by name. This dog's peculiarity is to meet all the through corridor trains for the remains of the luncheon-baskets, and strange to say he does not loiter about the station, but possesses a marvellous instinct in being able to tell when these particular trains are due. When he toddles off to meet them it is quite a common thing to hear people remark: "There goes Lion to the station; there's a corridor due." If by any means the train comes in at a different platform than is usual, and an ordinary train arrives in its place, Lion knows it in a second, and cuts over the bridge to meet his train. He is a general favourite with all railway officials and with hundreds of passengers; moreover, he frequently travels by himself to distant parts of the country, returning safely after a few days' absence.—Mr. H. Vandeleur, 36, Tait Street, Carlisle.

DANGEROUS BEER BREWING.

The next picture is a photograph of the havoc caused by the explosion of a two-gallon stone jar, the remaining fragments of which can be seen lying on the table. The jar was filled with herb beer made from a well-known extract of herbs. The force of the explosion must have been very great, as the upper part of the jar was blown with great force against a shelf some 5ft. above the table, knocking it off its brackets and bringing down with it a large quantity of crockery, etc. No doubt the cause of the explosion was an excess of yeast. It is certainly very fortunate that there was nobody in the room at the time, as pieces of the crockery must have been blown across the room with considerable force.—Mr. Emil Vieler, The Imperial Studio, Bexhill-on-Sea.

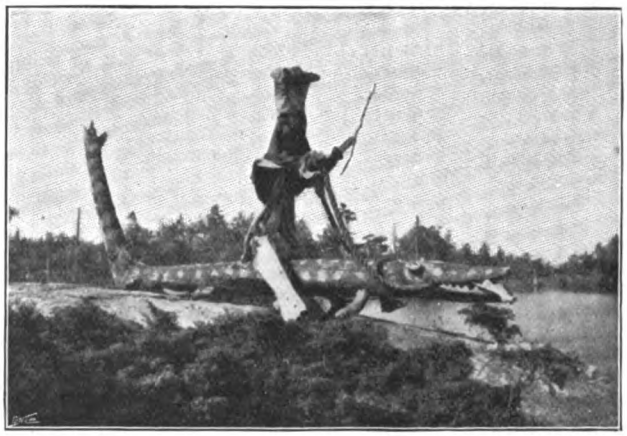


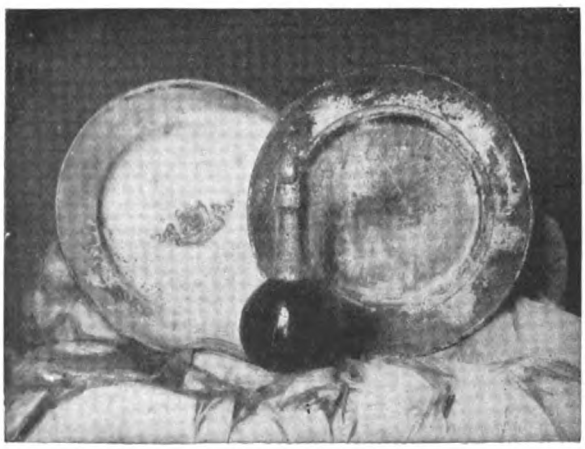
A PERILOUS SHAVE.

The next curiosity was taken by artificial light, and is a photograph of Mr. Stephens, hairdresser, of Birmingham, shaving Captain Marco in a den of lions, at Day's Menagerie, Birmingham, Feb. 25th, 1901, before 800 spectators.—Mr. F. H. Walker, 58, Camp Hill, Birmingham.

RELICS OF THE HOBOKEN FIRE.

"When in New York last July the terrible Hoboken fire occurred, and a few days afterwards I obtained permission to go on board the burnt liners lying beached in the river. The operations were in progress for the recovery of the bodies. I waited on board the *Saale* until the water had been pumped low enough, and then descended to the saloon deck. For some time I watched the work in this dreadful tomb and then looked for a relic of the fearful affair. Everything everywhere appeared burnt to a cinder except the steel-work. A large pile of dinner-plates aroused my interest. They were broken almost to powder by the fearful heat, but under the remains of many hundreds of them I found two intact. They were the only ones, and are vitrified black in places by the fire. In another spot, in the wine-bin, I found a small bottle of champagne, also intact, amongst the ruins of any number of bottles. They were all I could find that had stood this ordeal by fire. The cloth is one out of a case of towels packed tight and solid. All round the edges they were burnt, but in the centre scarcely injured except for the stains. The smell still hangs to this cloth, and every time I open the package it recalls to my mind most vividly that fearful scene."—Mr. H. G. Ponting, Sansalito, San Francisco.





THE STONY LAKE MONSTER.

"The photo. I send you was taken during my vacation last summer at Stony Lake (one of the inland lakes of Canada). The Stony Lake monster is composed of a log and several pieces of rough wood, and stands prominently on one of the points on Dumbell Island, and the attention of tourists is always drawn to it by the local inhabitants, who take quite an interest in it."—Mr. H. Austin Sherrard, Toronto.

NATURE'S LITTLE JOKE.

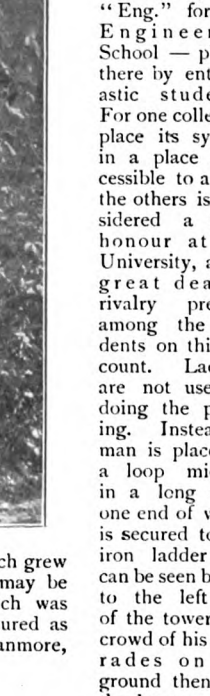
"I inclose a photograph of a pear tree which grew in my garden this summer. The fruit, as may be seen, grew directly out of the trunk, which was 10ft. 11in. in diameter. It was quite as matured as any on the tree."—Mr. E. J. Clark, Arranmore, Windmill Road, Brentford.

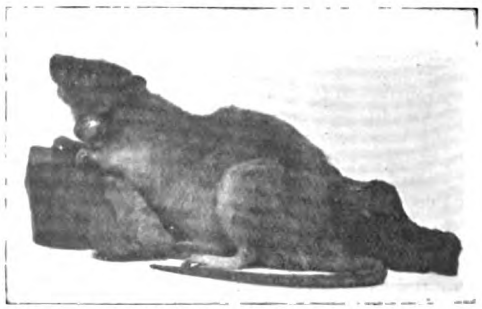
A CHURCH BELL IN A TREE.

"I think the accompanying photograph, which was sent to me from Western Australia, may interest your readers. It represents the 'bell' of the Church of England at Mount Morgan Goldfields, situated about 550 miles inland from Perth, W.A. The 'bell' is an iron tube hung from a piece of wood fixed in the fork of a tree. When it is church-time the clergyman 'rings the bell' by striking the tube with a piece of stick, and it is quite effective."—Mrs. Calthorp, Gosberton House, Jesmond Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A PERPENDICULAR PLAYGROUND.

This is not an Alaskan totem-pole, but a steel water-tower, 110ft. high, which stands on the campus of the University of Kansas, at Lawrence, Kansas. The paint-marks which ornament its sides are the symbols of the various colleges—"L.L.B." for the Law College, "M.D." for the College of Medicine, and "Eng." for the Engineering School — placed there by enthusiastic students. For one college to place its symbol in a place inaccessible to any of the others is considered a great honour at the University, and a great deal of rivalry prevails among the students on this account. Ladders are not used in doing the painting. Instead, a man is placed in a loop midway in a long rope, one end of which is secured to the iron ladder that can be seen bolted to the left side of the tower. A crowd of his comrades on the ground then haul the lower end of the rope out to the right so as to bring the painter around on the side of the tower where the work of decoration is done. Photo. sent in by Mr. Charles W. Kimball, Lawrence, Kansas.





DID YOU OWN THIS RAT?

"Inclosed is a photo. of a very large dog-rat, which was killed by my groom with a brush in the provender-bin in my stable. You will notice a bell which is fastened with thin wire round the neck of the rat. In its way I consider it quite unique, and it would be interesting to know when the bell was put on and where the rat came from. Do any of the many STRAND readers know anything of it?"—Mr. G. P. Hartley, Blackburn. Photo. by Mr. C. T. Shaw, 206, Whadey New Road, Blackburn.

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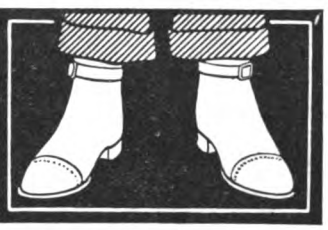

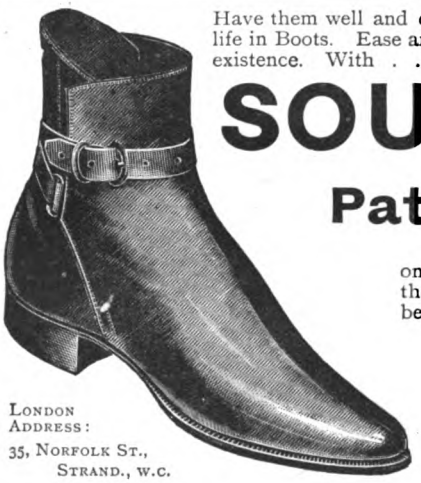

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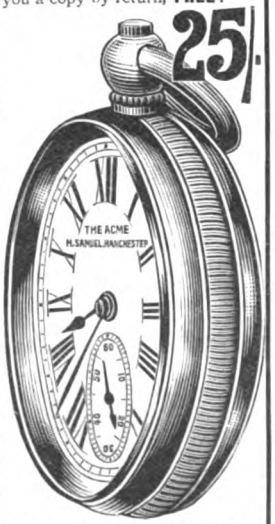

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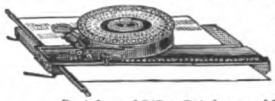

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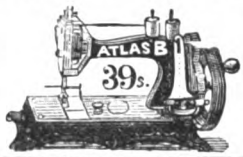

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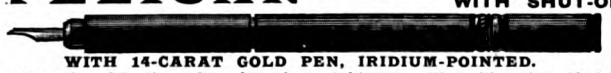

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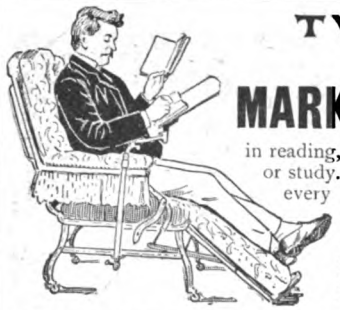

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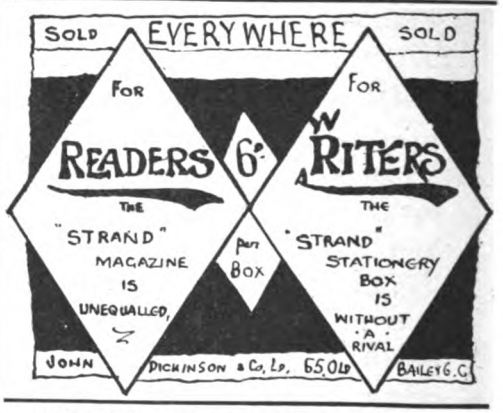

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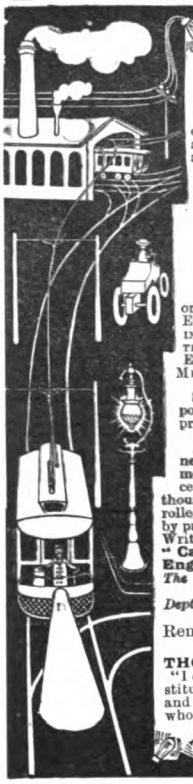

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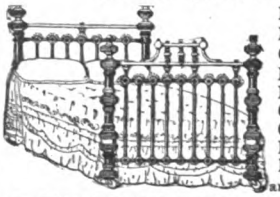

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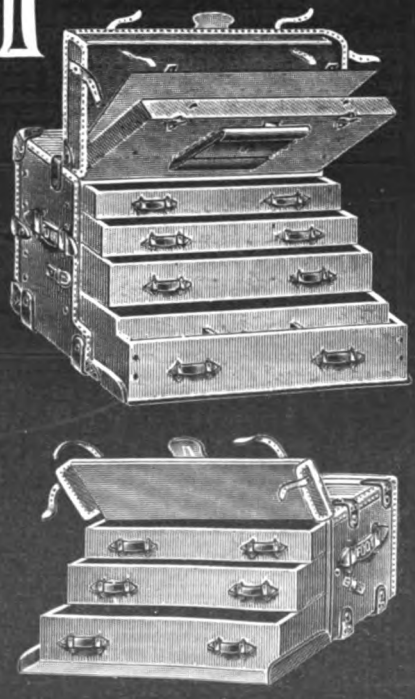

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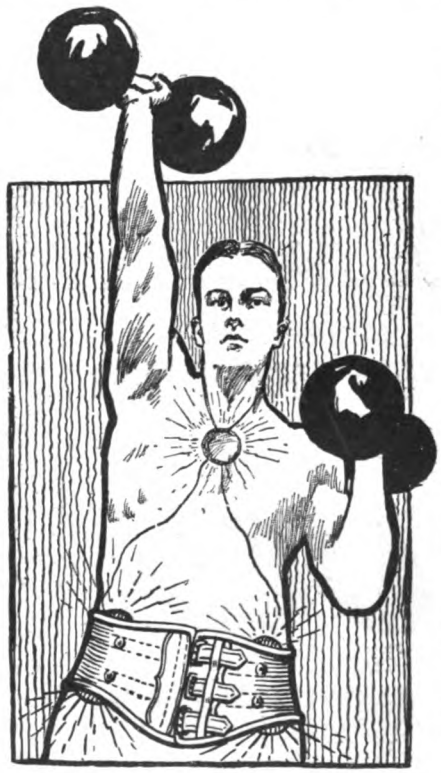

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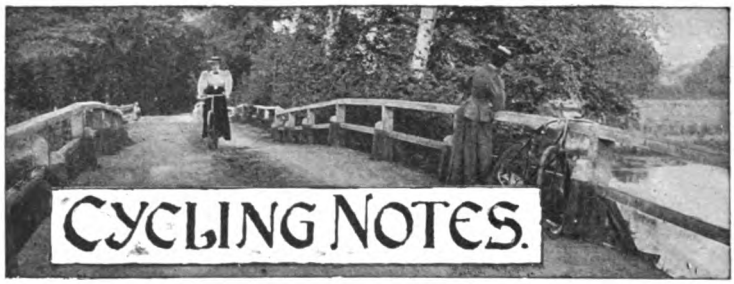

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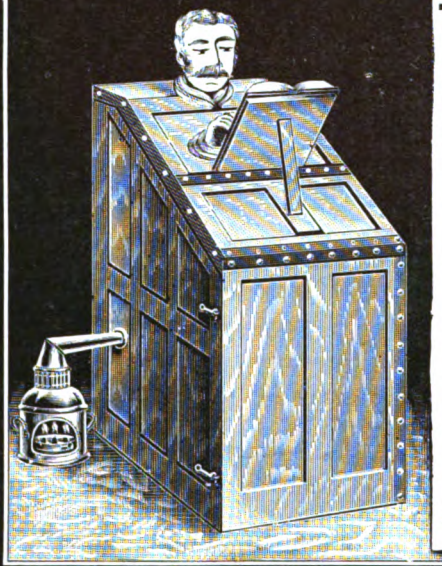

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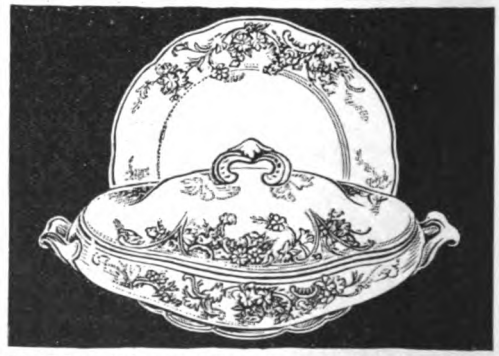

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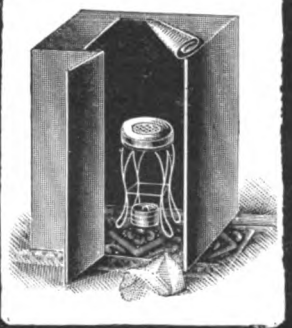

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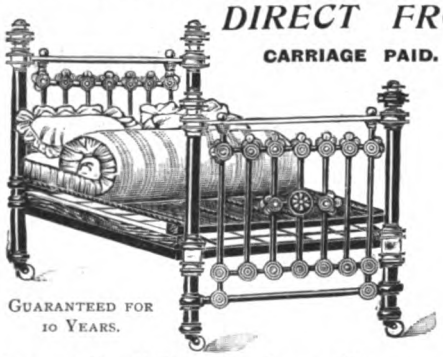

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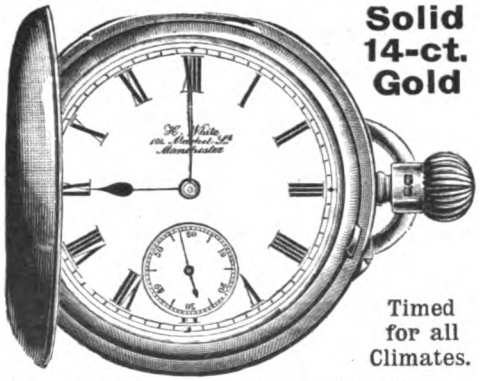

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DEAF PEOPLE WHO HAVE NOISES IN THE HEAD.

IT is calculated that out of a hundred deaf people, sixty among them have noises in the ear. This symptom is felt in different ways, some experiencing it in the ear itself, others at the back or side of the head, others all over the head.

The description of these noises is also very varied. They are compared to buzzings, whistlings, to the sound of bells, cracklings, the boiling of water, the song of birds, &c., &c. Different sounds may be heard at the same time, sometimes very painful, and it is not infrequent for the patient to ask to be freed first of all from these noises, to which they attach much more importance than to the deafness itself. Others are convinced that their deafness is solely due to these noises, and that if they could get rid of them they would recover their hearing at the same time.

Persons attacked by intense and constant buzzings, and, above all, those subject to giddiness, are generally under the influence of very great intellectual and moral depression. They are unable to do any brain-work, their intelligence remains clouded, their temper becomes soured, they grow sad and melancholy. In certain cases the noises become so acute that unhappy people have been known to seek

BY SUICIDE

to put an end to their intolerable suffering.

If you ask an aurist the cause of these noises in the ear, he will tell you that they are produced by an irritation of the auditory nerve, and that this irritation may be produced by many different causes. If we consider that all affections of the middle and external ear tend to the compression and excitement of the auditory nerves, the almost universal presence of these noises in the head of deaf people is at once explained.

For a long time a remedy for these serious affections of the hearing has been sought, but it is only quite recently that a French aurist, Dr. Drouet, of the Paris Faculty of Medicine, has discovered a curative treatment.

Let us briefly explain of what the Drouet treatment consists.

If the anatomy of the organ of hearing is studied, we may notice that all its delicate parts, the labyrinth or inner ear, and the tympanic cavity, are carefully sheltered inside the skull and absolutely out of reach from the outside, and as these essential parts are precisely the seat of the chronic affections of which deafness is the consequence, you will at once understand the difficulty the aurist has in fighting against them.

Still, in our days, quite a series of very ingenious processes are employed. Catheterism, or inflation of the middle ear, application of liquids or vapours through the nose, syringing, blistering, &c.

The effects of electricity have, of course, been tried, and general treatment is also assiduously resorted to. But it must be owned that no lasting results are obtained by these means.

Drouet hit one day on the idea of utilising the well-known

ABSORBENT PROPERTIES OF THE SKIN

and tissues. He reflected that this was, in fact, the way always employed to treat an internal disorder locally, and, setting out from this principle, he drew up the formula of a preparation in the form of a crescent-shaped plaster, which is applied to the mastoid process, the raised part of the skull behind the ear, exactly underneath which are situated these internal parts of the auditory organ of which we have just been speaking.

To those external applications, which act by gradual absorption, an auxiliary treatment is generally added, when there is an inflammation of the nose or throat, or when antiseptic precautions are necessitated by some discharge from the ear. The curative treatment, therefore, differs in nearly every case, but external applications always form its basis.

We quote here some of the recent cures effected by the Drouet treatment. They will enable people to appreciate more fully the wonderful curative value of the new method.

Mr. Henry J. Whitely, a gardener, Silksworth, near Sunderland, had for the last ten years been affected in his left ear with deafness, noises in the head, and a discharge, which lately had become very troublesome. Influenza had been the cause of the disease, and at times deafness was such as to prevent him from hearing the ticking of a watch except when it was pressed to the ear. Desirous of ridding himself of that disagreeable infirmity, and hearing of the Drouet Institute, Mr. H. W. submitted his case for treatment towards the middle of November last. From the outset a great improvement took place, and ultimately on the 30th of January—that is, after two months and a half of perseverant attention, Mr. H. Whitely was able to report the recovery of his hearing and a complete cure of the noises and discharge.

Miss Maggie W. Liddell, South Frederick Street, South Shields, a young lady of nineteen, became deaf when a child eleven years ago. The loss of the hearing powers was so complete that the ticking of a watch was not heard except when quite close to the ears. The patient also experienced intermittent buzzing noises in the head. The Drouet treatment was applied towards the middle of December last, and, notwithstanding the fact that the affection was chronic, a cure was rapidly attained, which Miss M. Liddell reported in the following words :—

"South Shields,
"February 7th, 1901.

"I am very pleased to say that my hearing is now quite restored.

"I am very grateful for the good you have done me, and for the kind attention you have given my case.

"I shall recommend your institute to any I know who are similarly affected.—I remain, &c.,

"MAGGIE W. LIDDELL."

Mrs. Emily Mumford, fifty-five, a farmer's wife, Moreton Morrell, Warwick, had suffered from deafness, brought about by gradual thickening of the tympanic membrane and accelerated by influenza. The patient also complained of intermittent noises in the head. A very rapid cure was obtained in this case. The Drouet treatment was begun on the 1st of February, and by the 20th of the same month the desired result had been obtained:

"Moreton Morrell, Warwick,
"February 20th, 1901.

"I am so pleased to be able to write and tell you I have obtained my hearing through your medicines. I can hear now as well with that ear as with the other. My hearing is quite perfect, and I once more thank you for your advice.—I remain, "(MRS.) E MUMFORD."

Neglected or badly treated nose and throat affections are liable to extend to the ear, and to cause deafness of a more or less grave character. In fact, practically all auricular affections, known as catarrh of the mid-ear, are the consequence of a disease of the nose and throat, and it is, therefore, of the greatest importance that these diseases should be treated from the start to prevent any possible complication. The Drouet Institute, as a matter of course, treats nose and throat affections, and that it is no less successful in dealing with them may be seen from the numerous reports given in the "Journal for the Deaf."

A copy of this publication will be forwarded gratis to any applicant. All persons affected with a disease of the ear, nose, or throat should read it, and also ask for the report-form, which will allow them to submit their case to the Drouet Institute. This form is sent free of charge, and the advice given is always gratuitous. For all additional information write to the Secretary of the Drouet Institute, 72, Regent's Park Road, London, N.W.

Personal consultations are held daily, except Sunday, from two to four p.m. In this case a fee is charged for examination. Special consultations may also be had at any time by making an appointment with the consulting physician.

The letters of which extracts have been given in this article are on view, amongst hundreds of others, at the Drouet Institute, where they may be inspected every day, except Sunday, from ten a.m. till five p.m.

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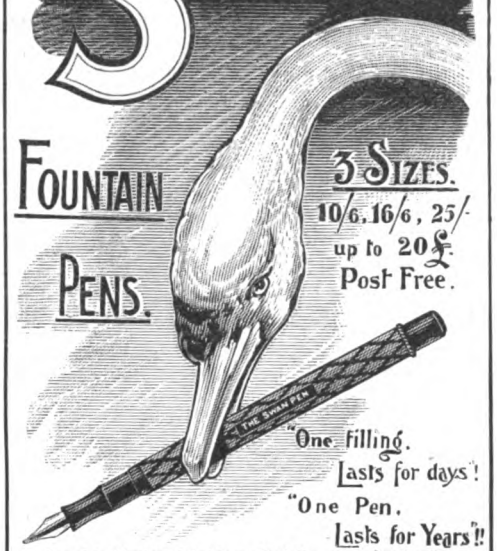

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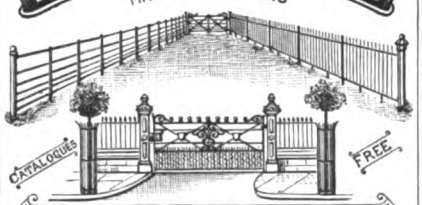

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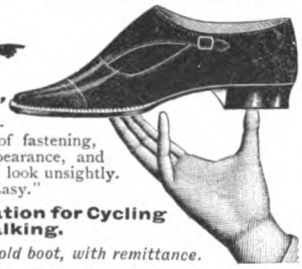

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HOW TO OBTAIN A SLENDER WAIST.

If some good fairy godmother could tell the women of to-day that they might each choose one constituent of beauty in addition to what they already possess, I believe a large majority would ask for the gift of a good figure with a slender waist. But, alas and alack! there are no fairies to be heard, save those of science, and they tell us that the corsets with which we have been wont to try to keep our figures trim are injurious to health, and that if we would be really beautiful in the matter of figure we must actually get rid of all superfluous fat, and not try to squeeze it out of sight. How is it to be done? The clear answer is to be found in a little book written by Mr. F. Cecil Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, who has been scientifically studying the question for many years, making many experiments, and who can now show a record of thousands of cures that he has effected by his wonderful treatment of obesity. Let me advise all who desire to get and to retain a graceful figure to send the above author two penny stamps to cover the postage of his book, "Corpulency and the Cure," which he will then give to anyone who asks for it.

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STRAND MAG.
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2/6
COUPON
June, 1901.

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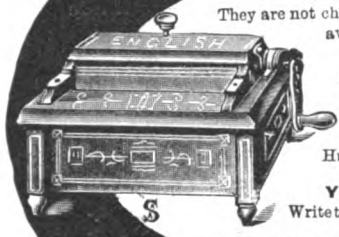

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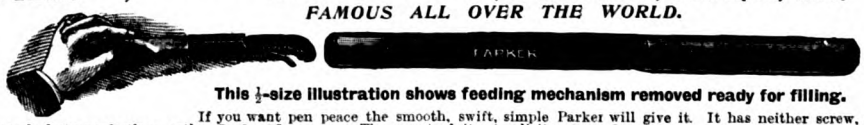

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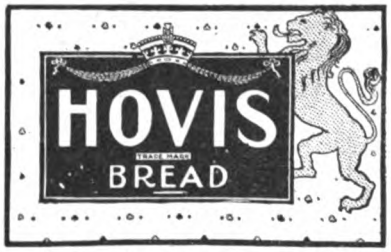

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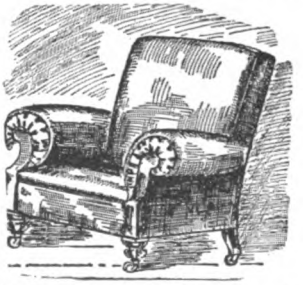

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